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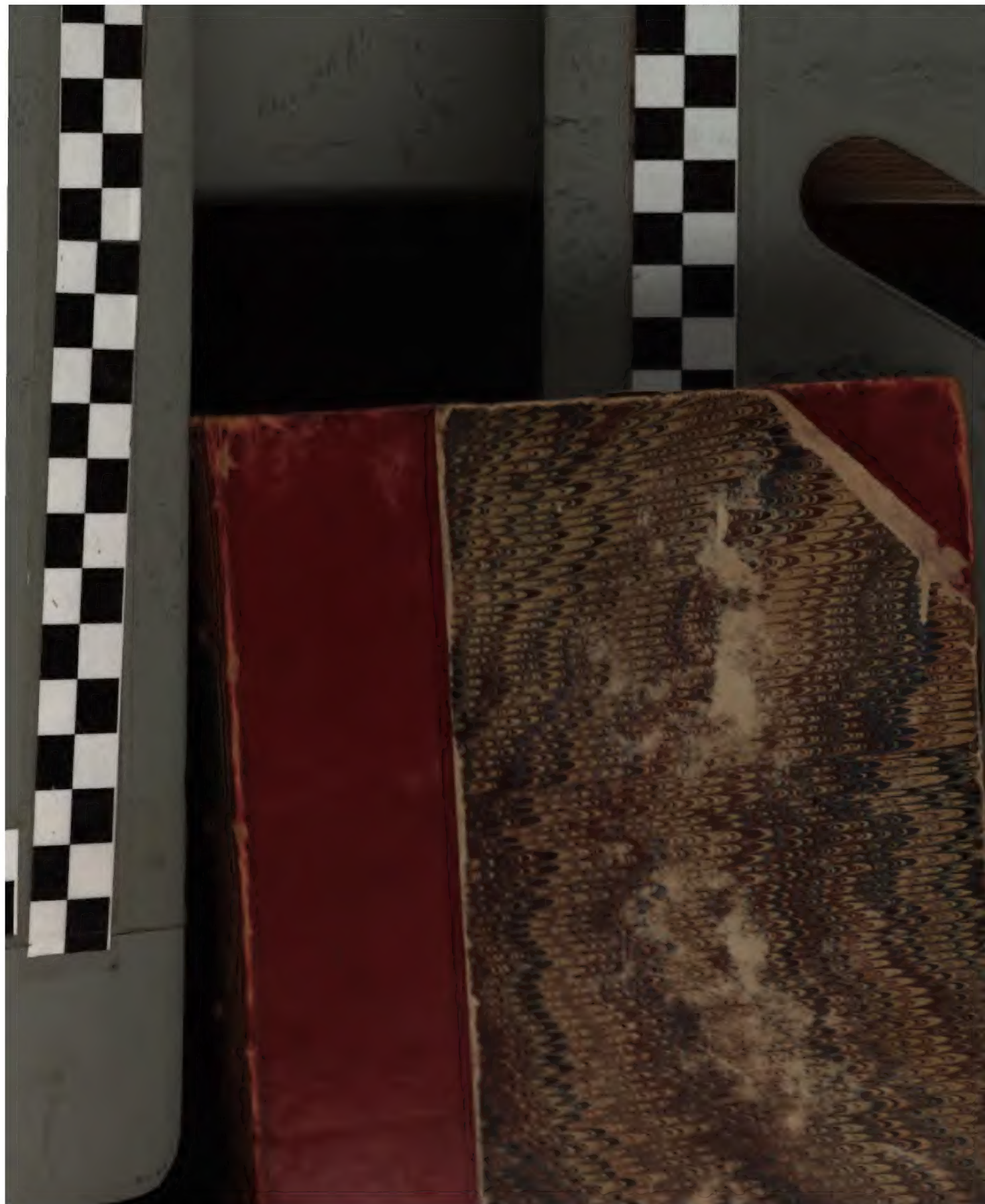
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LETTERS
AND
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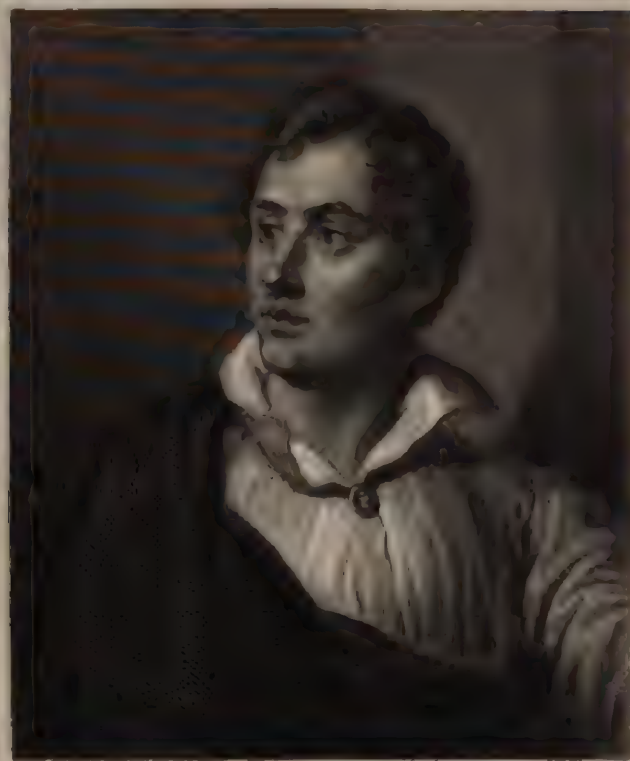
WITH
ES OF HIS LIFE,

BY
MAS MOORE.

IN ONE VOLUME.



Ad. gall.



ADAM WATSON.

LETTERS
AND
JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON:

WITH
NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

BY
THOMAS MOORE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.



PARIS
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
N° 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1831.



TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

December, 1829.

THOMAS MOORE

Mary Holt.

tinguished from the other knights of the same christian name, in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the abbey, while in the possession of the noble poet, were decorated.

At the coronation of James I, we find another representative of the family selected as an object of royal favour,—the grandson of Sir John Byron the Little, being, on this occasion, made a Knight of the Bath. There is a letter to this personage, preserved in Lodge's Illustrations, from which it appears that, notwithstanding all these apparent indications of prosperity, the inroads of pecuniary embarrassment had already begun to be experienced by this ancient house. After counselling the new heir as to the best mode of getting free of his debts, "I do therefore advise you," continues the writer, * "that so soon as you have, in such sort as shall be fit, finished your father's funerals, to dispose and disperse that great household, reducing them to the number of forty or fifty, at the most, of all sorts; and, in my opinion, it will be far better for you to live for a time in Lancashire rather than in Notts for many good reasons that I can tell you when we meet, fitter for words than writing."

From the following reign (Charles I) the nobility of the family dates its origin. In the year 1643, Sir John Byron, great grandson of him who succeeded to the rich domains of Newstead, was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which this nobleman deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connexion with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Byron," says the writer of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs, afterwards Lord Byron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." There is also, in the answer which Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, returned, on one occasion, to his cousin-german, Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the valour and fidelity of the family. Sir Richard, having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that, "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much soon to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."

Such are a few of the gallant and distinguished personages, through whom the name and honours of this noble house have been transmitted. By the maternal side also, Lord Byron had to pride himself on a line of ancestry as illustrious as any that Scotland can boast,—his mother, who was one of the Gordons of Gight, having been a descendant of that Sir William Gordon, who was the third son of the Earl of Huntley by the daughter of James I.

After the eventful period of the Civil Wars, when so many individuals of the house of Byron distinguished themselves—there having been no less than seven

brothers of that family on the field at Edgehill—the celebrity of the name appears to have died away for near a century. It was about the year 1750, that the shipwreck and sufferings of Mr Byron* (the grandfather of the illustrious subject of these pages), awakened in no small degree the attention and sympathy of the public. Not long after, a less innocent sort of notoriety attached itself to two other members of the family,—one, the grand-uncle of the poet, and the other, his father. The former, in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers for killing, in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour Mr Chaworth; and the latter, having carried off to the continent the wife of Lord Carmarthen, on the noble marquis obtaining a divorce from the lady, married her. Of this short union one daughter only was the issue, the honourable Augusta Byron, now the wife of Colonel Leigh.

In reviewing thus cursorily the ancestors, both near and remote, of Lord Byron, it cannot fail to be remarked how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best and, perhaps, worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors,—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity, and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterized others.

The first wife of the father of the poet having died in 1784, he, in the following year, married Miss Catherine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, Esq. of Gight. In addition to the estate of Gight, which had, however, in former times, been much more extensive, this lady possessed, in ready money, Bank shares, &c. no inconsiderable property; and it was known to be solely with a view of relieving himself from his debts that Mr Byron paid his addresses to her. A circumstance related, as having taken place before the marriage of this lady, not only shows the extreme quickness and vehemence of her feelings, but, if it be true that she had never at the time seen Captain Byron, is not a little striking. Being at the Edinburgh Theatre one night when the character of Isabella was performed by Mrs Siddons, so affected was she by the powers of this great actress, that, towards the conclusion of the play, she fell into violent fits, and was carried out of the theatre, screaming loudly, "Oh my Byron, my Byron."

On the occasion of her marriage there appeared a ballad by some Scotch rhymist, which has been lately reprinted in a collection of the "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" and as it bears testimony both to the reputation of the lady for wealth, and that of her husband for rakery and extravagance, it may be worth extracting:—

MISS GORDON OF GIGHT.

O where are ye gae'd, bonny Miss Gordon?
O where are ye gae'd, my bonny an' brow?
Ye've married, ye've married wi' Johnny Byron,
To squander the lands o' Gight awa'.

This youth is a rake, frae England he's come,
The Scots dinna ken his extraction awa;
He keeps up his mases, his landlord he duns,
That's fast drawn the lands o' Gight awa'.
O where are ye gae'd, &c.

* The Earl of Shrewsbury

* Afterwards Admiral.

The shooten' o' guns, an' rattlin' o' drums,
The bugle in woods, the pipes i' the ha';
The beagles a howlin', the hounds a growlin';
These soundings will soon gar Gight gang awa':
O where are ye gaen', &c.

Soon after the marriage, which took place, I believe, at Bath, Mr Byron and his lady removed to their estate in Scotland; and it was not long before the prognostics of this ballad-maker began to be realized. The extent of that chaos of debt, in which her fortune was to be swallowed up, now opened upon the eyes of the ill-fated heiress. The creditors of Mr Byron lost no time in pressing their demands, and not only was the whole of her ready money, Bank shares, fisheries, &c., sacrificed to satisfy them, but a large sum raised by mortgage on the estate for the same purpose. In the summer of 1786, she and her husband left Scotland, to proceed to France; and in the following year the estate of Gight itself was sold, and the whole of the purchase-money applied to the further payment of debts,—with the exception of a small sum vested in trustees for the use of Mrs Byron, who thus found herself, within the short space of two years, reduced from competence to a pittance of £150 per annum.*

From France Mrs Byron returned to England at the close of the year 1787, and on the 22d of January, 1788, gave birth, in Holles-street, London, to her first and only child, George Gordon Byron. The name of Gordon was added in compliance with a condition imposed by will on whoever should become husband of the heiress of Gight; and at the baptism of the child, the Duke of Gordon, and Colonel Duff of Fetteresso, stood godfathers.

* The following particulars respecting the amount of Mrs Byron's fortune before marriage, and its rapid disappearance afterwards, are, I have every reason to think, from the authentic source to which I am indebted for them, strictly correct.

* At the time of the marriage Miss Gordon was possessed of about £3000 in money, two shares in the Aberdeen Banking Company, the estates of Gight and Monkhill, and the Superiority of two Salmon Fishings on Dee. Soon after the arrival of Mr and Mrs Byron Gordon in Scotland, it appeared that Mr Byron had involved himself very deeply in debt, and his creditors commenced legal proceedings for the recovery of their money. The cash in hand was soon paid away,—the Bank shares were disposed of at 1500 (now worth £200)—timber on the estate was cut down and sold to the amount of £1500—the farm of Monkhill and Superiority of the Fishings, affording a freehold qualification, were disposed of at £800, and, in addition to these sales, within a year after the marriage, £2000 was borrowed on a mortgage upon the estate, granted by Mrs Byron Gordon to the person who lent the money.

* In March 1796 a contract of marriage in the Scotch form was drawn up and signed by the parties. In the course of the summer of that year Mr and Mrs Byron left Gight and never returned to it, the estate being, in the following year, sold to Lord Haddo for the sum of £17,850, the whole of which was applied to the payment of Mr Byron's debts, with the exception of £1122, which remained as a burden on the estate (the interest to be applied to paying a jointure of £5000 to Mrs Byron's grandmother, the principal reverting, at her death, to Mrs Byron, and £2000, vested in Trustees for Mrs Byron's separate use, which was lent to Mr Carswell of Rathfril in Fifeshire.)

* A strange occurrence* (says another of my informants) took place previous to the sale of the lands. All the doves left the house of Gight and came to Lord Haddo's, and so did a number of herons which had built their nests for many years in a wood on the banks of a large loch, called the Hagberry Pot. When this was told to Lord Haddo, he pertinently replied, "Let the birds come, and do them no harm, for the land will soon follow," which it actually did.*

In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which to a mind disposed as his was to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost." He then adds, characteristically, "But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

From London Mrs Byron proceeded with her infant to Scotland, and in the year 1790, took up her residence in Aberdeen, where she was soon after joined by Captain Byron. Here for a short time they lived together in lodgings at the house of a person named Anderson, in Queen-street. But their union being by no means happy, a separation took place between them, and Mrs Byron removed to lodgings at the other end of the street.* Notwithstanding this schism, they for some time continued to visit, and even to drink tea with each other; but the elements of discord were strong on both sides, and their separation was, at last, complete and final. He would frequently, however, accost the nurse and his son in their walks, and expressed a strong wish to have the child for a day or two, on a visit with him. To this request Mrs Byron was, at first, not very willing to accede, but, on the representation of the nurse, that "if he kept the boy one night, he would not do so another," she consented. The event proved as the nurse had predicted; on inquiring next morning after the child, she was told by Captain Byron that he had quite enough of his young visitor, and she might take him home again.

It should be observed, however, that Mrs Byron, at this period, was unable to keep more than one servant, and that, as the boy was on this occasion to encounter the trial of a visit, without the accustomed superintendence of his nurse, it is not so wonderful that he should have been found, under such circumstances, rather an unmanageable guest. That as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats, he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited, when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages" (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top

* It appears that she several times changed her residence during her stay at Aberdeen, as there are two other houses pointed out, where she lodged for some time, one, situated in Virginia street, and the other, the house of a Mr Leslie, I think, in Broad-street.

to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.

But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbursts—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c.—there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable, by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task. The female attendant of whom we have spoken, as well as her sister, May Gray, who succeeded her, gained an influence over his mind against which he very rarely rebelled; while his mother, whose capricious excesses, both of anger and of fondness, left her little hold on either his respect or affection, was indebted solely to his sense of filial duty for any small portion of authority she was ever able to acquire over him.

By an accident which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position, and this defect (chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it) was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years. The expedients used at this period to restore the limb to shape were adopted by the advice, and under the direction, of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom Doctor Livingstone of Aberdeen corresponded on the subject; and his nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines or bandages, at bedtime, would often, as she herself told my informant, sing him to sleep, or tell him stories and legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds—"Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the Old Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak, as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796."

The malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, a subject on which he showed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, "What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!" On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he

held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently, "Dinna speak of it!" Sometimes, however, as in after life, he could talk indifferently and even jestingly of this lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood, who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly, "Come and see the twa laddies with the twa club feet going up the Broad-street."

Among many instances of his quickness and energy at this age, his nurse mentioned a little incident that one night occurred, on her taking him to the theatre to see the Taming of the Shrew. He attended to the performance, for some time, with silent interest; but, in the scene between Catherine and Petruchio, where the following dialogue takes place,—

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Petr. Nay, then, you lie,—it is the blessed sun, —

little Geordie (as they called the child), starting from his seat, cried out boldly, "But I say it is the moon, sir."

The short visit of Captain Byron to Aberdeen has already been mentioned, and he again passed two or three months in that city, before his last departure for France. On both occasions, his chief object was to extract still more money, if possible, from the unfortunate woman whom he had beggared; and so far was he successful, that, during his last visit, narrow as were her means, she contrived to furnish him with the money necessary for his journey to Valenciennes,* where, in the following year, 1791, he died. Though latterly Mrs Byron would not see her husband, she entertained, it is said, a strong affection for him to the last, and on those occasions, when the nurse used to meet him in her walks, would inquire of her with the tenderest anxiety as to his health and looks. When the intelligence of his death, too, arrived, her grief, according to the account of this same attendant, bordered on distraction, and her shrieks were so loud as to be heard in the street. She was, indeed, a woman full of the most passionate extremes, and her grief and affection were bursts as much of temper as of feeling. To mourn at all, however, for such a husband was, it must be allowed, a most gratuitous stretch of generosity. Having married her, as he openly avowed, for her fortune alone, he soon dissipated this, the solitary charm she possessed for him, and was then unmanful enough to taunt her with the inconveniences of that penury which his own extravagance had occasioned.

When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day-school at Aberdeen, taught by Mr Bowers,† and remained there, with some interrup-

* By her advances of money to Mr Byron (see an authority I have already cited) on the two occasions when he visited Aberdeen, as well as by the expenses incurred in furnishing the floor occupied by her, after his death, in Broad street, she got in debt to the amount of £300, by paying the interest on which her income was reduced to £125. On this, however, she contrived to live without increasing her debt, and in the death of her grandmother, when she received the £1122 set apart for that lady's annuity, discharged the whole.

† In Long Acre. The present master of this school is Mr David Grant, the ingenious editor of a collection of "Rattles and War-Pieces," and of a work of much utility entitled "Class-Book of Modern Poetry."

tions, during a twelvemonth, as appears by the following extract from the day-book of the school :

George Gordon Byron.
19th November, 1792.
19th November, 1793—paid one guinea.

The terms of this school for reading were only five shillings a quarter, and it was evidently less with a view to the boy's advance in learning than as a cheap mode of keeping him quiet that his mother had sent him to it. Of the progress of his infantine studies at Aberdeen, as well under Mr Bowers as under the various other persons that instructed him, we have the following interesting particulars communicated by himself, in a sort of journal which he once began, under the title of "My Dictionary," and which is preserved in one of his manuscript books.

"For several years of my earliest childhood, I was in that city, but have never revisited it since I was ten years old. I was sent, at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr Bowers, who was called 'Boddy Bowers,' by reason of his dappiness. It was a school for both sexes. I learned little there, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables ('God made man'—'Let us love him') by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters), and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks (*East*, I think). Under him I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was *history*, and, why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid presbyterian also. With him I begun Latin in Ruddiman's grammar, and continued till I went to the 'Grammar School' (*Scoties*, 'Schule'; *Aberdonies*, 'Squeel') where I threaded all the classes to the *fourth*, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr Duncan of the same city: I don't think he could plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank. The grammar-school might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself. As in

England, the fifth, sixth forms, and monitors, are heard by the head masters."

Of his class-fellows at the grammar-school there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered;* and the general impression they retain of him is, that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy—passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows—to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and (as one of them significantly expressed it) "always more ready to give a blow than take one." Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished—little Byron, however, at the time, promising to "pay him off" whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him, with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt, by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto, "*Trust Byron*."

He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself among his schoolfellows by prowess in all sports† and exercises, than by advancement in learning. Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places,—with a view, no doubt, of piquing the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head, and the master, to banter him, would say, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again."‡

During this period, his mother and he made, occasionally, visits among their friends, passing some time at Fetteresso, the seat of his godfather, Colonel Duff (where the child's delight with a humorous old butler, named Ernest Fidler, is still remembered), and also at Banff, where some near connexions of Mrs Byron resided.

In the summer of the year 1796, after an attack of scarlet-fever, he was removed by his mother for change of air into the Highlands; and it was either at this time, or in the following year, that they took up their residence at a farm-house in the neighbour-

* The old Porter, too, at the College, "minds well" the little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trousers, whom he has so often turned out of the College court yard.

† "He was," says one of my informants, "a good hand at marbles, and could drive one farther than most boys. He also excelled at 'Bases,' a game which requires considerable swiftness of foot."

‡ On examining the quarterly lists kept at the grammar-school of Aberdeen, in which the names of the boys are set down according to the station each holds in his class, it appears that in April of the year 1794, the name of Byron, then in the second class, stands twenty-third in a list of thirty-eight boys. In the April of 1798, however, he had risen to be fifth in the fourth class, consisting of twenty-seven boys, and had got ahead of several of his contemporaries, who had, previously, always stood before him.

hood of Ballater, a favourite summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. Though this house, where they still show with much pride the bed in which young Byron slept, has become naturally a place of pilgrimage for the worshippers of genius, neither its own appearance, nor that of the small, bleak valley, in which it stands, is at all worthy of being associated with the memory of a poet. Within a short distance of it, however, all those features of wildness and beauty, which mark the course of the Dee through the Highlands, may be commanded. Here the dark summit of Lachin-y-gair stood towering before the eyes of the future bard; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, show that, young as he was, at the time, its "frowning glories" were not unnoticed by him.*

Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar-star;
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional glory,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar.

To the wildness and grandeur of the scenes, among which his childhood was passed, it is not unusual to trace the first awakening of his poetic talent. But it may be questioned whether this faculty was ever so produced. That the charm of scenery, which derives its chief power from fancy and association, should be much felt at an age when fancy is yet hardly awake, and associations but few, can with difficulty, even making every allowance for the prematurity of genius, be conceived. The light which the poet sees around the forms of nature is not so much in the objects themselves as in the eye that contemplates them; and Imagination must first be able to lend a glory to such scenes, before she can derive inspiration from them. As materials, indeed, for the poetic faculty, when developed, to work upon, those impressions of the new and wonderful retained from childhood, and retained with all the vividness of recollection which belongs to genius, may form, it is true, the purest and most precious part of that aliment, with which the memory of the poet feeds his imagination. But still, it is the newly awakened power within him that is the source of the charm;—it is the force of fancy alone that, acting upon his recollections, impregnates, as it were, all the past with poetry. In this respect, such impressions of natural scenery as Lord Byron received in his childhood, must be classed with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections—all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which no more make the poet than—to apply an illustration of Byron's own—the honey can be said to make the bee that treasures it.

When it happens—as was the case with Lord Byron in Greece—that the same peculiar features of nature over which Memory has shed this reflective

* Notwithstanding the lively recollections expressed in this poem, it is pretty certain, from the testimony of his nurse, that he never was at the mountain itself, which stood some miles distant from his residence, more than twice.

charm, are reproduced before the eyes under new and inspiring circumstances, and with all the accessories which an imagination, in its full vigour and wealth, can lend them, then, indeed, do both the past and present combine to make the enchantment complete; and never was there a heart more borne away by this confluence of feelings than that of Byron. In a poem, written about a year or two before his death,* he traces all his enjoyment of mountain scenery to the impressions received during his residence in the Highlands; and even attributes the pleasure which he experienced in gazing upon Ida and Parnassus, far less to classic remembrances, than to those fond deep-felt associations by which they brought back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin-y-gair.

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Had in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mad's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linn with Castille's clear fount.

In a note appended to this passage, we find him falling into that sort of anachronism in the history of his own feelings, which I have above adverted to as not uncommon, and referring to childhood itself that love of mountain prospects, which was but the after result of his imaginative recollections of that period.

"From this period" (the time of his residence in the Highlands) "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."

His love of solitary rambles, and his taste for exploring in all directions, led him not unfrequently so far as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety. While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived;—sometimes he would find his way to the seaside; and once, after a long and anxious search, they found the adventurous little rover struggling in a sort of morass or marsh, from which he was unable to extricate himself.

In the course of one of his summer excursions up Dee-side, he had an opportunity of seeing still more of the wild beauties of the Highlands than even the neighbourhood of their residence at Ballatreech afforded,—having been taken by his mother through the romantic passes that lead to Invercauld, and as far up as the small waterfall, called the Linn of Dee. Here his love of adventure had nearly cost him his life. As he was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed.

* The Island.

It was about this period, when he was not quite eight years old, that a feeling partaking more of the nature of love than it is easy to believe possible in so young a child, took, according to his own account, entire possession of his thoughts, and showed how early, in this passion, as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened.* The name of the object of this attachment was Mary Duff; and the following passage from a Journal, kept by him in 1813, will show how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in his memory.

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect!—My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweet-heart Mary Duff is married to a Mr Coc.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way.

"How the deuce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it

or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her* now; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months.

"I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkynses, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her answer to Miss A., who was well acquainted with my childish *penchant*, and had sent the news on purpose for me,—and, thanks to her!

"Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflexions, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection."

Though the chance of his succession to the title of his ancestors was for some time altogether uncertain—there being, so late as the year 1794, a grandson of the fifth lord still alive—his mother had, from his very birth, cherished a strong persuasion that he was destined not only to be a lord, but "a great man." One of the circumstances on which she founded this belief was, singularly enough, his lameness;—for what reason it is difficult to conceive, except that, possibly (having a mind of the most superstitious cast), she had consulted on the subject some village fortune-teller, who, to ennoble this infirmity in her eyes, had linked the future destiny of the child with it.

By the death of the grandson of the old lord at Corsica in 1794, the only claimant that had hitherto stood between little George and the immediate succession to the peerage, was removed; and the increased importance which this event conferred upon them was felt not only by Mrs Byron, but by the young future Baron of Newstead himself. In the winter of 1797, his mother having chanced, one day, to read part of a speech spoken in the House of Commons, a friend who was present said to the boy, "We shall have the pleasure, some time or other, of reading your speeches in the House of Commons." "I hope not," was his answer; "if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords."

The title, of which he thus early anticipated the enjoyment, devolved to him but too soon. Had he been left to struggle on for ten years longer, as plain George Byron, there can be little doubt that his character would have been, in many respects, the better for it. In the following year his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, having passed the latter years of his strange life in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion. It is said, that the day after little Byron's accession to the title, he ran up to his mother and asked her "whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he perceived none himself?"—a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple

* Dante, we know, was but nine years old when, at a May-day festival, he saw and fell in love with Beatrice; and Alberti, who was himself a precocious lover, considers such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts.—"Effetti (he says, in describing the feelings of his own first love) che poche persone intendono, e pochissimo provano: ma a quel soli pochissimi e concessa l'usar dalla follia volgare in tutte le umane arti." Canova used to say, that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old.

addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of "Dominus" prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer, "adsum," he stood silent amid the general stare of his schoolfellows, and, at last, burst into tears.

The cloud which, to a certain degree undeservedly, his unfortunate affair with Mr Chaworth had thrown upon the character of the late Lord Byron, was deepened and confirmed by what it, in a great measure, produced,—the eccentric and unsocial course of life to which he afterwards betook himself. Of his cruelty to Lady Byron, before her separation from him, the most exaggerated stories are still current in the neighbourhood; and it is even believed that, in one of his fits of fury, he flung her into the pond at Newstead. On another occasion, it is said, having shot his coachman for some disobedience of orders, he threw the corpse into the carriage to his lady, and mounting the box, drove off himself. These stories are, no doubt, as gross fictions as some of those which his illustrious successor was afterwards made the victim of; and a female servant of the old lord, still alive, in contradicting both tales as scandalous fabrications, supposes the first to have had its origin in the following circumstance. A young lady, of the name of Booth, who was on a visit at Newstead, being one evening with a party who were diverting themselves in front of the abbey, Lord Byron, by accident, pushed her into the basin which receives the cascades; and out of this little incident, as my informant very plausibly conjectures, the tale of his attempting to drown Lady Byron may have been fabricated.

After his lady had separated from him, the entire seclusion in which he lived gave full scope to the inventive faculties of his neighbours. There was no deed, however dark or desperate, that the village gossips were not ready to impute to him; and two grim images of satyrs, which stood in his gloomy garden, were, by the fears of those who had caught a glimpse of them, dignified with the name of "the old lord's devils." He was known always to go armed; and it is related that, on some particular occasion, when his neighbour, the late Sir John Warren, was admitted to dine with him, there was a case of pistols placed, as if forming a customary part of the dinner service, on the table.

During his latter years, the only companions of his solitude—besides that colony of crickets, which he is said to have amused himself with rearing and feeding—were old Murray, afterwards the favourite servant of his successor, and the female domestic, whose authority I have just quoted, and who, from the station she was suspected of being promoted to by her noble master, received generally through the neighbourhood the appellation of "Lady Betty."

Though living in this sordid and solitary style, he

* To this Lord Byron used to add, on the authority of old servants of the family, that on the day of their patron's death, these crickets all left the house simultaneously, and in such numbers that it was impossible to cross the hall without treading on them.

was frequently, as it appears, much distressed for money; and one of the most serious of the injuries inflicted by him upon the property was his sale of the family estate of Rochdale in Lancashire, of which the mineral produce was accounted very valuable. He well knew, it is said, at the time of the sale, his inability to make out a legal title; nor is it supposed that the purchasers themselves were unacquainted with the defect of the conveyance. But they contemplated, and, it seems, actually did realize, an indemnity from any pecuniary loss, before they could, in the ordinary course of events, be dispossessed of the property. During the young lord's minority, proceedings were instituted for the recovery of this estate, and, as the reader will learn hereafter, with success.

At Newstead, both the mansion and the grounds around it were suffered to fall helplessly into decay; and among the few monuments of either care or expenditure which their lord left behind, were some masses of rockwork, on which much cost had been thrown away, and a few castellated buildings on the banks of the lake and in the woods. The forts upon the lake were designed to give a naval appearance to its waters, and frequently, in his more social days, he used to amuse himself with sham fights,—his vessels attacking the forts, and being cannonaded by them in return. The largest of these vessels had been built for him at some seaport on the eastern coast, and, being conveyed on wheels over the Forest to Newstead, was supposed to have fulfilled one of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, which declared that "when a ship laden with *ling* should crome over Sherwood Forest, the Newstead Estate would pass from the Byron family." In Nottinghamshire, "*ling*" is the term used for *heather*; and, in order to beat out Mother Shipton and spite the old lord, the country people, it is said, ran along by the side of the vessel, heaping it with *henth*er all the way.

This eccentric peer, it is evident, cared but little about the fate of his descendants. With his young heir in Scotland he held no communication whatever; and if at any time he happened to mention him, which but rarely occurred, it was never under any other designation than that of "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen."

On the death of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron having become a ward of chancery, the Earl of Carlisle, who was in some degree connected with the family, being the son of the deceased lord's sister, was appointed his guardian; and in the autumn of 1794, Mrs Byron and her son, attended by their faithful May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead. Previously to their departure, the furniture of the humble lodgings which they had occupied was—with the exception of the plate and linen, which Mrs Byron took with her—sold, and the whole sum, that the effects of the mother of the Lord of Newstead yielded, was £74 17s 7d.

From the early age at which Byron was taken to Scotland, as well as from the circumstance of his mother being a native of that country, he had every reason to console himself—as, indeed, he boasts in *Don Juan*—"half a Scot by birth and bred a whole one." We have already seen how warmly he preserved through life his recollection of the mountain

scenery in which he was brought up; and in the passage of Don Juan, to which I have just referred, his allusion to the romantic bridge of Don, and to other localities of Aberdeen, shows an equal fidelity and fondness of retrospect:

As Auld Lang Syne brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plants, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear
streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:—
I care not—'t is a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

He adds in a note, "The Brig of Don, near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

Brig of Balgounie, black 's your wa',
Wi' a wife's an son, and a mear's an foal,
Down ye shall fa'."

To meet with an Aberdonian was, at all times, a delight to him; and when the late Mr Scott, who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice in the year 1819, in talking of the haunts of his childhood, one of the places he particularly mentioned was Wallace-nook, a spot where there is a rude statue of the Scottish chief still standing. From first to last, indeed, these recollections of the country of his youth never forsook him. In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the kilts and hairy forms of the Albanese,—all, as he says, "carried him back to Morven;" and, in his last fatal expedition, the dress which he himself chiefly wore at Cephalonia was a tartan jacket.

Cordial, however, and deep as were the impressions which he retained of Scotland, he would sometimes in this, as in all his other amiable feelings, endeavour perversely to belie his own better nature, and, when under the excitement of anger or ridicule, persuade not only others, but even himself, that the whole current of his feelings ran directly otherwise. The abuse with which, in his anger against the Edinburgh Review, he overwhelmed every thing Scotch, is an instance of this temporary triumph of wilfulness; and, at any time, the least association of ridicule with the country or its inhabitants was sufficient, for the moment, to put all his sentiment to flight. A friend of his once described to me the half playful rage, into which she saw him thrown, one day, by a heedless girl, who remarked that she thought he had a little of the Scotch accent. "Good God, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure I have n't. I would rather the whole d—d country was sunk in the sea—I, the Scotch accent!"

* The correct reading of this legend is, I understand, as follows:

Brig o' Balgounie, night (strong) is thy wa',
Wi' a wife's an son, an a mear's an foal,
Down shalt thou fa'.

To such sallies, however, whether in writing or conversation, but little weight is to be allowed,—particularly, in comparison with those strong testimonies which he has left on record of his fondness for his early home; and while, on his side, this feeling so indelibly existed, there is, on the part of the people of Aberdeen, who consider him as almost their fellow-townsmen, a correspondent warmth of affection for his memory and name. The various houses where he resided in his youth are pointed out to the traveller; to have seen him but once is a recollection boasted of with pride; and the Brig of Don, beautiful in itself, is invested, by his mere mention of it, with an additional charm. Two or three years since, the sum of five pounds was offered to a person in Aberdeen for a letter which he had in his possession, written by Captain Byron a few days before his death; and among the memorials of the young poet, which are treasured up by individuals of that place, there is one which it would not have a little amused himself to hear of, being no less characteristic a relic than an old china saucer, out of which he had bitten a large piece, in a fit of passion, when a child.

It was in the summer of 1798, as I have already said, that Lord Byron, then in his eleventh year, left Scotland with his mother and nurse, to take possession of the ancient seat of his ancestors. In one of his latest letters, referring to this journey, he says, "I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday—I saw it in my way to England in 1798." They had already arrived at the Newstead toll-bar, and saw the woods of the Abbey stretching out to receive them, when Mrs Byron, affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house—to whom that seat belonged? She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir?" asked the proud and happy mother. "They say," answered the woman, "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."—"And this is he, bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young lord who was seated on her lap.

Even under the most favorable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character: and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which he was afterwards so remarkable, and which showed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young archer, proud of being able to outstrip her, notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mocking at all her menaces. In the few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his "Memoirs," though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollections she had left behind—at least, those that had made the deepest impression—were of a

painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that Memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness, on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat." As all that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find, in the opening of his drama, "The Deformed Transformed,"

Bertha. Out, lurchback !
Arnold. I was born so, mother !

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection.

While such was the character of the person under whose immediate eye his youth was passed, the counteraction which a kind and watchful guardian might have opposed to such example and influence was almost wholly lost to him. Connected but remotely with the family, and never having had any opportunity of knowing the boy, it was with much reluctance that Lord Carlisle originally undertook the trust ; nor can we wonder that, when his duties as a guardian brought him acquainted with Mrs Byron, he should be deterred from interfering more than was absolutely necessary for the child, by his fear of coming into collision with the violence and caprice of the mother.

Had even the character which the last lord left behind been sufficiently popular to pique his young successor into an emulation of his good name, such a salutary rivalry of the dead would have supplied the place of living examples ; and there is no mind in which such an ambition would have been more likely to spring up than that of Byron. But unluckily, as we have seen, this was not the case ; and not only was so fair a stimulus to good conduct wanting, but a rivalry of a very different nature substituted in its place. The strange anecdotes told of the last lord by the country people, among whom his fierce and solitary habits had procured for him a sort of fearful renown, were of a nature lively to arrest the fancy of the young poet, and even to awaken in his mind a sort of boyish admiration for singularities which he found thus elevated into matters of wonder and record. By some it has been even supposed that in these stories of his eccentric relative his imagination found the first dark outlines of that ideal character, which he afterwards embodied in so many different shapes, and ennobled by his genius. But however this may be, it is at least far from improbable that, destitute as he was of other and better models, the peculiarities of his immediate predecessor should, in a considerable degree, have influenced his fancy and tastes. One habit, which he seems early to have derived from this spirit of imitation, and which he retained through life, was that of constantly having arms of some description about or near him—it being his practice, when quite a boy, to carry, at all times, small loaded pistols in his waistcoat pockets. The affair, indeed, of the late lord with Mr Chaworth had, at a very early age, by connecting duelling in his mind with the name of his race, led him to turn his attention to this mode of

arbitrament ; and the mortification which he had some time to endure at school, from insults, as imagined, hazarded on the presumption of his physical inferiority, found consolation in the thought that a day would yet arrive when the law of the peer would place him on a level with the strongest.

On their arrival from Scotland, Mrs Byron, with the hope of having his lameness removed, placed her son under the care of a person, who professed the cure of such cases, at Nottingham. The name of this man, who appears to have been a mere empiric pretender, was Lavender ; and the manner in which he is said to have proceeded was by first rubbing the foot over, for a considerable time, with handfuls of oil, and then twisting the limb forcibly round, and screwing it up in a wooden machine. That he might not lose ground in his education during this interval, he received lessons in Latin from a respectable schoolmaster, Mr Rogers, who read parts of Virgil and Cicero with him, and represents his proficiency to have been, for his age, considerable. He was often, during his lessons, in violent pain, from the torturing position in which his foot was kept ; and Mr Rogers one day said to him, "It makes me uncomfortable, my lord, to see you sitting there in pain as I know you must be suffering." "No mind, Mr Rogers," answered the boy ; "you shall not see any signs of it in me."

This gentleman, who speaks with the most affectionate remembrance of his pupil, mentions several instances of the gaiety of spirit with which he used to take revenge on his tormentor, Lavender, by exposing and laughing at his pompous ignorance. Among other tricks, he one day scribbled down on a sheet of paper all the letters of the alphabet, put together at random, but in the form of words and sentences, and placing them before this all-pretending person, asked him gravely what language it was. The quack, unwilling to own his ignorance, answered confidently "Italian,"—to the infinite delight, as it may be supposed, of the little satirist in embryo, who burst into a loud, triumphant laugh at the success of the trap which he had thus laid for imposture.

With that unfeelingness towards all who had been about him in his youth, which was so distinguished a trait in his character, he, many years after, when in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, sent a messenger full of kindness, to his old instructor, and bid the bearer of it tell him, that, beginning from a certain line in Virgil which he mentioned, he could recite twenty verses on, which he well remembered having read with this gentleman, when suffering all the while the most dreadful pain.

It was about this period, according to his own May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him ; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows. An elderly lady who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expression that very much affronted him, and these slights, his nurse said, he greatly resented violently and unphreably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, he imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original

insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.—and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his "first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later:—but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to me worth preserving.

The small income of Mrs Byron received at this time the addition,—most reasonable, no doubt, though on what grounds accorded, I know not—of a pension, on the Civil List, of £300 a year. The following is a copy of the King's Warrant for the grant:—

(Signed)

"GEORGE R.

"Whereas we are graciously pleased to grant unto Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, an annuity of £300, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to continue during pleasure: our will and pleasure is, that, by virtue of our general letters of Privy Seal, bearing date 5th November, 1760, you do issue and pay out of our treasure, or revenue in the receipt of the Exchequer, applicable to the uses of our civil government, unto the said Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, or her assignees, the said annuity, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to be paid quarterly, or otherwise, as the same shall become due, and to continue during our pleasure; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at our Court of St James, 2d October, 1799, 39th year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command.

(Signed)

"W. PITT.

"N. DOUGLAS.

"Edw^d. Roberts, Drp. Cler^o—Pellum."

Finding but little benefit from the Nottingham practitioner, Mrs Byron, in the summer of the year 1799, thought it right to remove her boy to London, where, at the suggestion of Lord Carlisle, he was put under the care of Dr Baillie. It being an object, too, to place him at some quiet school, where the means adopted for the cure of his infirmity might be more easily attended to, the establishment of the late Dr Glennie, at Dulwich, was chosen for that purpose; and as it was thought advisable that he should have a separate apartment to sleep in, Dr Glennie had a bed put up for him in his own study. Mrs Byron, who had remained a short time behind him at Newstead, on her arrival in town took a house upon Sloane Terrace; and under the direction of Dr Baillie, one of the

Messrs. Sheldrake* was employed to construct an instrument for the purpose of straightening the limb of the child. Moderation in all athletic exercises was, of course, prescribed; but Dr Glennie found it by no means easy to enforce compliance with this rule, as, though sufficiently quiet when along with him in his study, no sooner was the boy released for play, than he showed as much ambition to excel in all exercises as the most robust youth of the school;—"an ambition," adds Dr Glennie, in the communication with which he favoured me a short time before his death, "which I have remarked to prevail in general in young persons labouring under similar defects of nature."†

Having been instructed in the elements of Latin grammar according to the mode of teaching adopted at Aberdeen, the young student had now unluckily to retrace his steps, and was, as is too often the case, retarded in his studies and perplexed in his recollections, by the necessity of toiling through the rudiments again in one of the forms prescribed by the English schools. "I found him enter upon his tasks," says Dr Glennie, "with alacrity and success. He was playful, good-humoured, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and in my study he found many books open to him, both to please his taste and to gratify his curiosity; among others, a set of our poets, from Chaucer to Churchill, which I am almost tempted to say he had more than once perused from beginning to end. He showed at this age an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening; when he would reason upon the facts contained in the Sacred Volume, with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they unfold. That the impressions," adds the writer, "thus imbibed in his boyhood, had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after life, sunk deep into his mind, will appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I never have been able to divest myself of the persuasion that, in the strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him."

It should have been mentioned, among the traits which I have recorded of his still earlier years, that, according to the character given of him by his first nurse's husband, he was, when a mere child, "particularly inquisitive and puzzling about religion."

* In a letter, addressed lately by Mr Sheldrake to the Editor of a Medical Journal, it is stated that the person of the same name who attended Lord Byron at Dulwich owed the honour of being called in to a mistake, and effected nothing towards the remedy of the limb. The writer of the letter adds that he was himself consulted by Lord Byron four or five years afterwards, and though unable to undertake the cure of the defect, from the unwillingness of his noble patient to submit to restraint or confinement, was successful in constructing a sort of shoe for the foot, which, in some degree, alleviated the inconvenience under which he laboured.

† "Quomodo," says Alfieri, speaking of his school days, "je fusse le plus petit de tous les jeunes gens qui se trouvaient au second appartement où j'étais descendu, c'était précisément mon infériorité de taille, d'âge, et de force, qui me donnait plus de courage, et m'engageait à me distinguer."

It was not long before Dr Glennie began to discover—what instructors of youth must too often experience—that the parent was a much more difficult subject to deal with than the child. Though professing entire acquiescence in the representations of this gentleman, as to the propriety of leaving her son to pursue his studies without interruption, Mrs Byron had neither sense nor self-denial enough to act up to these professions; but, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr Glennie, and the injunctions of Lord Carlisle, continued to interfere with and thwart the progress of the boy's education in every way that a fond, wrong-headed, and self-willed mother could devise. In vain was it stated to her that, in all the elemental parts of learning which are requisite for a youth destined to a great public school, young Byron was much behind other youths of his age, and that, to retrieve this deficiency, the undivided application of his whole time would be necessary. Though appearing to be sensible of the truth of these suggestions, she not the less embarrassed and obstructed the teacher in his task. Not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, which, contrary to Dr Glennie's wish, the boy generally passed at Sloane Terrace, she would frequently keep him at home a week beyond this time, and still further to add to the distraction of such interruptions, collected around him a numerous circle of young acquaintances, without exercising, as may be supposed, much discrimination, in her choice. "How indeed could she?" asks Dr Glennie;—"Mrs Byron was a total stranger to English society and English manners; with an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been more bountiful, a mind almost wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent, I trust I do no great prejudice to the memory of my countrywoman, if I say Mrs Byron was not a Madame de Lambert, endowed with powers to retrieve the fortune, and form the character and manners of a young nobleman, her son."

The interposition of Lord Carlisle, to whose authority it was found necessary to appeal, had more than once given a check to these disturbing indulgences. Sanctioned by such support, Dr Glennie even ventured to oppose himself to the privilege, so often abused, of the usual visits on a Saturday; and the scenes which he had to encounter on each new case of refusal were such as would have wearied out the patience of any less zealous and conscientious schoolmaster. Mrs Byron, whose paroxysms of passion were not, like those of her son, "silent rages," would, on all these occasions, break out into such audible fits of temper as it was impossible to keep from reaching the ears of the scholars and the servants; and Dr Glennie had, one day, the pain of overhearing a schoolfellow of his noble pupil say to him, "Byron, your mother is a fool;" to which the other answered gloomily, "I know it." In consequence of all this violence and impracticability of temper, Lord Carlisle at length ceased to have any intercourse with the mother of his ward; and on a further application from the instructor, for the exertion of his influence, said, "I can have nothing more to do with Mrs Byron,—you must now manage her as you can."

Among the books that lay accessible to the boys in Doctor Glennie's study, was a pamphlet written by the brother of one of his most intimate friends, entitled "Narrative of the Shipwreck of the *Juno* on the coast of Arracan, in the year 1795." The writer had been the second officer of the ship, and the account which he had sent home to his friends of the sufferings of himself and his fellow-passengers, had appeared to them so touching and strange, that they determined to publish it. The pamphlet attracted but little, it seems, of public attention, but among the young students of Dulwich Grove it was a favourite study; and the impression which it left on the retentive mind of Byron may have had some share, perhaps, in suggesting that curious research, through all the various Accounts of Shipwrecks upon record, by which he prepared himself to depict with such power a scene of the same description in *Don Juan*. The following affecting incident, mentioned by the author of this pamphlet, has been adopted, it will be seen, with but little change either of phrase or circumstance, by the poet:—

"Of those who were not immediately near me I knew little, unless by their cries. Some struggled hard, and died in great agony; but it was not always those whose strength was most impaired that died the easiest, though, in some cases, it might have been so. I particularly remember the following instances. Mr Wade's servant, a stout and healthy boy, died early and almost without a groan; while another of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the fore-top when the lads were taken ill. The father of Mr Wade's boy hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, 'that he could do nothing for him,' and left him to his fate. The other, when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and watching for a favourable moment, crawled on all fours along the weather gunwale to his son, who was in the mizen rigging. By that time, only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped the foam from his lips; and, if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, then raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him."

* The following is Lord Byron's version of this touching narrative, and it will be felt, I think, by every reader, that this is one of the instances in which poetry must be content to yield the palm to prose. There is a pathos in the last sentences of the seaman's rental, which the artifices of metre and rhyme were sure to disturb, and which, indeed

It was probably during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. "My first dash into poetry (he says) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one."

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the no verses, however beautiful, could half so naturally and powerfully express.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their widows, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest kinsman told his story, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done,
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaker child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate,
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from of the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep, deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wild'd for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it usefully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;
Then he himself sank down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs gathering.

Don Juan, Canto II.

In the collection of "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," to which Lord Byron so skilfully had recourse for the technical knowledge and facts out of which he has composed his own powerful description, the reader will find the account of the loss of the *Juno* here referred to.

* This elegy is in his first (unpublished) volume.

transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and pence.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

He had been nearly two years under the tuition of Doctor Glennie, when his mother, discontented at the slowness of his progress—though being herself, as we have seen, the principal cause of it—entreated so urgently of Lord Carlisle to have him removed to a public school, that her wish was at length acceded to; and "accordingly," says Doctor Glennie, "to Harrow he went, as little prepared as it is natural to suppose from two years of elementary instruction, thwarted by every art that could estrange the mind of youth from preceptor, from school, and from all serious study."

This gentleman saw but little of Lord Byron after he left his care, but, from the manner in which both he and Mrs Glennie spoke of their early charge, it was evident that his subsequent career had been watched by them with interest; that they had seen even his errors through the softening medium of their first feeling towards him, and had never, in his most irregular aberrations, lost the traces of those fine qualities which they had loved and admired in him when a child. Of the constancy, too, of this feeling, Doctor Glennie had to stand no ordinary trial, having visited Geneva in 1817, soon after Lord Byron had left it, when the private character of the poet was in the very crisis of its unpopularity, and when, among those friends who knew that Dr Glennie had once been his tutor, it was made a frequent subject of banter with this gentleman, that he had not more strictly disciplined his pupil, or, to use their own words, "made a better boy of him."

About the time when young Byron was removed for his education, to London, his nurse May Gray left the service of Mrs Byron, and returned to her native country, where she died about three years since. She had married respectably, and, in one of her last illnesses, was attended professionally by Doctor Ewing of Aberdeen, who, having been always an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, was no less surprised than delighted to find that the person under his care had for so many years been an attendant on his favourite poet. With avidity, as may be supposed, he noted down from the lips of his patient all the particulars she could remember of his lordship's early days; and it is to the communications with which this gentleman has favoured me, that I am indebted for many of the anecdotes of that period which I have related.

As a mark of gratitude for her attention to him, Byron had, in parting with May Gray, presented her with his watch,—the first of which he had ever been possessor. This watch the faithful nurse preserved fondly through life, and, when she died, it was given by her husband to Doctor Ewing, by whom, as a relic of genius, it is equally valued. The

affectionate boy had also presented her with a full-length miniature of himself, which was painted by Kay of Edinburgh, in the year 1795, and which represents him standing with a bow and arrows in his hand, and a profusion of hair falling over his shoulders. This curious little drawing has likewise passed into the possession of Dr Ewing.

The same thoughtful gratitude was evinced by Byron towards the sister of this woman, his first nurse, to whom he wrote some years after he left Scotland, in the most cordial terms, making inquiries of her welfare, and informing her, with much joy, that he had at last got his foot so far restored as to be able to put on a common boot,—“an event, for which he had long anxiously wished, and which he was sure would give her great pleasure.”

In the summer of the year 1801 he accompanied his mother to Cheltenham, and the account which he himself gives of his sensations at that period shows at what an early age those feelings that lead to poetry had unfolded themselves in his heart. A boy, gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains among which he passed his childhood, is already, in heart and imagination, a poet. It was during their stay at Cheltenham that a fortune-teller, whom his mother consulted, pronounced a prediction concerning him which, for some time, left a strong impression on his mind. Mrs Byron had, it seems, in her first visit to this person (who, if I mistake not, was the celebrated fortune-teller, Mrs Williams) endeavoured to pass herself off as a maiden lady. The Sibyl, however, was not so easily deceived;—she pronounced her wise consultant to be not only a married woman, but the mother of a son who was lame, and to whom, among other events which she read in the stars, it was predestined that his life should be in danger from poison before he was of age, and that he should be twice married,—the second time, to a foreign lady. About two years afterwards he himself mentioned these particulars to the person from whom I heard the story, and said that the thought of the first part of the prophecy very often occurred to him. The latter part, however, seems to have been the nearer guess of the two.

To a shy disposition, such as Byron's was in his youth—and such as, to a certain degree, it continued all his life—the transition from a quiet establishment, like that of Dulwich Grove, to the bustle of a great public school, was sufficiently trying. Accordingly, we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he “hated Harrow.” The activity, however, and sociableness of his nature soon conquered this repugnance; and, from being, as he himself says, “a most unpopular boy,” he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school.

For a general notion of his disposition and capacities at this period, we could not have recourse to a more trustworthy or valuable authority than that of the Rev. Dr Drury, who was at this time head master of the school, and to whom Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for

Dr Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master. From this venerable scholar I have received the following brief, but important, statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him:—

“Mr Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of thirteen and a half, with remarks, that his education had been neglected: that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a *cleverness* about him. After his departure I took my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect:—and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. In the first place, it was necessary to attach him to an elder boy, in order to familiarize him with the objects before him, and with some parts of the system in which he was to move. But the information he received from his conductor gave him no pleasure, when he heard of the advances of some in the school, much younger than himself, and conceived by his own deficiency that he should be degraded and humbled, by being placed below them. This I discovered, and having committed him to the care of one of the masters, as his tutor, I assured him he should not be placed till, by diligence, he might rank with those of his own age. He was pleased with this assurance, and felt himself on easier terms with his associates:—for a degree of shyness hung about him for some time. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a post, rather than by a cable:—on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, the late Lord Carlisle, his relation, desired to see me in town:—I waited on his lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I made no remark; as to the latter, I replied, ‘He has talents, my lord, which will add lustre to his rank.’ ‘Indeed!’ said his lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected.

“The circumstance to which you allude, as to his declamatory powers, was as follows. The upper part of the school composed declamations, which, after a revival by the tutors, were submitted to the master: to him the authors repeated them, that they might be improved in manner and action, before their public delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as, in the earlier part of his delivery, did Lord Byron. But to my surprise he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fall in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure:—he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had

altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed.*

In communicating to me these recollections of his illustrious pupil, Dr Drury has added a circumstance which shows how strongly, even in all the pride of his fame, that awe with which he had once regarded the opinions of his old master still hung around the poet's sensitive mind:—

"After my retreat from Harrow, I received from him two very affectionate letters. In my occasional visits subsequently to London, when he had fascinated the public with his productions, I demanded of him, why, as in *duty bound*, he had sent none to me? 'Because,' said he, 'you are the only man I never wish to read them':—but, in a few moments, he added—'What do you think of the *Corair*?' "

I shall now lay before the reader such notices of his school life as I find scattered through the various note-books he has left behind. Coming, as they do, from his own pen, it is needless to add, that they afford the liveliest and best records of this period that can be furnished.

"Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem) I had never read a Review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from *Reviews*, because I was never *seen* reading, but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never met with a Review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them 'What is a Review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1806.7

"At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my general information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions (such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical, and Dr Drury, my grand patron (our head master), had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulency, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action. I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted

* For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech days, he selected always the most vehement passages,—such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. On one of these public occasions, when it was arranged that he should take the part of Drances, and young Peel that of Turnus, Lord Byron suddenly changed his mind, and preferred the speech of Latinus,—feeling, it was supposed, some ridicule from the inappropriate taunt of Turnus, "Ventosus in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus istis."

(for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poetry.

"Peel, the orator and statesman ('that was, or is, or is to be'), was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public-school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel, amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely,—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.

"The prodigy of our school-days was George Sinclair (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. * * * He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercise,—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise;—or we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still.*

"Clayton was another school-monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know. He was certainly a genius.

"My school-friendships were with *me paximus* † (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare begun one of the earliest and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word 'Clare' without a beating of the heart even now, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5 ad infinitum."

The following extract is from another of his manuscript journals.

"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. ‡ I think I lost but one battle out of seven; and that

* His letters to Mr Sinclair, in return, are unfortunately lost,—one of them, as this gentleman tells me, having been highly characteristic of the jealous sensitiveness of his public schoolfellow, being written under the impression of some ideal slight and beginning, angrily, "Sir."

† On a leaf of one of his note-books, dated 1805, I find the following passage from Marmoniel, which no doubt struck him as applicable to the enthusiasm of his own youthful friendships:—"L'amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres."—*Contes Moraux*.

‡ Mr. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work "on the Literary Character," has given it as his opinion, that a distinction to athletic sports and exercises will be, in general, found among the peculiarities which mark a youth of ge-

was to H—; and the rascal did not win it but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house, where we boxed—I had not even a second. I never forgave him, and I should be sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan, Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Jocelyn,—but we were always friendly afterwards. I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school-friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Doctor Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since. Doctor Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had—and I look upon him still as a father.

"P. Hunter, Curzon, Long, and Tattersall, were my principal friends. Clare, Dorset, C. Gordon, De Bath, Claridge, and J^{no}. Wingfield, were my juniors and favourites, whom I spoil by indulgence. Of all human beings, I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield, who died at Coimbra, 1811, before I returned to England."

One of the most striking results of the English system of education is, that while in no country are there so many instances of manly friendships early formed and steadily maintained, so in no other country, perhaps, are the feelings towards the parental home so early estranged, or, at the best, feebly cherished. Transplanted as boys are from the domestic circle, at a time of life when the affections are most disposed to cling, it is but natural that they should seek a substitute for the ties of home* in those boyish friendships which they form at school, and which, connected as they are with the scenes and events over which youth threw its charm, retain ever after the strongest hold upon their hearts. In Ireland and, I believe, also in France, where the system of education is more domestic, a different result is accordingly observable:—the paternal home comes

mina. In support of this notion he quotes Beattie, who thus describes his ideal minstrel:—

Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling time, but to the forest sped.

His highest authority, however, is Milton, who says of himself,

When I was yet a child, on childish play
To me was pleasing.

Such general rules, however, are as little applicable to the dispositions of men of genius as to their powers. If, in the instances which Mr D'Israeli adduces, an indisposition to bodily exertion was manifested, as many others may be cited in which the directly opposite propensity was remarkable. In war, the most turbulent of exercises, Alcibiades, Dante, Camoens, and a long list of other poets distinguished themselves, and, though it may be granted that Horace was a fast rider, and Virgil no tennis player, yet, on the other hand, Danie was, we know, a fencer as well as a swordman, Tasso, expert both as swordman and dancer, Alfieri, a great rider, Klopstock, a skater. Cooper, famous in his youth, at cricket and foot-ball, and Lord Byron pre-eminent in all sorts of exercises.

* "At eight or nine years of age the boy goes to school. From that moment he becomes a stranger in his father's house. The course of parental kindness is interrupted. The smiles of his mother, those tender admonitions, and the solicitous care of both his parents, are no longer before his eyes—year after year he feels himself more detached from them. Till at last he is so effectually weaned from the connexion, as to find himself happier any where than in their company."—*Cooper, Letters.*

in for its due and natural share of affection, and growth of friendships, out of this domestic proportionably diminished.

To a youth like Byron, abounding with the passionate feelings, and finding sympathy with the ruder parts of his nature at home, the world of school afforded a vent for his affections, which was sure to call them forth in their most form. Accordingly, the friendships which I contracted both at school and college were far more than what he himself describes them, "paid." The want he felt at home of those kindred affections, which greeted him among "Ida's hand," is thus strongly described in one of his poems:—*

Is there no cause beyond the common claim,
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers, friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam
And seek abroad the love denied at home:
Those hearts, dear Ida, have I found in thee,
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

This early volume, indeed, abounds with affectionate tributes to his school-fellows. His expostulations to one of them, who had given some cause for complaint, are thus tenderly conveyed:—

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my eye
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.
You knew—but away with the vain retrospects
The bond of affection no longer endures.
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection
And sigh for the friend who was formerly your own.

The following description of what he felt leaving Harrow, when he encountered in the arms of one of his old school-fellows, falls far short of the scene which actually occurred but a few years after his death, in Italy,—when, on meeting his friend, Lord Clare, after a long separation, he was affected almost to tears by the recollection, and rushed on him.

—If chance some well remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advance to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around
Were all forgotten when my friend was found.

It will be seen, by the extracts from his manuscript, which I have given, that Mr P

* Even previously to any of these school friendships had formed the same sort of romantic attachment of his own age, the son of one of his tenants at No. 10 and there are two or three of his most juvenile poems in which he dwells no less upon the inequality than the value of this friendship. Thus:

Let folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship joined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with Vice combined.
And though unequal is the pair,
Since thou dost lead my higher birth,
Yet every wit this giddy state,
Thine is the pride of modest worth.
Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

Rescued

begun. We were once friends,—nay, we have always been so, for our separation was the effect of chance, not of dissension. I do not know how far our destinations in life may throw us together, but if opportunity and inclination allow you to waste a thought on such a hare-brained being as myself, you will find me at least sincere, and not so bigoted to my faults as to involve others in the consequences. Will you sometimes write to me? I do not ask it often, and, if we meet, let us be what we should be and what we were."

Of the tenaciousness with which, as we see in this letter, he clung to all the impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the very interesting fact, that, while so little of his own boyish correspondence has been preserved, there were found among his papers almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites, even the youngest, had ever addressed to him; and, in some cases, where the youthful writers had omitted to date their scrawls, his faithful memory had, at an interval of years after, supplied the deficiency. Among these memorials, so fondly treasured by him, there is one which it would be unjust not to cite, as well on account of the manly spirit that dawns through its own childish language, as for the sake of the tender and amiable feeling which, it will be seen, the re-perusal of it, in other days, awakened in Byron:—

"TO THE LORD BYRON, &c. &c.

"Harrow on the Hill, July 28th, 1805.

"Since you have been so unusually unkind to me, in calling me names whenever you meet me, of late, I must beg an explanation, wishing to know whether you choose to be as good friends with me as ever. I must own that, for this last month, you have entirely cut me.—for, I suppose, your new cronies. But think not that I will (because you choose to take into your head some whim or other) be always going up to you, nor do, as I observe certain other fellows doing, to regain your friendship; nor think that I am your friend either through interest, or because you are bigger and older than I am. No.—it never was so, nor ever shall be so. I was only your friend, and am so still,—unless you go on in this way, calling me names whenever you see me. I am sure you may easily perceive I do not like it; therefore, why should you do it, unless you wish that I should no longer be your friend? And why should I be so, if you treat me unkindly? I have no interest in being so. Though you do not let the boys bully me, yet if you treat me unkindly, that is to me a great deal worse.

"I am no hypocrite, Byron, nor will I, for your pleasure, ever suffer you to call me names, if you wish me to be your friend. If not, I cannot help it. I am sure no one can say that I will cringe to regain a friendship that you have rejected. Why should I do so? Am I not your equal? Therefore, what interest can I have in doing so? When we meet again in the world (that is, if you choose it), you can not advance or promote me, nor I you. Therefore I beg and entreat of you, if you value my friendship,—which, by your conduct, I am sure I cannot think you do,—not to call me the names you do, nor abuse me. Till that time, it will be out of my power to

call you friend. I shall be obliged for an answer soon as it is convenient; till then

"I remain yours,

"I cannot say your friend."

Endorsed on this letter, in the handwriting of Byron, is the following:

"This and another letter were written, at 18 by my then and, I hope, ever beloved friend, when we were both schoolboys, and sent to me in consequence of some childish misunderstanding the only one which ever arose between us. I short duration, and I retain this note solely purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that smile over the recollection of the insignificant our first and last quarrel. "Byron

In a letter, dated two years afterwards, the same boy, there occurs the following charming trait:—"I think by your last letter that you are much piqued with most of your friends; and, not much mistaken, you are a little piqued with me. In one part you say, 'There is little or no difference between us now, but in a few years, or months, will render us as poles apart, different to each other, as if we had never had a portion of our time together.' Indeed, I have wronged me, and I have no doubt—at least, I have wronged yourself."

As that propensity to self-delineation so strongly pervades his maturer works is, to the predominant in his early productions, there is a better record of his mode of life, as a schoolboy, than these fondly circumstantial effusions. Thus the sports he delighted and excelled in, are enumerated:

Yet when confinement's lingering hour was o'er,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were o'er,
Together we impell'd the flying ball,

Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the luxuriant waters bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

* There are, in other letters of the same writer, curious proofs of the passionate and jealous soul of Byron. From one of them, for instance, we collect that he had taken offence at his young friend's addressing him "dear Byron," instead of my "dearest," and from another that his jealousy had been awakened by some expression of regret which his correspondent had expressed at the departure of Lord John Russell for Spain.

* You tell me," says the young letter-writer, "that you never knew me in such an agitation as I was when I wrote my last letter, and do you not think I had reason so? I received a letter from you on Saturday last, in which you were going abroad for six years in March, and on Sunday John Russell set off for Spain. Was not I a little impatient to make me rather melancholy? But how possibly imagine that I was more agitated on John's departure, who is gone for a few months, and from whom I shall hear constantly, than at your going for six years, and travelling over most part of the world, when I shall not hear from you, and perhaps may never see you again?"

* It has very much hurt me your telling me, that I might be excused if you felt rather jealous at my expressing more sorrow for the departure of the friend who had been absent, than of that one who was absent. It is quite true, you can think I am more sorry for John's absence than I shall be for yours—I shall therefore blush the only

The danger which he incurred in a fight with some of the neighbouring farmers—an event well remembered by some of his school-fellows—in thus commemorated.

Still I remember, in the faction's strife,
The musket aimed against my life:
Thy sword is on the massy weapon hung,
And of some battle from every tongue
While I am combat with another foe,
Fountain, tremendous of the impending blow,
That arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forever thou springing, insensible to fear,
Furnish'd and buff'd by your conquering hand,
The glistening savage roll'd upon the sand.

How lead, it appears, had arisen on the subject of the school-ground, between these "clods" (as in some languages they are called) and the boys, and as to the skirmishes had previously taken place. In the engagement here recorded was accidentally brought on by the breaking up of school and the dismissal of the volunteers from drill, both happening, as that occurs, at the same hour. This circumstance accounts for the use of the musket, the butt of which was raised at Byron's head, and would have been but to the ground but for the interposition of his friend Paternall, a lively, high-spirited boy, who is afterwards here under the name of Davus. These extraordinary general habits of play and action, which might seem to indicate a certain absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thoughtfully to himself, and give way to moods of musing unalloyed with the usual cheerfulness of his age. We show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow overlooking a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought,—brooding awhile over the first stirrings of passion and genius. We read, and occasionally perhaps indulging in some bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines:

My epitaph shall be my name alone;
If that will honour (all to crown my clay,
Or may we rather fame my deeds repay;
That only that shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

In the autumn of 1802 he passed a short time with his mother at Bath, and entered, rather prematurely, of course, of the gaieties of the place. At a masquerade given by Lady Riddell, he appeared in the character of a Turkish boy.—a sort of anticipation, both in dress and costume, of his own young Selim in "the Giaour." On his entering into the house, some person attempted to snatch the diamond earring from his turban, but was prevented by the prompt intervention of one of the party. The lady who mentioned to me this circumstance, and who was well acquainted with Mrs. Byron at that period, adds the following remark in the communication with which she favoured me:—"At Bath I saw a good deal of Lord Byron.—his mother frequently sent for me to

take tea with her. He was always very pleasant and droll, and, when conversing about absent friends, showed a slight turn for satire, which after-years, as is well known, gave a finer edge to."

We come now to an event in his life which, according to his own deliberate persuasion, exercised a lasting and paramount influence over the whole of his subsequent character and career.

It was in the year 1803 that his heart, already twice, as we have seen, possessed with the childish notion that it loved, conceived an attachment which—young as he was, even then, for such a feeling—sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life. That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting is a truth, however sad, which unfortunately did not require this instance to confirm it. To the same cause, I fear, must be traced the perfect innocence and romance, which distinguish this very early attachment to Miss Chaworth from the many others that succeeded, without effacing, it in his heart;—making it the only one whose details can be entered into with safety, or whose results, however darkening their influence on himself, can be dwelt upon with a pleasurable interest by others.

On leaving Bath, Mrs. Byron took up her abode, in lodgings, at Nottingham,—Newstead Abbey being at that time let to Lord Grey de Ruthen,—and during the Harrow vacations of this year she was joined there by her son. So attached was he to Newstead that even to be in its neighbourhood was a delight to him; and before he became acquainted with Lord Grey, he used sometimes to sleep, for a night, at the small house near the gate, which is still known by the name of "the Hut." An intimacy, however, soon sprung up between him and his noble tenant, and an apartment in the abbey was from thenceforth always at his service. To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead, he had been made known, some time before, in London, and now renewed his acquaintance with them. The young heiress herself combined, with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at the period of which we are speaking that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his adoration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting;—six short summer weeks which he now passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life.

He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newstead, to sleep; alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths,—that he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames at night to haunt him."

* I find this circumstance, of his having occasionally slept at the Hut, though asserted by one of the old servants, much doubted by others.

† It may possibly have been the recollection of these pictures that suggested to him the following lines in the *Bride of Corinth* :—

Like the figures on arras that gloomily glare,
Starr'd by the breath of the wintry air,

to this tomb he thus refers in the "Childish Recollections" as published in his first unpublished volume.

Oh! when, oppress'd with sad, forbidding gloom,
I saw my friend upon my favourite tomb.

At length, one evening, he said gravely to Miss Chaworth and her cousin, "In going home last night I saw a *bogle*,"—which Scotch term being wholly unintelligible to the young ladies, he explained that he had seen a *ghost*, and would not therefore return to Newstead that evening. From this time, he always slept at Annesley during the remainder of his visit, which was interrupted only by a short excursion to Matlock and Castleton, in which he had the happiness of accompanying Miss Chaworth and her party, and of which the following interesting notice appears in one of his memorandum-books:—

"When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that in a cavern in Derbyshire, I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down), a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman (a sort of Charon) who wades at the stern, stooping all the time. The companion of my transit was M. A. C., with whom I had been long in love and never told it, though she had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them, and it is as well. We were a party, a Mr W., two Miss W.'s, Mr and Mrs Cl—ke, Miss R., and my M. A. C. Alas! why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers, it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder), and—and—and—*what* has been the result?"

In the dances of the evening at Matlock, Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sat looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing "the lady of his love" led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. On the present occasion, the young heiress of Annesley having had for her partner (as often happens at Matlock) some person with whom she was wholly unacquainted, on her resuming her seat, Byron said to her, pettishly, "I hope you like your friend." The words were scarce out of his lips when he was accosted by an ungainly-looking Scotch lady, who rather boisterously claimed him as "cousin," and was putting his pride to the torture with her vulgarity, when he heard the voice of his fair companion retorting archly in his ear, "I hope you like your friend."

His time at Annesley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin,—sitting in idle reverie, as was his custom, pulling at his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens upon the terrace, and which still, I believe, bears the marks of his shots. But his chief delight was in sitting to hear Miss Chaworth play; and the pretty Welsh air, "Mary Anne," was (partly, of course, on account of the name) his especial favourite. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the

heart of her he loved was occupied by that, as he himself expresses it,

Her sighs were not for him; to her he
Even as a brother—but no more.

Neither is it, indeed, probable, had expectations been disengaged, that Lord Byron at this time, have been selected as the rival of them. A seniority of two years gives to the eve of womanhood, "an advance into which the boy keeps no proportionate part." Miss Chaworth looked upon Byron as a mere child. He was in his manners, too, at that period odd, and (as I have heard from more than one quarter) by no means popular among girls of his age. If, at any moment, however, he had been himself with the hope of being loved by a girl, the circumstance mentioned in his "Memorandum" of the most painful of those humiliations—the defect in his foot had exposed him, must have been the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon which he either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, "Do you think I could ever love that lame boy?" This speech, if it was self-described it, was like a shot through the heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he darted out of the house, and scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead.

The picture which he has drawn of this love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, "The Dream," shows how genius can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the most common events and objects an undying life. The old hall at Annesley, under the name of "antique oratory," will long call up to the mind the image of the "lover's steed," the scene of the "unromantic race-ground of ham," will not the less conduce to the genius of the scene, and share a portion of that which only Genius could shed over it.

He appears already, at this boyish age, to have been so far a proficient in gallantry as to use that may be made of the trophies of triumph in achieving new ones; for he used to show with much pride, to Miss Chaworth, of which some fair favourite had given him, a present from a cousin, of whom he speaks with such warmth in the notices already quoted. He was already, not a little aware of his own beauty notwithstanding the tendency to corpulence from his mother, gave promise, at this time, of a peculiar expression into which his features and kindled afterwards.

With the summer holidays ended this year of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell (he himself used to relate) on that hill near

* Among the unpublished verses of his in my possession, I find the following fragment written not long before his death:

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood array'd,
How the northern tempests, whirling,
Howl above thy fabled shade!

So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like and awful to sight;
As they were, through the distance, shewn to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown.

which, in his poem of "the Dream," he describes as "crested with a peculiar diadem." No more, he declared, will I tell how much he felt—his countenance was calm and his feelings restrained. "The next time I see you," said he, in parting with her, "I suppose you will be Mrs Chaworth."—and her answer was, "I hope so." It was before the interview that he wrote, with a pen-
cil, in a corner of Madame de Maintenon's letters to the following verses, which have since, I believe, been published

In Memory, lecture me no more,
The present's all I o'ercast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
As empty are the past.
Who long these images to view
I know of this must resign;
As why these happy hours renew
That never can be mine?
Past pleasure doubles present pain;
In action only regret,
Bygone and bygone are both in vain:
I can but not forget.

In the following year, 1805, Miss Chaworth was married to her successful rival, Mr John Musters; and a person who was present when the first intelligence of the event was communicated to him, thus describes the manner in which he received it:—"I was present when he first heard of the marriage. His mother said, 'Byron, I have some news for you.'—'What, what is it?'—'Take out your handkerchief, for you will want it.'—'Nonsense!'—'Take out your handkerchief, I say.' He did so, and his mother said, 'Miss Chaworth is married.' An expression, very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of calmness and indifference, 'Is that all?'—'Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief.'—'He said so truly, and soon began to talk about something else.'"

He remained at Harrow continued to be of the same temper during the whole of his stay there;—"always," as he says himself, "cricketing, reading, raving, and in all manner of mischiefs." The "raving," of which he here speaks though it was, I believe, proceeded to any act of violence, and was the retirement of Dr Drury from his usual schoolmaster, when three candidates for the vacant chair presented themselves, Mark Drury, Esq. and Butler. On the first movement to which the contest gave rise in the school, young Wildman was the head of the party for Mark Drury, while there a few well-armed stood from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drury family and a W. Johnson—"Byron, I know, will not let himself be done at a chance to act second to any

one, but, by giving up the leadership to him, you may at once secure him." This Wildman accordingly did, and Byron took the command of the party.

The violence with which he opposed the election of Doctor Butler on this occasion (chiefly from the warm affection which he had felt towards the last master) continued to embitter his relations with that gentleman during the remainder of his stay at Harrow. Unluckily their opportunities of collision were the more frequent from Byron being a resident in Dr Butler's house. One day the young rebel, in a fit of defiance, tore down all the gratings from the window in the hall; and when called upon by his host to say why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "because they darkened the hall." On another occasion he explicitly, and so far manfully, avowed to this gentleman's face the pique he entertained against him. It has long been customary, at the end of a term, for the master to invite the upper boys to dine with him; and these invitations are generally considered as, like royal ones, a sort of command. Lord Byron, however, when asked, sent back a refusal, which rather surprising Doctor Butler, he, on the first opportunity that occurred, inquired of him, in the presence of the other boys, his motive for this step:—"Have you any other engagement?"—"No, sir."—"But you must have some reason, Lord Byron."—"I have."—"What is it?"—"Why, Dr Butler," replied the young peer, with proud composure, "if you should happen to come into my neighbourhood when I was staying at Newstead, I certainly should not ask you to dine with me, and therefore feel that I ought not to dine with you."

The general character which he bore among the masters at Harrow was that of an idle boy, who would never learn any thing; and, as far as regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was, by his own avowal, not ill founded. It is impossible, indeed, to look through the books which he had then in use, and which are scribbled over with clumsily interlined translations, without being struck with the narrow extent of his classical attainments. The most ordinary Greek words have their English signification scrawled under them,—showing too plainly that he was not sufficiently familiarized with their meaning to trust himself without this aid. Thus, in his Xenophon we find *νισι*, young—*σώματα*, bodies—*αγαθοις τοις αναντοις*, good men, &c. &c.—and even in the volumes of Greek Plays, which he presented to the library on his departure, we observe, among other instances, the common word *χρησις* provided with its English representative in the margin.

But, notwithstanding his backwardness in the mere verbal scholarship, on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted,* in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which is alone useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonder-

* It is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather wasting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that very imperfectly.—*Coxley's Essays*.

* Would not a Chinese, who took notice of our way of breeding, be apt to imagine that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not to be men of business in their own?—*Locke on Education*.

She is now, for some time, took her family
From her usual place, and
She is now, for some time, took her family
From her usual place, and

* The lady's husband, for some time, took her family
From her usual place, and
She is now, for some time, took her family
From her usual place, and

ful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and excessive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, with a zest which it is in vain to expect that the mere pederastries of school could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent snatches of study which he caught in this way gave to a mind like his an impulse forwards, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured before he was fifteen years of age, is such as almost to startle belief,—comprising, as it does, a range and variety of study, which might make much older “*helluones librorum*” hide their heads.

Not to argue, however, from the powers and movements of a mind like Byron's, which might well be allowed to take a privileged direction of its own, there is little doubt, that to any youth of talent and ambition the plan of instruction pursued in the great schools and universities of England, wholly inadequate as it is to the intellectual wants of the age,* presents an alternative of evils not a little embarrassing. Difficult, nay utterly impossible, as he will find it, to combine a competent acquisition of useful knowledge with that round of antiquated studies which a pursuit of scholastic honours requires, he must either, by devoting the whole of his attention and ambition to the latter object, remain ignorant on most of those subjects upon which mind grapples with mind in life, or by adopting, as Lord Byron and other distinguished persons have done, the contrary system, consent to pass for a dunce or idler in the schools, in order to afford himself even a chance of attaining eminence in the world.

From the memorandums scribbled by the young poet in his school-books, we might almost fancy that, even at so early an age, he had a sort of vague presentiment that every thing relating to him would one day be an object of curiosity and interest. The date of his entrance at Harrow,† the names of the boys who were, at that time, monitors, the list of his fellow-pupils under Doctor Drury,‡—all are noted down with a fond minuteness, as if to form points of retrospect in his after-life; and that he sometimes referred to them with this feeling will appear from one touching instance. On the first leaf of his “*Scriptores Græci*” we find, in his schoolboy hand, the following memorial:—“George Gordon Byron, Wednesday, June 26th, A. D. 1805, 3 quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 3d school,—Calvert, monitor, Tom Wildman on my left hand, and Long on my right Harrow on the Hill.” On the same leaf, written five years after, appears this comment:

• Eben fugaces, Postume! Postume!
Lubuntur anni.

* A finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century.—*Gibbon*

† Byron, Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex, Alumnus Scholæ Lyonsensis primus in anno Domini 1801, Ellison Duce.

• Monitors, 1801.—Ellison, Royston, Hansman, Rushleigh, Rokeby, Leigh.

‡ Drury's Pupils, 1804.—Byron, Drury, Sinclair, Hoare, Bolder, Annesley, Calvert, Strong, Acland, Gordon, Drummond.

“B. January 9th, 1809.—Of the four persons names are here mentioned, one is dead, another in a distant climate, all separated, and not five years elapsed since they sat together in school, and are yet twenty-one years of age.”

The vacation of 1804 he passed with his mother at Southwell, to which place she had removed from Nottingham, in the summer of this year, having the house on the Green, called Burgage Mill. There is a Southwell play-bill extant, dated 8th, 1804, in which the play is announced as being “by Mrs and Lord Byron.” The gentleman, whom the house where they resided was rented, possessed a library of some extent, which the young poet he says, ransacked with much eagerness on his coming to Southwell; and one of the books that particularly engaged and interested him was, as may be easily believed, the life of Lord Herbert of Chesham.

In the month of October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and his feelings on the change from his beloved Ida to this new scene are thus described by himself:—

“When I first went up to college, it was a heavy-hearted scene for me: firstly, I disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was then being seventeen, it broke my very rest for the quarter with counting the days that remained; I always hated Harrow till the last year and half, then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my will. My companions were not unsocial, but the conversation, lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined, supped, &c., with them; but, I know not how, one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life was that I was no longer a boy.”

But though, for a time, he may have felt the effects of estrangement at Cambridge, to remain long without attaching himself was not in his nature; and the friendship which he now formed with a youth, Eddleston, who was two years younger than he, even exceeded in warmth and romance all his boy attachments. This boy, whose musical taste first drew them together, was, at the commencement of their acquaintance, one of the choir at Cambridge, though he afterwards, it appears, entered into a more cantile line of life; and this disparity in their stations was by no means without its charm for Byron, gratifying at once both his pride and good-nature, in founding the tie between them on the mutual dependent relations of protection on the one side, gratitude and devotion on the other;—the only friendship, according to Lord Bacon, in which the friendship that still remains in the world is found. It was upon a gift presented to him by Eddleston that he wrote those verses entitled

• During one of the Harrow vacations he passed time in the house of the Abbé de Rouffigny, in France, for the purpose of studying the French language, but he was, according to the Abbé's account, very anxious to study, and spent most of his time in fencing, &c., to the no small disturbance of the teacher and his establishment.

† Between superior and inferior whose fortunes express it, comprehend the one the other.

which were printed in his first, unpublished, and of which the following is a

to whom more at friendship's tie,
you to my weakness oft reproved me;
and to my pride I prize,
and to my griefs the greater loved me.

Long, of a less unequal kind, which began at Harrow, and which he continued during his first year at Cambridge, is thus set forth in one of his journals:—

These are my thoughts!—The reading of Milton, 'Satan's fall,' has brought back to me not how or why—the happiest, and of my life always excepting, here and there, a holiday in the two latter summers of my abiding at Cambridge with Edward Edwards of the Guards,—who, after the honourably in the expedition to which two or three thousand men were in plight and pay/ was sent in 1802 on his passage to Lisbon with the 4th (George) transport, which was to be sent by another transport. We were—fond of riding—reading—and

We had been at Harrow together; but he was a less boisterous spirit than I was—always cricketing—rebellious—being from row, not boat-rowing, a better, and in all manner of mischiefs; but more subtle and polished. At Cambridge I and Tracy—my spirit rather softened, and by us became very great friends. When I returned to my room, I found a note from Cambridge that was not a very long one. It was fourteen feet deep, where it lay to be picked up—having thrown them upon the floor, eggs, and even shillings. I found a letter, there was the stump of a pipe, and a small foot deep in the bed of the room where we bathed most commonly. I found a diary, and wonder how the

we played in music he was musical, and more than one instrument. Quite and I was a student; and I think of my own was soda-water. In the day and night, reading occasionally. In the night, with vast slowness, Moore's in 1806, and reading it together in the

passed the summer together;—Long of the Guards during the year I passed in my college. His friendship, and a few more and present—which held me from—were the then romance of the period of my life.

It was that, in the spring of 1809, H. . . being distressed at Long's death, and with making epigrams upon his name, composed of a poem—Long, short, he is often he had ample leisure to reject mutual friend, and his H. . . 's, particularly Matthews, was drowned also.

and he, himself, was as much affected by a similar calamity. But I did not pay him back in puns and epigrams, for I valued Matthews too much, myself, to do so;—and, even if I had not, I should have respected his griefs.

Long's father wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised,—but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted. Yet, although a cheerful companion, he had strange melancholy thoughts sometimes. I remember once that we were going to his uncle's, I think,—I went to accompany him to the door merely, in some Upper or Lower Grosvenor or Brook-street. I forget which, but it was in a street leading out of some square,—he told me that, the night before, he 'had taken up a pistol—not knowing or examining whether it was loaded or no—and had snapped it at his head, leaving it to chance whether it might, or might not, be charged.' The letter, too, which he wrote me, on leaving college to join the Guards, was as melancholy in its tenour as it could well be on such an occasion. But he showed nothing of this in his deportment, being mild and gentle;—and yet with much turn for the ludicrous in his disposition. We were both much attached to Harrow, and sometimes made excursions there together from London, to revive our schoolboy recollections.

These affecting remembrances are contained in a Journal, which he kept during his residence at Ravenna, in 1821, and they are rendered still more touching and remarkable by the circumstances under which they were noted down. Domesticated in a foreign land, and even connected with foreign conspirators, whose arms, at the moment he was writing, were in his house, he could yet thus wholly disengage himself from the scene around him, and, borne away by the current of memory into other times, live over the lost friendships of his boyhood again. An English gentleman (Mr Wathen) who called upon him, at one of his residences in Italy, having happened to mention in conversation that he had been acquainted with Long, the noble poet, from that moment, treated him with the most marked kindness, and talked with him of Long and of his amiable qualities, till (as this gentleman says) the tears could not be concealed in his eyes.

In the summer of this year (1806) he, as usual, joined his mother at Southwell,—among the small, but select society of which place he had, during his visits, formed some intimacies and friendships, the memory of which is still cherished there fondly and proudly. With the exception, indeed, of the brief and bewildering interval which he passed, as we have seen, in the company of Miss Chaworth, it was at Southwell alone that an opportunity was ever afforded him of profiting by the bland influence of female society, or of seeing what woman is in the true sphere of her virtues, home. The amiable and intelligent family of the Pigots received him within their circle, as one of themselves; and in the Rev. John Becher.

* A gentleman, who has since honourably distinguished himself by his philanthropic plans and suggestions for that most important object, the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

the youthful poet found not only an acute and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. There were also one or two other families—as the Leacrofts, the Housons—among whom his talents and vivacity made him always welcome; and the proud shyness with which, through the whole of his minority, he kept aloof from all intercourse with the neighbouring gentlemen, seems to have been entirely familiarized away by the small, cheerful society of Southwell. One of the most intimate and valued of his friends, at this period, has given me the following account of her first acquaintance with him:—"The first time I was introduced to him was at a party at his mother's, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him three times before she could persuade him to come into the drawing-room, to play with the young people at a round game. He was then a fat bashful boy, with his hair combed straight over his forehead, and extremely like a miniature picture that his mother had painted by M. de Chambruland. The next morning Mrs Byron brought him to call at our house, when he still continued shy and formal in his manner. The conversation turned upon Cheltenham, where we had been staying, the amusements there, the plays, &c.; and I mentioned that I had seen the character of Gabriel Lackbrain very well performed. His mother getting up to go, he accompanied her, making a formal bow, and I, in allusion to the play, said, 'Good bye, Gaby.' His countenance lighted up, his handsome mouth displayed a broad grin, all his shyness vanished, never to return, and, upon his mother's saying 'Come, Byron, are you ready?'—no, she might go by herself, he would stay and talk a little longer; and, from that moment, he used to come in and go out at all hours, as it pleased him, and in our house considered himself perfectly at home."

To this lady was addressed the earliest letter from his pen that has fallen into my hands. He corresponded with many of his Harrow friends—with Lord Clare, Lord Powerscourt, Mr William Peel, Mr William Banks, and others. But it was then little foreseen what general interest would one day attach to these schoolboy letters, and accordingly, as I have already had occasion to lament, there are but few of them now in existence. The letter, of which I have spoken, to his Southwell friend, though containing nothing remarkable, is perhaps for that very reason worth insertion, as serving to show, on comparing it with most of its successors, how rapidly his mind acquired confidence in its powers. There is, indeed, one charm for the eye of curiosity in his juvenile manuscripts which they necessarily want in their printed form; and that is, the strong evidence of an irregular education which they exhibit,—the unformed and childish handwriting, and, now and then, even defective spelling of him who, in a very few years after, was to start up one of the giants of English literature.

LETTER I.

TO MISS ———.

* Burgage Manor, August 29th, 1804.

"I received the arms, my dear Miss ———, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you

have taken. It is impossible I should have been able to find with them. The sight of the drawings gave me great pleasure for a double reason,—in the first place, they will ornament my books; in the second, they convince me that you have not entirely forgotten me. I am, however, sorry you do not return my arms,—you have already been gone an age. I may have taken my departure for London before you come back; but, however, I will hope not. I will overlook my watch-ribbon and purse, as I will carry them with me. Your note was given to Mr Harry, at the play, whither I attended Miss and Doctor S——; and now I have not time to answer it before I go to bed. If I am at home when you return,—and I sincerely hope so soon, for I very much regret your absence,—be happy to hear you sing my favourite, 'The Maid of Lodi.' My mother, together with myself, will be affectionately remembered to Mrs Pigeon. Believe me, my dear Miss ———, I remain your affectionate friend,

"Dear

"P. S.—If you think proper to send me any more to this, I shall be extremely happy to receive them. Adieu.

"P. S. 2d.—As you say you are a novice in the art of knitting, I hope it don't give you too much trouble. Go on slowly, but surely. Once again, adieu."

We shall often have occasion to remark the early habits and tastes by which Lord Byron was distinguished in other respects so versatile, was distinguished. In the juvenile letter, just cited, the two characteristics of this kind which he preserved unaltered during the remainder of his life:—his punctuality in immediately answering letters, and his love of the simplest ballad music. Among his chief favourites to which this latter taste led him at this time were the songs of the Duenna, which he had the good taste to delight in; and some of his Harrow contemporaries still remember the fondness with which, when dining with his friends, the memorable mother Barnard's, he used to sing "This bottle 's the sun of our table."

His visit to Southwell this summer was intended about the beginning of August, by one of the explosions of temper on the part of Mrs Byron, which, from his earliest childhood, he had been too well accustomed, and in producing which his rebel spirit was not always, it may be supposed, entirely blameless. In all his portraits of himself, it is the pencil which he employs, that the first account of his own temper, from one of his journals must be taken with a due portion of that allowance for exaggeration, which his style of self-portraiture "overshadowing even the shade," requires.

"In all other respects" (he says, after mentioning his infant passion for Mary Duff), "I differed all from other children, being neither tall nor dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively,—in my sullen moods, and then I was always so. They once (in one of my silent moods) wrested from me, which I had snatched from Mrs B's dinner (I always dined earlier), and I

—but this was three or four years after the late Lord B.'s decease.

His temper has certainly improved in me but I doubt, and must, to my latest regret, the consequence of it and my passions the most—but no matter—there are good water to think of also—and to them I am now turning.

—swelling upon incidents. My temper under management—rarely loud, and, never deadly. It is when silent, and I feel and my cheek paling, that I cannot stand this . . . but unless there is a great any or every woman in the way, I am tolerably apathetic.

A temper, at all resembling this, and the mere boasts of Mrs. Byron, the collision, it appeared, was not a little formidable; and though the young poet was now arrived, most parents feel,—the impatience of me to stamp the bit, would but render the each shocks more frequent. It is told, in proof of their opinion of each other's wit, after parting one evening in a tempest, they were known each to go privately to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously whether had been to purchase poison, and the reader of drugs not to attend to such a man, if made.

It surely, however, that the young lord almost to be provoked into more than a passion these scenes. To the boisterousness of he could oppose a civil and, no doubt, answer—howing to her but the more pronounced her voice rose in the scale. In the moment when he perceived that a storm was at hand, a fight lay his only safe resource. To say candidly he was driven, at the period we are speaking; but not till after a scene of violence between him and Mrs. Byron, in the course of her temper had proceeded to that, however outrageous they may be, but not, it appears, unusual with her. Young, in describing a temper of this

type and cancers, in a whirlwind sent, to intimate the lady's discontent.

and tongue were, it seems, the missiles Byron preferred, and which she, more resounding after her fugitive son. In instance, he was but just in time to avoid it at him with the former of these weapons, make a hasty escape to the house of a neighbourhood; where, concerting the of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an to London. The letters which I am were written immediately on his arrival, to some friends at Southwell, from deference in his behalf it may fairly be at the blame of the quarrel, whatever it was, did not rest with him. The first is a young gentleman about the same age who had just returned, for the vacation, to the place, where he was, at that time, pursuing his studies.

LETTER II.

TO MR. PIGOT.

* 16, Piccadilly, August 9th, 1806.

"MY DEAR PIGOT,

"Many thanks for your amusing narrative of the last proceedings of my amiable *Alecto*, who now begins to feel the effects of her folly. I have just received a penitential epistle, to which, apprehensive of pursuit, I have dispatched a moderate answer, with a kind of promise to return in a fortnight;—this, however (*entre nous*), I never mean to fulfil. Her soft warblings must have delighted her auditors, her higher notes being particularly musical, and on a calm moonlight evening would be heard to great advantage. Had I been present as a spectator, nothing would have pleased me more; but to have come forward as one of the 'dramatis personæ'—St. Dominic defend me from such a scene! Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations, and you, with the rest of your family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape from 'Mrs. Byron furiosa.'

"Oh! for the pen of Ariosto to rehearse, in epic, the scolding of that momentous eve,—or rather, let me invoke the shade of Danté to inspire me, for none but the author of the '*Inferno*' could properly preside over such an attempt. But, perhaps, where the pen might fail, the pencil would succeed. What a group!—Mrs. B. the principal figure; you cramming your ears with cotton, as the only antidote to total deafness; Mrs. — in vain endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the lioness robbed of her whelp; and last, though not least, Elizabeth and Wousky,—wonderful to relate!—both deprived of their parts of speech, and bringing up the rear in mute astonishment. How did S. B. receive the intelligence? How many puns did he utter on so facetious an event? In your next inform me on this point, and what excuse you made to A. You are probably by this time tired of deciphering this hieroglyphical letter;—like Tony Lumpkin, you will pronounce mine to be a d—d up and down hand. All Southwell, without doubt, is involved in amazement. Apropos, how does my blue-eyed son, the fair ' ' in she 'robed in sable garb of woe?'

"Here I remain at least a week or ten days; previous to my departure you shall receive my address, but what it will be I have not determined. My lodgings must be kept secret from Mrs. B.; you may present my compliments to her, and say any attempt to pursue me will fail, as I have taken measures to retreat immediately to Portsmouth, on the first intimation of her removal from Southwell. You may add, I have now proceeded to a friend's house in the country, there to remain a fortnight.

"I have now blotted (I must not say written) a complete double letter, and in return shall expect a monstrous budget. Without doubt, the dames of Southwell reprobate the pernicious example I have shown, and tremble lest their babes should disobey their mandates, and quit in dudgeon their mammas on any grievance. Adieu. When you begin your next, drop the 'lordship,' and put 'Byron' in its place. Believe me yours, &c. "BYRON."

From the succeeding letters, it will be seen that the

"liveness" was not behindhand, in energy and decision, with her offspring, but, immediately on discovering his flight, set off after him.

LETTER III.

TO MISS ———

• London, August 10th, 1806.

"MY DEAR BRIDGET,

"As I have already troubled your brother with more than he will find pleasure in deciphering, you are the next to whom I shall assign the difficult employment of perusing this 2d epistle. You will perceive from my 1st, that no idea of Mrs B.'s arrival had disturbed me at the time it was written; not so the present, since the appearance of a note from the illustrious cause of my sudden decampment has driven the 'natural ruby from my cheeks,' and completely blanched my woe-begone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine from the volcanic temperament of her ladyship, and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all present motion being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my blessings are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity, and since, like Macbeth, 'They've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly,' I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and 'bear-like fight the course,' all escape being precluded. I can now engage with less disadvantage, having drawn the enemy from her entrenchments, though, like the prototype to whom I have compared myself, with an excellent chance of being knocked on the head. However, 'lay on, Macduff,' and d—d be he who first cries, hold, enough."

"I shall remain in town for, at least, a week, and expect to hear from you before its expiration. I presume the printer has brought you the offspring of my poetic mania. Remember, in the first line, to read 'loud the winds whistle,' instead of 'round,' which that blockhead Ridge has inserted by mistake, and makes nonsense of the whole stanza. Adieu! —Now to encounter my Hydra. Yours ever."

LETTER IV.

TO MR FIGOT.

• London, Sunday, midnight, August 10th, 1806.

"DEAR FIGOT,

"This astonishing packet will, doubtless, amaze you, but having an idle hour this evening, I wrote the enclosed stanzas, which I request you to deliver to Ridge, to be printed separate from my other compositions, as you will perceive them to be improper for the perusal of ladies; of course, none of the females of your family must see them. I offer 1000 apologies for the trouble I have given you in this and other instances. Yours truly."

LETTER V.

TO MR FIGOT.

• Piccadilly, August 10th, 1806.

"I cannot exactly say with Caesar, 'Veni, vidi,

vici:' however, the most important part of his account of success applies to my present situation, for, though Mrs Byron took the trouble of 'seeing,' yet your humble servant proved victor. After an obstinate engagement of 12 hours, in which we suffered considerable damage from the quickness of the enemy's fire, the length retired in confusion, leaving behind the artillery, field equipage, and some prisoners: their flight is decisive of the present campaign. To speak intelligibly, Mrs B. returns immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing, on the Sussex coast; to which place you will address (to be let the post-office) your next epistle. By the cuckoo of a 2d gingle of rhyme, you will probably come to my muse to be vastly prolific; her inserted prediction was brought forth a few years ago, and by accident on Thursday among some old papers have recopied it, and, adding the proper date, request it may be printed with the rest of the first. I thought your sentiments on the last bantling coincide with mine, but it was impossible to add any other garb, being founded on facts. My stay at Worthing will not exceed 3 weeks, and you will possibly behold me again at Southwell the middle of September.

"Will you desire Ridge to suspend the printing of my poems till he hears further from me, as I have determined to give them a new form entirely. This prohibition does not extend to the two last poems I have sent with my letters to you. You will excuse the dull vanity of this epistle, as my brain is a chaos of absurd images, and full of business, preparations, and projects.

"I shall expect an answer with impatience. I believe me, there is nothing at this moment which will give me greater delight than your letter."

LETTER VI.

TO MR FIGOT.

• London, August 10th, 1806.

"I am just on the point of setting off for Worthing, and write merely to request you will send the scoundrel Charles with my horses immediately. When I am excessively provoked he has not made his appearance before, or written to inform me of the cause of his delay, particularly as I supplied him with money for his journey. On no pretext is he to postpone his march one day longer, and if, in obedience to the caprices of Mrs B. (who, I presume, is spreading desolation through her little monarchy), he thinks proper to disregard my positive orders, I will not in future consider him as my servant. He brings the surgeon's bill with him, which I will charge immediately on receiving it. Nor can I conceive the reason of his not acquainting Frank with the state of my unfortunate quadrupeds. Dear B. forgive this petulant effusion, and attribute it to the ill conduct of that precious rascal, who, instead of obeying my injunctions, is sauntering through the streets of that political Pandemonium, Nottingham. Present my remembrances to your family and Leicester, and believe me, &c."

"P. S.—I delegate to you the unpleasant task

some further recollections of their visit together to Harrowgate, which I shall take the liberty of giving in his own words:—

"You ask me to recall some anecdotes of the time we spent together at Harrowgate in the summer of 1806, on our return from college, he from Cambridge, and I from Edinburgh; but so many years have elapsed since then that I really feel myself as if recalling a distant dream. We, I remember, went in Lord Byron's own carriage with post-horses; and he sent his groom with two saddle-horses, and a beautifully formed, very ferocious, bull-mastiff, called Nelson, to meet us there. Boatswain* went, by the side of his valet Frank, on the box, with us.

"The bull-dog, Nelson, always wore a muzzle, and was occasionally sent for into our private room, when the muzzle was taken off, much to my annoyance, and he and his master amused themselves with throwing the room into disorder. There was always a jealous feud between this Nelson and Boatswain; and whenever the latter came into the room while the former was there, they instantly seized each other; and then, Byron, myself, Frank, and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them,—which was in general only effected by thrusting poker and tongs into the mouths of each. But, one day, Nelson unfortunately escaped out of the room without his muzzle, and going into the stable-yard fastened upon the throat of a horse, from which he could not be disengaged. The stable-boys ran in alarm to find Frank, who, taking one of his lord's Wogdon's pistols, always kept loaded in his room, shot poor Nelson through the head, to the great regret of Byron.

"We were at the Crown Inn at Low Harrowgate. We always dined in the public room, but retired very soon after dinner to our private one; for Byron was no more a friend to drinking than myself. We lived retired, and made few acquaintance; for he was naturally shy, very shy, which people who did not know him mistook for pride. While at Harrowgate he accidentally met with Professor Hailstone from Cambridge, and appeared much delighted to see him. The professor was at Upper Harrowgate; we called upon him one evening to take him to the theatre, I think,—and Lord Byron sent his carriage for him. Another time, to a ball at the Granby. This desire to show attention to one of the professors of his college is a proof that, though he might choose to satirize the mode of education in the university, and to abuse the antiquated regulations and restrictions to which undergraduates are subjected, he had yet a due discrimination in his respect for the individuals who belonged to it. I have always indeed heard him speak in high terms of praise of Hailstone, as well as of his master, Bishop Mansel, of Trinity College, and of others whose names I have now forgotten.

"Few people understood Byron, but I know that he had naturally a kind and feeling heart, and that there was not a single spark of malice in his composition."†

* The favourite dog, on which Lord Byron afterwards wrote the well-known epitaph.

† Lord Byron and Dr Pigot continued to be correspondents for some time, but, after their parting this autumn, they never met again.

The private theatricals alluded to in the from Harrowgate were, both in prospect and performance, a source of infinite delight to him, a place soon after his return to Southwell, anxiously he was expected back by all parties, and he was judged from the following fragment of a letter, which was received by his companion during his absence from home:—

"Tell Lord Byron that, if any accident should retard his return, his mother desires he will wait for her, as she shall be miserable if he does not the day he fixes. Mr W. B. has written a letter to Mrs H. to offer for the character of 'Henry VIII.'—Mr and Mrs * * * not approving of his taking a part in the play; but I believe he will insist on it. Mr G. W. says that, sooner than that he should be disappointed, he will take any part—dance—in short, do any thing to oblige. Till Lord Byron returns, nothing can be done; and yet he must not be later than Tuesday or Wednesday.

We have already seen that, at Harrow, his declamation was the only one by which Byron was particularly distinguished, and in his note-books he adverts, with evident satisfaction, both to his school displays and to the share which he took in these representations at Southwell:

"When I was a youth, I was reckoned an actor. Besides 'Harrow Speeches' (in which I enacted Penruddock, in the 'Wheel of Fortune' and Tristram Finkle in Allingham's farce 'Weathercock,' for three nights (the duration compact), in some private theatricals at Southwell in 1806, with great applause. The occasion of our volunteer play was also of my suggestion. The other performers were young ladies, gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the whole off with great effect upon our good-natured audience."

It may, perhaps, not be altogether trifling to serve, that, in thus personating with such success two heroes so different, the young poet displayed both that love and power of versatility by which he was afterwards impelled, on a grander scale, to present himself under such opposite aspects of the world;—the gloom of Penruddock, and the wit of Tristram, being types, as it were, of the extremes, between which his own character, in life, so singularly vibrated.

These representations, which form a memorable era at Southwell, took place, about the latter end of September, in the house of Mr Lescroft, the drawing-room was converted into a theatre, the occasion, and whose family contributed to the fair ornaments of its boards. The play, which Lord Byron furnished, and which may be seen in his "Hours of Idleness," was written by him in twelve stages, on his way from Harrowgate to Southwell, getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he and his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prose for our play;" and before they reached Mansel had completed his task,—interrupting, only on a rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "*débit*," and, on being told "*debit*," claiming, in the true spirit of Bysshe, "Ay, that do for rhyme to '*actu*.'"

The epilogue on the occasion was from the

low; and for the purpose of affording to Lord Byron who was to speak it, an opportunity of displaying his powers of mimicry, consisted of good portraits of all the persons concerned in the representation. Some intimation of this design was given among the actors, an alarm was felt in the theatre thus in store for them; and to their apprehensions, the author was obliged to add that, if after having heard his epilogue read they did not, of themselves, pronounce it good, and even request that it should be pronounced bad, they would most willingly withdraw it. In the end, it was concerted between this gentleman and Lord Byron that the latter should, on the morrow, deliver the verses in a tone as intended as free from all point as possible,—relying on mimicry, in which the whole sting of the comedy lay, for the evening of representation. Good effect was produced;—all the personages present were satisfied, and even wondered at the possibility of waggery could have attached to so well-bred a production. Their wonder, however, was of a different nature a night or two later, on hearing the audience convulsed with laughter at this same composition, they discovered, to their astonishment, the trick which the unsuspected mimic had played on them, and had no other resource than that of laughing at the laugh which his playful imitation of the dramatic persons excited.

This small volume of Poems, which he had now some time been preparing, was, in the month of November, ready for delivery to the select few to whom it was intended to circulate; and to him the first copy of the work was presented. It was owing to this gentleman's taste, by his love of wit, his sensibility and good sense, acquired at a young age, and which ever the mind of Lord Byron, was frequently employed by him in guiding the taste of his friends, so less in matters of conduct than of wit, and the ductility with which this influence acted on, in an instance I shall have to mention, we have far from untractable was the natural taste of Byron, had he more frequently been exposed to fall into hands that "knew the value of the instrument, and could draw out its use as well as its strength.

The wide range which his taste was now allowed through the light and miscellaneous literature of the day, it was but natural that he should settle his pleasure on those works, from which the youth of his age and temperament could extract the most congenial food; and, accordingly, Lord Byron's Camoens and Little's Poems are said to have been, at this period, his favourite study. To the ignorance of such a taste his reverend friend sensibly opposed himself,—representing with as far, at least, as the latter author is concerned, how much more worthy models, both in style and thought, he might find among the established writers of English literature. Instead of wasting his time on the ephemeral productions of his contemporaries, he should devote himself, his adviser said, to the study of Milton and of Shakspeare, and, above all, to the study of the Bible, which was in quarto, and consisted but of two sheets, there are but two, or, at the utmost, three editions.

seek to elevate his fancy and taste by the contemplation of the sublimer beauties of the Bible. In the latter study, this gentleman acknowledges that his advice had been, to a great extent, anticipated, and that with the poetical parts of the Scripture he found Lord Byron deeply conversant;—a circumstance which corroborates the account given by his early master, Doctor Glennie, of his great proficiency in scriptural knowledge while yet but a child under his care.

To Mr Becher, as I have said, the first copy of his little work was presented; and this gentleman, in looking over its pages, among many things to commend and admire, as well as some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem in which, as it appeared to him, the imagination of the young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring beyond what even youth could excuse. Immediately, as the most gentle mode of conveying his opinion, he sat down and addressed to Lord Byron some expostulatory verses on the subject, to which an answer, also in verse, was returned by the noble poet as promptly,—with, at the same time, a note, in plain prose, to say, that he felt fully the justice of his reverend friend's censure, and that rather than allow the poem in question to be circulated, he would instantly recall all the copies that had been sent out, and cancel the whole impression. On the very same evening this prompt sacrifice was carried into effect;—Mr Becher saw every copy of the edition burned, with the exception of that which he retained in his own possession, and another which had been dispatched to Edinburgh, and could not be recalled.

This trait of the young poet speaks sufficiently for itself;—the sensibility, the temper, the ingenious pliancy which it exhibits, show a disposition capable by nature of every thing we most respect and love.

Of no less amiable character were the feelings that, about this time, dictated the following letter;—a letter which it is impossible to peruse without acknowledging the noble candour and conscientiousness of the writer:—

LETTER VIII.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

* Southwell, Notts., February 6th, 1807.

"MY DEAREST CLARE,

"Were I to make all the apologies necessary to atone for my late negligence, you would justly say you had received a petition instead of a letter, as it would be filled with prayers for forgiveness; but instead of this, I will acknowledge my sins at once, and I trust to your friendship and generosity rather than to my own excuses. Though my health is not perfectly re-established, I am out of all danger, and have recovered every thing but my spirits, which are subject to depression. You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarre, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible without involving some old friends of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow (nearly two years ago), which you will recollect was rather 'en cavalier.' Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injus-

tice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have therefore made all the reparation in my power, by apologizing for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success; indeed I never expected any answer, but desired one for form's sake; that has not yet arrived, and most probably never will. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual I have done all that could be done to repair the injury, and there the affair must end. Whether we renew our intimacy or not, is of very trivial consequence.

"My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been transporting a servant,* who cheated me,—rather a disagreeable event,—performing in private theatricals;—publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal);—making love,—and taking physic. The two last amusements have not had the best effect in the world; for my attentions have been divided amongst so many fair damazels, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Esculapins I am harassed to death. However, I have still leisure to devote some hours to the recollections of past, regretted friendships, and in the interval to take the advantage of the moment, to assure you how much I am, and ever will be, my dearest Clare,

"Your truly attached and sincere

"BYRON."

Considering himself bound to replace the copies of his work which he had withdrawn, as well as to rescue the general character of the volume from the stigma this one offender might bring upon it, he set instantly about preparing a second edition for the press, and, during the ensuing six weeks, continued busily occupied with his task. In the beginning of January we find him forwarding a copy to his friend, Dr Pigot, in Edinburgh:—

LETTER IX.

TO MR PIGOT.

* Southwell, Jan. 13, 1807.

"I ought to begin with sundry apologies, for my own negligence, but the variety of my avocations in prose and verse must plead my excuse. With this epistle you will receive a volume of all my *Juvenilia* published since your departure: it is of considerably greater size than the copy in your possession, which I beg you will destroy, as the present is much more complete. That unlucky poem to my poor Mary† has been the cause of some animadversion from ladies in years. I have not printed it in this collection, in consequence of my being pronounced a most profligate ameer, in short, a 'young Moore,' by ———, your

* His valet, Frank.

† Of this 'Mary' who is not to be confounded either with the mistress of Ananias or 'Mary' of Aberdeen, all I can recollect is, that she was of an humble, if not equivocal, station in life,—that she had long, light golden hair, of which he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends; and that the verses in his 'Hours of Idleness,' entitled 'To Mary, on receiving her picture,' were addressed to her.

• • • friend. I believe in general the been favourably received, and surely the age's author will preclude severe criticism. The ads of my life from sixteen to nineteen, and the tion into which I have been thrown in London given a voluptuous tint to my ideas; but the of which called forth my muse could hardly ad other colouring. This volume is easily cori miraculously chaste. Apropos, talking of love

"If you can find leisure to answer this fat unconnected nonsense, you need not doubt gratification will accrue from your reply ever, &c."

To his schoolfellow Mr William Bankes, who met casually with a copy of the work, and wrote a letter, conveying his opinion of it, he returned the following answer:

LETTER X.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

* Southwell, March

"DEAR BANKES,

"Your critique is valuable for many reasons: the first place, it is the only one in which I have borne so slight a part; in the next, I am with insipid compliments. I have a better opinion of your judgment and ability than your feelings. my most sincere thanks for your kind decision less welcome, because totally unexpected. regard to a more exact estimate, I need not tell you how few of the best poems in our language stand the test of minute or verbal criticism:—therefore hardly be expected the effusions of (and most of these pieces have been produced in an early period) can derive much merit either in subject or composition. Many of them were written under great depression of spirits, and during indisposition;—hence the gloomy turn of the We coincide in opinion that the 'poetics' are the most exceptionable; they were, however, grateful to the deities on whose altars they offered—more I seek not.

"The portrait of Pomposus was drawn at 11 after a long sitting; this accounts for the resemblance or rather the caricature. He is your friend, but was mine—for both our sakes I shall be silent of his head. The collegiate rhymes are not persons of the notes may appear so, but could not be so. I have little doubt they will be deservedly able just punishment for my unflinching treatment of an excellent Alma Mater. I sent you no copy, should be placed in the situation of *Gil Blas* in Archbishop of Grenada; though running some hazard from the experiment, I wished your review to be unbiased. Had my '*Libellus*' been published previous to your letter, it would have appeared as a species of bribe to purchase compliment. I hesitated in saying, I was more anxious to have your critique, however severe, than the praise of a million. On the same day I was honoured with a compliment of *MacKenzie*, the celebrated author of the '*Man of Feeling*.' Whether his approbation of yours elated me most, I cannot decide.

"You will receive my *Juvenilia*,—at least

wish to sink his early friendship with the young cottager may have been a result of that feeling.

As his visits to Southwell were, after this period, but few and transient, I shall take the present opportunity of mentioning such miscellaneous particulars respecting his habits and mode of life, while there, as I have been able to collect.

Though so remarkably shy, when he first went to Southwell, this reserve, as he grew more acquainted with the young people of the place, wore off; till, at length, he became a frequenter of their assemblies and dinner-parties, and even felt mortified if he heard of a rout to which he was not invited. His horror, however, at new faces still continued; and if, while at Mrs Pigot's, he saw strangers approaching the house, he would instantly jump out of the window to avoid them. This natural shyness concurred with no small degree of pride to keep him aloof from the acquaintance of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose visits, in more than one instance, he left unreturned;—some, under the plea that their ladies had not visited his mother, others, because they had neglected to pay him this compliment sooner. The true reason, however, of the haughty distance, at which, both now and afterwards, he stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel this inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself superior. His friend Mr Becher frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and to his remonstrances, on one occasion, Lord Byron returned a poetical answer, an remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst, with which his own volcanic genius opened upon the world, that, as the volume containing the verses is in very few hands, I cannot resist the temptation of giving a few extracts here:

Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind,—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind,
And I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth;
And, when infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire, in the cavern of *Ætna* conceal'd,
Still smoulders unseen in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for Posterity's praise;
Could I scorch, with the *Phoenix*, on plumes of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, or a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I heave!
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;—
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave.

In his hours of rising and retiring to rest he was, like his mother, always very late; and this habit he never altered during the remainder of his life. The night, too, was at this period, as it continued afterwards, his favourite time for composition; and his first visit in the morning was generally paid to the fair friend who acted as his amanuensis, and to whom he then gave whatever new products of his brain the preceding night might have inspired. His next visit

was usually to his friend Mr Becher's, whence to one or two other houses on the after which the rest of the day was devoted to his favourite exercises. The evenings he usually spent with the same family among whom he lay in the morning, either in conversation, or in hearing Mrs Pigot play upon the piano-forte, and sing with her a certain set of songs which he adored, among which the "Maid of Lodi" (with the words "My heart with love is beating"), and "Who steals our years away," were, it seems, particular favourites. He appears, indeed, to have been even thus early, shown a decided taste for the regular routine of life,—bringing round his occupations at the same stated periods,—which was so much the system of his existence during the part of his residence abroad.

Those exercises, to which he flew for diversion in his less happy days, formed his enjoyment now between swimming, sparring, firing at a mark, and riding;† the greater part of his time was passed in the last of these accomplishments he was by no means very expert. As an instance of his little knowledge of horses, it is told, that, seeing a pair one day at his window, he exclaimed, "What beautiful horses! I should like to buy them."—"Why, they are my own, my lord," said his servant. Those who knew him, indeed, at that period, were rather surprised in after-life, to hear so much of his riding;—the truth is, I am inclined to think, that he was at that time a very adroit horseman.

In swimming and diving, we have already seen, from his own accounts, he excelled; and at Southwell, among other precious relics he possessed a thimble which he borrowed of Mrs Pigot, when on his way to bathe in the Great Ouse, which, as was testified by her brother who accompanied him, he brought up three times again from the bottom of the river. His practice of firing at a mark was the occasion, once, of some acquaintance with a very beautiful young person, Miss H.,—one of a numerous list of fair ones, by whom his imagination was dazzled while at Southwell. A poem, alluding to this occurrence, which may be found in his published volume, is thus introduced:—"The author was discharging his pistols in a garden, when a party of ladies, passing near the spot, were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them, to one of the following stanzas were addressed the morning."

Such a passion, indeed, had he for arms, that he generally lay a small gun by the side of his bed, with which he used to amuse himself, as he lay awake in the morning, by firing it through his bed-hangings. The person who

* Though always fond of music, he had very little taste in the performance of it. "It is very odd," he once said to this lady,—"I sing much better to yourself than to any one else."—"That is," she answered,—"I play to your singing."—In which few words, told the whole secret of a skilful accompanist lies.

† Cricketing, too, was one of his most favourite sports, and it was wonderful, considering his lameness, how speed he could run. Lord Byron says Miss H. wrote a letter to her brother, from Southwell, in just praise of his window with his hat on his shoulder to cricket,—"He is as fond of us as ever."

[illegible]

again broad, with a war through it, which had been
taken out of a barrow, and by always in her way
out. Left Byre making, one day, what it was, she
told him that it had been given her as an account,
and the claim was that, as long as she had this
land in her possession, she should never be in pain.
"Then give it to me," he cried eagerly, - for that o-
pened the thing I want." The young lady refused -
but it was not long before the land returned. She
treated him with the fiercest, and he crossed it, but could
she never divide the land amongst again.

As the clergy and lay-brethren he left behind him a "Bible"—as, indeed, at every place through which he went he carried away from him some useful sermon—“the book,” says a friend, who knew him intimately at this period, “and with it a pair of trousers, without affecting their owner—leaving many little relics of the nature which his friends tonight will see. I asked the following—was it a proof of his poverty? But from the answer, which the simple peasant gave us—connected with the name of his parents, it is not so satisfying is suggested to us. It is a reminder, says a friend, of a poor peasant came to us to purchase a Bible. The priest, who was told by the peasant, was right enough—“Ah, poor Sir,” he remarked, “I cannot pay such a price—I do not think I would ever sell the priest.” The peasant was here, with a look of disappointment, going away—others among them called me back, and made me a present of the Bible.

[illegible]

I am sure that the people of the world are not so stupid as to believe that the world is a perfect place. I am sure that the people of the world are not so stupid as to believe that the world is a perfect place.

not till he mentioned his name that Mr Bailey could recognize him. "It is odd enough, too, that you should not know me," said Byron—"I thought nature had set such a mark upon me, that I could never be forgot."

But, while this defect was such a source of mortification to his spirit, it was also, in an equal degree, perhaps, a stimulus:—and more especially in whatever depended upon personal prowess or attractiveness, he seemed to feel himself piqued by this stigma, which nature, as he thought, had set upon him, to distinguish himself above those whom she had endowed with her more "fair proportion." In pursuits of gallantry he was, I have no doubt, a good deal actuated by this incentive; and the hope of astonishing the world, at some future period, as a chieftain and hero, mingled little less with his young dreams than the prospect of a poet's glory. "I will, some day or other," he used to say, when a boy, "raise a troop,—the men of which shall be dressed in black, and ride on black horses. They shall be called 'Byron's Blacks,' and you will hear of their performing prodigies of valour."

I have already adverted to the exceeding eagerness with which, while at Harrow, he devoured all sorts of learning,—excepting only that which, by the regimen of the school, was prescribed for him. The same rapid and multifarious course of study he pursued during the holidays; and, in order to deduct as little as possible from his hours of exercise, he had given himself the habit, while at home, of reading all dinner time. "In a mind so versatile as his, every novelty, whether serious or light, whether lofty or ludicrous, found a welcome and an echo; and I can easily conceive the glee—as a friend of his once described it to me—with which he brought to her, one evening, a copy of Mother Goose's Tales, which he had bought from a hawkier that morning, and read, for the first time, while he dined.

I shall now give, from a memorandum-book begun by him this year, the account, as I find it hastily and promiscuously scribbled out, of all the books in various departments of knowledge, which he had already perused, at a period of life when few of his school-fellows had yet travelled beyond their *longa* and *shorts*. The list is, unquestionably, a remarkable one;—and when we recollect that the reader of all these volumes was, at the same time, the possessor of a most retentive memory, it may be doubted whether, among what are called the regularly educated, the contenders for scholastic honours and prizes, there could be found a single one who, at the same age, has possessed any thing like the same stock of useful knowledge.

"LIST OF HISTORICAL WRITERS WHOSE WORKS I HAVE PERUSED IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

"*History of England*—Hume, Rapin, Henry, Smollet, Tindal, Belsham, Bisset, Adolphus, Holished, Froimart's Chronicles (belonging properly to France).

"*Scotland*.—Buchanan, Hector Borthius, both in the Latin.

"• It was the custom of Burns,• says Mr Lockhart, in his Life of that poet, • to read at table •

"*Ireland*.—Gordon.

"*Rome*.—Hooke, Decline and Ancient History by Rollin (including the Carthaginians, &c.), besides La tropius, Cornelius Nepos, Julius Sallust.

"*Greece*.—Mitford's Greece, Plutarch, Potter's Antiquities, Xenodides, Herodotus.

"*France*.—Mezeray, Voltaire.

"*Spain*.—I chiefly derived my Spanish History from a book, called obsolete. The modern history, from Alberoni down to the Prince of Peace its connexion with European politics.

"*Portugal*.—From Vertot; as also the Siege of Rhodes,—though the convention, the real facts being total much for his Knights of Malta.

"*Turkey*.—I have read Knolles, and Prince Cantemir, besides a more anonymous. Of the Ottoman History, event, from Taugralopi, and after to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1771 Cutzka, in 1739, and the treaty betw Turkey in 1790.

"*Russia*.—Tooke's Life of Catherine's Czar Peter.

"*Sweden*.—Voltaire's Charles XII.—in my opinion two.—A translation of Schiller's *Thid* which contains the exploits of Gust besides Harte's Life of the same somewhere, too, read an account of the deliverer of Sweden, but do not author's name.

"*Prussia*.—I have seen, at least, Frederick II., the only prince who Prussian annals. Gillies, His own W bault,—none very amusing. The last circumstantial.

"*Denmark* I know little of. Of Denmark stand the natural history, but not the

"*Germany*.—I have read long house of Suabia, Wenceslaus, and, dolf of Hapsburgh and his thick descendants.

"*Switzerland*.—Ah! William Tell of Morgarten, where Burgundy was

"*Italy*.—Davila, Guicciardini, the Ghibellines, the battle of Pavia, Mass volutions of Naples, &c. &c.

"*Hindustan*.—Orme and Cambrid

"*America*.—Robertson, Andrews

"*Africa*.—Merely from Travels, a Bruce.

"BIOGRAPHY.

"Robertson's Charles V.—Cesar, and Jugurtha), Lives of Marlborough Tekeli, Bonnard, Buonaparte, all the both by Johnson and Anderson, Roos ions, Life of Cromwell, British Plutarch pos, Campbell's Lives of the Admirals Czar Peter, Catherine II., Henry Marmontel, Terquem's Sir William

their Skalds. Among these Lodburg was one of the most distinguished. His Death-Song breathes ferocious sentiments, but a glorious and impassioned strain of poetry.

"*Hindustan* is undistinguished by any great bard,—at least, the Sanscrit is so imperfectly known to Europeans, we know not what poetical relics may exist.

"*The Birman Empire*.—Here the natives are passionately fond of poetry, but their bards are unknown.

"*China*.—I never heard of any Chinese poet, but the Emperor Kien Long, and his ode to *Tes*. What a pity their philosopher Confucius did not write poetry, with his precepts of morality!

"*Africa*.—In Africa some of the native melodies are plaintive, and the words simple and affecting; but whether their rude strains of nature can be classed with poetry, as the songs of the bards, the Skalds of Europe, &c. &c. I know not.

"This brief list of poets I have written down from memory, without any book of reference; consequently some errors may occur, but I think, if any, very trivial. The works of the European, and some of the Asiatic, I have perused, either in the original or translations. In my list of English, I have merely mentioned the greatest;—to enumerate the minor poets would be useless, as well as tedious. Perhaps Gray, Goldsmith, and Collins, might have been added, as worthy of mention, in a cosmopolite account. But as for the others, from Chaucer down to Churchill, they are '*voce et præterea nihil*;'—sometimes spoken of, rarely read, and never with advantage. Chaucer, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on him, I think obscene and contemptible;—he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, which he does not deserve so well as Pierce Plowman, or Thomas of Ercildoune. English living poets I have avoided mentioning;—we have none who will not survive their productions. Taste is over with us; and another century will sweep our empire, our literature, and our name, from all but a place in the annals of mankind.

"BYRON.

"November 30, 1807."

Among the papers of his in my possession are several detached Poems (in all nearly six hundred lines), which he wrote about this period, but never printed—having produced most of them after the publication of his "*Hours of Idleness*." The greater number of these have little, besides his name, to recommend them: but there are a few that, from the feelings and circumstances that gave rise to them, will, I have no doubt, be interesting to the reader.

When he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, it seems, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as it flourished so should he. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed. In this circumstance, which happened soon after Lord Grey de Ruthen left Newstead, originated one of these poems, which consists of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen:—

Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;

That thy dark-waving branches would dome
And Ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy
On the land of my fathers I reared thee;
They are past, and I water thy stem with me,
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal day
A stranger has dwelt in the Hall of my life.

The subject of the verses that follow is explained by the notice which he has given them; and, as illustrative of the most love-like feeling which he threw into his friendships, they appeared to me, though quaint and elaborate, to be worth preserving.

"Some years ago, when at H—, the author engraved on a particular spot of both, with a few additional words as follows. Afterwards, on receiving some real injury, the author destroyed the frail relic he left H—. On revisiting the place he wrote under it the following stanzas:—

1.

Here once engaged the stranger's eye
Young Friendship's record, simply
Few were her words,—but yet thought
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

2.

Deeply she cut—but, not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once returned, and gazed
Till Memory half'd the words again.

3.

Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more
That Friendship thought it still the same.

4.

Thus might the Record now have been
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavor
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between
And blotted out the line for ever!

The same romantic feeling of friendship, throughout another of these poems, in which he taken for his subject the ingenious thought of "*l'Amour sans ailes*," and concludes with the words "*Friendship is Love with wings*." Of the nine stanzas of which it consists, the three following appear the best of selection:—

Why should my anxious breast repine
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine,
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings,
Near it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat
Friendship is Love without his wing.

Sent of my youth! thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy,
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still.
Each flower a double fragrance fills
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say
Friendship is Love without his wing.

My Lycus! therefore dost thou weep
Thy falling tears restrain;

...for a time may sleep,
But, at night, will wake again,
And, when my friends, when next we meet,
In long and sweet intercourse, how sweet!
From those days of rapture springs,
Which make hearts thus fondly swell,
Which a bird can only tell,
Precious a Love without his wings!

...the lines I am now about to give are, in the highest fact, I have no accurate means of knowing. Fact as he was of recording every particular, such an event, or rather era, as is mentioned, would have been, of all others, the least to pass unmentioned by him;—and he is inattention nor in any of his writings does even an allusion to it.* On the other hand, it was all that he wrote,—making the embellishments of fancy,—the transference of life and feelings, that it is not easy to give, so full of natural tenderness, to be ascribed for its origin to imagination alone.

TO MY SON:

1.
How blue look, those eyes of blue,
Which the mother's in their hue,
How blue lips, whose dimples play
To smile to steal the heart away,
How sweet a gleam of former joy,
Which thy father's heart, my Boy!

2.
How canst thou a father's name—
Whom every thing own the same,
And approach—but, let me cease—
For thou shalt purchase peace;
Whom a smile shall smile in joy,
Which pardon all the past, my Boy!

3.
How canst thou give the turf has prest,
Which the mother's a stranger's breast,
Which thou art upon thy birth,
Which thou art a name on earth:
Which thou art their one hope destroy,—
Which heart is thine, my Boy!

4.
How canst thou the world unfeeling frown,
Which I find Nature's claim down?
Which through moralists reprove,
Which thou art child of love,
Which thou art pledge of youth and joy—
Which guards thy birth, my Boy!

5.
How canst thou be sweet in thee to trace,
Which has wrinkled o'er my face,

circumstance I know, that bears even resemblance of this poem, is the following. About the date affixed to it, he wrote to his mother (as I have been told by a person, to whom he himself communicated the circumstance), and lately had a good deal of uneasiness on account of a woman, whom he knew to have been a late friend, Curzon, and who, finding herself in a state of progress towards maternity, Lord Byron was the father of her child. This, assured his mother, was not the case; but, he did firmly, that the child belonged to Curzon, and that it should be brought up with all, and be therefore entreated that his mother's kindness to take charge of it. Though much as well as my informant expresses it) have a temper more mild than Mrs Byron's, she was answered her son in the kindest terms, and would willingly receive the child as soon as he came to it in whatever manner he desired. When the infant died almost immediately, and the being a tax on the good-nature of any

Ere half my glass of life is van,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

6.
Although so young thy heedless air,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee.
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

B—, 1807.*

But the most remarkable of these poems is one of a date prior to any I have given, being written in December, 1806, when he was not yet nineteen years old. It contains, as will be seen, his religious creed at that period, and shows how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hearst thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou seest my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own,
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.
Shall man confine his Maker's way
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?
Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?
Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of Æther's space;

* In this practice of dating his juvenile poems he followed the example of Milton, who (says Johnson), "by affixing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned Poltjan had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own compositions to the notice of posterity."

The following trifle, written also by him in 1807, has never, as far as I know, appeared in print:—

Epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried his car to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry on more—so was carried at last;
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off,—so he's now carried on.

B—, Sept., 1807

Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:—
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.
To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!
Blest, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
To Thee I breathe my humble strains,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

29th Dec., 1806.

BYRON.

In another of these poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, we find him concluding with a prayer in somewhat the same spirit. After bidding adieu to all the favourite scenes of his youth,* he thus continues:—

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heav'n:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's Throne,
To him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care,
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin:
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky.
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive:
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807.

We have seen, by a former letter, that the law proceedings for the recovery of his Rochdale property had been attended with success in some trial of the case at Lancaster. The following note to one of his Southwell friends, announcing a second triumph of the cause, shows how sanguinely and, as it turned out, erroneously, he calculated on the results.

Feb. 9th, 1807.

"DEAR —,"

"I have the pleasure to inform you we have gained the Rochdale cause a 2d time, by which I am £60,000 plus.

"Yours ever,

"BYRON."

In the month of April we find him still at Southwell, and addressing to his friend Dr Pigot, who was at Edinburgh, the following note:†—

* Anecdote is, of course, not forgotten among the number:—

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks that and rivets roll between
The rural spot which passion blest!
Yet, Mary, all thy loveliness seems
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream, &c. &c.

† It appears from a passage in one of Miss —'s

"Southwell, &

"MY DEAR PIGOT,

"Allow me to congratulate you on the your first examination—'Courage, mon titre of Dr will do wonders with the damns most probably be in Essex or London, arrive at this d—d place, where I am of the publication of my *rhymes*. Adieu.—yours very truly,

"P. S.—Since we met, I have reduced violent exercise, much physic, and *hot* bath 14 stone 6lb., to 12 stone 7lb. In all I have pounds, Bravo!—what say you?"

His movements and occupations for the of this year will be best collected from a own letters, which I am enabled, by the, the lady to whom they were addressed. Though these letters are boyishly* written good deal of their pleasantness is of that kind which depends more upon phrase than they will yet, I think, be found curious as ing, not only as enabling us to track him of period of his life, but as throwing light on little traits of character, and laying open first working of his hopes and fears while suspense, the opinions that were to do thought, his future fame. The first of which is without date, appears to have been before he had left Southwell. The others will be seen, are dated from Cambridge London.

LETTER XII.

TO MISS —

* Juss

"DEAR QUEEN BESS,

"Savage ought to be immortal:—Oh thorough-bred bull-dog, he is the finest p saw, and will answer much better; in his manifold kindness he has already bitten and disturbed the gravity of old Boatsw grievously discomposed. I wish to be ind he costs, his expenses, &c. &c., that I nify Mr. G—. My thanks are all I the trouble he has taken, make a long conclude it with 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 † I am tice, so deputize you as Legate,—ambas

letters to her brother, that Lord Byron sent gentleman, a copy of his Poems to Mr M author of the Man of Feeling.—"I am glad y Mr Mackenzie's having got a copy of Lord B what he thought of them.—Lord B. was so me

In another letter, the fair writer says:— desired me to tell you that the reason you did him was because his publication was not so had flattered himself it would have been. I was no more to be depended on than a w instantly brought the softness of that countenance, for he blushed exceedingly."

* He was, indeed, a thorough boy, at this p respect.—"Next Monday" says Miss — fair. Lord Byron talks of it with as much pl Henry, and declares he will ride in the Ross I think he will change his mind."

† He here alludes to an odd fancy or trick whenever he was at a loss for something to always to gubbe over "1 2 3 4 5 6 7."

bridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing one tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together; he is the only being I esteem, though I like many.*

"The Marquis of Tavistock was down the other day; I supped with him at his tutor's—entirely a whig party. The opposition muster strong here now, and Lord Huntingdon, the Duke of Leinster, &c. &c., are to join us in October, so every thing will be splendid. The music is all over at present. Met with another 'accidency'—upset a butter-boat in the lap of a lady—look'd very blue—spectators grinned—'curse 'em!' Apropos, sorry to say, been drunk every day, and not quite sober yet—however, touch no meat, nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables, consequently it does me no harm—sad dogs all the Cantabs. Mem.—we mean to reform next January. This place is a monotony of endless variety—like it—hate Southwell. Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients demur? What ladies have bought?

"Saw a girl at St Mary's the image of Anne * *, thought it was her—all in the wrong—the lady stared, so did I—I blushed, so did not the lady—sad thing—wish women had more modesty. Talking of women puts me in mind of my terrier Fanny—how is she? Got a headache, must go to bed, up early in the morning to travel. My protégé breakfasts with me; parting spoils my appetite—excepting from Southwell. Mem. I hate Southwell. Yours, &c."

LETTER XV.

TO MISS ———.

* Gordon's Hotel, July 13th, 1837.

"You write most excellent epistles—a fig for other

* It may be as well to mention here the sequel of this enthusiastic attachment. In the year 1811 young Edleston died of a consumption, and the following letter, addressed by Lord Byron to the mother of his fair Southwell correspondent, will show with what melancholy faithfulness, among the many his heart had then to mourn for, he still dwelt on the memory of his young college friend.

"Cambridge, Oct. 28th, 1811.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a *cornelian*, which some years ago I bestowed to Miss * *. Indeed gave to her, and now I am going to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person in whom I was very much interested, it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss * * should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me at No. 8, St James's street, London, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him that formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that *cornelian* died in May last of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one, making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.

* Believe me, dear madam, yours very sincerely.

* P. S.—I go to London to-morrow."

* BYRON.

The *cornelian* heart was of course returned, and Lord Byron at the same time, reminded that he had left it with Miss * * as a deposit, not a gift.

correspondents, with their nonsensical apology—'knowing nought about it,'—you send me a d budget. I am here in a perpetual vortex of tion (very pleasant for all that), and, strange I get thinner, being now below 11 stone coat. Stay in town a month, perhaps 6 weeks, Essex, and then, as a favour, irradiate South 3 days with the light of my countenance; but shall ever make me reside there again. I return to Cambridge in October; we are commonly gay, or in truth I should cut the city. An extraordinary circumstance occurred at Cambridge, a girl so very like * * in appearance, that nothing but the most close inspection could have undeceived me. I was asked if she had ever been at H * *.

"What the devil would Ridge have? is it a fortnight, before the advertisements, a sale? I hear many of the London booksellers them, and Crosby has sent copies to the watering-places. Are they liked or not in Southampton? I wish Boatwain had a Damon! How is Bran? by the immortal ought to be a Count of the Holy Roman

"The intelligence of London cannot be new to you, who have rusticated all your life—of routs, riots, balls, and boxing-matches, of crim. cons, parliamentary discussion, political masquerades, mechanics, Argyle-street law, and aquatic races, love and lotteries, Brod Buonaparte, opera-singers and oratorios, w men, wax-work, and weather cocks, can't with your insulated ideas of decorum and of expressions not inserted in our vocabulary.

"Oh! Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice left thee, and how I curse the heavy hours I along, for so many months, amongst the N who inhabit your kraals!—However, one flin not regret, which is having pared off a quantity of flesh to enable me to slip into 'skin,' and vie with the *slim* beaux of modern though, I am sorry to say, it seems to be amongst gentlemen to grow fat, and I am at least 14lb. below the fashion. However crease instead of enlarging, which is extra as violent exercise in London is impractical. I attribute the phenomenon to our evening at public and private parties. I heard from this morning (the 13th, my letter was begun day): he says the Poems go on as well as wished, the seventy five sent to town are and a demand for fifty more complied with; he dated his epistle, though the advertisements not yet half published—Adieu.

* P. S.—Lord Carlisle, on receiving my sent, before he opened the book, a tolerable some letter:—I have not heard from him since opinions I neither know nor care about; if he least insolent, I shall enroll him with Butler, other worthies. He is in Yorkshire, just me

* In the Collection of his Poems printed for circulation, he had inserted some severe on Doctor Butler, which he omitted in the subsequent edition—at the same time explaining why he did note little less severe than the verses.

"I said he had not had time to read the
I thought it necessary to acknowledge
of the volume immediately. Perhaps the
my brother near the throne,"—if so, I will
perhaps later in his hands.—Adieu!"

LETTER XVI.

TO MILB: _____

* August 2d, 1807.

begin to discharge its contents—town is
I can scribble at leisure, as
are less numerous. In a fortnight I shall
a country engagement; but expect 2
you previous to that period. Ridge does
rapidly in Notts.—very possible. In
wear a more promising aspect, and
works are praised by reviewers, admired
and sold by every bookseller of the
not dedicate much consideration to
I have now a review before me,
"Literary Recreations," where my *hardship*
beyond my deserts. I know nothing
think him a very discerning gentle-
a despatch clever fellow. His critique
particularly, because it is of great length,
quantum of censure is administered,
as a greivable relish to the praise. You
unbiased, impartial, common-place com-
If you would wish to see it, order the 13th
"Literary Recreations" for the last month
I have not the most distant idea of the
article—it is printed in a periodical
—and though I have written a paper (a
which appears in the same
of every other person concerned
whose name I have not heard.
Lord Alexander Gordon, who resided in
had me his mother, her Grace of
he would introduce my *Poetical*
as she had bought my
exceedingly in common with the
favourite world, and wished to claim
with the author. I was unluckily
on some excursion for some days afterwards,
was on the eve of departing for
I have postponed my introduction till the
I shall favour the lady, whose taste I
my most sublime and edifying
He is now in the Highlands, and
to depart a few days ago, for the
of 'dark rolling winds.'

excerpt of Lord Byron at reviewing (for it
was, once or twice afterwards, true his hand
and (if employments) is remarkable only as
possibly be could among the established tone
of these minor judgment seats of criticism.
The volumes before us are by the Author
a collection which has not undescribedly
considerable share of public applause. The
Mr Wordsworth's muse are simple and
exceedingly inharmonious, verse, (though
irresistible appeals to the feelings, with
sentiments. Though the present work
in former efforts, many of the poems possess
excellence. &c. If Mr Wordsworth ever
has any other such struggle, how little could
that order that dull prosaic mark lurked
short years from thence, would rival even

"Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a third—at least so he says. In every bookseller's window I see my own name and say nothing, but enjoy my fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more, and 'a Friend to the Cause of Literature' begs I will gratify the public with some new work 'at no very distant period.' Who would not be a bard?—that is to say, if all critics would be so polite. However, the others will pay me off, I doubt not, for this gentle encouragement. If so, have at 'em! By the by, I have written at my intervals of leisure, after 2 in the morning, 380 lines in blank verse, of Bosworth Field. I have luckily got Hutton's account. I shall extend the Poem to 8 or 10 books, and shall have finished it in a year. Whether it will be published or not must depend on circumstances. So much for *egotism*! My laurels have turned my brain, but the cooling acids of forthcoming criticisms will probably restore me to modesty.

"Southwell is a damned place—I have done with it—at least in all probability: excepting yourself, I esteem no one within its precincts. You were my only *rational* companion; and in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole *bevy*, with whose foibles I amused myself in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me and my manuscripts than a thousand *dolls* would have done. Believe me, I have not forgotten your good-nature in *this circle of sin*, and one day I trust I shall be able to evince my gratitude. Adieu.—Yours, &c.

"P.S. Remember me to Dr P."

LETTER XVII.

TO MISS —

* London, August 11th, 1807.

"On Sunday next I set off for the Highlands." A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a *tandem* (a species of open carriage) through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase *shetties*, to enable us to view places inaccessible to *vehicular conveyances*. On the coast we shall hire a vessel and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides, and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only 300 miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at *Hecla*. This last intention you will keep a secret, as my nice *mamma* would imagine I was on a Voyage of *Discovery*, and raise the accustomed maternal warehouse.

"Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the 2 bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of 3 miles! You see I am in excellent training in case of a *squall* at sea. I mean to

* This plan (which he never put in practice) had been talked of by him before he left Southwell, and is thus noticed in a letter of his fair correspondent to her brother:—"How can you ask if Lord B. is going to visit the Highlands in the summer? Why, don't you know that he never knows his own mind for ten minutes together? I tell him he is as fickle as the winds, and as uncertain as the waves."

collect all the Erse traditions, poems, &c. &c., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination of *'The Highland Harp,'* or some title equally picturesque. Of Bosworth Field, one book is finished, another just began. It will be a work of 3 or 4 years, and most probably never conclude. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? they would be written at least with *fire*. How is the immortal Bran? and the Phoenix of canine quadrupeds, Boatswain? I have lately purchased a thorough-bred bull-dog, worthy to be the conductor of the aforesaid celestials—his name is *Snout*!—bear it, ye breezes, on your *balmy* wings.

"Write to me before I set off, I conjure you by the 5th rib of your grandfather. Ridge goes on well with the books—I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore's publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all theirs immediately, and had several inquiries made since, which, from the books being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon, &c. &c. were among the purchasers, and Crosby says the circulation will be still more extensive in the winter; the summer season being very bad for a sale, as most people are absent from London. However, they have gone off extremely well altogether. I shall pass very near you on my journey through Newark, but cannot approach. Don't tell this to Mrs B., who supposes I travel a different road. If you have a letter, order it to be left at Ridge's shop, where I shall call, or the post-office, Newark, about 6 or 8 in the evening. If your brother would ride over, I should be devilish glad to see him—he can return the same night, or sup with us and go home the next morning—the Kingston Arms is my inn.

"Adieu. Yours ever,

"BYRON."

LETTER XVIII.

TO MISS ———.

* Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26th, 1807.

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

"Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days at hazard,* I take up my pen to inquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently; but tiring up and down the country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the duties of a correspondent? Fixed at last for six weeks, I write, as *this* as ever (not having gained an ounce since my reduction), and rather in better humour;—but,

* We observe here, as in other parts of his early letters, that sort of display and boast of rakishness which is but too common a folly at this period of life, when the young aspirant to manhood persuades himself that to be prophetic is to be manly. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was remained with Lord Byron, as did some other feelings and fancies of his boyhood, long after the period when, with others, they are past and forgot—a seed his mind, indeed, was but beginning to out-grow them, when he was snatched away.

after all, Southwell was a detestable realm. Thank St Dominica, I have done with it: I been twice within eight miles of it, but could prevail on myself to *suffocate* in its heavy atmosphere. This place is wretched enough—a villainous champaign and drunkenness, nothing but hazard burgundy, hunting, mathematics and Newmarket riot and racing. Yet it is a paradise compared to the eternal dullness of Southwell. Oh! the way of doing nothing but make *lore*, *enemies*, and *verses*.

"Next January (but this is *entre nous* only) pray let it be so, or my maternal persecutor will throw her tomahawk at any of my curious projects. I am going to sea, for four or five months, with cousin Capt. Beltesworth, who commands the *Thetis*, the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen some scenes, and wish to look at a naval life. We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the Indies, or—to the d—l; and if there is a possibility of taking me to the latter, Beltesworth will take me; for he has received four and twenty wounds in different places, and at this moment possesses a letter from the late Lord Nelson, stating Beltesworth as the only officer in the navy who had more wounds than himself.

"I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a *tame bear*. When I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was 'he should sit for a *fellowship*.' Sherard explained the meaning of the sentence, if it is ambiguous. This answer delighted them not. We have no parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockies, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, poets, sup with me,—a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a *quaker* every thing, except a jockey; by the by, I was mounted again the other day.

"Thank your brother in my name for his two volumes. I have written 214 pages of a novel,—one part 380 lines,* to be published (without my name) in a few weeks, with notes,—560 lines of Bosworth and 250 lines of another poem in rhyme, besides a dozen smaller pieces. The poem to be published is a Satire. *Apropos*, I have been praised in the *Edinburgh Review*,† and abused greatly in another publication‡. So much the better, thank me, for the sale of the book; it keeps up controversy and prevents it being forgotten. Besides, the men of all ages have had their share, nor do I humbly escape;—so I bear it like a philosopher. It is odd two opposite critiques came out on the same day, and out of five pages of abuse my censor

* The Poem afterwards enlarged and published under the title of *'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'* It appears from this that the ground work of that satire had been laid some time before the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*.

† Sept. 1807. This Review, in pronouncing upon a young author's future career, showed itself somewhat prophetic like "than the great oracle of the north," noticing the *Elgy* on Newstead Abbey, the writer of it.

‡ We could not but hail with something of prophetic certainty, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza.

Happily thy son, emerging, yet may shine.

Thus to translate with meridian ray, &c. &c.

§ The first number of a monthly publication called *'Satirist,'* in which there appeared afterwards some good personal attacks upon him.

from different poems, in support of the proper way to cut up is to amuse, and make them appear absurd, the argument is no proof. On the other side were pages of praise, and more than will be said on the subject. Adieu. Write, write, write!!!

In the beginning of the following year that commenced between Lord Byron and his family by marriage, the author of some novels, popular, I dare say, and also of a sort of Memoir of himself published soon after his death, which, founded chiefly on original correspondence, most authentic and trust-worthy of any that appeared. In the letters addressed by him to this gentleman, among many details, from a literary point of view, we find, what is so important for our present purpose, some measure of the opinions which he had at the close of his life, on the two subjects connected with the early formation of character and religion.

It is surely that infidelity or scepticism finds an early and youthful minds. That readiness to take upon trust, which is the charm of this age, would naturally, indeed, make it the least as well as of hope. There are also, from the first, the impressions of early education, which, even in those who begin to question their faith, give way but slowly to elements of doubt, and, in the mean time, exercise their moral restraint over a portion where it is acknowledged such restraints necessary. If exemption from the checks of religion, as it is called themselves allow, "a state of things so perilous at all times, it is particularly so in that season of temptation, when the passions are sufficiently disposed to break for themselves, without taking a step from infidelity to enlarge their range. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for the causes just mentioned, of scepticism and disbelief should not enter the mind till a period of life, when the mind, already formed, is out of the reach of their influence,—when, being the result, however, of thought and reasoning, they partake of the sobriety of the process by which they were acquired, and, being considered but as pure speculation, to have as little share of the mind towards evil as, too often, the popular creed has, at the same age, in its progress towards good.

In this manner, the moral qualities of the mind are guarded from some of the dangers which, at an earlier age, attend such a danger also of his communicating to others is, for reasons of a similar

As a people entirely destitute of religion: as at all, be assured that they are but few from brutes."—Hume
We find this avowal of Hume turned eloquently in favour of religion in a collection of Sermons, The Connexion of Christianity with Humanity, written by one of Lord Byron's earliest friends, the Rev. William Hurnes.

nature, considerably diminished. The same vanity or daring, which may have prompted the youthful sceptic's opinions, will lead him likewise, it is probable, rashly and irreverently to avow them, without regard either to the effect of his example on those around him, or to the odium which, by such an avowal, he entails irreparably on himself. But, at a riper age these consequences are, in general, more cautiously weighed. The infidel, if at all considerate of the happiness of others, will naturally pause before he chases from their heart a hope of which his own feels the want so desolately. If regardful only of himself, he will no less naturally shrink from the promulgation of opinions which, in no age, have been uttered with impunity. In either case there is a tolerably good security for his silence;—for, should benevolence not restrain him from making converts of others, prudence may, at least, prevent him from making a martyr of himself.

Unfortunately, Lord Byron was an exception to the usual course of such lapses. With him, the canker showed itself "in the morn and dew of youth," when the effect of such "blastments" is, for every reason, most fatal,—and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving schoolboy. The same prematurity of development which brought his passions and genius so early into action, enabled him also to anticipate this worst, dreariest result of reason; and at the very time of life when a spirit and temperament like his most required control, those checks, which religious prepossessions best supply, were almost wholly wanting.

We have seen, in those two Addresses to the Deity which I have selected from among his unpublished Poems, and still more strongly in a passage of the Catalogue of his studies, at what a boyish age the authority of all systems and sects was avowedly shaken off by his inquiring spirit. Yet, even in these, there is a fervour of adoration mingled with his defiance of creeds, through which the piety implanted in his nature (as it is deeply in all poetic natures) unequivocally shows itself; and had he then fallen within the reach of such guidance and example as would have seconded and fostered these natural dispositions, the licence of opinion, into which he afterwards broke loose, might have been averted. His scepticism, if not wholly removed, might have been softened down into that humble doubt, which, so far from being inconsistent with a religious spirit, is, perhaps, its best guard against presumption and uncharitableness; and, at all events, even if his own views of religion had not been brightened or elevated, he would have learned not wantonly to cloud or disturb those of others. But there was no such monitor near him. After his departure from Southwell, he had not a single friend or relative to whom he could look up with respect; but was thrown alone on the world, with his passions and his pride, to revel in the fatal discovery which he imagined himself to have made of the nothingness of the future, and the all-paramount claims of the present. His singular ill-fortune, too, the individual who, among all his college friends, had taken the strongest hold on his admiration and affection

and whose loss he afterwards lamented with brotherly tenderness, was to the same extent as himself, if not more strongly, a sceptic. Of this remarkable young man, Matthews, who was so early snatched away, and whose career in after-life, had it been at all answerable to the extraordinary promise of his youth, must have placed him upon a level with the first men of his day, a Memoir was, at one time, intended to be published by his relatives; and to Lord Byron, among others of his college friends, application for assistance in the task was addressed. The letter which this circumstance drew forth from the noble poet, besides containing many amusing traits of his friend, affords such an insight into his own habits of life at this period, that, though infringing upon the chronological order of his correspondence, I shall insert it here.

LETTER XIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, 9bre 12, 1830.

"What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up any thing which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother,—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did, as far as he went. He was indolent too; but whenever he stripped he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily won. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Banks also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of my life. When I went up to Trinity in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christ-church), wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often then at Banks's (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron), and at Rhode's, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Maenamar's, Farrell's, Galley Knight's, and others of that set of cotemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old schoolfellow Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming,) and William Banks, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to reside for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of H. O. who, after hating me for two years because 'I wore a white hat and a gray coat and rode a gray horse' (as he says himself), took me into his good graces, because I

had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company; but now we became really friends in a manner. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met him chiefly in London, and at certain periods at Cambridge. H. O., in the meantime, did great things: he founded the Cambridge 'Whig Club' (which he seems to have forgotten), and the 'Amicable Society,' which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with 'us youth,' no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of colleges. William B. O. was gone; while H. O. staid, he ruled the roast—or rather the roasting—and was father of all mischiefs.

"Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not so temperate—nor am I—but with a little tincture of temper was manageable, and I thought him superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at that time, amusing and provoking. What became of his papers (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by way, fearing to skip it over, and as he wrote remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a mouse cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a man's warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so far time, and used to sit up late in our Friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, and the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffing all round the house, in our conventual garb. Matthews always denominated me 'the Abbot,' never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threat to throw 'bold W.' (as he was called, from winning a foot-match, and a horse-match, the first from Ipswich to London, and the second from Beccles to London), by threatening to throw 'bold W.' out of the window, in consequence of I know not what misadventure of jokes ending in this epigram: 'W.' said to me and said, that 'his respect and regard for me as host would not permit him to call out any of his guests, and that he should go to town next morning if he did. It was in vain that I represented that the window was not high, and that the floor under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

"Matthews and myself had travelled down to London together, talking all the way incessantly of one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. 'Come,' said he, 'don't let us be too thorough—let us go on as we began, to our point; end;' and so he continued, and was as entertaining to the very end. He had previously come down during my year's absence from Cambridge, my room in Trinity, with the furniture; and James the porter in his odd way, had said on putting him in to Matthews, I recommend to your attention all damage any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, who is a young man of tumultuous passions.' Matthews

with this; and whenever any body begged them to handle the very same; and used to repeat Jones's admonition and manner. There was a large room in which he remarked, 'that he and his friends were grown uncommonly assiduous to see *themselves*.' Jones's passions, and the whole scene, was such good humour, that I verily loved to it a portion of his good graces. At Newstead, somebody by accident lost one of his white silk stockings, one of course the gentleman apologized; answered Matthews, 'it may be all for you, who have a great many silk stockings; but to me, who have but one pair, which I have put on in honour of you, no apology can compensate for such a loss; besides the expense of washing.' He was then of droll mardonic way about a wild Irishman, named F. . ., one day saying something at a large supper Matthews roared out, 'Silence!' and F. . . cried out, in the words of Orson, 'I am endowed with reason.' You suppose that Orson lost what reason he had, on hearing this compliment. When he read his volume of Poems, the Miscellany Matthews would call the '*Miss-sell-any*,' and be drawn from him was, that the poem was extremely like *Walsh*. H. . . thought it a compliment; but we never could make out for all we know of *Walsh* is his name, and Pope's epithet of '*knowing*'. When the Newstead party broke up for H. . . and Matthews, who were the greatest friends, agreed, for a whim, to *walk together*. They travelled by the way, and actually the latter half of their journey, occasionally and *rejoicing*, without speaking. When they got to Highgate, he had spent all his three-pence halfpenny, and determined to go into a public-house, which I believe he did before a public-house, as H. . . passed without speaking for the last time on their journey; they were reconciled in London again. Matthews's passions was 'the Fancy'; and he was uncommonly well. But he always got into quarrels, or combats with the bare fist. In so, he swam well; but with *effort* and too high out of the water; so that Scrope myself, of whom he was therein sometimes, always told him that he would be never be came to a difficult pass in the life was so; but surely Scrope and myself were most heartily glad that

the Dean had lived,
and our prediction proved a lie.

was uncommonly handsome, very like
was in his youth.

and laugh, and features, are strongly
his brother Henry's, if Henry be he of
His passion for boxing was so great,
I wanted me to match him with

Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them apart together at my own lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight in a private room.

"On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr Bailey, I believe), in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fop's Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him, and saluted him: 'Come round,' said Matthews, 'come round.' 'Why should I come round?' said the other; 'you have only to turn your head—I am close by you.' 'That is exactly what I cannot do,' answered Matthews: 'don't you see the state I am in?' pointing to his buckram shirt collar, and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

"One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. 'Now, sir,' said he to Hobhouse afterwards, 'this I call *courteous* in the Abbot—another man would never have thought that I might do better with half a guinea than throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre.' These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out of the way places. Somebody popped upon him, in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on*. This he called his '*hat house*,' and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal-times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

Alas! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with *hot Hiron*.

"He was also of that band of profane scoffers, who, under the auspices of ' . . .', used to rouse Lord Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity, and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord—Good Lord, deliver us!' (Lord was his christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree

"You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

" Salute Gifford and all my friends.

" Yours, &c."

As already, before his acquaintance with Mr Matthews commenced, Lord Byron had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism, it would be unjust to impute to this gentleman any further share in the formation of his noble friend's opinions than what arose from the natural influence of example and sympathy;—an influence which, as it was felt perhaps equally on both sides, rendered the contagion of their doctrines, in a great measure, reciprocal. In addition, too, to this community of sentiment on such subjects, they were both, in no ordinary degree, possessed by that dangerous spirit of ridicule, whose impulses even the pious cannot always restrain, and which draws the mind on, by a sort of irresistible fascination, to disport itself most wantonly on the brink of all that is most solemn and awful. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in such society, the opinions of the noble poet should have been, at least, accelerated in that direction to which their bias already leaned; and though he cannot be said to have become thus confirmed in these doctrines—as neither now, nor at any time of his life, was he a confirmed unbeliever,—he had undoubtedly learned to feel less uneasy under his scepticism, and even to mingle somewhat of boast and of levity with his expression of it. At the very first outset of his correspondence with Mr Dallas, we find him proclaiming his sentiments on all such subjects with a flippancy and confidence, far different from the tone in which he had first ventured on his doubts,—from that fervid sadness, as of a heart loth to part with its illusions, which breathes through every line of those prayers, that, but a year before, his pen had traced.

Here, again, however, we should recollect, there must be a considerable share of allowance for his usual tendency to make the most and the worst of his own obliquities. There occurs, indeed, in his first letter to Mr Dallas, an instance of this strange ambition,—the very reverse, it must be allowed, of hypocrisy,—which led him to court, rather than avoid, the reputation of profligacy, and to put at all times the worst face on his own character and conduct. His new correspondent having, in introducing himself to his acquaintance, passed some compliments on the tone of moral and charitable feeling which breathed through one of his poems, had added, that "it brought to his mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion of which forgiveness is a prominent principle,—the great and the good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son," adds Mr Dallas, "to whom he had transmitted genius, but not virtue, sparkled for a moment and went out like a star,—and with him the title became extinct." To this Lord Byron answers in the following letter.

LETTER XX.

TO MR DALLAS.

• Dorset's Hotel, Albemarle street, Jan. 30th, 1800

" SIR,

" Your letter was not received till this morning.

I presume from being addressed to me where I have not resided since last July the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay in answer.

" If the little volume you mention has done justice to the author of *Percival* and *Aubrey*, sufficiently repaid by his praise. Though our censors have been uncommonly lenient, tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is more flattering. But I am afraid I should claim to candour, if I did not decline such do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance.

" My compositions speak for themselves and stand or fall by their own worth or demerit. I feel highly gratified by your favour. But my pretensions to virtue are unlearned, and though I should be happy to merit your accept, your applause in that respect. It is in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention two Lords Lyttleton in a manner they do not deserve, and will be surprised to hear who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the latter. I know I am injuring your esteem by this avowal, but the error was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my life have been of so singular a nature, that the pride commonly called honour has, ever will, prevent me from disgracing myself by mean or cowardly action, I have been brought up as the votary of licentiousness, and the infidelity. How far justice may have done to the accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, I think, to whom my religious friends, in the exercise of their charity, have already devoted me, I am worse than I really am. However, to the worst theme I could pitch upon in my Poems, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second volume is now in the press, with some additions and some omissions; you will allow me to press a copy. The *Critical*, *Monthly*, and *Quarterly* Reviews have been very indulgent; but I have pronounced a furious Philippic, not against the book but the author, where you will find mentioned asserted by a reverend divine to be the critique.

" Your name and connexion with our country have been long known to me, and I hope you will be not less so; you will find me an expounder of a 'Brainless' and a 'Stanley' afraid you will hardly be able to read my hand is almost as bad as my character, I find me, as legibly as possible,

" Your obliged and obedient Servant

There is here, evidently, a degree of poetical thought to resemble the wicked Lord Lyttleton; but his known irregularities should not be in the pretension, he refers mysteriously, I think, to certain untold events of his life.

• Characters in the novel called *Fanny Hill*.

Mr Dallas, who seems to have been
 met with such a reception of his compli-
 ments out of the difficulty by transferring to
 his "labour" the praise he had so
 bestowed on his morals in general; add-
 ing the design Lord Byron had expressed
 of composing the service of the Muses
 to himself, he had "conceived him bent
 to end in the character of a legislator
 and imagined him at one of the
 himself to habits of reasoning
 and storing up a large fund of history
 to reply to this letter that the expo-
 sition of his opinions to which I have
 not is contained.

LETTER XXI.

TO MR DALLAS.

*Dorant's, January 21st., 1808.

When time and inclination permit me the
 I shall feel truly gratified in a
 acquaintance with one whose mind has been
 to write his writings.
 to be so far correct in your conjecture, that I
 of the University of Cambridge, where
 in degree of A. M. this term; but were
 in virtue, the objects of my
 is not their metropolis, nor is the
 to structure an "El Dorado," far less an
 the children are as stung
 and their pursuits limited to the
 of Dorant, but of the nearest benefice.
 I believe I may aver, without
 has been tolerably extensive in the his-
 to have existed,
 I am not in some degree ac-
 down to Gibbon. Of the
 as much as most schoolboys
 of thirteen years; of the law of the
 to enable me to keep "within the
 of the preacher's vocabulary. I did
 of Laws and the Law of Nations;
 the latter violated every month, I
 attempt at so useless an accomplish-
 I have seen more land on maps
 and to traverse on foot;—of mathe-
 to give me the headache without
 afforded;—of philosophy, astronomy,
 more than I can comprehend;† and
 so little, that I mean to leave a
 at each of our "Alma Matres" for
 every,—though I rather fear that of the
 proceeds it.

I might myself a philosopher, and talked
 of great decorum: I defied pain, and
 unanimity. For some time this did
 no one was in pain for me but my

the imagination of his correspondent
 without effect.—"I considered," says
 to write, though evidently grounded on
 to be the chief career part of his life, rather
 than as a true poet.

to have read in his memory Voltaire's
 of Zoroaster's maxim.—"Il savait de la méta-
 en on dans tous les âges,—c'est à dire,
 &c. &c.

friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers.
 At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily
 suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument
 overset my maxims and my temper at the same mo-
 ment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive
 that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. In morality,
 I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and
 Socrates to St Paul, though the two latter agree in
 their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the
 Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the
 Pope; and I have refused to take the Sacrament,
 because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine
 from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an
 inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the
 virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a
 feeling, not a principle.* I believe truth the prime
 attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep,
 at least of the body. You have here a brief com-
 pendium of the sentiments of the wicked George Lord
 Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I
 am badly clothed. I remain,† &c.

Though such was, doubtless, the general cast of his
 opinions at this time, it must be recollected, before
 we attach any particular importance to the details of
 his creed, that, in addition to the temptation, never
 easily resisted by him, of displaying his wit at the
 expense of his character, he was here addressing a
 person who, though, no doubt, well-meaning, was
 evidently one of those officious, self-satisfied advisers,
 whom it was the delight of Lord Byron at all times
 to astonish and mystify. The tricks which, when
 a boy, he played upon the Nottingham quack,
 Lavender, were but the first of a long series with
 which, through life, he amused himself, at the ex-
 pense of all the numerous quacks, whom his celebrity
 and sociability drew around him.

The terms in which he speaks of the university in
 this letter agree in spirit with many passages both
 in the "Hours of Idleness," and his early Satire, and
 prove that, while Harrow was remembered by him
 with more affection perhaps than respect, Cambridge
 had not been able to inspire him with either. This
 feeling of distaste to his "nursing mother" he enter-
 tained in common with some of the most illustrious
 names of English literature. So great was Milton's
 hatred to Cambridge, that he had even conceived,
 says Warton, a dislike to the face of the country,—
 to the fields in its neighbourhood. The poet Gray
 thus speaks of the same university:—"Surely, it was
 of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known
 by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke
 when he said, 'the wild beasts of the desert shall
 dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful
 creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs
 shall dance there,'" &c. &c. The bitter recollections
 which Gibbon retained of Oxford, his own pen has
 recorded; and the cool contempt by which Locke
 avenged himself on the bigotry of the same seat of
 learning is even still more memorable.‡

* The doctrine of Hume, who resolves all virtue into
 sentiment.—See his "Enquiry concerning the Principles of
 Morals."

† See his Letter to Anthony Collins, 1703-4, where he
 speaks of "those sharp heads, which were for damning his
 book, because of its discouraging the staple commodity of
 the place, which in his time was called *dogs' shearing*."

In poets, such distasteful recollections of their collegiate life may well be thought to have their origin in that antipathy to the trammels of discipline, which is not unusually observable among the characteristics of genius, and which might be regarded, indeed, as a sort of instinct, implanted in it for its own preservation, if there be any truth in the opinion that a course of learned education is hurtful to the freshness and elasticity of the imaginative faculty. A right reverend writer,* but little to be suspected of any desire to depreciate academical studies, not only puts the question, "whether the usual forms of learning be not rather injurious to the true poet, than really assisting to him?" but appears strongly disposed to answer it in the affirmative,—giving, as an instance, in favour of this conclusion, the classic Addison, who, "as appears," he says, "from some original efforts in the sublime, allegorical way, had no want of natural talents for the greater poetry,—which yet were so restrained and disabled by his constant and superstitious study of the old classics, that he was, in fact, but a very ordinary poet."

It was, no doubt, under some such impression of the malign influence of a collegiate atmosphere upon genius, that Milton, in speaking of Cambridge, gave vent to the exclamation, that it was "a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phœbus," and that Lord Byron, versifying a thought of his own, in a letter to Mr Dallas just given, declares,

Her Helicon is duller than her Cam.

The poet Dryden, too, who, like Milton, had incurred some mark of disgrace at Cambridge, seems to have entertained but little more veneration for his Alma Mater; and the verses in which he has praised Oxford at the expense of his own university † were, it is probable, dictated much less by admiration of the one than by a desire to spite and depreciate the other.

Nor is it Genius only that thus rebels against the discipline of the schools. Even the tamer quality of Taste, which it is the professed object of classical studies to cultivate, is sometimes found to turn restive under the pedantic *manège* to which it is subjected. It was not till released from the duty of reading Virgil as a task, that Gray could feel himself capable of enjoying the beauties of that poet; and Lord Byron was, to the last, unable to vanquish a similar prepossession, with which the same sort of school association had inoculated him, against Horace.

— Though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
His health, but what it then detested, still abhor.

Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine: it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse.

Childe Harold, Canto IV.

To the list of eminent poets, who have thus left

* Hurd, "Discourses on Poetical Imitation."
† Prologue to the University of Oxford

on record their dislike and disapproval of the system of education, are to be added, the guished names of Cowley, Addison, and Goldsmith, and Dryden, practically demonstrate the inverse ratio that may exist between college and genius, must not be forgotten those of Goldsmith, and Churchill, to every one of some mark of incompetency was affixed to their respective universities, whose annals they When in addition, too, to this rather ample catalogue of poets, whom the universities have either disloyal or dishonoured, we come to over such names as those of Shakspeare and followed by Gay, Thomson, Burns, Chatterton, all of whom have attained their respective of eminence, without instruction or sanction any college whatever, it forms altogether, it owned, a large portion of the poetical world must be subducted from the sphere of that influence which the universities are supposed to exercise over the genius of the country.

The following letters, written at this time, some particulars which will not be found interesting.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR HENRY DEURY.

"Dorset's Hotel, January 1818."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Though the stupidity of my servants, porter of the house, in not showing you (where I should have joined you directly) give me the pleasure of seeing you yesterday, I meet you at some public place in the evening, ever, my stars decreed otherwise, as they do, when I have any favour to request of you, I think you would have been surprised at me for, since our last meeting, I am reduced in weight. I then weighed fourteen stone pound, and now only *ten stone and a half*. I disposed of my *superfluities*, by means of *exercise and abstinence*. * * *

"Should your Harrow engagements allow visit town between this and February, I am most happy to see you in Albemarle-street. I not so fortunate, I shall endeavour to join you an afternoon at Harrow, though, I fear, you will by no means contribute to my cure. As worthy preceptor, Dr B., our encounter will no means prevent the *mutual endearments* we were wont to lavish on each other. We have spoken once since my departure from Harrow, 1805, and then he politely told Tattersall I was proper associate for his pupils. This was long my strictures in verse: but, in plain prose, been some years older, I should have held my on his perfections. But, being laid on my when that schoolboy thing was written—dictated—expecting to rise no more, my having taken his sixteenth fee, and I have you, I could not quit this earth without a memento of my constant attachment to his gratitude for his manifold good offices.

"I meant to have been down in July; but I

immediately after the publication, I received an insult, I directed my steps to the Liberator, and there I met Mr. Beecher, I heard that some of the boys of my Liberator, contrary to my wishes, had transmitted a single copy till when I gave one to a boy, since gone, after my departure. You will, I trust, pardon me, if you had touched on the subject, and no expiation necessary. Defence I know. He murus aheneus esto, nil est in te nisi vis et ira. Lord Baltimore said of a rascal—I have been so long at the bridge the conclusion of the line; but, I cannot finish my quotation, I will my letter, and you to believe me, gratefully and affectionately.

I will not lay a tax on your time by re-
-sponder, but you say, as Butler said to
-me I had written his reverence an
-expression before mentioned),
-I wanted to draw him into a correspon-

LETTER XXIII

TO THE GARNESSES.

Hand. A Bernaric-street, Feb. 11th, 1808.

DEAR HARRISON,

It is an opportunity of returning my verbal thanks you will accept my written acknowledgments. The compliment you were pleased to pay to the production of my unlucky muse last evening is related to do this not less from the fact that I feel in the praise of an old schoolmate a less tribute to you, for I had heard of you and its variations. Indeed, when I was at Mr. Wingfield had not unceasingly told me that I displayed no resentment, what I had heard, though I was not the truth. Perhaps you hardly ten years ago a short, though, for the friendship between us? Why it was a question, I know not. I have still a strong impression, that must always remain forgetting it. I also remember well with the personal of many of your and several other circumstances very dear to me, which I will not force upon you, but entreat you to believe me, with all their short continuance, and a hope of their recallable. Yours very sincerely, &c.

"BYRON."

ly mentioned the early friendship that
between this gentleman and Lord Byron,
a sentiment that succeeded it. The
letter from a letter with which Mr Harness
placing at my disposal those of his
deat, will explain the circumstances
to me, to their reconciliation; and
me, in the concluding sentences, to
be found not less honourable to the
himself than to his friend.
Hereafter arise which Byron alludes
the accompanying letters, and we
the last year of his remaining at
her the publication of his *Hours of*

Idleness.' Lord Byron was then at Cambridge; I, in one of the upper forms at Harrow. In an English theme I happened to quote from the volume, and mention it with praise. It was reported to Byron that I had, on the contrary, spoken slightly of his work and of himself, for the purpose of conciliating the favour of Dr Butler, the master, who had been severely satirized in one of the poems. Wingfield, who was afterwards Lord Powerscourt, a mutual friend of Byron and myself, disabused him of the error into which he had been led, and this was the occasion of the first letter of the collection. Our conversation was renewed and continued from that time till his going abroad. Whatever faults Lord Byron might have had towards others, to myself he was always uniformly affectionate. I have many slight and neglect towards him to reproach myself with; but I cannot call to mind a single instance of caprice or unkindness, in the whole course of our intimacy, to allege against him.²

In the spring of this year (1808) appeared the memorable critique upon the "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. That he had some notice of what was to be expected from that quarter appears by the following letter to his friend, Mr Becher.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. BECHER.

* Durant's Hotel, Feb. 26, 1893.

"MY DEAR BECHER,"
 * * * * *
 Now for Apollo. I am happy that you still retain your predilection, and that the public allow me some share of praise. I am of so much importance, that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this, when it comes out;—it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful description; but I am aware of it, and hope you will not be hurt by its severity.

"Tell Mrs Byron not to be out of humour with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest humility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they *unwear* praise except the partisans of Lord Holland and Co. It is nothing to be abused when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Strangford, and Payne Knight, *choose* the same fate.

"I am sorry—but 'Childish Recollections' must be suppressed during this edition. I have altered, at your suggestion, the *obnoxious allusions* in the sixth stanza of my last ode.

"And now, my dear Esther, I want express my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my spiritual health - and I shall ever be proud to show how much I value your advice and the advice. Believe me most truly, &c."

Soon after this letter appeared the dreaded article,—an article,—which, if not “witty in itself,” deserves eminently the credit of causing “wit in others.” Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this; nor as long as the short, but glorious race of Byron’s genius is remembered, can the critic, whoever he may be, that so unintentionally ministered to its first start, be forgotten.

It is but justice, however, to remark,—without at the same time intending any excuse for the contemptuous tone of criticism assumed by the reviewer,—that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by tenderness and grace, give but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poesy, with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that, if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory.

There is, indeed, one point of view, in which these productions are deeply and intrinsically interesting. As faithful reflections of his character at that period of life, they enable us to judge of what he was in his yet unadulterated state,—before disappointment had begun to embitter his ardent spirit, or the stirring up of the energies of his nature had brought into activity also its defects. Tracing him thus through these natural effusions of his young genius, we find him pictured exactly such, in all the features of his character, as every anecdote of his boyish days proves him really to have been,—proud, daring, and passionate,—resentful of slight or injustice, but still more so in the cause of others than in his own; and yet, with all this vehemence, docile and pliable, at the least touch of a hand authorized by love to guide him. The affectionateness, indeed, of his disposition, traceable as it is through every page of this volume, is yet but faintly done justice to, even by himself;—his whole youth being, from earliest childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments,—of those overflowings of the soul, both in friendship and love, which are still more rarely responded to than felt, and which, when checked or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness.

We have seen also, in some of his early unpublished poems, how apparent, even through the doubts that already clouded them, are those feelings of piety which a soul like his could not but possess, and which, when afterwards diverted out of their legitimate channel, found a vent in the poetical worship of nature, and in that shadowy substitute for religion which superstition offers. When, in addition, too, to these traits of early character, we find scattered through his youthful poems such anticipations of the glory that awaited him—such, alternately, proud and saddened glimpses into the future, as if he already felt the elements of something great within him, but doubted whether his destiny would allow him to bring it forth,—it is not wonderful that, with the whole of his career present to our imaginations, we should see a lustre round these first puerile attempts, not really their own, but shed back upon them from the bright eminence which he afterwards attained; and that, in our indignation against the

fastidious blindness of the critic, we that he had not then the aid of this with which the subsequent achievement now irradiate all that bears his name.

The effect this criticism produced only be conceived by those, who, by adequate notion of what most poets such an attack, can understand all the temper and disposition of Lord Byron feel it with tenfold more acuteness.

We have seen with what feverishness the verdicts of all the minor Reviewers sensibility to the praise of the consensors, may guess how painfully writhed under the sneers of the big who found him in the first moment after reading the article, inquired as he had just received a challenge?—else to account for the fierce denial. It would, indeed, be difficult for us to imagine a subject of more fearful fine countenance of the young poet bitten in the collected energy of pride had been wounded to the quidion tumbled:—but this feeling of but for a moment. The very rage against aggression roused him to a of his own powers; and the pain of the injury were forgotten in the revenge.

Among the less sentimental effect upon his mind, he used to mention he read it, he drank three bottles of share, after dinner;—that nothing, him, till he had given vent to his rhyme, and that “after the first two himself considerably better.” Indeed, afterwards, was amiably have seen it was, in like manner, cism,—to allaying, as far as he couldness of his mother; who, not having or power to summon up a spirit of of course, more helplessly alive to his fame, and felt it far more than burst of indignation, he did himself, of his mind upon the subject will be from the following letter.

LETTER XXV.

TO MR. BECHER.

* Durant’s.

“I have lately received a copy of from Ridge, and it is high time for best thanks to you for the trouble of the superintendence. This I do most only regret that Ridge has not seen could wish,—at least, in the bindings the copy he sent to me. Perhaps this may be more respectable in such art

* This a quality very observable in any opposition which does not entirely intimidate us has rather a contrary effect with a more than ordinary grandeur and collecting our force to overcome the vigorous the soul, and give it an elevation otherwise it would never have been accepted of Human Nature.

of the few notes and letters, which he has preserved out of the many addressed to him by Lord Byron, I shall here lay before the reader one or two, which bear the date of the present year, and which, though referring to matters of no interest in themselves, give, perhaps, a better notion of the actual life and habits of the young poet, at this time, than could be afforded by the most elaborate and, in other respects, important correspondence. They will show, at least, how very little akin to romance were the early pursuits and associates of the author of *Childe Harold*, and, combined with what we know of the still less romantic youth of Shakspeare, prove how unhurt the vital principle of genius can preserve itself even in atmospheres apparently the most ungenial and noxious to it.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MR JACKSON.

* N. A. Notts., September 18, 1808.

"DEAR JACK,

"I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40, Sloane-square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

"I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

"Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by —, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

"Believe me, dear Jack, &c."

LETTER XXVII.

TO MR JACKSON.

* N. A. Notts., October 4, 1808.

"You will make as good a bargain as possible with this Master Jekyll, if he is not a gentleman. If he is a gentleman, inform me, for I shall take very different steps. If he is not, you must get what you can of the money, for I have too much business on hand at present to commence an action. Besides, Ambrose is the man who ought to refund,—but I have done with him. You can settle with L., out of the balance, and dispose of the bidets, &c., as you best can.

"I should be very glad to see you here; but the house is filled with workmen and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

"If you see Bold Webster, remember me to him, and tell him I have to regret Sydney, who has perished, I fear, in my rabbit warren, for we have seen nothing of him for the last fortnight.

"Adieu.—Believe me, etc."

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MR JACKSON.

* N. A. Notts., December 12, 1808.

MY DEAR JACK,

"You will get the greyhound from the owner at

any price, and as many more of the same (or female) as you can collect.

"Tell D'Egville his dress shall be retting obliged to him for the pattern. I am should have so much trouble, but I was of the difficulty of procuring the animals. I shall have finished part of my manuscript weeks, and, if you can pay me a visit at I shall be very glad to see you. Believe me,

The dress alluded to here was, no doubt for a private play, which he, at this time Newstead, and of which there are some particulars in the annexed letter to Mr H.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR BECHER.

* Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept.

"MY DEAR BECHER,

"I am much obliged to you for your interest in shall profit by them accordingly. I am going up a play here; the hall will constitute a admirable theatre. I have settled the drama, can do without ladies, as I have some young who will make tolerable substitutes for us. we only want three male characters, besides house and myself, for the play we have which will be the *Revenge*. Pray direct Nic carpenter to come over to me immediately, and me what day you will dine and pass the time.

"Believe me,

It was in the autumn of this year, as I have just given indicate, that he, for the first, took up his residence at Newstead Abbey received the place in a most ruinous condition the hands of its last occupant, Lord Grey. he proceeded immediately to repair and fit up of the apartments, so as to render them— a view to his mother's accommodation than comfortably habitable. In one of his letters Byron, published by Mr Dallas, he thus states views and intentions on this subject.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE HONOURABLE^{*} MRS BYRON.

* Newstead Abbey, Notts., October

"DEAR MADAM,

"I have no beds for the H * * s, or any at present. The H * * s sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a man—but this I know, that I shall live in a manner, and as much alone as possible. If rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you; but it would be improper, and uncomfortable for parties. You can hardly object to my remaining in this mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure to Persia in March (or May at farthest), since I be tenant till my return; and in case of any (for I have already arranged my will to be the moment I am twenty one), I have taken shall have the house and manor for life,

* Thus addressed always by Lord Byron, in any right to the distinction.

So you see my improvements are
As I have a friend here, we will
dinner had on the 12th; we will drink
Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to
the ball. If that lady will allow us a
dress in, we shall be highly
at the ball by ten or eleven it
the night, and we shall return to New-

“Believe me,

“Yours very truly,

“BYRON.”

retained by Mrs Byron, of a resem-
blance between Rousseau and Rousseau was founded
suppose, on those habits of solitariness,
had even already shown a disposition to
a self-contemplative philosopher, and which,
thus early, gained strength as
one of his Journals, to which
he thus, in ques-
tion of this comparison between him-
self, gives, as usual, vividly, some
of his own disposition and habits:—

Before I was twenty, would have it
Rousseau, and Madame de Stael used
in 1813, and the Edinburgh Review
of the sort in its critique on the fourth
Harold. I can't see any point of
I wrote prose: I verse: he was of
of the aristocracy: he was a philoso-
he published his first work at
eighteen: his first essay brought him
mine: the contrary: he married
I could not keep house with my
of the world in a plot against him;
to think me in a plot against it,
by their abuse in print and coterie:
like flowers, herbs, and trees, but
of their pedigrees: he wrote music; I
of it: so what I catch by ear—I
any thing by study, not even a lan-
ad by rote, and ear, and memory: he
memory; I had, at least, an excellent one
the poet—a good judge, for he has an
he wrote with hesitation and care;
and rarely with pains: he could never
him, nor: was cunning of fence; I am an
summer, a decent, though not at all a
having stayed in a rib at eighteen in
and whispering), and was sufficient of
society of the Highland broadsword,—not
when I could keep my temper, which
but which I strove to do ever since I
Mr Purling, and put his knee-pan out
on, in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms,
the sparring,—and I was besides a
er—our of the Harrow eleven, when
at Eton in 1805. Besides, Rousseau's
country, his manners, his whole cha-
very different, that I am at a loss to
such a comparison could have arisen,

submitted by himself, “Detached Thoughts.”
others, however, have been so indulgent to
as Rousseau.—“S'il est un orgueil par-
après celui qui se tire du mérite person-
se tire de la naissance.”—*Confess.*

as it has done three several times, and all in rather a
remarkable manner. I forgot to say that he was also
short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been
the contrary, to such a degree that in the largest
theatre of Bologna I distinguished and read some
busts and inscriptions painted near the stage from a
box so distant and so darkly lighted, that none of
the company (composed of young and very bright-
eyed people, some of them in the same box) could
make out a letter, and thought it was a trick, though
I had never been in that theatre before.

“Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking
the comparison not well founded. I don't say this
out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man, and the
thing, if true, were flattering enough;—but I have
no idea of being pleased with the chimera.”

In another letter to his mother, dated some weeks
after the preceding one, he explains further his plans
both with respect to Newstead and his projected
travels:—

LETTER XXXI.

TO MRS BYRON.

“Newstead Abbey, November 2d, 1808.

“DEAR MOTHER,

“If you please, we will forget the things you men-
tion. I have no desire to remember them. When
my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you;
as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of
evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you
than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I
sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if
nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now
fitting up the green drawing-room; the red for a bed-
room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They
will be soon completed; at least, I hope so.

“I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who
is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to pro-
vide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend
to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for
some information I am anxious to procure. I can
easily get letters from government to the ambassadors,
consuls, &c., and also to the governors at Calcutta
and Madras. I shall place my property and my will
in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to
appoint you one. From H. I have heard nothing
—when I do, you shall have the particulars.

“After all, you must own my project is not a bad
one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all
men should one day or other. I have at present no
connexions to keep me at home; no wife, or un-
provided sisters, brothers, &c. I shall take care of
you, and when I return I may possibly become a
politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries
than our own will not incapacitate me for that part.
If we see no nation but our own, we do not give
mankind a fair chance—it is from experience, not
books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing
like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

“Yours, &c.”

In the November of this year he lost his favourite
dog, Boatswain, the poor animal having been seized
with a fit of madness, at the commencement of which,
so little aware was Lord Byron of the nature of the

malady, that he, more than once, with his bare hand, wiped away the slaver from the dog's lips during the paroxysms. In a letter to his friend, Mr Hodgson,* he thus announces this event: "Boatswain is dead!—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray."

The monument raised by him to this dog,—the most memorable tribute of the kind, since the Dog's Grave, of old, at Salamis,—is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead. The misanthropic verses engraved upon it may be found among his poems, and the following is the inscription by which they are introduced:—

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newstead, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1805.

The poet, Pope, when about the same age as the writer of this inscription, passed a similar eulogy on his dog † at the expense of human nature, adding, that "Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." In a still sadder and bitterer spirit, Lord Byron writes of his favourite,

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies;

Melancholy, indeed, seems to have been gnawing fast upon his mind at this period. In another letter to Mr Hodgson he says,—“You know laughing is the sign of a rational animal—so says Dr Smollet. I think so too, but unluckily my spirits don't always keep pace with my opinions.”

* The Reverend Francis Hodgson, author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, and of other works of distinguished merit. To this gentleman, who was long in correspondence with Lord Byron, I am indebted for some interesting letters of his noble friend, which shall be given in the course of the following pages.

† He had also, at one time, as appears from an anecdote preserved by Spence, some thoughts of burying this dog in his garden, and placing a monument over him, with the inscription, “Oh rare Bounce!”

In speaking of the members of Rousseau's domestic establishment, Hume says, “She (*Thérèse*) governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence, his dog has acquired that ascendancy. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception.”—*Private Correspondence*. See an instance which he gives of this dog's influence over the philosopher, p. 143.

In Burns's elegy on the death of his favourite Mollie, we find the friendship even of a sheep-pest on a level with that of man:—

We kindly thought, when she did spy him,
She ran we speed;
A friend our faithful never came nigh him,
Than Mollie dead.

In speaking of the favourite dogs of great poets, we must not forget Cowper's little spaniel “Beau,” nor will posterity fail to add to the list the name of Sir Walter Scott's “Maida.”

In the epitaph, as first printed in his friend's Miscellany, this line runs thus:—

I knew but one unchanged—and here he lies.

Old Murray, the servant, whom he mentions in the preceding extract, as the only faithful follower in coming to him, had long been in the service of Lord Byron, and was regarded by the young poet with a degree of affection which it has seldom been the lot of a dog to inspire. “I have more than once,” says a gentleman who was, at this time, a visitor at Newstead, “seen Lord Byron at table fill out a tumbler of madeira, and bid his shoulder to Joe Murray, who stood by his chair, saying, with a cordiality that brightened his whole countenance, ‘Here, my old fellow.’”

The unconcern with which he could conclude to the defect in his foot is manifest from a passage in one of these letters to Mr Hodgson, a gentleman having said jestingly that some verses in the “Hours of Idleness” were calculated to make schoolboys rebellious, Lord Byron answered, “If my songs have produced the glorious result, I shall be a complete Tyrannus;—I am sorry to say I resemble that interest more in his person than in his poetry.” He also, too, even an allusion to this infirmity, by which he could perceive that it was not offensively borne by him with the most perfect grace. “I was once present,” says the friend I mentioned, “in a large and mixed company, when a vulgar person asked him aloud—‘Pray, how is that foot of yours?’—‘Thank you,’ answered Lord Byron, with the utmost composure, ‘much the same as usual.’”

The following extract, relating to a review of his lordship, is from another of his letters to Mr Hodgson, this year:—

“A few weeks ago I wrote to * * *, to whom I would receive the son of a citizen of London, known to me, as a pupil; the family has been particularly polite during the short time I have known them, and has induced me to this application. What follows,—as somebody sublimely said, ‘this day arrives an epistle signed * * *,’ is not the smallest reference to tuition, or even a petition for Robert Gregson, of pugilistic fame, now in bondage for certain paltry pound and liable to take up his everlasting abode in Regia. Had the letter been from any of my acquaintances, or, in short, from any person in whom I had confidence, I should have hesitated to vouch for it. I should have hesitated not. If * * * is serious, I congratulate him on the acquisition of such a patron, as most happy to advance any man necessary liberation of the captive Gregson. But I cannot be certified from you, or some respectable keeper, of the fact, before I write to * * *. I reject. When I say the fact, I mean of the fact, written by * * *, not having any doubt as to the authenticity of the statement. The letter is in my possession, and I keep it for your perusal.”

His time at Newstead during this year was principally occupied in enlarging and polishing his satire for the press; and with the view, by mellowing his own judgment of its merits, to give it some time before his eyes in a printed

* We are told that Wieland used to have printed thus for the purpose of correction, &c.

off from his manuscript by his guardian, Lord Carlisle. It is somewhat remarkable as he was by the attack of the disease, at all times, such rapid progress, he should have allowed so much time to elapse between the aggression and the importance of his next move. It has been fully appreciated by Lord Carlisle that his chances of future eminence depend on the effort he was about to make, and he deliberately collected all his energies. Among the preparatives by which he was assiduous to the task was a deep study of the works of Pope; and I have no doubt that the date may be dated the enthusiastic admiration he ever after cherished for this great poet, which at last extinguished in him, after two trials, all hope of pre-eminence in the world, and drove him thenceforth to seek his fame more open to competition.

The morose mood of mind into which he had fallen, from disappointed affections and the loss of the office of satirist but too evident to his spirit. Yet it is evident that the sort of relief he now found upon the world arose much less from the wounds he dealt around, than from the power he became conscious of in himself by which he more than recovered his own esteem. In truth, the ease with which, as shall presently be seen, in the darkest consideration, shift to create, and sometimes, almost as it were, to forgive, shows how fanciful were his impressions under which he, in his own mind, was deduct from the weight of his own also from any great depth of nature.

On the 1st of age in 1800 was celebrated at his birth, as his narrow means would furnish. Besides the ritual roasting there was a ball, it seems, given on the occasion, of which the only particular I could find in the old domestic who mentioned it, was that the agent of her lord, was among the guests.

Of Lord Byron's own method of composing his poetry, I find the following curious story written from Genoa in 1822:—"Did you know that the day I came of age I dined on a piece of meat and a bottle of ale."—For once in a while my favourite dish and drinkable; but, if they agree with me, I never use them as a jubilee,—once in four or five years or so, necessary supplies necessary towards his health, were procured from money-lenders, at an enormous usurious interest, the practice for a long time continued to be a

At the beginning of this year that he was in a state ready, as he thought, for London. Before, however, he had to journey, new food was unluckily furnished in it. The practice is, it appears, common.

nished to his spleen by the neglect with which he conceived himself to have been treated by his guardian, Lord Carlisle. The relations between this nobleman and his ward had, at no time, been of such a nature as to afford opportunities for the cultivation of much friendliness on either side; and to the temper and influence of Mrs Byron must mainly be attributed the blame of widening, if not of producing, this estrangement between them. The coldness with which Lord Carlisle had received the dedication of the young poet's first volume was, as we have seen from one of the letters of the latter, felt by him most deeply. He, however, allowed himself to be so far governed by prudential considerations as not only to stifle this displeasure, but even to introduce into his Satire, as originally intended for the press, the following compliment to his guardian:—

On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.

The crown, however, thus generously awarded, did not long remain where it had been placed. In the interval between the inditing of this couplet and the delivery of the manuscript to the press, Lord Byron, with the natural hope that his guardian would, of himself, make an offer to introduce him to the House of Lords on his first taking his seat, wrote to remind his lordship that he should be of age at the commencement of the session. Instead, however, of the courtesy which he had thus, not unreasonably, counted upon, a mere formal reply, acquainting him with the technical mode of proceeding on such occasions, was all that, it appears, in return to this application, he received. It is not wonderful therefore that, disposed as he had been, by preceding circumstances, to suspect his noble guardian of no very friendly inclinations towards him, such backwardness, at a moment when the countenance of so near a connexion might have been of service to him, should have roused in his sensitive mind a strong feeling of resentment.—The indignation, thus excited, found a vent, but too temptingly at hand;—the laudatory couplet I have just cited was instantly expunged, and his Satire went forth charged with those vituperative verses against Lord Carlisle, of which, gratifying as they must have been to his revenge at the moment, he, not long after, with the placability so inherent in his generous nature, repented.*

During the progress of his Poem through the press, he increased its length by more than a hundred lines; and made several alterations, one or two of which may be mentioned, as illustrative of that prompt susceptibility of new impressions and influences which rendered both his judgment and feelings so variable. In the Satire, as it originally stood, was the following couplet:—

Though printers condescend the press to soil
With odes by Smythe and epic songs by Hoyle.

Of the injustice of these lines (unjust, it is but fair to say, to both the writers mentioned) he, on the brink

* See his lines on Major Howard, the son of Lord Carlisle, who was killed at Waterloo:

Their praise is hymn'd by softer harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong.

Childe Harold, Canto III.

of publication, repented; and,—as far, at least, as regarded one of the intended victims,—adopted a tone directly opposite in his printed Satire, where the name of Professor Smythe is mentioned honourably, as it deserved, in conjunction with that of Mr Hodgson, one of the poet's most valued friends:—

Oh dark asylum of a vanda race!
At once the boast of learning and disgrace;
So sunk in dulness and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame.

In another instance we find him "changing his hand" with equal facility and suddenness. The original manuscript of the Satire contained this line,—

I leave topography to coxcomb Gell;

but having, while the work was printing, become acquainted with Sir William Gell, he, without difficulty, by the change of a single epithet, converted satire into eulogy, and the line now descends to posterity thus:—

I leave topography to classic Gell.*

Among the passages added to the Poem during its progress through the press were those lines, denouncing the licentiousness of the Opera, "Then let Ausonia, &c." which the young satirist wrote one night, after returning, brimful of morality, from the Opera, and sent them early next morning to Mr Dallas for insertion. The just and animated tribute to Mr Crabbe was also among the after-thoughts with which his Poem was adorned; nor can we doubt that both this, and the equally merited eulogy on Mr Rogers, were the disinterested and deliberate result of the young poet's judgment, as he had never at that period seen either of those distinguished persons, and the opinion he then expressed of their genius remained unchanged through life. With the author of the Pleasures of Memory he afterwards became intimate, but with him, whom he has so well designated as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," he was never lucky enough to form any acquaintance;—though, as my venerated friend and neighbour, Mr Crabbe himself, tells me, they were once, without being aware of it, in the same inn together for a day or two, and must have frequently met, as they went in and out of the house, during the time.

Almost every second day, while the Satire was printing, Mr Dallas, who had undertaken to superintend it through the press, received fresh matter, for the enrichment of its pages, from its author, whose

* In the fifth edition of the Satire (suppressed by him in 1812), he again changed his mind respecting this gentleman, and altered the line to

I leave topography to rapid Gell,

explaining his reasons for the change in the following note:—

"Rapid, indeed,—he topographed and typographyed King Prime's dominions in three days. I called him 'classic' before I saw the *Troad*, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it."

He is not, however, the only satirist who has been thus capricious and changeable in his judgments. The variations of this nature in Pope's *Uncle* are well known; and the Abbe Colin is it said owed the "painful prominence" of his station in *Boileau's Satires* to the unlucky convenience of his name as a rhyme. Of the generous change from censure to praise, the poet Dante had already set an example, having in his "*Convito*," lauded some of those persons whom in his *Commedia* he had most severely lashed.

mind, once excited on any subject, knew no outpourings of its wealth. In one of his letters to Mr Dallas, he says, "Print soon, or I lab with rhyme;" and it was, in the same manner, his subsequent publications,—as long, at least, as remained within reach of the printer,—continued thus to feed the press, to the very end with new and "thick-coming fancies," which perusal of what he had already written did not diminish. It would almost seem, indeed, from the extreme facility and rapidity with which he wrote some of his brightest passages during the printing of his works through the press, that there was an act of printing an excitement to his fancy, the rush of his thoughts towards this increased life and freshness to their flow.

Among the passing events from which he drew illustrations for his Poem was the melancholy death of Lord Falkland,—a gallant, but dissipated officer, with whom the habits of his life had brought him acquainted, and who, about the beginning of March, was killed in a duel by Lord Byron. That this event affected Lord Byron very deeply, few touching sentences devoted to it can prove. "On Sunday night (he says) I had Lord Falkland presiding at his own table in all the pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning at twelve o'clock I saw stretched before me all the symptoms of courage, feeling, and a host of passions, which was not by words only that he gave proof of on this occasion. The family of the unfortunate man were left behind in circumstances which needed something more than the mere exertions of compassion to alleviate them; and Lord Byron, notwithstanding the pressure of his own difficulties at the time, found means, seasonably and discreetly, to assist the widow and children of his friend. In a following letter to Mrs Byron, he mentioned other matters of interest,—and in a tone of generous sensibility, highly honourable to him.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MRS BYRON.

* 8, St James's-street, March 1812.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, and I have been endeavouring to assist them, as I know, I cannot do as I could wish, from my embarrassments and the many claims upon other quarters.

"What you say is all very true: come, Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart in it, no pressure, present or future, shall ever barter the last vestige of our inheritance that pride within me which will enable me to surmount all difficulties. I can endure privations; I can obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey a fine view of the country, I would reject the offer. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr Dallas is like a man of business on the subject, I will not sell Newstead

wait on the return of the affidavits from Cornwall, and will do something in it must dash, or it is all over. My secret for a month; after that what you please on the subject. I refused to state my family to the Chancellor. I wrote my rhymes, and perhaps his secret not being more conciliatory. I will have a sale; I hope so, for the behaved well, no far as publishing. Believe me, &c.

I shall have a mortgage on one of the

which he here mentions, as ex-
wall, were those required in proof
of Admiral Byron with Miss Treva-
ization of which having taken place,
in a private chapel at Carlisle, no
of the ceremony could be produced.
Regarding other evidence, coupled with
refusal of Lord Carlisle to af-
firming respecting his family, inter-
est which he alludes to in the way
of his suit. At length, all the necessary
being obtained, he, on the 13th of
entered himself in the House of Lords, in
his own and unfriended, perhaps, than any
high station had ever before been re-
garded as an occasion,—not having a single
of his own claim either to introduce him
or receive him as acquaintance. To
one can be even indebted for being accom-
panied to the bar of the House by a very dis-
tinction, was had been, little more than a year
before subject to him. This relative was
and the account which he has given of
a person so striking, in all its details, to be
any other words than his own:—

was published about the middle of
to which he took his seat in the
on the 13th of the same month. On
down St James's-street, but with-
calling, I saw his chariot at his door.
His countenance, paler than usual,
his mind was agitated, and that he was
the nobleman to whom he had once
kind and countenance in his introduction.
He said to me,—‘I am glad you
came in; I am going to take my seat;
will go with me.’ I expressed my
doubt to him; while, at the same time, I
shook I felt on thinking that this young
birth, fortune, and talent, stood high
have lived so unconnected and neg-
lect of his own rank, that there was
member of the senate to which he be-
came he could or would apply to intro-
manner becoming his birth. I saw
situation, and I fully partook his in-

talk about the Satire, the last sheets
the press, I accompanied Lord Byron.
He was received in one of the ante-
rooms of the officers in attendance, with

whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into the Chancellor's hand.

The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said: ‘If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.’ We returned to St James's-street, but he did not recover his spirits.

To this account of a ceremonial so trying to the proud spirit engaged in it, and so little likely to abate the bitter feeling of misanthropy now growing upon him, I am enabled to add, from his own report in one of his note-books, the particulars of the short conversation which he held with the Lord Chancellor on the occasion:—

‘When I came of age, some delays, on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologized to me for the delay, observing that these forms were a part of his duty.’ I begged him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry), ‘Your lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb’ (which was then being acted)—‘you did your duty, and you did no more.’

In a few days after, the Satire made its appearance, and one of the first copies was sent, with the following letter, to his friend Mr Harness.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MR HARNESS.

‘8, St James's street, March 18th, 1800.

‘There was no necessity for your excuses: if you have time and inclination to write, for what we receive, the Lord make us thankful:—if I do not hear from you, I console myself with the idea that you are much more agreeably employed.

‘I send down to you by this post a certain Satire lately published, and in return for the three and sixpence expenditure upon it, only beg that if you should guess the author, you will keep his name secret; at least for the present. London is full of the Duke's business. The Commons have been at it these last three nights, and are not yet come to a

decision. I do not know if the affair will be brought before our House, unless in the shape of an impeachment. If it makes its appearance in a debatable form, I believe I shall be tempted to say something on the subject.—I am glad to hear you like Cambridge: firstly, because, to know that you are happy is pleasant to one who wishes you all possible sublimary enjoyment; and, secondly, I admire the morality of the sentiment. *Alma Mater* was to me *injusta nocerca*: and the old Beldam only gave me my M. A. degree because she could not avoid it.*—You know what a farce a noble Cantab. must perform.

"I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate schoolfellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature-painters of the day to take them, of course at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit, under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion, you will see that it is necessary to state these preliminaries to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the *dinner*. It will be a tax on your patience for a week, but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and present acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough, but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate in the resemblances of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions. But all this will be dull enough for you, and so good night, and to end my chapter, or rather my homily, believe me, my dear H., yours most affectionately."

In this romantic design of collecting together the portraits of his school friends, we see the natural working of an ardent and disappointed heart, which, as the future began to darken upon it, clung with fondness to the recollections of the past, and in despair of finding new and true friends saw no happiness but in preserving all it could of the old. But even here, his sensibility had to encounter one of those freezing cheeks, to which feelings, so much above the ordinary temperature of the world, are but too constantly exposed;—it being from one of the very friends thus fondly valued by him, that he experienced, on leaving England, that mark of neglect of which he so indignantly complains in a note on the second Canto of *Childe Harold*,—contrasting with this conduct the fidelity and devotedness he had just found in his Turkish servant, *Dervish*. Mr Dallas, who witnessed the immediate effect of this slight upon him, thus describes his emotion:—

"I found him bursting with indignation. * Will

* In another letter to Mr Harness, dated February, 1809, he says, "I do not know how you and *Alma Mater* agree. I was but an untoward child myself, and I believe the good lady and her trait were equally reconciled when I was a child. And, if I obtained her benediction at parting it was at best, equivocal."

you believe it?" said he, "I have just met * and asked him to come and sit an hour with me he excused himself; and what do you think was excuse? He was engaged with his mother and ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out tomorrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never return!—Friendship! I do not believe I shall be behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care of becomes of me."

From his expressions in a letter to Mrs By already cited, that he must "do something in House soon," as well as from a more definite intimation of the same intention to Mr Harness, it appears that he had, at this time, serious thoughts at once entering on the high political path. His station as an hereditary legislator opened to him. But, whatever may have been the first movement of his ambition in this direction, they were soon quashed. Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, his love of emulation seconded by such example and sympathy, might have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in fields of party warfare, where it might have been fated to afford a signal instance of that transitory process by which, as Pope says, the corrupting poet sometimes leads to the generation of a statesman. Luckily, however, for the world (though, what luckily for himself may be questioned), the temple of poetry was destined to claim him all its time. The loneliness, indeed, of his position in society at that period, left destitute, as he was, of all those warm sympathies, by which youth, at its first, is usually surrounded, was, of itself, enough to discourage him from embarking in a pursuit, where chiefly on such extrinsic advantages that any chance of success must depend. So far from taking any part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, he appears to have regarded even the ceremonial attendance among them as irksome and mortifying, and, in a few days after his admission to his seat in the Abbey, there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience, or meditate, in the solitude and adventures of other lands, a freer outlet for his impatient spirit than it could command at home.

It was not long, however, before he was summoned back to town by the success of his *Satire*, the quick sale of which already rendered the publication of a new edition necessary. His zealous agent, Mr Dallas, had taken care to transmit to him, in retirement, all the favourable opinions of the public he could collect; and it is not unamusing, as showing the sort of steps by which Fame at first moves to find the approbation of such authorities as poets and the magazine-writers put forward among the first rewards and encouragements of a Byron.

"You are already (he says) pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's seller. On enquiring for the *Satire*, he told me he had sold a great many, and had none left, so going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked, who was the author? He said, he believed to be Lord Byron's. Did he believe? Yes, he did. On asking the ground of his belief,

of distinction had, without hesi-
tation, as Lord Byron's Satire. He
told me that he had inquired of Mr
Thompson his opinion, if it was yours.
and my knowledge of the author, but
my friend said a copy had been
sent him. He assured me that all who
read it were admired it. Cawthorne tells
me that it was spoken of, not only among
gentlemen, but generally at all the book-
shops, and highly praised at my own pub-
lisher's. I have lately called several times.
It was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of
gentlemen, who were unanimous in their ap-
probation, as well as the *Gentleman's*
magazine, already blown the trump of fame for
it. It is in the other Reviews next
month, and is some severely handled, ac-
cording to the proprietors and
editors of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*.
I arrived in London, towards the end of
the first edition of his Poem nearly
finished, and set immediately about preparing
it. It was determined to prefix his name.
The new edition was made to the work were con-
sidered a hundred new lines being introduced
and it was not till about the
middle of the month that the new edition
was sent to press. He had, during his
absence, tried definitively with his friend
that they should leave England to-
wards the following June, and it was his
pride of the volume corrected
and the features of this edition was a
new one, in prose, which Mr Dallas,
in the use of his discretion and taste, most
carefully suppressed. It is to be
said the reviewer did not succeed in his ef-
fort to run a line of bravado through this
Poem, which it is, at all times, painful
to leave unassumed. For instance:—
"that," he observes, "that I quit England
was caused these 'persons of honour'
to leave; but I am coming back again,
and my presence will keep hot till my return.
How can we can testify that my motives for
leaving are very different from fears, lit-
erally, those who do not, may one day
since the publication of this thing,
it has not been concealed; I have been
plain, ready to answer for my transgres-
sion, daily expectation of sundry cartels;
the age of chivalry is over, or in the
future there is no spirit now-a-days."
The Poem may have been the faults or indis-
cretions, there are few who would now
upon it so severely as did the author
reading it over nine years after, when
in England, never to return. The copy
perused is now in the possession of
the remarks which he has left scrib-

bled over its pages are well worth transcribing. On
the first leaf we find—

"The binding of this volume is considerably too
valuable for its contents.

"Nothing but the consideration of its being the
property of another, prevents me from consigning this
miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscri-
minate acrimony to the flames. "B."

Opposite the passage,

— to be misread

By Jeffrey's heart, or Lamb's Boetian head,

is written, "This was not just. Neither the heart
nor the head of these gentlemen are, at all, what they
are here represented." Along the whole of the
severe verses against Mr Wordsworth he has scrawled,
"Unjust,"—and the same verdict is affixed to
those against Mr Coleridge. On his unmeasured
attack upon Mr Bowles, the comment is,—"*Too*
savage all this on Bowles;" and down the margin
of the page containing the lines, "*Health to immor-
tal Jeffrey,*" &c., he writes,—"*Too ferocious—this*
is mere insanity."—adding, on the verses that follow
("Can none remember that eventful day?" &c.)
"All this is bad, because personal."

Sometimes, however, he shows a disposition to
stand by his original decisions. Thus, on the passage
relating to a writer of certain obscure Epics (v. 379),
he says,—"*All right;*" adding, of the same person,
"*I saw some letters of this fellow to an unfortunate*
poetess, whose productions (which the poor woman
by no means thought vainly of) he attacked so roughly
and bitterly, that I could hardly regret assailing him;
—even were it unjust, which it is not; for, verily, he
is an ass." On the strong lines, too (v. 953), upon
Clarke (a writer in a magazine called the *Satirist*),
he remarks,—"*Right enough,—this was well de-*
served, and well laid on."

To the whole paragraph, beginning "*Illustrious*
Holland," are affixed the words "*Bad enough—and*
on mistaken grounds, besides." The bitter verses
against Lord Carlisle he pronounces "*Wrong also—*
the provocation was not sufficient to justify such
acerbity;"—and of a subsequent note respecting the
same nobleman he says, "*Much too savage, what-*
ever the foundation may be." Of *Rosa Matilda* (v.
738) he tells us, "*She has since married the Morn-*
ing Post,—an exceeding good match." To the verses
"*When some briar youth, the tenant of a stall,*" &c.,
he has appended the following interesting note:—
"*This was meant at poor Blackett, who was then*
patronized by A. I. B.—but that I did not know, or*
this would not have been written; at least, I think
not."

Farther on, where Mr Campbell and other poets
are mentioned, the following gingle on the names of
their respective poems is scribbled:

Pretty Miss Jacqueline
Had a nose aquiline;
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude:
While Mr Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Manuluke.

Opposite the paragraph in praise of Mr Crabbe he

* Lady Byron, then Miss Milbank.

in the first edition, began at the line,
and are put, to these degenerate days.

has written, "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of power and genius." On his own line, in a subsequent paragraph, "And glory, like the Phoenix mid her fires," he says, comically, "The Devil take that Phoenix—how came it there?" and his concluding remark on the whole Poem is as follows:—

"The greater part of this Satire, I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."

BYRON.

"Diodati, Geneva, July 14, 1816."

While engaged in preparing his new edition for the press, he was also gaily dispensing the hospitalities of Newstead to a party of young college friends, whom, with the prospect of so long an absence from England, he had assembled round him at the Abbey, for a sort of festive farewell. The following letter from one of the party, Charles Skinner Matthews, though containing much less of the noble host himself than we could have wished, yet, as a picture, taken freshly and at the moment, of a scene so pregnant with character, will, I have little doubt, be highly acceptable to the reader.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SKINNER MATTHEWS, ESQ.
TO MISS I. M.

London, 22d May, 1819.

"MY DEAR ———,

"I must begin with giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted.

"Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London,—4 on this side Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of antiquity that I should think there must be a description and, perhaps, a picture of it in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries,—but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly fallen to decay, it is still completely an Abbey, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the Abbey Church only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the Abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room, seventy feet in length and twenty-three in breadth: but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present Lord has lately fitted up.

The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded with bleak and barren hills, with scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead. For the late Lord being at enmity with his son, to whom the estate was

secured by entail, resolved, out of spite that the estate should descend to him in a plight as he could possibly reduce it, because he took no care of the mansion, at pulling off every tree he could lay his hands on, so that he reduced immense tracts of country to the desolate state I have just described. However, his son died before him, so that the estate was thrown away.

"So much for the place, concerning which I have thrown together these few particulars, for I have no account to be, like the place itself, without connexion. But if the place itself is strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me to the steps, that I may introduce to you my visitors. But have a care how you go, for you are mindful to go there in broad daylight; and should you make eyes about you. For, should you make eyes about you, should you go to the right of the hall, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run the risk of a wolf!—Nor, when you have attained your danger over, for the hall being therefore standing in need of repair, the inmates are very probably banging at one another with their pistols; so that if you enter without notice of your approach, you have only to run the risk of a wolf and the bear to expire by the hands of the merry Monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and others; and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As to the order of the day was given. For breakfast we had no set hour, but at his own convenience,—every thing ready at table till the whole party had done; then, if we wished to breakfast at the early hour of eight, we have been rather lucky to find any of the inmates. Our average hour of rising was one. I, for instance, got up between eleven and twelve, even when an invalid,—the first of the party was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. I frequently past two before the breakfast was up. Then, for the amusements of the day, we were reading, fencing, singlestick, or playing at the great room; practising with pistols, walking—riding—cricket—sailing on the lake with the bear, or teasing the wolf. And at eight we dined, and our evening lasted till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of the inmates, after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, to fill the skull with burgundy. After revels, viands, and the finest wines of France, to tea, where we amused ourselves with improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and, after sandwiches, etc. A set of monkish dresses, which had been worn with all the proper apparatus, of tonsures, etc., often gave a variety to the conversation and to our pursuits.

"You may easily imagine how chagrined I was being ill nearly the first half of the time. But I was led into a very different re-
fuge

ing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:—

The time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

It is much, I own, to be questioned whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, a disposition such as I have here described could have escaped ultimate disappointment, or found anywhere a resting-place for its imaginings and desires. But, in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him on the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first, naturally and with ardour, turned, either repelled them rudely or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation he had ever known to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him.

The sympathy of a sister's love, of all influences on the mind of a youth the most softening, was also, in his early days, denied to him,—his sister Augusta and he having seen but little of each other while young. A vent through the calm channel of domestic affections might have brought down the high current of his feelings to a level nearer that of the world he had to traverse, and thus saved them from the tumultuous rapids and falls to which this early elevation, in their aftercourse, exposed them. In the dearth of all home endearments, his heart had no other resource but in those boyish friendships which he formed at school; and when these were interrupted by his removal to Cambridge, he was again thrown back, isolated, on his own restless desires. Then followed his ill-fated attachment to Miss Chaworth, to which, more than to any other cause, he himself attributed the desolating change then wrought in his disposition.

"I doubt sometimes" (he says, in his "Detached Thoughts") "whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me; yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boys' dreams are) were martial; but a little later they were all for *love* and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to M^{rs} C^{...} began and continued (though sedulously concealed) very early in my teens; and so upwards for a time. This threw me out again 'alone on a wide, wide sea.' In the year 1804 I recollect meeting my sister at General Harcourt's in Portland Place. I was then *one thing*, and as she had always till then found me. When we met again in 1805 (she told me since), that my temper and disposition were so completely altered that I was hardly to be recognized. I was not then sensible of

the change; but I can believe it, and it."

I have already described his parting worth previously to her marriage. Once that event, he saw her, and for the last, invited by Mr Chaworth to dine at Ann before his departure from England. That that had elapsed since their last meeting considerable change in the appearance of the young poet. The fat, unformed was now a slender and graceful young, emotional and passionate, which at first then destroy, beauty, had as yet produced favourable effects on his features; and but little aid from the example of refined manners had subsided into that tone and self-possession which more than any the well-bred gentleman. Once only of these qualities put to the trial, the daughter of his fair hostess was brought room. At the sight of the child, he started, it was with the utmost difficulty conceal his emotion; and to the same moment we are indebted for those words "Well—thou art happy," &c., which afterwards in a Miscellany published by friends, and are now to be found in the collection of his works. Under the influence of despondent passion he wrote two others this period, from which, as they exist in a Miscellany I have just alluded to, and has for some time been out of print, may, not improperly, be extracted here.

THE FAREWELL—TO A LADY

When man, expell'd from Eden's bow,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recalled the vanish'd hour,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant
He learnt to bear his load of grief,
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady, must it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more,
For, whilst I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before, &c. &c.

The other poem is, throughout, full, but I shall give only what appears to be striking stanzas.

STANZAS TO *** ON LEAVING ME

'T is done—and shivering in the gloom
The bark upstarts her airy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending main
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning gale,
And I must from this land be gone
Because I cannot love but one

As some lone bird, without a mate
My weary heart is desolate
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face
And e'en in crowds am still alone
Because I cannot love but one

* Dated, in his original copy, Nov. 3, 1800.

† Entitled, in his original manuscript, on being asked my reason for quitting, I answer, "The date subjoined is Dec. 3, 1800." In his first copy, "Thou, Mary."

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home :
I will forget a false fair face :
I will not find a resting place :
My very dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

I go—but where? or I see
That no eye will weep for me :
There is no kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the nearest part :
No one, who had my hopes undone
Will sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been
Would when some softer heart with woe—
Set forth, then, has stood the blow :
I will think on as it begun,
And never truly love but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see :
And who that early love was cross,
That time of the heat, I feel the most :
No one that dwelt beneath the sun
Has loved so long, and loved but one.

I would wish another's letters too,
With chance perchance, as fair to view :
And I would have loved as well,
As some ever memorable spell
To show my bleeding breast to own
I had not care for might but one.

I would soothe to take one lingering view,
As I have done to my last adieu,
I would I had those eyes to weep
For him that wanders over the deep :
His hope—his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.*

While then, in all the relations of the heart, his after affection was thwarted, in another instance of his nature, not less strong—the desire of pleasure and distinction—he was, in an equal degree, checked in his aspirations, and mortified. The want of his means to his station was early a source of embarrassment and humiliation to him; the petulant notions of birth in which he was bred, but made the disparity between his rank and his rank the more galling. Ambition, then, was whispered to him that there were other ways to distinction. The emittance of a man builds for itself might, one day, he thought to his own; nor was it too sanguine to him, under the favour accorded usually to a man might with impunity venture on his first step. But here, as in every other object of his ambition, disappointment and mortification awaited him. Instead of experiencing the ordinary forbearance and indulgence, with which young aspirants are received by their critics, he found himself the victim of such unmeasured severity as was dealt out even to veteran offenders in the art, and with a heart fresh from the trials of love and loss, saw those resources and consolations he had sought in the exercise of his strength also invaded.

His premature broken into the pains of

expressed by himself in a copy of the *Miscellany* of the *Journal*,—the two last lines being, originally,

Though otherwise my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one.

life, a no less darkening effect was produced upon him by too early an initiation into its pleasures. That charm with which the fancy of youth invests an untried world was, in his case, soon dissipated. His passions had, at the very onset of their career, forestalled the future; and the blank void that followed was by himself considered as one of the causes of that melancholy, which now settled so deeply into his character.

"My passions" (he says, in his "Detached Thoughts") "were developed very early—so early that few would believe me if I were to state the period and the facts which accompanied it. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts,—having anticipated life. My earlier poems are the thoughts of one at least ten years older than the age at which they were written,—I don't mean for their solidity, but their experience. The two first Cantos of *Childe Harold* were completed at twenty-two; and they are written as if by a man older than I shall probably ever be."

Though the allusions in the first sentence of this extract have reference to a much earlier period, they afford an opportunity of remarking, that however dissipated may have been the life which he led during the two or three years previous to his departure on his travels, yet the notion caught up by many, from his own allusions, in *Childe Harold*, to irregularities and orgies of which Newstead had been the scene, is, like most other imputations against him, founded on his own testimony, greatly exaggerated. He describes, it is well known, the home of his poetical representative as a "monastic dome, condemned to uses vile," and then adds,—

Where superstition once had made her den,
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile.

Mr Dallas, too, giving in to the same strain of exaggeration, says, in speaking of the poet's preparations for his departure, "already satiated with pleasure, and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites;—he broke up his harams." The truth, however, is that the narrowness of Lord Byron's means would alone have prevented such oriental luxuries. The mode of his life at Newstead was simple and unexpensive. His companions, though not averse to convivial indulgences, were of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery; and, with respect to the alleged "harams," it appears certain that one or two suspected "Subintroductæ" (as the ancient monks of the Abbey would have styled them), and those, too, among the ordinary menials of the establishment, were all that even scandal itself could ever fix upon to warrant such an assumption.

That gaming was among his follies at this period, he himself tells us in the *Journal* I have just cited:—

"I have a notion (he says) that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always excited. Women, wine, fame, the table,—even ambition, rate now and then; but every turn of the card and cast of the dice keeps the gamester alive; besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do any thing else. I was very fond of it when young, that is to

say, of hazard, for I hate all card games,—even faro. When *maccò* (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the *rattle* and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness, or judgment, or calculation. It was the delight of the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole, I left off in time, without being much a winner or loser. Since one-and-twenty years of age I played but little, and then never above a hundred, or two, or three.”

To this, and other follies of the same period, he alludes in the following note:—

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

“Twelve o'clock, Friday night.

“MY DEAR BANKES,

“I have just received your note; believe me I regret most sincerely that I was not fortunate enough to see it before, as I need not repeat to you, that your conversation for half an hour would have been much more agreeable to me than gambling or drinking, or any other fashionable mode of passing an evening, abroad or at home.—I really am very sorry that I went out previous to the arrival of your dispatch: in future pray let me hear from you before six, and whatever my engagements may be, I will always postpone them.—Believe me, with that deference which I have always from my childhood paid to your *talents*, and with somewhat a better opinion of your heart than I have hitherto entertained,

“Yours ever, etc.”

Among the causes—if not rather among the results—of that disposition to melancholy, which, after all, perhaps, naturally belonged to his temperament, must not be forgotten those sceptical views of religion, which clouded, as has been shown, his boyish thoughts, and, at the time of which I am speaking, gathered still more darkly over his mind. In general, we find the young too ardently occupied with the enjoyments which this life gives or promises to afford either leisure or inclination for much inquiry into the mysteries of the next. But with him it was unluckily otherwise; and to have, at once, anticipated the worst experience both of the voluptuary and the reasoner,—to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but “clouds and darkness” beyond, was the doom, the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron.

When Pope, at the age of five-and-twenty, complained of being weary of the world, he was told by Swift that he “had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it.”* But far different was the youth of Pope and of Byron;—what the former but anticipated in thought, the latter had

* I give the words as Johnson has reported them:—in Swift's own letter they are if I recollect right rather different.

drunk deep of in reality;—at an age when I was but looking forth on the sea of life, the old plunged in, and tried its depths. Swift him whom early disappointments and wrongs had a vein of bitterness that never again closed, a far closer parallel to the fate of our noble poet well in the untimeliness of the trials he had doomed to encounter, as in the traces of them which they left in his character.

That the romantic fancy of youth, which melancholy as an indulgence, and loves to see sadness it has not had time to earn, may have some share in, at least, fostering the gloom by the mind of the young poet was overcast, I disposed to deny. The circumstance, indeed, having, at this time, among the ornaments of study, a number of skulls highly polished, and on light stands round the room, would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such associations.† Being a sort of boyish mimic of the use to which the poet Young is said to have applied a skull, such a display might well excite some suspicion of the sincerity of his gloom; not, through the whole course of his subsequent and writings, track visibly the deep vein of melancholy which nature had imbedded in his character.

Such was the state of mind and heart,—as his own testimony and that of others, I have seen it,—in which Lord Byron now set out on his finite pilgrimage; and never was there a more wrought in disposition and character to which nature's fancy of “sweet bells jangled out of tune” more truly applied. The unwillingness of Lord Byron to countenance him, and his humiliating in consequence, completed the full measure of mortification towards which so many causes had hurried. Baffled, as he had been, in his own pursuit of affection and friendship, his sole consolation lay in doubting that any such really existed. The various crosses he had met in themselves sufficiently irritating and wounding were rendered still more so by the high, irascible temper with which he encountered them. Others would have bowed to, as misfortune, the proud spirit rose against, as wrongs; and the violence of this reaction produced, at once, a morbid action throughout his whole character,‡ in which

* There is, at least, one striking point of similarity between their characters in the disposition which has thus attributed to Swift.—“The suspicious of religion,” he says, “proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to rest he delighted in seeming worse than he was.”

† Another use to which he appropriated one of them found in digging at Newstead was the having it melted into silver, and converted into a drinking cup. This was commemorated in some well-known verses of the poet, and the cup itself, which, apart from any revolting associations, forms by no means an elegant object of eye, is, with many other interesting relics of Lord Byron, in the possession of the present proprietor of Newstead, Colonel Wildman.

‡ Rousseau appears to have been conscious of a sort of change in his own nature.—“There have been without intermission,” he says in a letter to M. de Malesherbes, “to give to my heart, and, perhaps, at times to my genius, a spring and stimulus of action they have not inherited from nature. I was born, and treatment has made me strong.”—*Rousseau's Private Correspondence*.

the political world, all that was bad in his nature burst forth with all that was great and grand. The very virtues and the disposition ministered to the violence. The same ardour that had made his friendships and loves now fed the fire of his indignation and scorn. His good humour but lent a fresher flow to his rage. He, at last, revelled in it as an enemy that hated of hypocrisy, which had shown itself in a too shadowy colour in his youthful frailties, now hurried him, from all false pretensions to virtue, into the dangerous boast and ostentation of

his letter to his mother, written a few days before, gives some particulars respecting who composed his suite. Robert Butler he mentions so feelingly in the Postscript, being introduced, as his Page, in the letter to Childe Harold.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR BYRON.

Falmouth, June 23d, 1809.

MY BROTHER,
I am to sail in a few days; probably before you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I could not be in no service. If he does not mind, I will send him back in a transport, a German servant (who has been with me in Persia before, and was strongly recommended by Dr Butler of Harrow), Robert Butler, to constitute my whole suite. I have heard you shall hear from me at the diffidence I must upon; but you must not be too much miserry. The continent is in a state of anarchy has broken out at Paris, the Austrians are beating Buonaparte — the

picture of me in oil, to be sent down to you — I wish the Miss P's had some to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham. Now they have done it, you may keep the others, which are greater than my own. As to money matters, I am now till Rochdale is sold; and if that goes well, I shall enter into the Austrian service — perhaps the Turkish, if I like their world is all before me, and I leave you regret, and without a wish to revisit Britain, except yourself, and your pre-

ty tell Mr Rushton his son is well, and is Murray, indeed better than I ever will be back in about a month. I ought to say Murray to my few regrets, as his will prevent my seeing him again. With me; I like him, because, like a friendless animal."

have in their remembrance his promises that they mistook for frolic." — John himself at the university, in Bonwell.

etical description of the state of mind in which he now took leave of England, the gaiety and levity of the letters I am about to give will appear, it is not improbable, strange and startling. But, in a temperament like that of Lord Byron, such bursts of vivacity on the surface are by no means incompatible with a wounded spirit underneath; and the light, laughing tone that pervades these letters, but makes the feeling of solitariness that breaks out in them the more striking and affecting.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MR HENEY DRURY.

Falmouth, June 25th, 1809.

"MY DEAR DRURY,

"We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon packet, having been detained till now by the lack of wind, and other necessities. These being at last procured, by this time to-morrow evening we shall be embarked on the wide world of waters, for all the world like Robinson Crusoe. The Malta vessel not sailing for some weeks, we have determined to go by way of Lisbon, and, as my servants term it, to see "that there Portuguese;" — thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar, and so on our old route to Malta and Constantinople, if so be that Captain Kidd, our gallant commander, understands plain-sailing and Mercator, and takes us on our voyage all according to the chart.

"Will you tell Dr Butler† that I have taken the treasure of a servant, Friese, the native of Prussia Proper, into my service, from his recommendation. He has been all among the Worshippers of Fire in Persia, and has seen Persepolis and all that.

"H* has made wondrous preparations for a book on his return; — 100 pens, two gillons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my

* The poet Cowper, it is well known, produced that master-piece of humour, John Gilpin, during one of his fits of morbid dejection, and he himself says, "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all."

† The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr Butler, before his departure, is one of those instances of placability and pliancy with which his life abounded. We have seen, too, from the manner in which he mentions the circumstance in one of his note-books, that the reconciliation was of that generously retrospective kind, in which not only the feeling of hostility is renounced in future, but a strong regret expressed that it had been ever entertained.

Not content with this private statement to Dr Butler, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute for the offensive verses against that gentleman, a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them. This fact, so creditable to the candour of his nature, I learn from a loose sheet in his handwriting, containing the following corrections. In place of the passage beginning, "Or if my Muse a pedant's portrait drew," he meant to insert—

If once my Muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warn with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true,
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns,
With noble minds a fault confess'd atones.

And to the passage immediately succeeding his warm praise of Dr Drury, "—Pomposus fills his magisterial chair," it was his intention to give the following turn:—

Another fills his magisterial chair;
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;
Oh may like honours crown his future name!
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame.

pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c.

The cock is crowing.
I must be going.
And can no more.—*Ghost of Greger Thumb.*

"Adieu.—Believe me, &c. &c."

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MR HODGSON.

* Falmouth, June 25th, 1809.

"MY DEAR HODGSON,

"Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

"We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see?—from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and 'all that,' as Orator Henley said, when he put the church, and 'all that,' in danger.

"This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by two castles, St Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying every body except an enemy. St Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. We have seen St Maws, but Pendennis they will not let us behold, save at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St Maws by a coup-de-main.

"The town contains many quakers and salt-fish—the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country—the women (blessed be the corporation therefore!) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in her behaviour, and damned the mayor.

"Hodgson! remember me to the Drury, and remember me to—yourself, when drunk:—I am not worth a sober thought.—Look to my Satire at Cawthorn's, Cockspur-street.

"I don't know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the 'stormy winds that (don't) blow' at this season. I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab;—and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu. Yours, etc."

In this letter the following lively verses were enclosed:—

* Falmouth Roads, June 30th, 1809.

1.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo 's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.

From aloft the signal 's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired.
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time 's expired.
Here 's a rascal
Come to task all.
Prying from the Custom-house:
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

2.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!
Sick, ma'am! damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks:
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

3.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew
Passengers their births are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
Hey dey! call you that a cabin?
Why 't is hardly three feet square—
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?
Who, sir, plenty!
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill—
Did they? Jsaus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still—
Then I'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet!

4.

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
Here 's a rope's-end for the dogs.
H * * muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls:
Now his breakfast, now his vermin,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
Here 's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!—A couplet?—No, a cup
Of warm water—
What 's the matter?
Zounds! my liver 's coming up!
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.

5.

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most 's a jest in:
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is:
Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore:
While we're quaffing,
Let 's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ere 'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

BY

July the packet sailed from Fal-
ter a favourable passage of four days
passengers reached Lisbon, and took up
their city."

My letters, from Lord Byron to his
sister, though written in his most light
manner, will give some idea of the first
of his residence in Lisbon made upon
them, too, contrasted with the noble
tragedy in "Childe Harold," will show
the moods of his versatile mind,
and aspects it could take when in
the wing.

LETTER XXXVII

TO MR HODGSON.

* Lisbon, July 16th, 1809.

How have we pursued our route, and seen
various sights, palaces, convents, &c.
to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's
book of Travels, I shall not anticipate
in an account whatsoever to you in a
laconic manner. I must just observe
that at Oporto in Estremadura is the most
happy in the world.

My happy here, because I loves oranges,
Latin is the monks, who understand it,
and I goes into society (with
grace, and I swims in the Tagus all
the time, and rides on an ass or a mule, and
eats and have got a diarrhoea and
the mosquitoes. But what of that? Com-
plaints expected by folks that go a-plea-

the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say,
the great oath of the grandees, that very
the oath of 'Dumme,'—and when dis-

my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Am-
With these two phrases, and a third,
which signifieth 'Get an ass,' I am
understood to be a person of degree and
language. How merrily we lives that
we had food and raiment. But, in
any thing is better than England, and
amused with my pilgrimage as far as

and sometimes to mention a strange story.
Under the packet, Captain Kidd, related
image. This officer stated that, being
in his berth, he was awakened by the
being heavy on his limbs, and there being
in room, could see, as he thought, dis-
of his brother, who was, at that time, in
the East Indies dressed in his uniform,
from the bed. Concluding it to be an
and he shut his eyes and made an effort
the same pressure continued, and still
started to take another look, he saw the
him in the same position. To add to the
his hand forth to touch this form, he
in, in which it appeared to be dressed,
the entrance of one of his brother officers.
out in alarm the apparition vanished:
he after, he received the startling intelli-
might his brother had been drowned in
Of the supernatural character of this
in Kidd himself did not appear to have

"To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles
as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and
Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be
forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury
and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I
am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which
makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility."

"Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths
and defeats, and capital crimes and the misfortunes of
one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters,
and the controversies and the criticisms. All this
will be pleasant.—'Suave mari magno,' &c. Talk-
ing of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea.
Adieu. Yours faithfully, &c."

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MR HODGSON.

* Gibraltar, August 6, 1809.

"I have just arrived at this place after a journey
through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500
miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback *
to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion
frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent—we
rode seventy miles a-day. Eggs and wine and hard
beds are all the accommodation we found, and, in
such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is
better than in England."

"Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena,
part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain,
—but damn description, it is always disgusting.
Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the
creation."

"The beauty of its streets and
mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its
inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must
confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to
the English women in beauty, as the Spaniards are
inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies
the name of man."

"Just as I began to
know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged
to sail.
"You will not expect a long letter after my riding
so far 'on hollow pampered jades of Asia.' Talking
of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within
five miles of my present residence. I am going over
before I go on to Constantinople."

"Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of
the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles
reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and
cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the
comparison." "The Spanish women are all
alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke
is, in information, as the wife of a peasant, the
wife of a peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess.
Certainly, they are fascinating; but their minds have
only one idea, and the business of their lives is
intrigue."

"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz,
and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my
knees to beg he would not put me into black and
white. Pray remember me to the Drurys and the

* The baggage and part of the servants were sent by sea
to Gibraltar.

Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant.* Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country. Adieu, and believe me, &c."

In a letter to Mrs Byron, dated a few days later, from Gibraltar, he recapitulates the same account of his progress, only dwelling rather more diffusely on some of the details. Thus, of Cintra and Mafra.—"To make amends for this,† the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D.'s Convention.‡ It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the English had any books in their country."

An adventure which he met with at Seville, characteristic both of the country and of himself, is thus described in the same letter to Mrs Byron:—

"We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess six houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *uncorthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, 'Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto mucho.'—'Adieu, you pretty fellow you please me

* This sort of passage,* says Mr Hodgson, in a note on his copy of this letter, "constantly occurs in his correspondence. Nor was his interest confined to mere remembrances and inquiries after health. Were it possible to state all he has done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest manner, his most generous and well timed aid; and, were my poor friend found alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony:—though I have most reason of all men, to do so."

† The sitingness of Lisbon and its inhabitants.
‡ Colonel Napier, in a note in his *side History of the Peninsular War*, notices the mistake into which Lord Byron and others were led on this subject, the signatures of the Convention, as well as all the other proceedings connected with it, having taken place at a distance of thirty miles from Cintra.

much." She offered a share of her apartment, and my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, said I had some English 'amante' (lover), and that she was going to be married to an officer of a Spanish army."

Among the beauties of Cadiz, his imagination dazzled by the attractions of the many, was, at that point, it would appear from the following, of a fixed by one:—

"Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful and full of the women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the *shire* witches of their land. Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandes, I was forced to it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again."

"The night before I left it, I sat in the box of the Opera with Admiral * * * 's family, an aged and a fine daughter, Sennorita * * *. The girl is pretty, in the Spanish style; in my opinion means inferior to the English in charms, and superior in fascination. Long black hair, dazzling eyes, clear, olive complexion, and more graceful in motion than can be conceived. An Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of *try* women, added to the most becoming dress, at the same time, the most decent in the world, a Spanish beauty irresistible."

"Miss * * * and her little brother under a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my *pro* in that language. I could only reply by a *love* and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box which resembles our Opera boxes (the theatre is large, and finely decorated, the music admirable, the manner in which Englishmen generally admit of fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when a fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an *ad* a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to sit next herself, at a tolerable distance from mamma. At the close of the performance I drew, and was lounging with a party of men on my passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept, and repass through the country on my return from it."

To these adventures, or rather glimpses of adventures, which he met with in his last passage to Spain, he adverted, I recollect, briefly, in the part of his "Memoranda;" and, it was the year I think, of his fair hostesses at Seville, whom he described himself as having made *en* with the help of a dictionary. "For some time," he said, "I went on prosperously both as a *lover*," till, at length, the lady took a fancy

* We find an allusion to this incident in Don Juan.

"Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange way,
His female lips and ears: that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have learn'd, &c."

here, and set her heart on my giving it
evidence of my sincerity. This, however,
—any thing but the ring, I declined,
and much more than its value,—
I said I had made a vow never to give
the young Spaniard grew angry as the
proposal, and it was not long before the
the story also; till, at length, the affair
the morning unsuccessful on both sides.
"said he, "I sailed for Malta, and
which both my heart and ring."
from Gibralter, just cited, he add—
over to Africa to-morrow; it is only six
the fortress. My next stage is Cagliari,
where I shall be presented to his majesty.
and superb uniform as a court-dress, in—
travelling." His plan of visiting Africa
re, relinquished. After a short stay at
during which he dined one day with Lady
and another with General Castanon,
of August, took his departure for
—, having first sent Joe Murray
— back to England,—the latter be—
come ill health, to accompany him any
part," he says to his mother, "show the
—, as he is my great favourite."

He writes a letter to the father of the boy,
— so favourable an impression of his
— and kindness that I have much plea—
— desired to introduce it here,

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MR RUSBYTON.

* Gibraltar, August 15th, 1899.

I am sorry, but I must leave you to go home with Mr Murray, because I am about to travel through the country, and it is unsafe, particularly for a woman. I allow you to deduct five-and-twenty pounds for his education for three years, provided he returns before that time, and I desire to be repaid as in my service. Let every thing of him, and let him be sent to school. If, in short, I have provided enough in my will for his independent. He has behaved well, and has travelled a great deal for his education. Deduct the expense of his from your rent.

"BYRON."

the fate of Lord Byron, throughout life, to meet he went, with persons who, by some extraordinary in their own fates or character, were prepared to enter, at once, into full communion with him; and to this attraction, by which he drew him all strange and eccentric spirits, he was the most agreeable conjunction of all as some of the most troublesome. One of his intimacies was an intimacy which he now enjoyed his short sojourn at Malta. The

Up to this letter is as follows:—
and G is married to a rustic! Well done!
Bring you home a Sultana, with half a dozen
servants and reconcile you to an Ottoman
with a bunch of pearls, not larger than
smaller than walnuts.*

lady with whom he formed this acquaintance was the same addressed by him under the name of "Florence" in Childe Harold, and in a letter to his mother from Malta, he thus describes her in prose:—"This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs S^t S^t, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron H^t, was Austrian Ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

The tone in which he addresses this fair heroine in *Childe Harold* is (consistently with the above dispassionate account of her) that of the purest admiration and interest, unwarmed by any more ardent sentiment :—

Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine;
But, check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration, glancing harmless by, &c. &c.

In one so imaginative as Lord Byron, who, while he infused so much of his life into his poetry, mingled also not a little of poetry with his life, it is difficult, in unravelling the texture of his feelings, to distinguish at all times between the fanciful and the real. His description here, for instance, of the unmored and "loveless heart," with which he contemplated even the charms of this attractive person, is wholly at variance; not only with the anecdote from his "Memoranda" which I have recalled, but with the statements in many of his subsequent letters, and, above all, with one of the most graceful of his lesser poems, purporting to be addressed to this same lady during a thunder-storm on his road to Zitzu.*

* The following stanzas from this little poem have a music in them which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting :—

And since I now remember that
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry,
Which mirth and music sped ;
Do thou, amidst the fair white walls,
If Cælia yet be free,
At times, from out her latticed halls,
Look o'er the dark blue sea :
Then Utuk upon Calypso's isle,
Endear'd by days gone by ;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh, &c. &c.

Notwithstanding, however, these counter evidences, I am much disposed to believe that the representation of the state of his heart in the foregoing extract from *Childe Harold* may be regarded as the true one; and that the notion of his being in love was but a dream that sprung up afterwards, when the image of the fair Florence had become idealised in his fancy, and every remembrance of their pleasant hours among "Calypso's isles" came invested by his imagination with the warm aspect of love. It will be recollected that to the chilled and sated feelings which early indulgence, and almost as early disenchantment, had left behind, he attributes in these verses the calm and passionless regard with which even attractions like those of Florence were viewed by him. That such was actually his distaste, at this period, to all real objects of love or passion (however his fancy could call up creatures of its own to worship) there is every reason to believe; and the same morbid indifference to those pleasures he had once so ardently pursued still continued to be professed by him on his return to England. No anchorite, indeed, could claim for himself much more apathy towards all such enjoyments than he did at that period. But to be thus saved from temptation was a dear bought safety, and, at the age of three-and-twenty, satiety and disgust are but melancholy substitutes for virtue.

While at Malta, in consequence of some trifling misunderstanding, he was on the point of fighting a duel with an officer of the Staff of General Oakes. To this circumstance we shall find him, in some of his subsequent letters, alluding; and I have more than once heard the gentleman who acted as his adviser on the occasion, speak of the cool and manly courage with which he conducted himself through the whole affair. The meeting being appointed for a very early hour in the morning, his companion had to awake him from a sound sleep; but, on their arrival at the place of rendezvous on the sea-shore, the adverse party, from some mistake in the arrangements, was not forthcoming. Though their baggage was already on board the brig that was to convey them to Albania, Lord Byron determined to give his antagonist the chances of, at least, another hour, and for nearly that space of time his friend and he sauntered about the shore. At length an officer, deputed by his expected adversary, arrived, and not only accounted satisfactorily for the delay that had taken place, but made every other explanation, with respect to the supposed offence, that the two friends could require.

The brig of war, in which they sailed, having been ordered to convoy a fleet of small merchant-men to Patras and Prevesa, they remained, for two or three days, at anchor off the former place. From thence, proceeding to their ultimate destination, and catching a sunset view of Missolonghi in their way, they landed on the 29th of September, at Prevesa.

The route which Lord Byron now took through Albania, as well as those subsequent journeys through other parts of Turkey, which he performed in company with his friend Mr Hobhouse, may be traced, by such as are desirous of details on the subject, in the account which the latter gentleman has given of his travels;—an account which, interesting from its own excellence in every merit that should adorn such

a work, becomes still more so from Lord Byron is, as it were, present there and that we there follow his first journey into the land, with whose name he has his own for ever. As I am enabled, by the letters of the noble poet to his mother and others, still more curious, which are now being published, to give his own rough sketches of his wanderings, I shall call after this general reference to the volume, with such occasional extracts as may throw light upon the letters of

LETTER XL.

TO MRS BYRON.

Prevesa, Nov.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I have now been some time in place is on the coast, but I have traversed the province of Albania, on Pacha. I left Malta in the *Spider*, on the 21st of September, and arrived in Prevesa. I thence have been about as far as Tepaleen, his highness's country I stayed three days. The name of the and he is considered a man of the first governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Epirus, and part of Macedonia). I Pacha, to whom he has given me letters Morea, and has great influence in Egypt is one of the most powerful men in thepire. When I reached Yanina, the journey of three days over the mountainous country of the most picturesque beauty Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyria Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. that an Englishman of rank was in his had left orders in Yanina with the to provide a house, and supply me with necessary *gratis*; and, though I have to make presents to the slaves, &c., I permitted to pay for a single article of sumption.

"I rode out on the vizier's horses, palaces of himself and grandsons: they but too much ornamented with silk and went over the mountains through Z with a Greek monastery (where I slept in the most beautiful situation (also Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. reached Tepaleen. Our journey was marked by the torrents that had fallen from the and intersected the roads. I shall now singular scene* on entering Tepaleen.

* The following is Mr Hobhouse's description of this scene:—"The court at T was enclosed on two sides by the palace, a two-sided by a high wall, presented us, at once with a sight something like what we might behold some hundred years ago in the castle feudal lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled wall near them, were assembled in different square; some of them pacing slowly back wards, and others sitting on the ground in horses, completely caparisoned, were leading others were neighing under the hands of

possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) 'a watery grave.' I did what I could to console Fletcher; but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst.* I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

"Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels: we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, † and since nearly wrecked.

* I have heard the poet's fellow traveller describe this remarkable instance of his coolness and courage even still more strikingly than it is here stated by himself. Finding that, from his lameness, he was unable to be of any service in the exertions which their very serious danger called for, after a laugh or two at the panic of his valet, he not only wrapped himself up and lay down, in the manner here mentioned, but, when their difficulties were surmounted, was found fast asleep.

† In the route from Ioannina to Zitta, Mr Holthouse and the Secretary of Ali, accompanied by one of the servants, had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at the village just as the evening set in. After describing the sort of hotel in which they were to take up their quarters for the night, Mr Holthouse thus continues—'Vasilly was dispatched into the village to procure eggs and fowls, that would be ready, as we thought, by the arrival of the second party. But an hour passed away and no one appeared. It was seven o'clock, and the storm had increased to a fury I had never before, and indeed have never since, seen equalled. The roof of our hotel shook under the clattering torrents and gusts of wind. The thunder roared, as it seemed, without any intermission: for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads: whilst the plains and the distant hills, visible through the cracks of the cabin, appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrific and worthy of the Grecian Jove; and the peasants, no less religious than their ancestors, confessed their alarm. The women wept, and the men, calling on the name of God, crossed themselves at every repeated peal.

"We were very uneasy that the party did not arrive; but the Secretary assured me that the guides knew every part of the country, as did also his own servant, who was with them, and that they had certainly taken refuge in a village at an hour's distance. Not being satisfied with the conjecture, I ordered fires to be lighted on the hill above the village, and some muskets to be discharged. This was at eleven o'clock, and the storm had not abated. I lay down in my great coat, but all sleeping was out of the question, as any pause in the tempest were filled up by the barking of the dogs, and the shouting of the shepherds in the neighbouring mountains.

"A little after midnight, a man, panting and pale, and drenched with rain, rushed into the room, and, between crying and roaring, with a profusion of action, communicated something to the Secretary, of which I understood only—that they had all fallen down. I learnt, however, that no accident had happened, except the falling of the luggage horses, and losing their way, and that they were now waiting for fresh horses and guides. Ten were immediately sent to them, together with several men with pine torches, but it was not till two o'clock in the morning that we heard they were approaching, and my friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut before three.

"I now learnt from him that they had lost their way from the commencement of the storm, when not above three miles from the village, and that, after wandering up and

In both cases, Fletcher was sorely bewildered, apprehensive of famine and banditti in the second instance. His little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I do not know which), but are now recovered. When you address to me at Mr Stranč's, English consul, Morea.

"I could tell you I know not how many that I think would amuse you, but they fill my mind as much as they would swell my paper. I can neither arrange them in the one, nor lay them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not like some tribes are Christians. But their religious little difference in their manner or conduct are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish army. I lived on my route two days at once, and then again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the sons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen the French, Sicilian, and British troops in Asia. I have had nothing stolen, and was always supplied to their provision and milk. Not a wealthy Albanian chief (every village has its chief called Primate), after helping us out of the galley in her distress, feeding us, and his suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, Frenchmen, a Greek priest, and my companion, house, refused any compensation but a written statement that I was well received; and when he wished him to accept a few sequins, 'No,' he replied, 'I wish you to love me, not to pay me.' These words.

"It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had to pay, by the vizier's order; but since, those generally had sixteen horses, and generally seven men, the expense has not been half as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nine months. I had only one servant. By the by, I expect to remit regularly; for I am not about to go to the province for ever. Let him write to Mr Stranč's, English consul, Patras. The fertility of the plains is wonderful, and the soil, which makes this remarkable change, am going to Athens to study modern Greece differs much from the ancient, though radically. I have no desire to return to England, unless compelled by absolute want, and neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for

down in total ignorance of their position, the first, stopped near some Turkish tomb-stones, and which they saw by the flashes of lightning. Thus thus exposed for nine hours; and the guides, assisting them, only augmented the confusion, and away, after being threatened with death by the Dragoman, who, in an agony of rage and fear, giving any warning, fired off both his pistols, from the English servant an involuntary scream for he fancied they were beset by robbers.

"I had not, as you have seen, witnessed the part of this adventure myself, but from the description drawn of it by my friend, and from the exact descriptions of George, I formed myself a good picture of the whole situation, and should consider this to have been of the most considerable of the few adventures either of us during our tour in Turkey. It was when we ceased to talk of the thunder storm in the plains

much to see in Greece, and I may as Africa, at least the Egyptian part. All Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, reconciled to the Turks by a few pastures from the vizier, which, if any thing, and the value of specie worth ten guineas English. He has escaped from cold, heat, and vermin, he is in cottages and cross mountains he must undergo, and of which I have said with himself: but he is not valiant, he is a robber and tempest. I have no number to in England, and wish to form it, but that you are well, and a business from H. * *, whom you see. I will write when I can, and beg

Your affectionate son,

"BYRON."

In middle of November, the young traveller's departure from Provesa (the place where the letter was written), and proceeded, the guard of fifty Albanians,* through the Morea.

How can he take a trusty band
From Acarnania's forest wide,
And with labours tann'd,
And with white Achelous' tide,
To his farther task Aetolia's woods copied.
Childe Harold, Canto II.

On the night-scene at Utraikey (a small town on one of the bays of the Gulf of Patras), vividly in the recollection of every traveller, nor will it diminish their enjoyment of the beauties of that picture to be reminded of the real circumstances on which it is founded, in the following animated description given by his fellow traveller:—
The gates were secured, and provisions made for feeding our Albanians. A roasted whole, and four fires in the yard, round which the soldiers sat in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the fires, and whilst ourselves and the Albanians were seated on the ground, danced to their own songs, in the manner of the Greeks, but with an astonishing energy. These were relations of some robbing expedition, which detained them more than a month. When we set out from the city of sixty of us:—then came the bur-

Robbers all at Parga.
Robbers all at Parga!

Κλέφταις ποτε Πάργα!
Κλέφταις ποτε Πάργα!

And out this stave they whirled round
And rebounded from their knees,
And round as the chorus was again
Rippling of the waves upon the pebbly

I think, makes the number of this guard and Lord Byron, in a subsequent letter,

margin where we were seated, filled up the pauses of the song with a milder and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark, but by the flashes of the fires we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearance of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in the hands of such an artist as the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*."

Having traversed Acarnania, the travellers passed to the Aetolian side of the Achelous, and on the 21st of November reached Missolonghi. And here,—it is impossible not to pause, and send a mournful thought forward to the visit which, fifteen years after, he paid to this same spot,—when in the full meridian both of his age and fame, he came to lay down his life as the champion of that land through which he now wandered a stripling and a stranger. Could some spirit have here revealed to him the events of that interval,—have shown him, on the one side, the triumphs that awaited him, the power his varied genius would acquire over all hearts, alike to elevate or depress, to darken or illuminate them,—and then place, on the other side, all the penalties of this gift, the waste and wear of the heart through the imagination, the havoc of that perpetual fire within, which, while it dazzles others, consumes the possessor,—the invidiousness of such an elevation in the eyes of mankind, and the revenge they take on him who compels them to look up to it,—*would* he, it may be asked, have welcomed glory on such conditions? would he not rather have felt that the purchase was too costly, and that such warfare with an ungrateful world, while living, would be ill recompensed even by the immortality it might award him afterwards?

At Missolonghi he dismissed his whole band of Albanians, with the exception of one, named Dervish, whom he took into his service, and who, with Basilus, the attendant allotted him by Ali Pacha, continued with him during the remainder of his stay in the East. After a residence of near a fortnight at Patras, he next directed his course to Vostizza,—on approaching which town the snowy peak of Parnassus, towering on the other side of the Gulf, first broke on his eyes; and, in two days after, among the sacred hollows of Delphi, the stanzas, with which that vision had inspired him, were written.*

It was at this time that, in riding along the sides of Parnassus, he saw an unusually large flight of eagles in the air,—a phenomenon which seems to have affected his imagination with a sort of poetical superstition, as he, more than once, recurs to the circumstance in his journals. Thus, "Going to the fountain of Delphi (Castrì) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (H. says they were vultures—at least, in conversation) and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in *Childe Harold*), and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical part of

* Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the faded landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through the native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!"

innocently to the compliments of the man, foresee that a day would come, & make her name and home so celebrated. On their return from Greece, we discuss more interesting to their such details of herself and her family

—
 and, who had gone before to procure
 us, met us at the gate and conducted us
 to the Consul's, where we at
 This lady is the widow of the consul,
 lovely daughters; the eldest, cele-
 beauty, and said to be the subject of
 by Lord Byron,

Athena, ere we part,
 give me back my heart ! etc.

where, where stood the Temple of the
 tempted to exclaim, 'Whither have
 you'—Little did I expect to find them
 comes one of them with golden cups
 and another with a book. The book is a
 some, some of which are far sounded by
 mine. Among them is Lord Byron's,
 with some lines which I shall send you :

Thus smiling sees her son depart,
 her north and nursery of art ;
 the most glorious is his aim,
 Athens, and he—writes his name

—
 by Lord Byron :

Thus, like many a bard unknown,
 his name, but wisely hides his own ;
 he, to be, to say no worse,
 than void wing more credit than his verse.

of the three Athenian Graces will,
 your curiosity, and fire your imagi-
 not I say despair of your farther atten-
 I attempt to give you some description of
 their apartment is immediately opposite to
 I can see them, as we do now,
 the gently waving aromatic plants before
 you would leave your heart in Athens.
 the Maid of Athens, Catineo, and
 of middle stature. On the crown of the
 is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a
 spread out and fastened down like a star.
 the bottom of the skull-cap is a hand-
 some colours bound round their temples,
 and wears her hair loose, falling on her
 the hair behind descending down the
 to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with
 the eldest generally have their hair bound,
 under the handkerchief. Their upper
 line edged with fur, hanging loose down
 ; below is a handkerchief of muslin
 bosom, and terminating at the waist,
 ; under that, a gown of striped silk or
 a gore round the swell of the loins,
 float in graceful negligence;—white
 d yellow slippers complete their attire.
 have black, or dark, hair and eyes ;
 oval, and complexion somewhat pale,
 dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are
 noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline,
 youngest, Mariann, is very fair, her face

not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression
 than her sisters', whose countenances, except when
 the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be
 said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant,
 and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as
 would be fascinating in any country. They possess
 very considerable powers of conversation, and their
 minds seem to be more instructed than those of the
 Greek women in general. With such attractions it
 would, indeed, be remarkable, if they did not meet
 with great attentions from the travellers who occa-
 sionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the
 eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs
 gathered under them on the divan, and without
 shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambour-
 ing, and reading.

"I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties
 through the waving aromatic plants before their
 window. This, perhaps, has raised your imagina-
 tion somewhat too high, in regard to their condition.
 You may have supposed their dwelling to have every
 attribute of eastern luxury. The golden cups, too,
 may have thrown a little witchery over your excited
 fancy. Confess, do you not imagine that the doors

Self open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia's land :
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
 So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed.

"You will shortly perceive the propriety of my
 delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic
 plants which I have mentioned are neither more nor
 less than a few geraniums and Grecian balm, and
 that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfur-
 nished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by
 'cunning hand.' Then, what would have become
 of the Graces had I told you sooner that a single room
 is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen ?
 You see how careful I have been to make the first
 impression good; not that they do not merit every
 praise, but that it is in man's august and elevated
 nature to think a little slightly of merit, and even
 of beauty, if not supported by some worldly show.
 Now, I shall communicate to you a secret, but in
 the lowest whisper.

"These ladies, since the death of the consul their
 father, depend on strangers living in their spare room
 and closet,—which we now occupy. But, though so
 poor, their virtue shines as conspicuously as their
 beauty.

"Not all the wealth of the East, or the complimen-
 tary lays even of the first of England's poets, could
 render them so truly worthy of love and admiration."

Ten weeks had flown rapidly away, when the un-
 expected offer of a passage in an English sloop of war
 to Smyrna induced the travellers to make immediate
 preparations for departure, and, on the 5th of March,
 they reluctantly took leave of Athens. "Passing,"
 says Mr Hobhouse, "through the gate leading to the
 Piræus, we struck into the olive-wood on the road
 going to Salamis, galloping at a quick pace, in order
 to rid ourselves, by hurry, of the pain of parting."

* Travels in Italy, Greece, &c., by H. W. Williams, Esq.

He adds, "we could not refrain from looking back, as we paced rapidly to the shore, and we continued to direct our eyes towards the spot, where we had caught the last glimpse of the Thesëum and the ruins of the Parthenon through the vistas in the woods, for many minutes after the city and the Acropolis had been totally hidden from our view."

At Smyrna Lord Byron took up his residence in the house of the consul-general, and remained there, with the exception of two or three days employed in a visit to the ruins of Ephesus, till the 11th of April. It was during this time, as appears from a memorandum of his own, that the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold*, which he had begun five months before at Ioannina, were completed. The memorandum alluded to, which I find prefixed to his original manuscript of the Poem, is as follows:

"Byron, Ioannina in Albania.
Began October 31st, 1809;
Concluded Canto 2d. Smyrna,
March 26th, 1810.

"BYRON."

From Smyrna the only letter, at all interesting, which I am enabled to present to the reader, is the following.

LETTER XLI.

TO MRS BYRON.

"Smyrna, March 19, 1810.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I cannot write you a long letter, but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, &c. &c., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side, on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province.

"When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr H. *, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go, the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but yourself and Mr H. *, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination.

"F. *, is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful,—cloudless skies, and

lovely landscapes. But I must reserve my adventures till we meet. I keep my friend H. writes incessantly. P. Murray and Robert, and tell the best fortunate thing for him that he did me to Turkey. Consider this as my safety, and believe me,

"Yours, &c.

On the 11th of April he left Smyrna frigate, which had been ordered to for the purpose of conveying the Adair, to England, and, after an expedition the ruins of Troas, arrived, at the following month, in the Dardanelles frigate was at anchor in these straits letters to his friends Mr Drury and M. written.

LETTER XLII.

TO MR HENRY DRURY.

"Salsette Frigate

"MY DEAR DRURY,

"When I left England, nearly a year ago, I requested me to write to you—I will crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence by key, where I am still wandering. I Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we far as Mount Tomarit—excellently chief Ali Pacha,—and, after joining Illyria, Chaonia, &c., crossed the Gulf with a guard of 50 Albanians, and glorious in our route through Acarnania. We stopped a short time in the Mor Gulph of Lepanto, and landed at the naus;—saw all that Delphi retailed Thebes and Athens, at which last we weeks.

"His Majesty's ship *Pylades* brought but not before we had topographical drawing of course Marathon and the Sun From Smyrna to the Troad (which was at anchor, for a fortnight, off the town) was our next stage; and now we are dardanelles, waiting for a wind to proceed to nople.

"This morning I swim from Smyrna. The immediate distance is not above current renders it hazardous;—so I doubt whether Leander's conjugal all have been a little chilled in his passion. I attempted it a week ago, and failed north wind, and the wonderful rapidity though I have been from my childhood swimmer. But, this morning being needed, and crossed the broad Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes.

"Well, my dear sir, I have left seen part of Africa and Asia, and a bit of Europe. I have been with general princes and pachas, governors and un but I have not time or paper to expatiate

that I live with a friendly remembrance and a hope to meet you again; and, as early as possible, attribute it to any cause.

Great and modern, you know too well, Albania, indeed, I have seen an Englishman (except a Mr Leake), rarely visited, from the savage natives, though abounding in more than the classical regions of Greece, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Cape Coloma in Attica. Yet time to parts of Illyria and Epirus, without a name, and rivers not laid out, one day, when more known, be superior subjects, for the pencil and the dry duteh of the Ilissus and the bogs

is a fine field for conjecture and a good sportsman and an inquisitor may exercise their feet and faculties upon the spot;—or, if they prefer their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire, who wriggles about as if the gods all offered their wonted tribute. The Trojans, or her destroyers, are the barbarians to contain the carcasses of Achilles, &c., &c.—but Mount Ida is still in the hands of the shepherds are now-a-days the Haymakers. But why should I say more?—they are not written in the field and have not H. got a journal? I keep a few numerical scribbles.

There is a difference between ourselves and the Greeks, who have * * *, and they have long dresses, and we short, and they little. * * * * * Ali Pacha told me he was a man of rank, because I had small hands and curling hair. By the by, I like the modern Greek, tolerably. It differs from the ancient dialects so much as to be unrecognisable; but the pronunciation is disapproving. Of verse, except in rhyme, they

the Greeks, who are plausible rascals,—Turkish vices, without their courage. They are brave, and all are beautiful, resembling the busts of Alcibiades:—the more so handsome. I can swear in it, except one horrible oath, and 'pimp,' and 'water,' I have got no great vocabulary. They are extremely poor of any rank, properly protected; and servants and two soldiers, we get on well. We have been occasionally in danger, and once of shipwreck,—but

I fell in love with a married woman, an aide-de-camp of General * * * (a who grinned at something,—I never what!—but he explained and apologized, and I embarked for Cadiz, and so I left and erim. con. Of Spain I sent to our Hodgson, but have subsequently sent, gave notes to relations and lawyers,

to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connexion, on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

"Tell Doctor Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe,—no,—you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return; and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a 36-gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

"And so H.'s *broke* is out, * with some sentimental sing-song of my own to fill up,—and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the 2nd edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title-page? and more lines tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

"Remember me to Claridge, if not translated to college, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople.—Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

"On the 2d of July we have left Albion one year—'oblitus meorum obliviscendus et illis.' I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I 'drag on' my chain without 'lengthening it at each remove.' I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for. All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the mosquitoes that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

"My paper is full, and my ink ebbing—good afternoon! If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry,—at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the

* The Miscellany, to which I have more than once referred.

† He has adopted this name in his description of the Seraglio in Don Juan, Canto IV. It was, if I recollect right, in making love to one of these girls that he had re-

the names of these divinities,—all of them under 15.

"Your ταπεινότητος δουλος,

"BYRON."

LETTER XLIII.

TO MR. HODGSON.

"Salsette Frigate, in the Dardanelles,
off Abydos, May 5th, 1810.

"I am on my way to Constantinople, after a tour through Greece, Epirus, etc., and part of Asia Minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend and host, H. Drury. With these, then, I shall not trouble you; but, as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well, etc., I take the opportunity of our ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have time to dispatch. We have undergone some inconveniences, and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of communication, unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. This,—with a few alarms from robbers, and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish galliot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married woman at Malta, a challenge to an officer, attachment to three Greek girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects,—form all that has distinguished my progress, since my departure from Spain.

"H. rhymes and journalizes; I stare and do nothing—unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinized; but I have lived a good deal with the Greeks, whose modern dialect I can converse in enough for my purposes. With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances—female society is out of the question. I have been very well treated by the Pashas and Governors, and have no complaint to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures,—were I to attempt the recital, neither my paper nor your patience would hold out during the operation.

"Nobody, save yourself, has written to me since I left England; but indeed I did not request it. I except my relations, who write quite as often as I wish. Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing, except that it is out; and of my 2d edition I do not even know that, and certainly do not, at this distance, interest myself in the matter. * * * I hope you and Bland roll down the stream of time with rapidity.

"Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect. We have been very nearly one year abroad. I should wish to gaze away another, at least, in these ever-green climates; but I fear business, law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period, if not very quickly. If so, you shall have due notice.

course to an act of courtship often practised in that country,—namely, giving himself a wound across the breast with his dagger. The young Athenian, in his own account, looked on very coolly during the operation, considering it as fit tribute to her beauty, but in no degree moved to gratitude.

"I hope you will find me an altered person; do not mean in body, but in manner, for I have found out that nothing but virtue will do in the world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have in its agreeable varieties, and mean, on my return, to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off my carnal company, and betake myself to polite decorum. I am very serious and cynical, and am deal disposed to moralize; but, fortunately, the coming homily is cut off by default of the defection of paper.

"Good morrow! If you write, address me Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded; need not remember me to any body, but believe yours with all faith,

"BYRON."

From Constantinople, where he arrived on the 1st of May, he addressed four or five letters to Mr. I. in almost every one of which his achievement of swimming across the Hellespont is commemorated. The exceeding pride, indeed, which he took in this classic feat (the particulars of which he has abundantly detailed), may be cited among the instances of that boyishness of character, which he carried with him so remarkably into his mature age, and which, while it puzzled distant observers, was not among the least amusing or striking of his peculiarities to those who knew him intimately. So late as eleven years from this, when some sceptical traveller ventured to question after all, the practicability of Leander's exploit, Byron, with that jealousy on the subject of his personal prowess which he retained from boyhood, entered again, with fresh zeal, into the details, and brought forward two or three other instances of his own feats in swimming,* to corroborate the statement originally made by him.

In one of these letters to his mother from Constantinople, dated May 24th, after referring, as to his notable exploit, "in humble imitation of Love of amorous memory, though," he adds, "I am Hero to receive me on the other side of the Hellespont," he continues thus:—

"When our ambassador takes his leave, I accompany him to see the sultan, and after probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing from Mr. Hanson, but one remittance, without any from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as they go, without reserve; and, lest this should be enough, in my next to Mr. Hanson I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to

* Among others, he mentions his passage of the Hellespont in 1809, which is thus described by Mr. Hobhouse: "My companion had before made a more perilous and celebrated passage, for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from old Lisbon to Balem Coast, having to contend with a tide and counter current, wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours crossing the river." In swimming from Sestos to Abydos, he was one hour and ten minutes in the water.

In the year 1808, he had been nearly drowned while swimming at Brighton with Mr. L. Stanhope. The Mr. Hobhouse, and other bystanders, sent to come by with ropes tied round them, who at last succeeded in getting Lord Byron and Mr. Stanhope from the surf, and saved their lives.

much, in the present state of my affairs, proper to require. I have already interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, but shall not proceed further till I have in the mean time I shall expect you, according to circumstances; and I am amongst my friends, the Greeks.

With his usual kind solicitude about me, he writes—

care of my boy Robert, and the old It is fortunate they returned; neither the one, nor the age of the other, would be changed by climate and fatigue of tra-

LETTER XLIV.

TO MR HENRY DERRY.

Constantinople, June 17th, 1810.

I am to you as recently. I break in to congratulate you on a child being born to you. Hodgson apprises me of that.

He has been an expedition through the Red Sea and the Cyrenaic Sym. I am so interested at as great a distance as to their boy. You are beginning of the same's date in the which I beg you to take the following notice.

He is in company with the Lord and Lady. He is in company with the Lord and Lady. He is in company with the Lord and Lady.

and with me—Mr. had not this with him. I should never have known the end work, and breaking down of the servants.

as to the Cyrenaic, swim from the sea. I am so interested in my last, and for the North, shall not fail to send you the copy from the Library.

—Mr. Hodgson, who will deliver the copy to you, and, as he is in the country, I shall not anticipate his coming. I shall not anticipate his coming.

—Mr. Hodgson, who will deliver the copy to you, and, as he is in the country, I shall not anticipate his coming. I shall not anticipate his coming.

—Mr. Hodgson, who will deliver the copy to you, and, as he is in the country, I shall not anticipate his coming. I shall not anticipate his coming.

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grim. Tell Davies that H. has made excellent use of his best jokes in many of his majesty's ships of war; but add, also, that I always took care to restore them to the right owner; in consequence of which he (Davies) is no less famous by water than by land, and reigns unrivalled in the cabin, as in the 'Cocoa Tree.'

"And Hodgson has been publishing more poetry—I wish he would send me his 'Sir Edgar' and 'Bland's Anthology' to Malta, where they will be forwarded. In my last, which I hope you received, I gave an outline of the ground we have covered. If you have not been overtaken by this dispatch, H's tongue is at your service. Remember me to Dwyer, who owes me eleven guineas. Tell him to put them in my banker's hands at Gibraltar or Constantinople. I believe he paid them once, but that goes for nothing, as it was an annuity.

"I wish you would write. I have heard from Hodgson frequently. Malta is my post-office. I mean to be with you by next Montem. You remember the last,—I hope for such another; but, after having swam across the 'broad Hellespont,' I disdain Datchet." Good afternoon! I am yours, very sincerely,

"BYRON."

About ten days after the date of this letter we find another, addressed to Mrs Byron, which—with much that is merely a repetition of what he had detailed in former communications—contains also a good deal worthy of being extracted.

LETTER XLV.

TO MRS BYRON.

DEAR MOTHER,

"Mr Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in North, some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an interpreter (English servants are not travellers), will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been extremely extensive.

"I remember Mahomet Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanna is little below of ten years of age, with large black eyes, which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turke, asked me how I came to travel so young, without any body to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of themselves. I cannot now write copiously. I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a halcyon, but never a tedious moment, and that all I am afraid of is, that I shall contract a gipsy-like wandering disposition, which will quite leave me to me: then, I am told, is very

"Alluding to his having swam across the Hellespont with Mr H. Derry, after the Hellespont, to see how easy it was they could perform the passage back with me and towards another walking land, in the way which had been of mine, after which they were loaded with drinking have been the consequence.

common with men in the habit of peregrination, and, indeed, I feel it so. On the third of May, I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. You know the story of *Leander*, but I had no *Hero* to receive me at landing.

"I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it by sight than I do of London. I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me;—I am not able to write long letters: in June, I return to spend my summer in Greece.

"F. is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Wortley errs strangely when she says 'St Paul's would cut a strange figure by St Sophia's.' I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly 'Soleyman,' &c., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St Paul's (I speak like a *Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St Paul's, St Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen.

"The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same order; but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven towers to the end of the Golden Horn.

"Now for England. I am glad to hear of the progress of 'English Bards,' etc.—of course, you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo lane, London? It was finished and paid for long before I left England: pray, send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do

you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, &c. Though I was happy to obtain my seat with assistance of Lord Carlisle, I had no more to keep with a man who declined interfering in relation on that occasion, and I have done so, though I regret distressing Mrs Leigh, poor! I hope she is happy.

"It is my opinion that Mr B * * ought to have Miss R * *. Our first duty is not to do what we please! that is impossible: our next is to regulate our power. The girl is his equal: if she is inferior, a sum of money and provision for her would be some, though a poor compensation; if she is superior, he should marry her. I will have no gayety on my estate, and I shall not allow my privilege I do not permit myself, that of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I am guilty of many excesses; but, as I have taken resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I can Lothario to follow the example, and begin restoring this girl to society, or, by the best of fathers: he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master: poor boy, very unwilling to return. I trust you are happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you.

"Believe me yours very sincerely,

"By A

"P. S.—How is Joe Murray?

"P. S.—I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned to accompany me to the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter."

The reader has not, I trust, passed carelessly over the latter part of this letter. There is a healthiness in the moral feeling so unaffectedly expressed, which seems to answer for a heart sound at the time; however passion might have scorched it, years after, when he had become more candid, that artificial tone of banter, in which it is so luckily, his habit to speak of his own good, as well as of those of others, however capricious might still have been of the same amiable nature. I question much whether the perverse fear, I thought desirous to pass for moral would have prevented him from thus naturally and avowing them.

The following extract from a communication addressed to a distinguished monthly work, by a traveller who, at this period, happened to meet Lord Byron at Constantinople, bears sufficient features of authenticity to be presented, without citation, to my readers.

"We were interrupted in our debate by the entrance of a stranger, whom, on the first glimpse, I guessed to be an Englishman but lately arrived at Constantinople. He wore a scarlet coat, richly embroidered with gold, in the style of an English de-camp's dress-uniform, with two heavy epaulettes. His countenance announced him to be about the age of two-and-twenty. His features were regular and delicate, and would have given him a feminine appearance, but for the manly expression of his blue eyes. On entering the inner shop, he took off his feathered cocked-hat, and showed a head

which improved in no small degree the beauty of his face. The impression which *grecian* made on my mind was such, that it remained deeply engraven on my memory years have since gone by, the least in the slightest degree impaired or faded. He was attended by a British officer to the English embassy, and was personally acted as a Cicerone. These circumstances, together with a wound in one of his legs, convinced me that I had already heard of Lord Byron. I had already heard of his late arrival in the *Salsette* which had come up from the Smyrna station, and Mr Adair, our ambassador to the Porte, had been previously travelling in Asia Minor with his friend Mr Hobhouse, a great amateur of smoking; he was a shop for the purpose of purchasing the different Italian, in which language was Cicerone, and the latter's still more Turkish, made it difficult for the two to understand their wishes, and as this was the case, I addressed him in French, to interpret for him. When his name occurred to me to be an Englishman, he was readily by the hand, and assured me, in a friendly manner, that he always felt more than he met with a countryman. His name and my bargain being communicated together, and rambled about in a world of which I had the pleasure of being a member to some of the most remarkable in Constantinople. The peculiar circumstances of our acquaintance took place in the month of June, in one day, a certain degree of intimacy was formed, and we were frequently together, and I frequently addressed him, and he did not think of inquiring how I was, or asking mine. His lordship had the foundation of that literary reputation afterwards acquired; on the contrary, known as the author of his *Hours of Solitude* with which the Edinburgh Reviewer criticised that production was still a fresh English reader's recollection. I could not be supposed to seek his acquaintance from those motives of vanity which have tempted others since: but it was natural to an accidental rencontre, and all that was on that occasion, I should, on the course of the same week at dinner at the ambassador's, have requested one of those who was intimately acquainted with me to him in regular form. His perfect recollection of me, but in a moment, and immediately after turned away. This unceremonious proceeding, being contrast with previous occurrences so strange in it, that I was at account for it, and felt at the same time disposed to entertain a less favourable opinion of his lordship than his apparent frankness with at our first meeting. It was without surprise, that, some days

after, I saw him in the streets, coming up to me with a smile of good-nature in his countenance. He accosted me in a familiar manner, and offering me his hand, said,—'I am an enemy to English etiquette, especially out of England; and I always make my own acquaintance without waiting for the formality of an introduction. If you have nothing to do, and are disposed for another ramble, I shall be glad of your company.' There was that irresistible attraction in his manner, of which those who have had the good fortune to be admitted into his intimacy, can alone have felt the power in his moments of good-humour; and I readily accepted his proposal. We visited again more of the most remarkable curiosities of the capital, a description of which would here be but a repetition of what a hundred travellers have already detailed with the utmost minuteness and accuracy; but his lordship expressed much disappointment at their want of interest. He praised the picturesque beauties of the town itself, and its surrounding scenery; and seemed of opinion that nothing else was worth looking at. He spoke of the Turks in a manner which might have given reason to suppose that he had made a long residence among them, and closed his observations with these words:—'The Greeks will, sooner or later, rise against them; but if they do not make haste, I hope Buonaparte will come and drive the useless rascals away.'*

During his stay at Constantinople, the English minister, Mr Adair, being indisposed the greater part of the time, had but few opportunities of seeing him. He, however, pressed him, with much hospitality, to accept a lodging at the English palace, which Lord Byron, preferring the freedom of his homely inn, declined. At the audience granted to the ambassador, on his taking leave, by the Sultan, the noble poet attended, in the train of Mr Adair,—having shown an anxiety as to the place he was to hold in the procession, not a little characteristic of his jealous pride of rank. In vain had the minister assured him that no particular station could be allotted to him;—that the Turks, in their arrangements for the ceremonial, considered only the persons connected with the embassy, and neither attended to, or acknowledged, the precedence which our forms assign to nobility. Seeing the young peer still unconvinced by these representations, Mr Adair was, at length, obliged to refer him to an authority, considered infallible on such points of etiquette, the old Austrian Internuncio,—on consulting whom, and finding his opinions agree fully with those of the English minister, Lord Byron declared himself perfectly satisfied.

On the 14th of July his fellow-traveller and himself took their departure from Constantinople on board the *Salsette* frigate,—Mr Hobhouse with the intention of accompanying the ambassador to England, and Lord Byron with the resolution of visiting his beloved Greece again. To Mr Adair he appeared at this time (and I find that Mr Bruce, who met him afterwards at Athens, conceived the same impression of him), to be labouring under great dejection of spirits. One circumstance related to me, as having occurred in the course of the passage, is not a little striking. Perceiving, as he walked the deck, a small

yataghna, or Turkish dagger, on one of the benches, he took it up, unsheathed it, and, having stood for a few moments contemplating the blade, was heard to say, in an under voice, "I should like to know how a person feels, after committing a murder!" In this startling speech we may detect, I think, the germ of his future *Ginours* and *Laras*. This intense wish to explore the dark workings of the passions was what, with the aid of imagination, at length generated the *power*; and that faculty which entitled him afterwards to be so truly styled "the searcher of dark bosoms," may be traced to, perhaps, its earliest stirrings in the sort of feeling that produced these words.

On their approaching the island of Zea, he expressed a wish to be put on shore. Accordingly, having taken leave of his companion, he was landed upon this small island, with his two Albanians, a Tartar, and one English servant, and in one of his manuscripts, he has himself described the proud, solitary feeling with which he stood to see the ship sail swiftly away—leaving him there, in a land of strangers, alone.

A few days after, he addressed the following letter to Mrs Byron from Athens.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS BYRON.

* Athens July 25, 1810.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. You northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer; which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again a place which I think I prefer, upon the whole, to any I have seen.

"My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England.

"The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow collegian, is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B., having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—by the by, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. F * *, after having been toasted, and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophize, is grown a refined, as well as a resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the fu-

ture family pedigree of the F * *, who I see Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their wit. He (F * *) begs leave to send half a dozen. Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not see his ill-written and worse spelt letters have come to hand; as for that matter, there is no loss in either of our letters, saving and excepting wish you to know we are well, and warm on this present writing, God knows. You may expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you, rather singular that Mr H * * has not written a syllable since my departure. Your letters are mostly received, as well as others; from which I conjecture that the man of law is either angry or

"I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours; but you know you are a rascal, that a dutiful appellation? Pray, take care of your books, and several boxes of papers in the library; and pray leave me a few bottles of port wine to pay me to drink, for I am very thirsty;—but insist on the last article, without you like it, I suppose you have your house full of silly women and scandalous things. Have you ever received a picture in oil from Saunders, London? It has been for these sixteen months: why do you not send it? My suite, consisting of two Turks, two Catholics, a Lutheran, and the nondescript, Fletcher, are so much noise that I am glad to sign myself

"Yours, &c. &c.

"BYRON.

A day or two after the date of this letter, I was in Athens in company with the Marquis of Sligo. Having travelled together as far as Corinth, from thence branched off in different directions, Lord Sligo to pay a visit to the capital of the Morea, and Lord Byron to proceed to Patras, where some business, as will be seen by the following letter, with the English consul, Mr Strané.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MRS BYRON.

* Patras, July 27.

"DEAR MADAM,

"In four days from Constantinople, with a fair wind, I arrived in the frigate at the island of Ceos, from whence I took a boat to Athens. I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. When we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the consul, Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I left Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense in England, if it reaches 98°. You are all on the other day, in travelling between Athens and Malta, the thermometer was at 125°!! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

Constantinople, I saw the Sultan and the interior of the mosques, which happen to travellers. Mr Hobhouse expected: I am in no hurry to receive particular communications for myself; my surprise at Mr H. 's is such that he will remit regularly. Arrangement has been made with Mr Strane, consul-general, Patras, to complain of my silence—I have written him many times within the last year: never a month, and often more. If my letter, you must not conclude that we are at peace; there is a war, or a pestilence, or famine; you credit silly reports, which I have in Notts, as usual. I am very happy more or less than I usually am; but I am very glad to be once more in the arms of my companion,—not that he is so good, but because my nature leads me to him; and every day adds to this disposition. There are many men who would wish to persuade me to go to Egypt, another to Persia; but I have seen enough. The greater part is already my own, so that I shall not go; and look upon my old acquaintances, the only acquaintances I ever had in the East.

At the suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, and a Greek, but in this country they are not sustained. Adair received me well, and indeed I have no complaints against him; but here is necessary, for inns are scarce, and the houses of Greeks, Turks, and Armenians—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a stable; to-day with the Pacha, the next day with the Pacha, the next day with the Pacha. I shall continue to write briefly, and am glad to hear from you; but I am not with things from the papers, as if I were not found all over the world. I have not a dozen before me. Pray take care, and believe me, my dear mother,

part of the two following months he was occupied in making a tour of the very distinguished reception he met at Pacha, the son of Ali, is mentioned in more than one of his letters. On from this tour to Patras, he was ill of illness, the particulars of which are in the following letter to Mr Hodgson; in many respects, so similar to those of my lady, with which, fourteen years ago, I was attacked, in nearly the same spot, the account is written, it is difficult to be melancholy.

In the Advertisement prefixed to his *Siege of Tripoli*, he visited all three (Tripolitz, Napoli, and Sicily), and in the course of journeying (try, from my first arrival in 1809, crossed it twice in my way from Athens to the Morea, and, on the other direction, when passing Athens to that of Lepanto.)

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR HODGSON.

* Patras, Morea, October 31, 1810.

"As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much 'allegrezza' in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which, when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woeful work with visitors. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied)—the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

"When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins;—but what can a helpless, feverish, toasted-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glistered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it.

Youth, Nature, and resenting Jove,
To keep my lamp in strongly strove;
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three—and blew it out.

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

"Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Vely Pacha, who paid me great honours and gave me a pretty stallion. He is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter—he bears a dispatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied, in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next Boke, seeing that half-a-guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

"As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school-companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So I here shake hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed, I asked it not;—and here I am, a poor traveller, and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out—Lord help me!

"I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta. On all points, Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures. I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the 'Lady of the Lake' advertised. Of course it is

in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

"And how does 'Sir Edgar?' and your friend, Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble. The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill. I suppose you won't allow me to be an author; but I condemn you all, you dogs!—I do.

"You don't know D—s, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry, I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned—Lord forgive me for using such a word!—but the pit, sir, you know, the pit—they will do those things, in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury-lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend D— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now, was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Blue-beard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

"Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scrope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead, and renewing our old champagne evenings, with all the gloss of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity, and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us at least look forward to merry ones, which come nearest to the other in appearance, if not in reality; and in such expectations I remain, &c."

He was a good deal weakened and thinned by his illness at Patras, and, on his return to Athens, standing one day before a looking-glass, he said to Lord Sligo—"How pale I look!—I should like, I think, to die of a consumption."—Why of a consumption? asked his friend. "Because then (he answered) the women would all say, 'See that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying.'" In this anecdote,—which, slight as it is, the relater remembered, as a proof of the poet's consciousness of his own beauty,—may be traced also the habitual reference of his imagination to that sea, which, however he affected to despise it, influenced, more or less, the flow and colour of all his thoughts.

He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. "Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you why I feel thus towards her."—A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked

leg and foot, exclaimed—"Look there!—it is false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; yet, as long as I can remember, she has never to taunt and reprove me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my return to England, she, in one of her fits of passion, cast an imprecation upon me, praying that I might be as ill-formed in mind as I am in body!" His manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, conceived only by those who have seen him in a similar state of excitement.

The little value he had for those relics of art, in pursuit of which he saw all his classic travellers so ardent, was, like every thing he thought or felt, unreservedly avowed by him. Lord Sligo having it in contemplation to expend some money in digging for antiquities, Lord Byron, in order to act as his agent, and to see the money, as he honestly applied, said—"You may safely trust I am no Dilettante. Your connoisseurs are thieves;—but I care too little for these things to steal them."

The system of thinning himself, which he began before he left England, was continued as rigidly abroad. While at Athens, he took no bath, for this purpose, three times a week,—his drink being vinegar and water, and his food no more than a little rice.

Among the persons, besides Lord Sligo, whom he saw most of at this time, were Lady Hester and Mr Bruce. One of the first objects, indeed, that met the eyes of these two distinguished travellers on their approaching the coast of Attica, was Byron, disporting in his favourite element, under the rocks of Cape Colonna. They were afterwards acquainted with each other by Lord Sligo, and, in the course, I believe, of their first interview, it was table, that Lady Hester, with that lively candour for which she is so remarkable, took the post to task for the depreciating opinion which, as understood, he entertained of all female intellect. But little inclined, were he even able, to sustain a heresy, against one who was, in her own person, such an irresistible refutation of it, Lord Byron had no other refuge from the fair orator's arguments in assent and silence; and this well-bred delicacy, in a sensible woman's eyes, equivalent to a concession, they became, from thenceforward, mutual friends. In recalling some recollections of a period in his "Memoranda," after relating the circumstance of his being caught bathing by an English party at Sunium, he added, "This was the beginning of the most delightful acquaintance which I had in Greece." He then went on to assure Mr Bruce, if ever those pages should meet his eyes, that the days they had passed together at Athens were remembered by him with pleasure.

During this period of his stay in Greece, we find him forming one of those extraordinary friendships, if attachment to persons so inferior to himself is called by that name,—of which I have already mentioned two or three instances in his younger days, in which the pride of being a protector, and the sure of exciting gratitude, seem to have constituted his mind the chief pervading charm. This was the man whom he now adopted in this manner, and from

house which had inspired his early at-
tention, the cottage near Newstead, and the
son, I believe, of a widow
the artist Lusieri lodged. In
interest;—so much so, as
presented to him, on their parting, a
sum of money, but to have sub-
stant for him, as the reader will learn,
as well as permanent, provi-

occasionally made excursions through
the Morea, his head-quarters were fixed
he had taken lodgings in a Francis-
and, in the intervals of his tours, em-
a collecting materials for those notices
of modern Greece, which he has ap-
Canto of Childe Harold. In
in utter defiance of the "genius
Hints from Horace,"—a satire
as it is with London life from be-
the date, "Athens, Capuchin
1811."

remaining letters addressed to his
and content myself with selecting the two

LETTER XLIX.

TO MRS BYRON.

"Athens, January 14th, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,

to mention to write, as usual, shortly,
with arrival of letters, where there
communication, is, of course, very
I have lately made several small
about two miles about the Morea,
I have finished my grand giro by the
scenic, &c., and am returned down
I believe I have mentioned to you
that I swam (in imitation of Leander,
lady) across the Hellespont, from
Of this, and all other particulars,
I have sent home with papers, &c., will

I cannot find that he is any loss;
master of the Italian and modern
which last I am also studying with
order and discourse more than enough
man. Besides, the perpetual lament
and beer, the stupid, bigoted con-
thing foreign, and insurmountable in-
quaring even a few words of any lan-
him, like all other English servants,
I do assure you, the plague of
the comfort he required (more than
the pilaws [a Turkish dish of rice and
could not eat, the wines which he
the beds where he could not sleep,
of calamities, such as stumbling
&c. which assailed him, would
source of laughter to a spectator,
to a master. After all, the man is
and, in Christendom, capable enough;
Lord forgive me! my Albanian sol-

diers, my Tartars and Janizary, worked for him and
us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify.

"It is probable I may steer homewards in spring;
but, to enable me to do that I must have remit-
tances. My own funds would have lasted me very
well; but I was obliged to assist a friend, who, I
know, will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out
of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a
winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of
travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages
of looking at mankind, instead of reading about them,
and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the
narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there
should be a law amongst us, to set our young men
abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars
have left us.

"Here I see and have conversed with French,
Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Ameri-
cans, &c. &c. &c.; and without losing sight of my
own, I can judge of the countries and manners of
others. Where I see the superiority of England
(which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken
about in many things), I am pleased, and where I
find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I
might have staid, smoked in your towns, or fogged
in your country, a century, without being sure of
this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or
amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I
any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done
with authorship; and if, in my last production, I
have convinced the critics or the world I was some-
thing more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor
will I hazard that reputation by a future effort. It
is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave
them for those who come after me; and, if deemed
worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my
memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I
have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of
Athens, &c. &c., for me. This will be better than
scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope,
on my return, to lead a quiet, reclusive life, but God
knows and does best for us all; at least, so they say,
and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I
have no reason to complain of my lot. I am con-
vinced, however, that men do more harm to them-
selves than ever the devil could do to them. I trust
this will find you well, and as happy as we can be;
you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and
yours ever."

LETTER L.

TO MRS BYRON.

"Athens, February 28th, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,

"As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c., I
shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg
you will state to Mr H. that it is necessary to further
remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer,
as before, no. If it is necessary to sell, sell Roch-
dale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with
my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I
have, in the first place, no opinion of funded prop-
erty; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be
led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all

events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the east, such is the difference in the value of money, and the abundance of the necessities of life; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—if I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan.

"Believe me, yours ever,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month."

The voyage to Egypt, which he appears from this letter to have contemplated, was, probably for want of the expected remittances, relinquished; and, on the 3d of June, he set sail from Malta, in the *Volage* frigate, for England, having, during his short stay at Malta, suffered a severe attack of the tertian fever. The feelings with which he returned home may be collected from the following melancholy letters.

LETTER LI.

TO MR HODGSON.

"*Volage* frigate, at sea, June 29th, 1811.

"In a week, with a fair wind, we shall be at Portsmouth, and on the 2d of July, I shall have completed (to a day) two years of peregrination, from which I am returning with as little emotion as I set out. I think, upon the whole, I was more grieved at leaving Greece than England, which I am impatient to see, simply because I am tired of a long voyage.

"Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning home without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence.

"I trust to meet, or see you, in town or at Newstead, whenever you can make it convenient—I suppose you are in love and in poetry, as usual. That husband, H Drury, has never written to me, albeit I have sent him more than one letter;—but I dare say the poor man has a family, and of course all his cares are confined to his circle.

For children fresh expenses get.
And Dicky now for school is fit.

If you see him, tell him I have a letter to Tucker, a regimental chirurgeon and friend who prescribed for me, * * * and a worthy man, but too fond of hard words, be too late for a speech-day, or I should go down to Harrow.

* * * * *

I regretted very much in Greece having carry the *Anthology* with me—I mean *Merivale's*.

* * * * *

What has Sir Edgar done? And the *Imaginal* Translations—where are they? I may don't mean to let the public off so easily, I'll send them home with a quarto. For me, I am fops and poesy and prate, and shall leave the Castalian state to Bufo, or any body else; you are a sentimental and sensibitious person, will rhyme to the end of the chapter. I have written some 4000 lines, of one kind or another, on my travels.

"I need not repeat that I shall be back with you. I shall be in town about the 8th, at the Hotel, in Albemarle-street, and proceed to Notts., and thence to Rochdale and so on.

"I am, here and there, yours &c.

LETTER LII.

TO MRS BYRON.

"*Volage* frigate, at sea, June 30th, 1811.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"This letter, which will be forwarded by the *Volage* frigate, at Portsmouth, probably about the 1st of July, is begun about twenty-three days after my departure from Malta. I have just been two days, on the 2d of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings as prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference, within that apathy I certainly do not count myself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartment at Newstead, but don't disturb yourself to count, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a visitor. I must only say that for a long time I have been restricted to a vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh comes into my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of greens, and hiscuit: I drink no wine. I have servants, middle-aged men, and both Greek and Italian, my intention to proceed first to town, to see you, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Harrow. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet is very necessary for me to observe. I am in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over.

"My plans will so much depend on circumstances that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, I suppose we shall wrestle through life like the rest of us; indeed, by H's last advice, I shall

of finding Newstead dismantled by men, but he seems determined to sell it, but he will be baffled. I shall be much pestered with visitors; you must receive them, for I am deterred by nobody breaking in upon my retirement. I never was fond of society, as you know. I have brought you a quantity of attar of roses, but these I can give if possible. I trust to find my library full.

There is no doubt arrived. I shall separate from Mr B's farm, for his son is too gay to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, and we shall be faithful, and whose wife is a beauty, it is necessary to sober young men, and will people the parish with bastards. I had seduced a dairy-maid, he might have been like an apology; but the girl is a high life or low life reparation is in the circumstances. But I shall not interfere with the Buonaparte by dismembering the nation, and erecting part of it into a principality for Marshal Fletcher: I hope you govern your country and its load of national debt with wisdom. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to remain yours, &c.

This letter was written to be sent from the ship, on arriving there, the squadron was to be the Navy, from whence I shall forward it. I am sure you are before, supposing you might be by the arrival mentioned in the letter being the arrival between our arrival in port and the arrival at Newstead."

LETTER LIII.

TO AN HENRY DUCRY.

From the ship, off Ushant, July 17th, 1811.

DEAR DUCRY,
Two years' absence (on the 2d) and some time approaching your country. The day and you will see by the outside date of my present, we are becalmed comfortably, in Harbours;—I have never been so near the Duck Puddle. * * * * *
On the thirty-four days ago, and have had a sight of it. You will either see or hear it, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass it to repair my irreparable affairs; and to go to Notts. and raise rents, and to visit collieries, and back to London and to go down to Rochdale in person. I brought home some marbles for Hobhouse; four ancient Athenian skulls,* dug out from a phial of attic hemlock†—four live greyhound (died on the passage)—two servants, one an Athenian, the other a Greek, can speak nothing but Romaine and myself, as Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, and I may say it too, for I have as

Afterwards to Sir Walter Scott.
Sent in the possession of Mr Murray.

little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair.

"I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks, to tell you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos—have you received my letter? * * * Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the real Parnassus, where I robbed the Bishop of Chios of a book of geography?—but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour's ride of Delphi."

Having landed the young pilgrim once more in England, it may be worth while, before we accompany him into the scenes that awaited him at home, to consider how far the general character of his mind and disposition may have been affected by the course of travel and adventure, in which he had been, for the last two years, engaged. A life less savouring of poetry and romance than that which he had pursued previously to his departure on his travels, it would be difficult to imagine. In his childhood, it is true, he had been a dweller and wanderer among scenes well calculated, according to the ordinary notion, to implant the first rudiments of poetic feeling. But, though the poet may afterwards feed on the recollection of such scenes, it is more than questionable, as has been already observed, whether he ever has been formed by them. If a childhood, indeed, passed among mountainous scenery were so favourable to the awakening of the imaginative power, both the Welsh, among ourselves, and the Swiss, abroad, ought to rank much higher on the scale of poetic excellence than they do at present. But, even allowing the picturesqueness of his early haunts to have had some share in giving a direction to the fancy of Byron, the actual operation of this influence, whatever it may have been, ceased with his childhood; and the life which he led afterwards, during his school-days at Harrow, was,—as naturally the life of so idle and daring a schoolboy must be,—the very reverse of poetical. For a soldier or an adventurer, the course of training through which he then passed would have been perfect;—his athletic sports, his battles, his love of dangerous enterprise, gave every promise of a spirit fit for the most stormy career. But to the meditative pursuits of poetry, these dispositions seemed, of all others, the least friendly; and however they might promise to render him, at some future time, a subject for bards, gave, assuredly, but little hope of his shining first among bards himself.

The habits of his life at the university were even still less intellectual and literary. While a schoolboy, he had read abundantly and eagerly, though desultorily; but even this discipline of his mind, irregular and undirected as it was, he had, in a great measure, given up, after leaving Harrow; and among the pursuits that occupied his academic hours, those of playing at hazard, sparring, and keeping a bear and bull-dogs, were, if not the most favourite, at least, perhaps, the most innocent. His time in London passed equally unmarked either by mental cultivation or refined amusement. Having no resources in private society, from his total want of friends and connexions, he was left to live loosely about town among the loungers in coffee-houses; and to those who remember what his two favourite haunts, Lincolns'

and Stevens's, were at that period, it is needless to say that, whatever else may have been the merits of these establishments, they were any thing but fit schools for the formation of poetic character.

But however incompatible such a life must have been with those habits of contemplation, by which, and which only, the faculties he had already displayed could be ripened, or those that were still latent could be unfolded, yet, in another point of view, the time, now apparently squandered by him, was, in after-days, turned most invaluably to account. By thus initiating him into a knowledge of the varieties of human character,—by giving him an insight into the details of society, in their least artificial form,—in short, by mixing him up, thus early, with the world, its businesses and its pleasures, his London life but contributed its share in forming that wonderful combination, which his mind afterwards exhibited, of the imaginative and the practical—the heroic and the humorous—of the keenest and most dissecting views of real life, with the grandest and most spiritualized conceptions of ideal grandeur.

To the same period, perhaps, another predominant characteristic of his maturer mind and writings may be traced. In this anticipated experience of the world which his early mixture with its crowd gave him, it is but little probable that many of the more favourable specimens of human kind should have fallen under his notice. On the contrary, it is but too likely that some of the lightest and least estimable of both sexes may have been among the models, on which, at an age when impressions sink deepest, his earliest judgments of human nature were formed. Hence, probably, those contemptuous and debasing views of humanity, with which he was so often led to alloy his noblest tributes to the loveliness and nobility of general nature. Hence the contrast that appeared between the fruits of his imagination and of his experience,—between those dreams, full of beauty and kindness, with which the one teemed at his bidding, and the dark, desolating bitterness that overflowed when he drew from the other.

Unpromising, however, as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unfailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds—his love of solitude—which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection, by which alone the “diamond quarries” of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy at Harrow, he had shown this disposition strongly,—being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and sitting alone upon a tomb in the churchyard, give himself up for hours to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and, had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the distractions of society, to enable him, solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of others' thoughts, which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient lei-

sure and seclusion to look within himself, to catch the first “glimpses of his glorious mine of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his *“randa,”* was, when bathing in some retired spot himself on a high rock above the sea, to remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and waters,” and lost in that sort of vague reverie, however formless and indistinct at the moment; afterwards, on his pages, into those clear, beautiful pictures, which will endure for ever.

Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that surrounded the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his own power, these openings into a domain of intellect where he was to reign supreme, have made the solitary hours of the young traveller a dream of happiness. But it will be seen that, yet, he distrusted his own strength, nor was he aware of the height to which the spirit he was calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these lonely musings, that a society of his fellow-traveller, though with him congenial to his own, grew at last to be almost a burthen on him; and it was not till he was companionless, on the shore of the little island of Egæan that he found his spirit breathe freer. Stronger proof were wanting of his deep love of solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that even when in the arms of the woman he most loved, he not seldom found himself sighing to be alone.

It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of feelings and powers, that travel conduced essentially to the formation of his poetical character. The East he had looked, with the eyes of the poet, from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycant's History of the East had taken a strong hold of his imagination; and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book that the East he could find.† In visiting, there-fore,

* To this he alludes in those beautiful stanzas,

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell, and

Alfred, before his dramatic genius had yet unfolded, used to pass hours, as he tells us, in this sort of a state, gazing upon the ocean.—“Après le spectacle mes amusemens à Marseille étoient de me baigner tous les soirs dans la mer. J'avois trouvé un petit fort agréable, sur une langue de terre placée à l'entrée du port, où on m'asseyant sur le sable, le dos appuyé sur un petit rocher qui empêchoit qu'on ne pût me voir, côté de la terre, je n'avois plus devant moi que la mer. Entre ces deux immensités, qu'enveloppait un rayon d'un soleil couchant, je passois en rêvant des heures délicieuses, et là, je serais devenu poète, si j'allois écrire dans une langue quelconque.”

† But a few months before he died, in a conversation with Maurocordato at Missolonghi, Lord Byron on Turkish History was one of the first books that he mentioned with pleasure when a child, and I believe it had much to do with my subsequent wishes to visit the Levant, and perhaps the oriental colouring which is observable in my poetry.—*Count Osmán's Narrative*.

In the last edition of Mr. DIsraeli's work on *Literary Character*,* that gentleman has given curious marginal notes, which he found written by Byron in a copy of this work that belonged to him. Among them is the following enumeration of the writers whose works Rycant, had drawn his attention so early to:

* Knowles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montagu, Hawkins's Translation from Magnoli's History of the

he was but realizing the dreams of his youth, and this return of his thoughts to that ideal gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had not wanted. Under the spell of the new discovery of novelty was among the causes through which he wandered through the scenes of the past—and few have wandered so vividly—mingled themselves with the objects before him; and, like the highlands, he had often traversed, in the land of the Moslem, so memory, from the land of Albania, now "carried him back to

the sources of poetic feeling were stirred in him, was also in his quick change of scene—in the diversity of men and manners—in the perpetual hope of advancement of enterprise, such a succession of ever fresh excitement, as not only kept, but invigorated, all the energies of his mind. Thus he himself describes his mode of life:—"To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a tent, to-day with the Pacha, the next with the Sultan. Thus were his powers of observation and the impressions on his imagination. Thus schooled, too, in some of the rougher vicissitudes of life, and, so far, made acquainted with the favour of adversity, he learned to bear that so common in his high station, the vicissitudes, and became inured to that constant rest of thought which is so important in his writings. Nor must we forget, the strengthening and animating effects of the constant contemplation of danger, which he experienced,—having been placed in the most exposed and sea, well calculated to give that peculiar sense of energy, which peculiarly characterizes his poetry, and which never fail to inspire.

Amongst which—in spite of his assumed indifference to the subject, in *Childe Harold*—he took part, connected with a life of warfare, found opportunities of gratification, not only on the English ships of war in which he sailed, but in the personal intercourse with the soldiers of the British army, a solitary place on the Gulf of Smyrna, he passed two or three days, lodged in a small barrack. Here, he lived the whole of his time among the soldiers; and a picture of the scene which their evenings presented—half-bandit warriors, seated round the camp-fire, examining, with savage admiration, the English gun and English sword—might be too touchingly, with another and a third, of the same poet dying, as a chieftain,

all travels, or histories, or books upon which I had read, as well as Rycant, a genus old. I think, the Arabian Nights were. I preferred the history of naval actions, and Smollett's novels, particularly *Roderick Random*, was passionate for the Roman History. I could never bear to read any Poetry whatsoever and reluctance."

On the next day, and we spent another day with the soldiers. The captain, Elmas, tried a fine evening to my friend, and, hitting his mark, highly delighted."—*Hobhouse's Journey*.

on the same land, with Suliotes for his guards and all Greece for his mourners.

It is true, amid all this stimulating variety of objects, the melancholy which he had brought from home still lingered around his mind. To Mr Adair and Mr Bruce, as I have before mentioned, he gave the idea of a person labouring under deep dejection; and Colonel Leake, who was, at that time, resident at Ioannina, conceived very much the same impression of the state of his mind. But, assuredly, even this melancholy, habitually as it still clung to him, must, under the stirring and healthful influences of his roving life, have become a far more elevated and abstract feeling than it could have expanded to within reach of those annoyances, whose tendency was to keep it wholly concentrated round self. Had he remained idly at home, he would have sunk, perhaps, into a querulous satirist. But as his views opened on a freer and wider horizon, every feeling of his nature kept pace with their enlargement; and this inborn sadness, mingling itself with the effusions of his genius, became one of the chief constituent charms not only of their pathos, but their grandeur. For, when did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul, that melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?

We have seen, from the letters written by him on his passage homeward, how far from cheerful or happy was the state of mind in which he returned. In truth, even for a disposition of the most sanguine cast, there was quite enough in the discomforts that now awaited him in England, to sadden its hopes and check its buoyancy. "To be happy at home," says Johnson, "is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends." But Lord Byron had no home,—at least none that deserved this endearing name. A fond, family circle, to accompany him with its prayers, while away, and draw round him with listening eagerness on his return, was what, unluckily, he never knew, though with a heart, as we have seen, by nature formed for it. In the absence, too, of all that might cheer and sustain, he had every thing to encounter that could distress and humiliate. To the dreariness of a home without affection, was added the burden of an establishment without means, and he had thus all the em-

* It must be recollected that by two of these gentlemen he was seen chiefly under the restraints of presentation and etiquette, when whatever gloom there was on his spirits would, in a shy nature like his, most show itself. The account which his fellow-traveller gives of him is altogether different. In introducing the narration of a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, Mr Hobhouse expresses strongly the deficiency of which he is sensible, from the absence, on this occasion, of "a companion, who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger." In some lines, too, of the "Hints from Horace," addressed evidently to Mr Hobhouse, Lord Byron not only renders the same justice to his own social cheerfulness, but gives a somewhat more distinct idea of the frame of mind out of which it rose:—

Mosches! with whom I hope once more to sit,
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend, for thee I quit my Cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vire is bagatelle!"
Which charm'd our days in each Aegean clime,
And oft at home with revelry and rhyme.

barrassments of domestic life without its charms. His affairs had during his absence been suffered to fall into confusion, even greater than their inherent tendency to such a state warranted. There had been, the preceding year, an execution on Newstead, for a debt of £1500, owing to the Messrs Brothers, upholsterers; and a circumstance told of the veteran, Joe Murray, on this occasion, well deserves to be mentioned. To this faithful old servant, jealous of the ancient honour of the Byrons, the sight of the notice of sale, pasted up on the abbey-door, could not be otherwise than an unsightly and intolerable nuisance. Having enough, however, of the fear of the law before his eyes, not to tear the writing down, he was at last forced, as his only consolatory expedient, to paste a large piece of brown paper over it.

Notwithstanding the resolution, so recently expressed by Lord Byron, to abandon forever the vocation of authorship, and leave "the whole Castalian state" to others, he was hardly landed in England when we find him busily engaged in preparations for the publication of some of the Poems which he had produced abroad. So eager was he, indeed, to print, that he had already, in a letter written at sea, announced himself to Mr Dallas, as ready for the press. Of this letter, which, from its date, ought to have preceded some of the others that have been given, I shall here lay before the reader the most material parts.

LETTER LIV.

TO MR DALLAS.

• Voyage frigate, at sea, June 28th, 1811.

"After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth), I am retracing my way to England.

"I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this, to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

"My *Satire*, it seems, is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended.

"Yours and Pratt's *protégé*, Blackett, the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in a very good plight, shoe (not verse) making: but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong waters to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Durant's, in Alber-

marle-street, glad to see you. I have an image of Horace's *Art of Poetry* ready for Cawthorn, but let that deter you, for I shan't inflict it upon you. I know I never read my rhymes to visitors. I shall be in town in a few days for Notts., and thence to Dale. Yours, &c."

Immediately on Lord Byron's arrival in London, Mr Dallas called upon him. "On the 15th of June," says this gentleman, "I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel in St James's street. I thought his looks belied the report given me of his bodily health, and his countenance did not betoken melancholy, or displeasure, or return. He was very animated in the account of his travels, but assured me he had never had an idea of writing them. He said he believed it to be his *forte*, and to that he had adhered. He had written, during his stay at different places, a Paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which he considered a good finish to English Bards and Song-writers. He seemed to promise himself all the fame from it, and I undertook to superintend its publication, as I had done that of the *Satire*. He chose the time ill for my visit, and we had no time to converse uninterruptedly; he only engaged me to breakfast with him next morning.

In the interval Mr Dallas looked over the Paraphrase, which he had been permitted by Lord Byron to take home with him for the purpose, and his appointment was, as he himself describes it, "very anxious," on finding that a pilgrimage of two years' inspiring lands of the East had been attended with no richer poetical result. On their meeting next morning, though unwilling to speak discouragingly of the work, he could not refrain, as he told me, from expressing some surprise that his friend should have produced nothing else during his absence. "Upon this," he continues, "Lord Byron told me that he had occasionally written poems, besides a great many stanzas in the same measure relative to the countries he had visited. 'They are not worth troubling you with, but I shall have them all with you, if you like.' He then showed me a copy of his *Paraphrase*, which he had written by Child's Harold's Pilgrimage. He took it in a small trunk, with a number of verses. It had been read but by one person, who had said very little to commend and much to condemn. He himself was of that opinion, and he was sure it should be so too. Such as it was, however, was at my service: but he was urgent that 'The Paraphrase' should be immediately put in the hands of the public, which I promised to have done."

The value of the treasure thus presented to Mr Dallas was not slow in discovering. The evening he dispatched a letter to his noble friend, saying—"You have written one of the most beautiful poems I ever read. If I wrote this history, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. I have been so fascinated by Child's Harold, that I have not been able to do more than write down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, on its gaining you great honour and regard, and on its doing me the credit and favour of attending to suggestions respecting," &c. &c. &c.

giving him just praise, and the secret I have been in a heart so awake to the power of love, it was some time before a ~~strong~~ repugnance to the idea of ~~Christ~~ ~~filial~~ could be removed.

Mr. Dallas, "as he had hitberted my opinions and suggestions, and natural as it should be awayed by such decided approval to find that I could not otherwise wish him for my judgment on Childe Pilgrimage." 'It was any thing but poetry was pronounced by a good critic—had I not seen the sentences on the margins of the MS. I dwell upon the Paraphrase of the Song with pleasure, and the manuscript of the poem is in Canthorpe, the publisher of the MS. brought forth without delay. I did not have time so: before I quitted him I read the margin, and told him that I was so glad to meet of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, he had given it to me, I should certainly have to have the kindness to attend to corrections and alterations."

On many instances, recorded in literary criticism, of the judgments of authors respecting their contemporaries, this preference given by Lord Byron to little worthy of his genius, over such rare and original beauty as the first of English Harriets, may be accounted, perhaps, of the most extraordinary and inexplicable. "It is as much as in coals," says Swift, "to have there be a vein of gold which the world is not of." But Lord Byron had made a mistake of the vein, without, as it would seem, being aware of it. I have already had occasion to remark that, even while occupied with the composition of *Childe Harriett*, it is questionable whether he was fully conscious of the new mode of thought and feeling, that had been introduced, and the strange estimate we now attach to his own production appears to confirm the remark. It would seem, indeed, as if the imaginative powers of his mind had reached, as it were, to the point of development, but the faculty of judgment, in its development, was still immature, and self-judgment, the most difficult of all.

which, from the deference, which, at this period of his life, he was inclined to entertain of those with whom he associated, he was, perhaps, to conclude that his estimation arose rather from a difference of judgment, than from any deficiency in his college companions, almost all of his superiors in scholarship, and some of whom, at this time, his competitors in poetry, were with a degree of fond and admiring complacency, which his ignorance of his own intel-

how less wonderful that authors should thus
productions when whole generations have
into the same sort of error. The Sonnets
by the learned of his day considered only
indistinctly by whom they were chanted
do, while his Epic Poem, "Africa," of which
known the existence, was sought for on all
smallest fragment of it begged from the
libraries of the learned.

tal strength alone could account ; and the example, as well as tastes, of these young writers being mostly on the side of established models, their authority, as long as it influenced him, would, to a certain degree, interfere with his striking confidently into any new or original path. That some remains of this bias, with a little leaning, perhaps, towards school-recollections,* may have had a share in prompting his preference of the Horatian Paraphrase, is by no means improbable ;—at least, that it was enough to lead him, untried as he had yet been in the new path, to content himself, for the present, with following up his success in the old. We have seen, indeed, that the manuscript of the two Cantos of *Childe Harold* had, previously to its being placed in the hands of Mr Dallas, been submitted by the noble author to the perusal of some friend—the first and only one, it appears, who at that time had seen them. Who this fastidious critic was, Mr Dallas has not mentioned ; but the sweeping tone of censure in which he conveyed his remarks was such as, at any period of his career, would have disconcerted the judgment of one, who, years after, in all the plenitude of his fame, confessed, that “ the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him, than the applause of the highest was pleasing.”†

Though on every thing that, after his arrival at the age of manhood, he produced, some mark or other of the master-hand may be traced, yet, to print the whole of his *Paraphrase of Horace*, which extends to nearly 800 lines, would be, at the best, but a questionable compliment to his memory. That the reader, however, may be enabled to form some opinion of a performance, which—by an error or caprice of judgment, unexampled, perhaps, in the annals of literature—its author, for a time, preferred to the sublime musings of Childe Harold, I shall here select a few such passages from the *Paraphrase* as may seem calculated to give an idea as well of its merits as its defects.

The opening of the poem is, with reference to the original, ingenious :

Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvas with each datter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cities grow continents underneath his brush?
Or should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost (as once the world has seen)
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that force politeness, which defends
Pools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, *Musculus*, like that picture seen,
The book which, siller than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic night-mares, without head or feet.

The following is pointed, and felicitously expressed :—

* Gray, under the influence of a similar predilection, preferred, for a long time, his Latin poems to those by which he has gained such a station in English literature. * Shall we attribute this," says Mason, "to his having been educated at Eton, or to what other cause? Certain it is, that when I first knew him, he seemed to set a greater value on his Latin poetry than on that which he had composed in his native language."

† One of the manuscript notes of Lord Byron on Mr. D'Israeli's work, already referred to.—Vol. I. p. 141.

Then glide down Grub-street, fasting and forgot,
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

Of the graver parts, the annexed is a favourable specimen:—

New words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase:
What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say, why not,
As well as William Pitt and Walter Scott,
Since they, by force of rhyme, and force of lungs,
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues?
'T is then, and shall be, lawful to present
Reforms in writing as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And words and words but dwindle to a date.
Though, as a monarch nods and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals:
Though swamps subdued, and marishes drain'd, sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain;
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar—
All, all must perish. But, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past:
True,—some decay, yet not a few survive,
Though those shall sink which now appear to thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting away
Our life and language must alike obey.

I quote what follows chiefly for the sake of the note attached to it:

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt?—see Dryden, Pope, St Patrick's Dean.*

Blank verse is now with one consent allied
To tragedy, and rarely quits her side:
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;—
While modest comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and pun in very middling prose.
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse;
But so Thalia pleases to appear,—
Poor virgin!—damn'd some twenty times a year.

There is more of poetry in the following verses upon Milton than in any other passage throughout the Paraphrase:—

* Awake a louder and a loftier strain!
And, pray, what follows from his boiling brain?
He sinks to S***'s level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fall in nice!
Not so of yore awake your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master lyre
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
* Of man's first disobedience and the fruit *
He speaks, but as his subject swells along,
Earth, Heaven, and Hades, echo with the song.

The annexed sketch contains some lively touches:—

Behold him Freshman!—forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's devilish verses,† and—his own:

* Mac Flecknoe, the Dunciad, and all Swift's lampooning ballads.—Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings and angry retort on unworthy rivals, and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.*

† Harvey, the circulator of the circulation of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, 'the book had a devil.' Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book, not from dislike to the poet, but a well founded horror of hexameters. Indeed,

Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstract,
He dies from T—ll's frown to * Fordham's Morn
Unlucky T—ll, doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils and by bears!
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions, threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plains:
Rough with his elders—with his equals rash—
Civil to sharpers—prodigal of cash.

Fool'd, pillaged, damn'd, he wastes his terms away
And, unexpell'd perhaps, retires M. A.—
Master of Arts!—as Hells and Clubs * proclaim,
Where scarce a black-leg bears a brighter name.
Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,
He sees the selfish prudence of his sire:
Marries for money—chuses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank:
Sits in the senate: gets a son and heir—
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there:
Mute though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer
His son's so sharp—he'll see the dog a peer!
Manhood declines—age praises every limb
He quits the scene, or else the scene quits him:
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny groans
And Avarice seizes all Ambition leaves—
Counts cent, per cent, and smiles or wails from
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts:
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons—but to die.
Peevish and spiteful, dotting, hard to please,
Commending every time save times like these,
Graced, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept, is buried—let him rot!

In speaking of the opera, he says:

Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to agree
His anguish doubled by his own * encore *
Squeezed in * Pop's Alley, * rosted by the beam,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his tea,
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of sleep
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release
Why this and more he suffers, can ye guess?
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!

The concluding couplet of the following is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of bitterness with which their author sometimes speaks in conversation;—so much so that those who hear him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words:—

But every thing has faults, nor is 't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices at their owners' call,
With all their best endeavours, only squall.
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.

One more passage, with the humorous note appended to it, will complete the whole amount of favourable specimens:—

And that's enough—then write and print so fast
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd he last?
They storm the types, they publish one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall—

(the public school penance of 'Long and Short' to begot an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a life, and perhaps so far may be an advantage.)

* 'Hell,' a gaming-house so called, where you sit little and are cheated a good deal. 'Club,' a pleasant gatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.*

† As Mr Pope took the liberty of damming Homer whom he was under great obligations to—And Homer (him) calls—it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical licence: and in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

arose some doubts and difficulty as to a publisher. Though Lord Byron had entrusted Cawthorne with what he considered to be his *sure card*, the "Hints from Horace," he did not, it seems, think him of sufficient station in the trade to give a sanction or fashion to his more hazardous experiment. The former refusal of the Messrs Longman to publish his "English Harle and Scotch Reviewers" was not forgotten; and he expressly stipulated with Mr Dallas that the manuscript should not be offered to that house. An application was, at first, made to Mr Miller, of Albemarle-street, but, in consequence of the severity with which Lord Elgin was treated in the poem, Mr Miller (indeed the publisher and bookseller of this latter nobleman) declined the work. Even this circumstance, so apprehensive was the poet for his fame,—began to awaken all the qualms and terrors he had at first felt; and, had any further difficulties or objections arisen, it is more than probable he might have relapsed into his original intention. It was not long, however, before a person was found willing and proud to undertake the publication. Mr Murray, who, at this period, resided in Fleet-street, having, some time before, expressed a desire to be allowed to publish some work of Lord Byron, it was in his hands that Mr Dallas now placed the manuscript of *Childe Harold*;—and thus was laid the first foundation of that connexion between this gentleman and the noble poet, which continued, with but a temporary interruption, throughout the lifetime of the one, and has proved an abundant source of honour, as well as emolument, to the other.

While thus busily engaged in his literary projects, and having, besides, some law affairs to transact with his agent, he was called suddenly away to Newstead by the intelligence of an event, which seems to have affected his mind far more deeply than, considering all the circumstances of the case, could have been expected. Mrs Byron, whose excessive corpulence rendered her, at all times, rather a perilous subject for illness, had been of late indisposed, but not to any alarming degree; nor does it appear that, when the following note was written, there existed any grounds for apprehension as to her state.

* Reddish's Hotel, St James's street,
London, July 23d. 1811.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am only detained by Mr H* * to sign some copyhold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town. I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lanchester on *Whitstable* business. I shall attend to your directions of course, and am,

"With great respect, yours ever,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—You will consider Newstead as your house, and mine, and me only as a visitor."

On his going abroad, she had conceived a sort of superstitious fancy that she should never see him again, and when he returned, safe and well, and wrote to inform her that he should soon see her at Newstead, she said to her waiting woman, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be."—and so, in fact, it hap-

pened. At the end of July, her illness and fatal turn; and, so easily characterised close of the poor lady's life, that a fit of it, it is said, by reading over the *epitaph* was the ultimate cause of her death. She had, of course, prompt intelligence of this, though he started instantly from town late,—she had breathed her last.

The following letter, it will be perceived, was written on his way to Newstead.

LETTER LV.

TO DR PIGOT.

* Newport Pagnell, Aug.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"My poor mother died yesterday! I am on my way from town to attend her to the last. I heard one day of her illness, the next of her death. Thank God, her last moments were not painful. I am told she was in little pain, and not in a very bad situation.—I now feel the truth of Mr T. vation. "That we can only have one mother be with her! I have to thank you for your of regard, and as in six weeks I shall be shire on business, I may extend to L. Chester,—at least I shall endeavour.

"If it will be any satisfaction, I have that in November next the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* be tried for two different libels on the late myself (the decease of Mrs B. makes no the proceedings), and as he is guilty, foolish and unfounded assertion, of a breach of the law, he will be prosecuted with the utmost

"I inform you of this, as you seem to be interested in the affair, which is now in the hands of the law.

"I shall remain at Newstead the greater part of the month, where I shall be happy to hear from you after my two years' absence in the East.

"I am, dear Pigot, yours very truly

It can hardly have escaped the observant reader, that the general tone of the noble correspondence with his mother is that of a son, strictly and conscientiously, what he considers his duty, without the intermixture of any cordiality to sweeten the task. The "Madam," by which he addresses her, he but seldom exchanges for the endearing "mother,"—is, of itself, a sufficient evidence of the sentiments he entertained for her. That have been his dispositions towards such a mother, be matter neither of surprise or blame notwithstanding this situation, which he fortunate temper produced, he should have consulted her wishes, and minister to her comfort.

* In many instances the mothers of illustrious men have been proud no less of the affectionate glory of their sons; and Tasso, Pope, Gray, are among these memorable examples of filial affection. In the lesser poets of Tasso there are few that fulfil as his description, in the *Confessions* to his first parting with his mother—

Me dai sen della madre omida baciato
Piangendo divider, &c.

thoughtfulness as is evinced not only by the letters, but in the almost exclamation of Newstead to her use, respectively, to an ordinary degree, to his was even the more strikingly meritorious of that affection, which renders to a beloved object little more than an end.

Stripped from her his feelings must have been while she lived, her death restored them into their natural channel from a return of early fondness and regret of the grave, or from the prospect of his future life, which this loss of the past would leave, it is certain she death of his mother acutely, if not the night after his arrival at Newstead, the morning of Mrs Byron, in passing the door where the deceased lady lay, heard a low sighing heavily from within; she entered the chamber, found, to her surprise, the young man in the dark, beside the bed. On seeing him the weakness of thus giving vent to his grief burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, but I am alone in the world, and she is

his real thoughts were thus confided to her, there was, in other parts of his character, a degree of eccentricity which, with superficial observation, would bring the sensibility of his nature into the morning of the funeral, having seen the remains himself, he stood looking at the door, at the procession, till the funeral was over;—then turning to young Rushmore, the person left besides himself, he took up the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to exercise with the boy. He was silent for some time, and, as if from an effort to subvert his feelings, threw more violence into his blows than was his habit;—the struggle seeming too much for him, he took the gloves, and retired to his room. This, sufficient, perhaps, has been related to enable the reader to form fully his opinion as well with respect to the character of the youth, as to the degree of influence her conduct may have exercised on those of his father, who was himself, as he avowed, indebted to maternal culture for the unpatience to which he subsequently rose, future good or bad conduct of a child by on the mother." How far the heaven mixed itself with the better nature of uncertain and wayward impulses,—his restraint,—the occasional bitterness of the precipitance of his resentments,—their origin in his early collisions with force and violence, is an inquiry for which facts have been, perhaps, furnished in but which every one will decide upon, as more or less weight he may attribute

to the influence of such causes on the formation of character.

That, notwithstanding her injudicious and coarse treatment of him, Mrs Byron loved her son, with that sort of fitful fondness of which alone such a nature is capable, there can be little doubt,—and still less, that she was ambitiously proud of him. Her anxiety for the success of his first literary essays may be collected from the pains which he so considerably took to tranquillize her on the appearance of the hostile article in the Review. As his fame began to brighten, that notion of his future greatness and glory, which, by a singular forecast of superstition, she had entertained from his very childhood, became proportionably confirmed. Every mention of him in print was watched by her with eagerness, and she had got bound together in a volume, which a friend of mine once saw, a collection of all the literary notices that had then appeared of his early Poems and Satire,—written over, on the margin, with observations of her own, which to my informant appeared indicative of much more sense and ability than, from her general character, we should be inclined to attribute to her.

Among those lesser traits of his conduct through which an observer can trace a filial wish to uphold, and throw respect round, the station of his mother, may be mentioned his insisting, while a boy, on being called "George Byron Gordon"—giving thereby precedence to the maternal name,—and his continuing, to the last, to address her as "the Honourable Mrs Byron,"—a mark of rank to which, he must have been aware, she had no claim whatever. Neither does it appear that, in his habitual manner towards her, there was any thing denoting a want of either affection or deference,—with the exception, perhaps, occasionally, of a somewhat greater degree of familiarity than comports with the ordinary notions of filial respect. Thus, the usual name he called her by, when they were on good-humoured terms together, was "Kitty Gordon;" and I have heard an eyewitness of the scene describe the look of arch, dramatic humour, with which, one day, at Southwell, when they were in the height of their theatrical rage, he threw open the door of the drawing-room, to admit his mother, saying, at the same time, "Enter the Honourable Kitty."

The pride of birth was a feeling common alike to mother and son, and at times even became a point of rivalry between them, from their respective claims, English and Scotch, to high lineage. In a letter written by him from Italy, referring to some anecdote which his mother had told him, he says,—"My mother, who was as haughty as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts, and her right line from the old Gordons,—not the Seyton Gordons, as she disdainfully termed the ducal branch,—told me the story, always reminding me how superior her Gordons were to the southern Byrons, notwithstanding our Norman, and always masculine descent, which has never lapsed into a female, as my mother's Gordons had done in her own person."

If, to be able to depict powerfully the painful emotions, it is necessary first to have experienced them, or, in other words, if, for the poet to be great, the man must suffer, Lord Byron, it must be owned, paid early this dear price of mastery. Few as were the

ties by which his affections held, whether within, or without, the circle of relationship, he was now doomed, within a short space, to see the most of them swept away by death.* Besides the loss of his mother, he had to mourn over, in quick succession, the untimely fatalities that carried off, within a few weeks of each other, two or three of his most loved and valued friends. "In the short space of one month," he says, in a note on Childe Harold, "I have lost her who gave me being, and most of those who made that being tolerable."† Of these, young Wingfield, whom we have seen high on the list of his Harrow favourites, died of a fever at Coimbra; and Matthews, the idol of his admiration at college, was drowned while bathing in the waters of the Cam.

The following letter, written immediately after the latter event, bears the impress of strong and even agonized feeling, to such a degree as renders it almost painful to read it.

LETTER LVI.

TO MR SCROPE DAVIES.

"Newstead Abbey, August 7, 1811.

"MY DEAREST DAVIES.

"Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house: one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me; I want a friend. Matthews's last letter was written on Friday,—on Saturday he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews? How did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying, I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. God forgive * * * for his apathy! What will our poor Hobhouse feel! His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope; I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world—I had but you, and H. and M., and let me enjoy the survivors whilst I can. Poor M., in his letter of Friday, speaks of his intended contest for Cambridge,‡ and a speedy

* In a letter written between two and three months after his mother's death, he states no less a number than six persons, all friends or relatives, who had been snatched away from him by death between May and the end of August.

† In continuation of the note quoted in the text, he says of Matthews—"His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired." One of the candidates thus described, was Mr Thomas Barnes, a gentleman whose career since has kept fully the promise of his youth, though, from the nature of the channels through which his literary labours have been directed, his great talents are far more extensively known than his name.

‡ It had been the intention of Mr Matthews to offer himself, at the ensuing election, for the university. In reference to this purpose, a manuscript Memoir of him, now lying before me, says—"If acknowledged and successful talents—if principles of the strictest honour—if the devotion of many friends could have secured the success of an independent pauper (as he jocularly called himself in a letter on the subject), the vision would have been realized."

journey to London. Write or come, but can, or one or both. Yours ever."

Of this remarkable young man, Mr Matthews,* I have already had occasion to speak, but the high station which he held in affection and admiration may justify a still more ample tribute to his memory.

There have seldom, perhaps, started into life so many youths of high promise as were to be found among the society of Byron formed a part at Cambridge. Of these, the names have since eminently distinguished themselves in the world, as the mere names of Hobhouse and Mr William Banks are testimony; while in the instance of another circle, Mr Scrope Davies,† the only friend is, that the social wit of which a master should, in the memories of his life, be likely to leave any record of its brilliancy. All these young men of learning and talent, like Byron himself, whose genius was, how "an undiscovered world," the superior in every department of intellect, seems to have been the ready consent of all, awarded to a concurrence of homage which, on persons from whom it came, gives such a value to the powers of his mind at that period. The thought of what he might have been, is a matter of interesting, though vain speculation. To mere mental pre-eminence, accompanied by the kindlier qualities of the heart, a tribute, however deserved, might have been so uncontestedly paid. But Matthews appears,—in spite of some little temper and manner, which he was always to soften down when snatched away,—one of those rare individuals who, when they command deference, can, at the same time, and who, as it were, relieve the intense admiration which they excite by blending it with a certain familiarity.

To his religious opinions, and their coincidence with those of Lord Byron, I have already adverted. Like his noble friend, ardent in the pursuit of Truth, he, like him too, unluckily in seeking her,—"the light that led astray both friends mistaken for hers. That is, he proceeded any farther than Lord Byron suffered his doubting, but still ing

* He was the third son of the late John Manners, of Belmont, Herefordshire, representative in the parliament of 1802-6. The author of "an Invalid," also untimely snatched away, was the son of the same gentleman, as is likewise the brother of Hereford, the Reverend Arthur Manners, by his ability and attainments, sustained the reputation of the name.

† The father of this accomplished family was of considerable talent, and the author of several poetical pieces, one of which, a Parody on "The Rape of Helen," written in early youth, has been erroneously attributed to the late Professor Porson, who was in the habit of it, and even printed an edition of the verses.

‡ One of the clerical men I ever knew, was Scrope Berdmore Davies. Hobhouse, who has other ways of showing his talents, the Scrope was always ready and often witty, but not always so ready, being more of a Journal of Lord Byron.

himself into the "incredible creed" of
and, notwithstanding an assertion in a
public post to this effect) disproved by
of them among his relations and friends,
never wish to admit, and, of course, in-
terference:—nor should I have felt that
right to decide thus to the religious opinions
and error, by promulgating his hetero-
dox views within the jurisdiction of the
law, and the strong impression, as it appears,
on the authority of Lord Byron, on the authority of Lord Byron,
and as an act of justice to both friends to
reparation.

Thus to Mrs Byron, written previously to
one of her son on his travels, there occurs,
indicated, some mention of a Will, which
intended to leave behind him in the hands
of her son. Whatever may have been the con-
siderations that induced him to do so, we find that, in about
three months after his death, he thought it
well to have a new form of will drawn up, and the
old one being his instructions for that
purpose, he addressed to the late Mr Bolton, a
Notary Public, of the existence, in any
form of will, of the strange directions here
given, he was interment, I was for some
time much inclined to doubt; but the cu-
riosity here annexed put this remarkable
fact completely beyond all question.

TO — BOLTON, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, August 12th, 1811.

I enclose a rough draft of my intended Will,
which I have drawn up as soon as possible in
consequence of the alterations are principally
made in consequence of the death of Mrs Byron. I
trust that it may be got ready in a
few days, and will have the honour to be,
my most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

Newstead Abbey, August 12th, 1811.

FOR THE CONTENTS OF A WILL TO
BE DRAWN UP IMMEDIATELY.

of Newstead to be entailed (subject to
the will of George Anson Byron, heir at
law) may be the heir at law on the death
of the said property to be sold in part
according to the debts and legacies of
said B.

Giraud of Athens, subject of France,
Greece, the sum of seven thousand
pounds, to be paid from the sale of such
debt, Newstead, or elsewhere, as may
be, to the said Giraud (resident at Athens
in 1810) to receive the above sum
the age of twenty-one years.

Fletcher, Joseph Murray, and De-
mestri (native of Greece), servants, the

the not (which they generally do), Deme-
strios is at the head of the Athenian part
faction. He was my servant in 1802, 1810,
and intervals in those years (for I left him
I went to Constantinople), and accom-

sum of fifty pounds pr. ann. each, for their natural
lives. To Wm Fletcher the Mill at Newstead, on
condition that he payeth rent, but not subject to the
caprice of the landlord. To Rt. Rushton the sum
of fifty pounds per ann. for life, and a further sum of
one thousand pounds on attaining the age of twenty-
five years.

"To Jn. Hanson, Esq., the sum of two thousand
pounds sterling.

"The claims of S. B. Davies, Esq., to be satisfied
on proving the amount of the same.

"The body of Lord B. to be buried in the vault
of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony
or burial-service whatever, or any inscription, save
his name and age. His dog not to be removed from
the said vault.

"My library and furniture of every description to
my friends Jn. Cam Hobhouse, Esq., and S. B. Da-
vies, Esq., my executors. In case of their decease,
the Rev. J. Becher, of Southwell, Notts., and
R. C. Dallas, Esq., of Mortlake, Surrey, to be execu-
tors.

"The produce of the sale of Wymondham in Nor-
folk, and the late Mrs B.'s Scotch property,* to be
appropriated in aid of the payment of debts and
legacies."

In sending a copy of the Will, framed on these
instructions, to Lord Byron, the solicitor accompanied
some of the clauses with marginal queries, calling
the attention of his noble client to points which he
considered inexpedient or questionable; and as the
short, pithy answers to these suggestions are strongly
characteristic of their writer, I shall here give one
or two of the clauses in full, with the respective
queries and answers annexed.

"This is the last will and testament of me the
Rt. Honble. George Gordon Lord Byron, Baron
Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster.—I
desire that my body may be buried in the vault of
the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or
burial-service whatever, and that no inscription,
save my name and age, be written on the tomb or
tablet; and it is my will that my faithful dog may
not be removed from the said vault. To the per-
formance of this my particular desire, I rely on the
attention of my executors hereinafter named."

"It is submitted to Lord Byron whether this clause
relative to the funeral had not better be omitted. The
substance of it can be given in a letter from his lord-
ship to the executors, and accompany the will; and
the will may state that the funeral shall be performed
in such manner as his lordship may by letter direct,
and, in default of any such letter, then at the discre-
tion of his executors."

"It must stand.

"B."

"I do hereby specifically order and direct that all
panied me to England in 1811; he returned to Greece,
spring, 1812. He was a clever, but not apparently an
enterprising man; but circumstances make men. His two
sons (then infants) were named Milrindes and Alcibiades:
may the omen be happy!"—MS. Journal.

* On the death of his mother a considerable sum of money,
the remains of the price of the estate of Clight, was paid into
his hands by her trustee, Baron Clerk.

the claims of the said S. B. Davies upon me shall be fully paid and satisfied as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, on his proving (by vouchers, or otherwise, to the satisfaction of my executors hereinafter named)* the amount thereof and the correctness of the same."

"If Mr Davies has any unsettled claims upon Lord Byron, that circumstance is a reason for his not being appointed executor; each executor having an opportunity of paying himself his own debt without consulting his co-executors."

"So much the better—if possible, let him be an executor. "B."

The two following letters contain further instructions on the same subject.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR BOLTON.

* Newstead Abbey, August 16th, 1811.

"SIR,

"I have answered the queries on the margin.† I wish Mr Davies's claims to be most fully allowed, and, further, that he be one of my executors. I wish the will to be made in a manner to prevent all discussion, if possible, after my decease; and this I leave to you, as a professional gentleman.

"With regard to the few and simple directions for the disposal of my carcass, I must have them implicitly fulfilled, as they will, at least, prevent trouble and expense;—and (what would be of little consequence to me, but may quiet the conscience of the survivors) the garden is consecrated ground. These directions are copied verbatim from my former will: the alterations in other parts have arisen from the death of Mrs B.

"I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR BOLTON.

* Newstead Abbey, August 20, 1811.

"SIR,

"The witnesses shall be provided from amongst my tenants, and I shall be happy to see you on any day most convenient to yourself. I forgot to mention that it must be specified by codicil, or otherwise, that my body is on no account to be removed from the vault where I have directed it to be placed; and, in case any of my successors within the entail (from bigamy, or otherwise) might think proper to remove the carcass, such proceeding shall be attended by forfeiture of the estate, which, in such case, shall go to my sister the Honble Augusta Leigh and her heirs, on similar conditions. I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

*Over the words which I have here placed between brackets, Lord Byron drew his pen.

† In the clause enumerating the names and places of abode of the executors, the solicitor had left blanks for the christian names of these gentlemen, and Lord Byron, having filled up all but that of Dallas, writes in the margin—"I forget the christian name of Dallas—cut him out."

In consequence of this last letter, (declaration, in conformity with its intent inserted in the will. He also executed of this month, a codicil, by which he bequeathed of his "household goods (library, pictures, sabres, watches, trinkets, and other personal estate (and securities) situate within the wall sion-house and premises at his decease bequeathed the same (except his wine & liquors) to his friends, the said J. B. Davies, and Francis Hodgson, &c., to be equally divided between their own use;—and he bequeathed spirituous liquors, which should be in premises at Newstead, "unto his J. Becher for his own use, and requ J. C. Hobhouse, J. B. Davies, F. J. Becher, respectively, to accept the contained, to them respectively, as a friendship."

The following letters, written while were fresh in his mind, will be read interest.

LETTER LIX.

TO MR DALLAS.

* Newstead Abbey, Notts., Aug.

"Peace be with the dead! Regret them. With a sigh to the departed, let dull business of life, in the certainty, shall have our repose. Besides her being, I have lost more than one who being tolerable.—The best friend of my house, Matthews, a man of the firm also not the worst of my narrow circle miserably in the muddy waves of the fatal to genius:—my poor school field, at Coimbra—within a month; and heard from all three, but not seen or wrote to me the very day before his though I feel for his fate, I am still Mr Hobhouse, who, I very much fear, retain his senses; his letters to me sin have been most incoherent. But let shall all one day pass along with the re is too full of such things, and our selfish.

"I received a letter from you, w occupations prevented me from duly hope your friends and family will long I shall be glad to hear from you, on common-place, or any thing, or nothing—I am already too familiar with the strange that I look on the skulls which me (I have always had four in my emotion, but I cannot strip the flesh have known of their fleshy covering, without a hideous sensation; but the ceremonies—Surely, the Romans they buried the dead—I shall be from you, and am, yours, &c."

LETTER LX.

TO MR HODGSON.

¹Weston Abbey, August 22d, 1817.

many have met of the sudden death of my
and poor Matthews, which, with that of
of whom I was not fully aware till just
last year, and indeed hardly believed it),
lost them in my connexions. Indeed the
times than other so rapidly that I am yet
in the dark, and though I do eat and
sleep, and even laugh, at times, yet I can
trust myself that I am awake, did not
convince me mournfully to the con-
sideration of the subject,—the dead are
not dead but the dead can be so.

and for poor Hobbhouse,—Matthews
and his idolatry; and if intellect could
save his fellows, no one could refuse him
what I knew him most intimately, and
most affectionately; but I am recurring—so
I must leave the living.

—Let me know when I may expect you, and when you return.—I am, Dear to Lance.

... and has invited me to Cambridge in October, so that, peradventure, glass to glass. His gaiety (death has done me service; but, after all, his daughter.

"And what of me? I am solitary, and I never
 was before. Your anxiety about the
 "book is amusing; as it was anony-
 "mous of little consequence: I wish it
 "might create more confusion, being a lover of
 "confusion. Are you doing nothing? writing no-
 "thing? why not your *Satire* on
 "the subject (supposing the public to be
 "interested) would do wonders. Besides, it would
 "be a destined deacon to prove his ortho-
 "doxy would give me pleasure to see you
 "succeeded. I say really, as, being an au-
 "thority might be suspected. Believe me,
 "I am always,

LETTER LXI.

TO MR DALLAS.

* Newstead, August 21, 1811.

He gives me credit for more acute feeling; for though I feel tolerably miserable at the same time subject to a kind of vivacity, or rather laughter without merriment, I can neither account for nor conquer, I feel relieved by it; but an indifferent I think me in excellent spirits. 'We these things,' and have recourse to our efforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I shall return to London immediately, before accept freely what is offered con-

teously—your mediation between me and Murray. I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and, as you must be aware that my plucky Satire will bring the north and south Grub-streets down upon the Pilgrimage;—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled, 'By the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' My remarks on the *Romaic*, &c., once intended to accompany the *Hints* from Horace, shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in *** *Miscellany*. I have found amongst my poor mother's papers all my letters from the East, and one in particular of some length from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged.

"Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may—but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, &c., favour me with a reply. I am giving you a universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that, haply, it might better be omitted;—perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, 'I have sipped full of criticism,' and I don't think that 'the most dismal treatise' will stir and rouse my 'fell of hair' till 'Birnham wood do come to Dunsinane.'

"I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

"I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Loft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling, into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland. Mr Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate.

"You did not know M.; he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships.

against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself—to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and believe me, &c."

The progress towards publication of his two forthcoming works will be best traced in his letters to Mr Murray and Mr Dallas.

LETTER LXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 23, 1811.

"SIR,

"A domestic calamity in the death of a near relation has hitherto prevented my addressing you on the subject of this letter.—My friend Mr Dallas has placed in your hands a manuscript poem written by me in Greece, which he tells me you do not object to publishing. But he also informed me in London that you wished to send the MS. to Mr Gifford. Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride—or whatever you please to call it—will admit. Mr G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal Reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the MS. in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion and the humble solicitations of a bantled about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

"If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume.—And if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work,—my Satire,—another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes.—But of these hereafter. You will apprise me of your determination. I am, sir, your very obedient, &c."

LETTER LXIII.

TO MR DALLAS.

Newstead Abbey, August 25, 1811.

"Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale before the second week in September, a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, &c., for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be; and I also have written

to Mr Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, but allowing him to show it to any other of the calling. Hobhouse is amongst the types ready; so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper, money and patience. Besides all this, my translation of Horace is gasping for the press at Cuthbert's, but I am hesitating as to the how and when, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else.

"What are you about to do? Do you still perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why occupy Miss ***'s 'Cottage of Friendship,' late a seat of Cobbler Joe, for whose death you and others are answerable? His 'Orphan Daughter' (pated Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoemaking Saga. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the corner which Miss *** means to stitch to his memory.

"The newspapers seem much disappointed at majesty's not dying, or doing something better, presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am invited to Cambridge for the beginning of the month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale, as Mr Matthews is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, the hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except the inviter. At three-and-twenty I am left alone, what more can we be at seventy? It is true, I am young enough to begin again, but with whose aid retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how many of my friends have died a quiet death,—I mean in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This last word admonishes me to close you from yours, very truly, &c."

LETTER LXIV.

TO MR DALLAS.

Newstead Abbey, August 27, 1811.

"I was so sincere in my note on the late Cuthbert Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pygmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved W. better; but he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few who could never repent of having loved: but in addition, ah! you did not know Matthews!

"Childe Harold may wait and welcome—he is never the worse for delay in the publication. You have got our heir, George Anson Byron, and sister, with you.

"You may say what you please, but you are of the murderers of Blackett, and yet you won't do Harry White's genius. Setting aside his known purely rank next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man, till his death.

dered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr Townsend, *protégé* of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armageddon?' I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' (according to you Nazarenes), is a little too daring; at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line—

And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

"But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.

"Write to me—I dote on gossip—and make a bow to Ju—, and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

"P. S.—I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him—all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome; but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have—a lake, a boat, house-room, and neat wines."

LETTER LXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5th, 1811.

"SIR,

"The time seems to be past when (as Dr Johnson said) a man was certain to 'hear the truth from his bookseller,' for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so, as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing; but I have high authority for my errors in that point, for even the *Æneid* was a political poem, and written for a political purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that sobriety which Massena's retreat had begun to reel from its centre—the usual consequence of unusual success. So you perceive I cannot alter the sentiments; but if there are any alterations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the 'orthodox,' let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse—you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that any thing from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

"You have given me no answer to my question—tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps?—I sent an introductory stanza to Mr Dallas, to be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters. There is a disquisition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems, to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr D. has lost the stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself.—You tell me to add two Cantos, but I am about to visit my *collieries* in Lancashire on the 15th inst., which is so unpoetical an employment that I need say no more. I am, sir, your most obedient, &c."

The manuscripts of both his Poems having been shown, much against his own will, to Mr Gifford, the opinion of that gentleman was thus reported to him by Mr Dallas:—"Of your Satire he spoke highly; but this Poem (Childe Harold) he pronounces not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age."

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR DALLAS.

* Newstead Abbey, September 7th, 1811.

"As Gifford has been ever my 'Magnus Apollo,' any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than 'all Bokara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand.' But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and I had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

"Your objection to the expression 'central line,' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

"The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that, I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional Canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and sensations, I have neither harp, 'heart, nor voice' to proceed. I feel that you are all right as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write 'ad captandum vulgus,' I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

* * * * *

"My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a poem, it will surmount these obstacles, and if not, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to S * * * on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected

from the author of '*Hæc Ionice*.' I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

"I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my guide, philosopher, and friend; in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

"Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man; there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did; and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more—men, who seem created to display what the Creator could make his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing.—My poor Hobhouse doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. H. and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even M. yielded to the dashing vivacity of S. D. But I am talking to you of men or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

"I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where, I hear from all quarters, that I have a very valuable property in coals, &c. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations—to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write, as usual, I hope. I wish you a good evening, and am, &c."

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

• Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 14, 1811

"SIR,

"Since your former letter, Mr Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the perusal of Mr Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would so hastily thrust my productions into the

hands of a stranger, who could be as by receiving them, as their author is offered in such a manner, and to such a

"My address, when I leave Newstead 'Rochdale, Lancashire;' but I have the day of departure, and I will apprize ready to set off.

"You have placed me in a very ridiculous position; but it is past, and nothing more is the subject. You hinted to me that you alterations to be made; if they have with politics or religion, I will make the readiness. I am, sir, &c. &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

• Newstead Abbey, Sept.

"I return the proof, which I should shown to Mr Dallas, who understands arrangements much better than I can. The printer may place the notes in his any way, so that they are out of my nothing about types or margins.

"If you have any communication to be here at least a week or ten days hence

"I am, &c."

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR DALLAS.

• Newstead Abbey, Sept.

"I can easily excuse your not writing. I hope, something better to do, and your my frequent invasions on your attention have at this moment nothing to interfere you and my epistles.

"I cannot settle to any thing, and with the exception of bodily exercise to with uniform indolence, and idle insipid been expecting, and still expect, my shall have enough to occupy my reflection of no very pleasant aspect. Before to Rochdale, you shall have due notice address me—I believe at the post-township. From Murray I received a of the same pages, which I requested you, that any thing which may have observation may be detected before the the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

"I am now not quite alone, having an niece and schoolfellow with me, so old, we have nothing new to say on any yawn at each other in a sort of quiet in hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain and their quarto—Lord have mercy We come on like Cerberus with our

• On a leaf of one of his paper books I had written at this time, which, though not perhaps good, I consider myself bound to insert —

On Moore's last Operatic Force, or Fustian

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes later.
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We know too well
That Little's Moore,
But now 't is Moore that's little.

Sept. 14

myself, by myself, I must be satisfied
as to *Janus*.

I am pleased with Murray for showing
I am certain Gifford must see it in the
as I do. His praise is nothing to the
and could he say? He could not spit in
as who had praised him in every possible
own that I wish to have the impression
in his mind, that I had any concern in
a transaction. The more I think, the
less one; so I will say no more about it.
high to be a scribbler, without having re-
sists to extort praise, or deprecate
to anticipate, it is begging, kneeling,
the devil! the devil! and all
truth, and contrary to my express desire.
had been tied to *Payne's* neck when
near the Paddington Canal,* and so tell
to be the proper receptacle for publishers.
thoughts of settling in the country, why
think there are places which would
be of poets, and then you are nearer the
the end of this anon.

"I am yours, &c."

LETTER LXIX.

TO MR DALLAS.

* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 21, 1811.

down my respect for your suggestions by
them, but I have made many alterations
over and above; as, for example:

From a *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

to be

from whom Hell's fit by *later* *lyres* on earth

to be

to them I wonder'd by the vaulted rill;

to be I have got rid of Dr Lowth and 'drunk'
and very glad I am to say so. I have also
the line as heretofore, and, in short, have
considerable.

you shall hear when I remove to
have brought you and my friend Juvenal

to be "Hints from Horace," he thus humour-
the accident.

to be of mine walking out one lovely evening
the eleventh bridge of the Paddington Canal.
by the cry of 'one in jeopardy.' He rushed
to a body of Irish hay-makers (supping on
an adjoining paddock), procured three rakes,
and a landing net, and at last (*horresco* re-
flecting) out his own publisher. The unfortunate
the river, and so was a large quarto where-
the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to
be a last work. Its 'sincerity of sinking'
but it has never since been heard of, though
that it is at this moment concealed at
his poetry-premises, Cornhill. Be this as it
be, a request brought in a verdict of 'Felo
sanguis' a 'quarto unknown,' and circum-
stances being since strong against the 'Curse of
which the above words are an exact descrip-
tion, tried by its peers next session in Grub-
Street, Alfred, Davila, Richard Coru de Lion,
and Epigonius, Calvary. Fall of Cambria,
Don Hoderick, and Tom Thumb the Great,
of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pyc,
William of St Sepulchre's.*

Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation.
You are fervent, but he is quite *glowing*; and if he
takes half the pains to save his own soul, which he
volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward
hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am
convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those
I have sent, I shall send the observations on the
Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek,
an Albanian song in the Albanian (*not Greek*) lan-
guage, specimens of modern Greek from their New
Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, *one*
scene, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a
song or two, all in Romaic, besides their Pater
Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much,
with what I have already sent. Have you received
the 'Noctes Attice?' I sent also an annotation on
Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming."

LETTER LXX.

TO MR DALLAS.

* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23, 1811.

"*Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the
very best. *Ullisipont* is pedantic; and, as I have
Hellas and *Eros* not long before, there would be
something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I
wish to avoid, since I shall have a perils quantity
of modern Greek in my notes, as specimens of the
tongue; therefore *Lisboa* may keep its place. You
are right about the 'Hints'; they must not precede
the 'Romaunt'; but Cawthorn will be savage if they
don't; however, keep them back, and him in good
humour, if we can, but do not let him publish.

"I have adopted, I believe, most of your sugges-
tions, but 'Lisboa' will be an exception, to prove the
rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall con-
tinue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can
read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange
the ninth verse of the 'Good Night.' I have no
reason to suppose my dog better than his brother
brutes, mankind; and *Argus* we know to be a fable.
The 'Cosmopolite' was an acquisition abroad. I do
not believe it is to be found in England. It is an
amusing little volume, and full of French sippancy.
I read, though I do not speak, the language.

"I will be angry with Murray. It was a book-
selling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceed-
ing, and if the experiment had turned out as it
deserved, I would have raised all Fleet-street, and
borrowed the giant's staff from St Dunstan's church,
to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to
him as he never was written to before by an author,
I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath,
till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always
you have much to write about. Write it, but let us
drop metaphysics;—on that point we shall never
agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual. I do nothing,
and even that nothing fatigues me. Adieu."

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR DALLAS.

* Newstead Abbey, October 11, 1811.

"I have returned from Lanca., and ascertained
that my property there may be made very valuable.

but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month; but of my movements you shall be regularly apprized. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both '*Fyttes*.' I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors' till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.

"Instead of tiring yourself with my concerns, I should be glad to hear your plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society? Now, I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where you would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c. &c., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to you, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses too would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

"Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction.—You mention having consulted some friends on the MSS.—Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work '*Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage*!!!' as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my sanity on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily.—Must I write more notes?—Are there not enough?—Cawthorn must be kept back with the '*Hints*.'—I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto.

"Good evening. Yours ever, &c."

Of the same date with this melancholy letter are the following verses, never before printed, which he wrote in answer to some lines received from a friend, exhorting him to be cheerful, and to "*banish care*."

They will show with what gloomy fidelity while under the pressure of recent sorrow, reverted to the disappointment of his early affections, the chief source of all his sufferings and present and to come.

Newstead Abbey, October 11,

"Oh! banish care:—such ever be
The motto of thy revelry!
Perchance of mine, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights.
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "*banish care*."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one
Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of any thing but love.
'T were long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear:
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'T would suit Philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain,
And I have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart.
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while that woman's slave—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine.
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.
But let this pass—I'll white no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore.
The world befits a busy brain—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "*May*" is in the air,
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom Love, nor Pity aways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One whom, in stern Ambition's pride,
Perchance not Blood shall turn aside,
One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchy of the age,
Him wilt thou know—and, knowing pause,
Nor with the effect forget the cause

The anticipations of his own future in these concluding lines are of a nature, it is owned, to awaken more of horror than of pity, were we not prepared, by so many instances of exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at lengths to which the spirit of self-litigation can carry him. It seemed as if, with the picture painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had the ambition to be, himself, the dark "*evil*" which drew," and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, what he could not find, in his own character, fit subject for his pencil.

It was about the time when he was thus

pressing the blight which his heart was a real object of affection, that his death of an imaginary one, "Thyrza,"—is it any wonder, when we consider the circumstances under which these poems flowed from his fancy, that of all poems, they should be the most perfect and pure. They were, indeed, the product of a spirit, as it were, of many years of sad thoughts from many years, refined and warmed in their passion, and forming thus one deep powerful feeling. In retracing the happy days known with the friends now lost, the tenderness of his youth came back to school-sports with the favourites of Wingfield and Tattersall,—his summer holidays, and those evenings of music and dancing he had dreamed away in the society of his brother, Edlestone,—all these recollections of the young and dead now came to mingle in his mind with the image of her, who, as was, for him, as much lost as they, that general feeling of sadness and longing for his soul, which found a vent in his poetry. No friendship, however warm, could be so passionate; as no love, however pure, could have kept passion so chastened. It was the mingling of the two affections, in his imagination, that thus gave birth to an exalted and sublime, combining the best features of both, and in these saddest and tenderest of love-poems he found all the depth and intensity of passion, and looked over with such a light as no other poem could give.

Barber gives some further account of the poet's thoughts and pursuits at this

LETTER LXXII.

TO MR HODGSON.

*Newstead Abbey, Oct. 13th, 1811.

begin to deem me a most liberal correspondent, my letters are free, you will observe. I have sent you answers in return to all your late communications, and in invading your ease again, I don't expect to put down that you are not already. I am growing nervous (how I)—but it is true,—really, wretchedly, fearfully nervous. Your climate, I can neither read, write, or amuse myself else. My days are listless, and I have very seldom any society, and, I run out of it. At this present moment in the next room three ladies, and I am to write this grumbling letter.—I don't shut out with insanity, for I find fault in arranging my thoughts that strangely; but this looks more like madness, as Scrope Davies would face in his consoling manner. I must try to get some company; and a session of

get from one of his journals, page 27. In the preceding page, dated October 11th.

Parliament would suit me well,—any thing to cure me of conjugating the accursed verb 'ennuyer.'

"When shall you be at Cambridge? You have hinted, I think, that your friend Bland is returned from Holland. I have always had a great respect for his talents, and for all that I have heard of his character; but of me, I believe, he knows nothing, except that he heard my 6th form repetitions ten months together, at the average of two lines a morning, and those never perfect. I remembered him and his 'Slaves' as I passed between Capes Matapan, St Angelo, and his Isle of Cerigo, and I always bewailed the absence of the Anthology. I suppose he will now translate Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, and 'Gysbert van Amstel' will easily be accommodated to our stage in its present state; and I presume he saw the Dutch poem, where the love of Pyramus and Thisbe is compared to the passion of Christ; also the love of Lucifer for Eve, and other varieties of Low Country literature. No doubt you will think me crazed to talk of such things, but they are all in black and white and good repute on the banks of every canal from Amsterdam to Alkmaar.

"Yours ever

"B.

"My Poesy is in the hands of its various publishers; but the 'Hints from Horace' (to which I have subjoined some savage lines on Methodism, and ferocious notes on the vanity of the triple Editory of the Edin. Annual Register), my 'Hints,' I say, stand still, and why?—I have not a friend in the world (but you and Drury) who can construe Horace's Latin, or my English, well enough to adjust them for the press, or to correct the proofs in a grammatical way. So that, unless you have bowels when you return to town (I am too far off to do it for myself), this ineffable work will be lost to the world for—I don't know how many weeks.

"'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' must wait till Murray's is finished. He is making a tour in Middlesex, and is to return soon, when high matter may be expected. He wants to have it in quarto, which is a cursed unsaleable size; but it is pestilential long, and one must obey one's bookseller. I trust Murray will pass the Paddington Canal without being seduced by Payne and Mackinlay's example,—I say Payne and Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good. Drury, the villain, has not written to me; 'I am never (as Mrs Lumpkin says to Tony) to be gratified with the monster's dear wild notes.'

"So you are going (going indeed!) into orders. You must make your peace with the Eclectic Reviewers—they accuse you of impiety, I fear, with injustice. Demetrius, the 'Sieger of Cities,' is here, with 'Gilpin Homer.' The painter is not necessary, as the portraits he already painted are (by anticipation) very like the new animals.—Write, and send me your 'Love Song'—but I want 'paulo majors' from you. Make a dash before you are a deacon, and try a dry publisher.

"Yours always,

"B."

*Barber, whom he had brought down to Newstead to paint his wolf and his bear.

It was at this period that I first had the happiness of seeing and becoming acquainted with Lord Byron. The correspondence, in which our acquaintance originated, is, in a high degree, illustrative of the frankness of his character; and, as it was begun on my side, some equities must be tolerated in the detail which I have to give of the circumstances that led to it. So far back as the year 1806, on the occasion of a meeting which took place at Chalk Farm between Mr Jeffrey and myself, a good deal of ridicule and calumny, founded on a false representation of what occurred before the magistrates at Bow-street, appeared in almost all the public prints. In consequence of this, I was induced to address a letter to the Editor of one of the Journals, contradicting the falsehood that had been circulated, and stating briefly the real circumstances of the case. For some time, my letter seemed to produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily, the original story was too tempting a theme for humor and sarcasm to be so easily super-seded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time, whenever the subject was publicly alluded to,—more especially by those who were at all “willing to wound,”—the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived.

In the year 1809, on the first appearance of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” I found the author, who was then generally understood to be Lord Byron, not only jesting on this subject—and with sufficiently provoking phantasy and cleverness—in his verse, but giving also in the more responsible form of a note, an outline of the transaction in accordance with the original misreport, and, therefore, in direct contradiction to my published statement. Still, as the Satire was anonymous and unacknowledged, I did not feel that I was, in any way, called upon to notice it, and therefore dismissed the matter entirely from my mind. In the summer of the same year appeared the Second Edition of the work, with Lord Byron’s name prefixed to it. I was, at the time, in Ireland, and but little in the way of literary society; and it so happened that some months passed away before the appearance of this new edition was known to me. Immediately on being apprized of it,—the offence now assuming a different form,—I addressed the following letter to Lord Byron, and, transmitting it to a friend in London, requested that he would have it delivered into his lordship’s hands.*

“Dublin, January 1st, 1810.

“MY LORD,

“Having just seen the name of ‘Lord Byron’ prefixed to a work, entitled ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,’ in which, as it appears to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr Jeffrey some years since, beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

* This is the only entire letter of my own that, in the course of this war, I mean to obtrude upon my readers. Being short, and containing an explanatory of the feeling on which I test than any other that could be substituted, it might be suffered, thought to form the single exception to my general rule. In all other cases, I shall merely give such extracts from my own letters, as may be necessary to elucidate those of my correspondent.

“I shall not, I fear, be able to rest for a week or two; but, in the mean your lordship will not deny me the knowing whether you agree the inn the passages alluded to.

“It is needless to suggest to you propriety of keeping our correspondence

“I have the honor to be

“Your lordship’s very humble s-

“Thos

“22, Maltravers-street.”

In the course of a week, the friend I trusted this letter wrote to inform me it had, as he learned on inspecting of his p abroad immediately on the publication Edition; but that my letter had been hands of a gentleman named Hodgson, dertaken to forward it carefully to. Though the latter step was not exactly have wished, I thought it as well, on th my letter take its chance, and again consideration of the matter.

During the interval of a year and elapsed before Lord Byron’s return, upon myself obligations, both as husband which make most men,—and especially have nothing to bequeath,—less will themselves unnecessarily to dispute, therefore, of the arrival of the male I Greece, though still thinking it due to m up my first request of an explanation, prosecuting that object, so adopt such t ciliation as should not only prove my in a pacific result, but show the entire fr angry or resentful feeling with which

The death of Mrs Byron, for some tim purpose. But as soon after that even sistent with decorum, addressed a Byron, in which, referring to my form tion, and expressing some doubts as to reached him, re-stated, in pretty n words, the nature of the insult, which, to me, the passage in his note was call vey. “It is now useless,” continu of the steps with which it was my int up that letter. The time which has then, though it has done away neither the feeling of it, has, in many respec altered my situation; and the only o have now in writing to your lordship some consistency with that former lette to you that the injured feeling still e: circumstances may compel me to be d tates, at present. When may ‘injur me assure your lordship that there is vindictive sentiment in my mind to mean but to express that uneasiness, consider to be) a charge of falsehood haunt a man of any feeling to his grave sult be retracted or atoned for and w not feel, should, indeed, deserve f your lordship’s satire could indite upon elusion I added, that, so far from being any angry or resentful feeling towards give me sincere pleasure, if, by any m

could enable me to seek the honour of being ranked among his acquaintance." Lord Byron returned the following

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

Cambridge, October 27th, 1811.

He followed me from Notts. to this place, and for the delay of my reply. Your letter had the honour to receive;—but never part of the world it had found here deemed it my duty to return and answer.

Respectment you mention, I know nothing of your meeting with Mr Jeffrey, I entered College, and remember to have a number of squibs on the occasion, recollection of these I derived all my pleasure from, without the slightest idea of an address which I never beheld. It came to the production, which has a correspondence, I became responsible for might concern,—to explain, where it came, and, where insufficiently or too plain, at all events to satisfy. My situation as choice; it rests with the injured to obtain reparation in their own way, and to the passage in question, you sent the person towards whom I felt personally. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were by me, whom I had reason to consider a literary enemy, nor could I foresee the antagonist was about to become his. I do not specify what you would wish me to do, neither retract nor apologise for the address which I never advanced.

During of the week, I shall be at 10, St James's street.—Neither the letter or the one you stated your intention ever made me regret. Mr Rogers, or any other gentleman you will find me most ready to adopt my proposition which shall not compromise me,—or, failing in that, to make the best of it necessary to require.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

On this, I commenced by saying that the letter was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as I could expect. It contained all that, in the way of explanation, could be required, and he had never seen the statement which I wilfully have contradicted,—that of bringing against me any charge of that the objectionable passage of his letter levelled personally at me. This, I thought the explanation that I had a right to give, of course, satisfied with it.

Several draughts of this letter among my friends were quite certain, as to some of the terms, and little doubt that they are here given

I then entered into some detail relative to the transmission of my first letter from Dublin,—giving, as my reason for descending to these minute particulars, that I did not, I must confess, feel quite easy under the manner in which his lordship had noticed the mis-carrriage of that first application to him.

My reply concluded thus:—"As your lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formula of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship;—but, as any approach towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your lordship, I have only to repent that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day, I received the annexed rejoinder from Lord Byron.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

10, St James's street, October 29th, 1811.

SIR,

"Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr Hodgson, apprized me that a letter for me was in his possession, but a domestic event hurrying me from London, immediately after, the letter (which may most probably be your own) is still *unopened in his keeping*. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr H. is at present out of town;—on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

"With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not *advances*, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued,—not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In my case, such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so *auspicious* a beginning.

"I have the honour to be, etc."

Somewhat piqued, I own, at the manner in which my efforts towards a more friendly understanding,—ill-timed as I confess them to have been,—were received, I hastened to close our correspondence by a short note, saying, that his lordship had made me feel the imprudence I was guilty of, in wandering from the point immediately in discussion between us; and I should now, therefore, only add, that if, in my last letter, I had correctly stated the substance of his explanation, our correspondence might, from this moment, cease for ever, as with that explanation I declared myself satisfied.

This brief note drew immediately from Lord Byron the following frank and open-hearted reply.

LETTER LXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

"8, St James's-street, October 30th, 1811.

"SIR,

"You must excuse my troubling you once more upon this very unpleasant subject. It would be a satisfaction to me, and, I should think, to yourself, that the unopened letter in Mr Hodgson's possession (supposing it to prove your own) should be returned 'in statu quo' to the writer; particularly as you expressed yourself 'not quite easy under the manner in which I had dwelt on its miscarriage.'

"A few words more, and I shall not trouble you further. I felt, and still feel, very much flattered by those parts of your correspondence, which held out the prospect of our becoming acquainted. If I did not meet them, in the first instance, as perhaps I ought, let the situation in which I was placed be my defence. You have now declared yourself *satisfied*, and on that point we are no longer at issue. If, therefore, you still retain any wish to do me the honour you hinted at, I shall be most happy to meet you, when, where, and how you please, and I presume you will not attribute my saying thus much to any unworthy motive.

"I have the honour to remain, etc."

On receiving this letter, I went instantly to my friend, Mr Rogers, who was, at that time, on a visit at Holland House, and, for the first time, informed him of the correspondence in which I had been engaged. With his usual readiness to oblige and serve, he proposed that the meeting between Lord Byron and myself should take place at his table, and requested of me to convey to the noble lord his wish, that he would do him the honour of naming some day for that purpose. The following is Lord Byron's answer to the note which I then wrote.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

"8, St James's-street, November 1st, 1811.

"SIR,

"As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation. Of the professions of esteem with which Mr Rogers has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if insensible to the praise of such a man; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your very sincere and obedient servant,
"BYRON."

It can hardly, I think, be necessary to call the reader's attention to the good sense, self-possession, and frankness of these letters of Lord Byron. I had

placed him,—by the somewhat naïf which I had made of the boundaries of war, of hostility and friendship,—in a position as ignorant as he was of the character of the man who addressed him, it required all the force of his sense of honour to guard from me. Hence, the judicious reserve abstained from noticing my advance acquaintance, till he should have ascertained whether the explanation which he was about to give would be such as his correspondent would be obliged to receive. The moment he was at this point, the frankness of his own mind showed itself; and the disregard of all further etiquette with which he at once prepared to meet me "when, where, and how" showed that he could be as pliant and as such an understanding, as he had been reserved and punctilious before it.

Such did I find Lord Byron, on my first meeting of him; and such,—so open and manly I find him to the last.

It was, at first, intended by Mr Rogers that company at dinner should not extend beyond Byron and myself; but Mr Thomas Campbell called upon our host that morning, and the party, and consented. Such a conversation would be otherwise than interesting to us, at the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen in three companions; while he, on his first time, found himself in the society of names had been associated with his dreams, and to *two* of whom he looked up with tributary admiration, which youthfulness was ready to pay to its precursors.

Among the impressions which this first meeting made on me, what I chiefly remember to have been the nobleness of his air, his beauty, his voice and manners, and—what was the least attraction—his marked kinship to his mother, then being in mourning for his mother, the colour of his dress, as of his glossy, curling hair, gave more effect to the pure, and of his features, in the expression of his eyes, there was a perpetual play, of which though melancholy was their habitual expression in repose.

As we had none of us been acquainted with respect to food, the only thing our host was not a little, on discovery, was nothing upon the table which could eat or drink. Neither meat nor wine would Lord Byron touch; and of his water, which he asked for, there had been no provision. He professed, however, well pleased with potatoes and vinegar, and meagre materials contrived to make dinner.

I shall now resume the series of his notices with other friends.

* In speaking thus, I beg to disclaim all partiality. Lord Byron had already made the same in the opinions which he expressed of me. I cannot but be aware that, for the few words bestowed on my writings, I was indebted to his partiality to myself.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR HARNES.

* 2, St James's street, December 6th, 1811.

MY DEAR HARNES,

Write again, but don't suppose I mean to lay out your pen and patience as to expect replies. When you are inclined, write; when I feel the consolation of knowing that you are better employed. Yesterday, Bland and Mr. Miller, who, being then out, will be in to-day or to-morrow. I shall certainly be among them together.—You are censured when you are a little older, you will abuse every body, but abuse nobody.

As to the person of whom you speak, I never pretend to be an implicit believer in the old proverb. To trust frost is detestable. It is the frost of these three years, though I longed for the cold summer, when no such thing is to be seen. I had gone to the top of Hymettus

and was sent truly for the concluding part of the poem. I have been of late not much accused from any quarter, and I am not so much inclined to meet with it again from one, but I have not changed my opinion.—Harrow and, of course, your

Dance reminds me Argos

to the very spot to which that sentence refers, the end of the fallen Argive.—Our intention was to continue it till the hour which we had fixed with the things that were.

I should think *X plus Y* would be as the Curse of Kehama, and not so formidable. Master S.'s poems are, in fact, the perfect lives might be—viz., prolonged without meeting any thing half so ab-

What news? what news? Queen Oenona,

What news of comblers five?

W —, C —, L —, and L —?

All dead, though yet alive.

lecturing. "Many an old fool," said Harnes, "but such as this, never."
"Ever yours, &c."

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR HARNES.

* 2, St James's street, Dec. 8th, 1811.

Received a most formidable sheet, without gilt or engraving, and consequently very vulgar and in- particularly to one of your precision; but being Sunday, I can procure no better, and will be at length by not filling it. Bland I have

to the Hon. Robert Bland, one of the authors of "Collected from the Greek Anthology." Lord Byron was at the time endeavouring to secure for Mr Bland the task of editing Lauren Bannister's Poem.

not seen since my last letter; but on Tuesday he dines with me and will meet M^{rs} C, the epitome of all that is exquisite in poetical or personal accomplishments. How Bland has settled with Miller, I know not. I have very little interest with either, and they must arrange their concerns according to their own gusto. I have done my endeavours, at your request, to bring them together, and hope they may agree to their mutual advantage.

Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell. Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy.—Pole is to marry Miss Long, and will be a very miserable dog for all that. The present ministers are to continue, and his majesty does continue in the same state. So there's folly and madness for you, both in a breath.

"I never heard but of one man truly fortunate, and he was Beaumarchais, the author of Figaro, who buried two wives and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty.

"And now, child, what art thou doing? *Reading, I trust.* I want to see you take a degree. Remember this is the most important period of your life; and don't disappoint your papa and your aunt, and all your kin—besides myself. Don't you know that all male children are begotten for the express purpose of being graduates? and that even I am an A. M., though how I became so, the Public Orator only can resolve. Besides, you are to be a priest; and to confute Sir William Drummond's late book about the Bible (printed, but not published), and all other infidels whatever. Now leave master H.'s gig, and master S.'s Sapphics, and become as immortal as Cambridge can make you.

"You see, mio carissimo, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won't disturb your studies, as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up, according to contract? Hodgson talks of making a third in our journey; but we can't stow him, inside at least. Positively you shall go with me as was agreed, and don't let me have any of your politesse to H. on the occasion. I shall manage to arrange for both with a little contrivance. I wish H. was not quite so fat, and we should pack better. Has he left off vinous liquors? He is an excellent soul; but I don't think water would improve him, at least internally. You will want to know what I am doing—chewing tobacco.

"You see nothing of my allies, Scrope Davies and Matthews—they don't suit you; and how does it happen that I—who am a pipkin of the same pottery—continue in your good graces! Good night,—I will go on in the morning.

"Dec. 9th. In a morning I'm always sullen, and to-day is as sombre as myself. Rain and mist are worse than a sirocco, particularly in a beef-eating and beer-drinking country. My bookseller, Cawthorne, has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, for which 1000 guineas are asked! He wants me to read the MS. (if he obtains

* The brother of his late friend Charles Skinner Matthews.

it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her, whose Cecilia Dr Johnson superintended. If he lends it to me, I shall put it into the hands of Rogers and M^{rs} e, who are truly men of taste. I have filled the sheet, and beg your pardon; I will not do it again. I shall, perhaps, write again; but if not, believe, silent or scribbling, that I am, my dearest William, ever, &c."

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MR HODGSON.

"London, Dec. 8th, 1811.

"I sent you a sad Tale of Three Priars, the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

Away, away, ye notes of woe,* &c. &c.

"I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drammond (printed but not published), entitled (Edipus Judaicus, in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr W^{ms} has lent it me, and, I confess, to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

"You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless any thing particular occurs in the interim. * * * Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly raised by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For, you know, 'an a man will be benten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet.' C^{ms} will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can he fear from criticism? I don't know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

"To-day is the Sabbath,—a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town,—as long as they don't retrograde, 'tis all very well. H^{ms} writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco. I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard;—but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans; sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnsaid told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

"You will never give up wine;—see what it is to be thirty; if you were six years younger, you might

* This poem is now printed in Lord Byron's Works.

leave off any thing. You drink and repent, repent and drink. Is Scrope still interesting to you? And how does Hinde with his curmishistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have now to do but write again, till death splits up us and the scribbler.

"The Alfred has 354 candidates for six weeks. The cook has run away and left us liable, &c. makes our committee very plaintive. Master M^{rs} our head serving-man, has the gout, and our cook is none of the best. I speak from report, what is cookery to a leguminous-eating ascetic? now you know much of the matter as I do. M^{rs} and quiet are still there, and they may dress dishes in their own way for me. Let me hear your determination as to Newstead, and believe me,

"Yours ever,

"Napier"

LETTER LXXX.

TO MR HODGSON.

"8, St James's street, Dec. 18th, 1811.

"Why, Hodgson! I fear you have left me and me at the same time;—I have written to you ten and written, and no answer!—My dear Sir, Bland disagrees with you,—drink and eat, &c. Bland did not come to his appointment, but M^{rs} e supplied all other vacancies respectably. I have hopes of his joining us at Newstead. I am sure you would like him more and more as he develops,—at least I do.

"How Miller and Bland go on, I don't know. Coleridge talks of being in treaty for a man of D'Arblay's, and if he obtains it (at 1000 guineas) I shall see the MS. This I should read with pleasure,—not that I should ever dare to venture a criticism on her whose writings Dr Johnson once reviewed for the pleasure of the thing. If my worthy father wanted a sound opinion, I should send the MS. to Rogers and M^{rs} e, as men most alive to the subject. I have had frequent letters from Wm. Harness; you are silent; certes, you are not a scholar. However, I have the consolation of knowing that you are better employed, viz. reviewing. You don't serve that I should add another syllable, and I am, Yours, &c.

"P. S.—I only wait for your answer to the next meeting.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO MR HARNES.

"8, St James's street, December 18th, 1811.

"I wrote you an answer to your last, which, I believe, pleases me as little as it probably has pleased yourself. I will not wait for your rejoinder, but I must tell you, that I had just then been sent with an epistle of * * *, full of his petty grievances, and this at the moment when (from circumstance, it is not necessary to enter upon) I was brought against recollections to which his imaginary sufferings are as a scratch to a cancer. These things don't put me out of humour with him and all his

it), which I should
very cautious.
Cecilia Dr. J.
me, I should
who are the
and beg
shall, per
or scrib
&c."

MS. of Child
there are two
connected
separately, he
conscious-
ruin of all his
was to arise.

heraft,
are left.
canopo,
be true;
my hope,
great!

the first months of our ac-
and as we had no
the Alfred being the
that period, belonged, and I
none but Watier's,—our
at the St Alban's, or at his
Though at times he would
he still adhered to his
in food. He appeared, indeed,
a notion that animal food has some
on the character; and I remember,
opposite to him, employed, I sup-
over a beef-steak, after watch-
he said, in a grave tone of
"don't you find eating beef-steak

me to have expressed a wish to be-
of the Alfred, he very good-naturedly
proposing me as a candidate; but as
which I had then nearly formed of be-
country life, rendered an additional
superfluous, I wrote to beg that he
present, at least, withdraw my name;
though containing little, being the
he ever honoured me with, I may
for forcing a peculiar pleasure in insert-

LETTER LXXXII

TO MR MOORE.

"December 11, 1811.

MY DEAR MOORE,

By your phrase, we will drop our formal monosyl-

Written beneath the picture of —

ables, and adhere to the appellations
our godfathers and godmothers. If
point, I will withdraw your name; af-
there is no occasion, as I have this
your election 'sine die,' till it shall en-
to be amongst us. I do not say
awkwardness the erasure of your
occasion to me, but simply such is
case; and, indeed, the longer your
stronger will become the probability
your voters more numerous. Of
decide—your wish shall be my law.
already outrun discretion, pardon me,
my officiousness to an excusable motive.

"I wish you would go down with me
Hodgson will be there, and a young
Harness, the earliest and dearest I
the third form at Harrow to this hour
miss you good wine, and, if you like
manor of 4000 acres, fires, books, &c.
will, and my own very indifferent compo-
vina."

"Hodgson will plague you, I fear,
for my own part, I will conclude, with
recitabo tibi; and surely the last
the least. Ponder on my proposition
me, my dear Moore,

"Yours

Among those acts of generosity and
which every year of Lord Byron's life
there is none, perhaps, that, for its
seasonableness and delicacy, as well
fect worthiness of the person who was
it, deserves more honourable mention
I am now about to record, and which
nearly at the period of which I am
friend, whose good fortune it was to
ing thus testified, was Mr Hodgson,
to whom so many of the preceding
dressed; and as it would be unjust to
grace and honour of being, himself, the
obligations so signal, I shall here
readers an extract from the letter
reference to a passage in one of his
Journals, he has favoured me.

"I feel it incumbent upon me to
circumstances to which this passage al-
private their nature. They are, inde-
to do honour to the memory of my late
Having become involved, unfortunately
ties and embarrassments, I received from
(besides former pecuniary obligations)
the time in question, to the amount of
pounds. Aid of such magnitude was
solicited and unexpected on my part;
long-cherished, though secret, purpose
to afford that aid; and he only waited
when he thought it would be of most
own words were, on the occasion of
overwhelming favour, 'I always intend

During all this time, and through
January and February, his Poem of
old" was in its progress through the
the changes and additions which he

ing, some of the most beautiful passages owe their existence. On comparing the rough draft of the two Cantos in form in which they exist at present, with the original, the power which the manuscript shows, not only of surpassing others, but of surpassing itself. Originally, the "little German" of the Childs were introduced by the notice in the following time, spreading the substance of which into the lyric shape, it is almost needless to say the poet has gained in variety of effect :—

There was a benchman page,
Who served his master well :
And his praiseworthy courage
Was such, when his proud heart did swell
To fight, that he disdain'd to tell
He smelt on him, and Alwin smiled,
That from his young lips archly fell
The from Harold's eye beguiled.

Whom only did he take
To a far country :
The boy was grieved to leave the lake
Where he grew from infancy,
His heart beat merrily,
To see nations to behold,
That night marvellous to see,
Swarming travellers oft have told,
The

That mournful song "to Inez," in the which contains some of the dreariest lines that even his pen ever let fall, he original construction of the Poem, been seen as to contest himself with such success as the following :—

And gain to me
Where dimes and British ladies
Shall your lot to see,
In the lovely girl of Cadix,
Her eye be not of blue,
Her locks, like English James, &c. &c.

also, originally, several stanzas full of wit, and some that degenerated into a familiar and ludicrous than that of the *London Sunday*, which still disfigures them mixing up the light with the the intention of the poet to imitate as far easier to rise, with grace, from a generally familiar, into an occasional of pathos or splendour, than to in a prolonged tone of solemnity by any of ludicrous or burlesque." In the transition may have the effect of varying, while, in the latter, it almost is ;—for the same reason, perhaps, as in the high feeling, in comedy, has it, while the intrusion of comic scenes

has any doubt as to his intention of delicacy, this adoption of the old *Norfolk*, which he seems to have at first felt to be sufficient to remove it, he names "Robin" and "Rupert" had inserted here and scratched out again, except to illegible.

He acknowledged blemishes of Milton's great transition in this manner, into an old style, in the "Paradise of Fools."

into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The noble poet was himself convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding Cantos of Childs Harold repented it.

Of the satiric parts, some verses on the well-known traveller, Sir John Carr, may supply us with, at least, a harmless specimen :—

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Sights, saints, antiques, arts, anecdotes, and war,
Go, bid ye hence to Paternoster row,—
Are they not written in the book of Carr?
Green Erin's Knight, and Europe's wandering star!
Then listen, readers, to the Man of Ink,
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar,
All these are coop'd within one Quarto's brink,
This borrow, steal (don't buy), and tell us what you think.

Among those passages which, in the course of revision, he introduced, like pieces of "rich inlay," into the Poem, was that fine stanza—

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore, &c.

through which lines though, it must be confessed, a tone of scepticism breathes (as well as in those tender verses,

Yes,—I will dream that we may meet again),

it is a scepticism whose sadness calls far more for pity than blame; there being discoverable, even through its very doubts, an innate warmth of piety, which they had been able to obscure, but not to chill. To use the words of the poet himself, in a note which it was once his intention to affix to these stanzas, "Let it be remembered that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism,"—a distinction never to be lost sight of; as, however hopeless may be the conversion of the scoffing infidel, he who feels pain in doubting has still alive within him the seeds of belief.

At the same time with Childs Harold, he had three other works in the press,—his "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and a fifth edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The note upon the latter Poem, which had been the lucky origin of our acquaintance, was withdrawn in this edition, and a few words of explanation, which he had the kindness to submit to my perusal, substituted in its place.

In the month of January, the whole of the Two Cantos being printed off, some of the poet's friends, and, among others, Mr Rogers and myself, were so far favoured as to be indulged with a perusal of the sheets. In adverting to this period in his "Memoir," Lord Byron, I remember, mentioned,—as one of the ill omens which preceded the publication of the Poem,—that some of the literary friends to whom it was shown expressed doubts of its success, and that one among them had told him "it was too good for the age." Whoever may have pronounced this opinion,—and I have some suspicion that I am, myself, the guilty person,—the age has, it must be owned, most triumphantly refuted the calumny upon its taste which the remark implied.

It was in the hands of Mr Rogers I first saw the sheets of the Poem, and glanced hastily over a few

of the stanzas which he pointed out to me as beautiful. Having occasion, the same morning, to write a note to Lord Byron, I expressed strongly the admiration which this foretaste of his work had excited in me; and the following is,—as far as relates to literary matters,—the answer I received from him.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"January 29th, 1812.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"I wish very much I could have seen you; I am in a state of ludicrous tribulation.

"Why do you say that I dislike your poetry? I have expressed no such opinion, either in *print* or elsewhere. In scribbling myself it was necessary for me to find fault, and I fixed upon the trite charge of immorality, because I could discover no other, and was so perfectly qualified, in the innocence of my heart, to 'pluck that mote from my neighbour's eye.'

"I feel very, very much obliged by your approbation; but, at *this moment*, praise, even your praise, passes by me like 'the idle wind.' I meant and mean to send you a copy the moment of publication; but now, I can think of nothing but damned, deceitful,—delightful woman, as Mr Liston says in the Knight of Snowdon.

"Believe me, my dear Moore,

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"BYRON."

The passages here omitted contain rather too amusing an account of a disturbance that had just occurred in the establishment at Newstead, in consequence of the detected misconduct of one of the maid-servants, who had been supposed to stand rather too high in the favour of her master, and, by the airs of authority which she thereupon assumed, had disposed all the rest of the household to regard her with no very charitable eyes. The chief actors in the strife were this Sultana and young Rushton; and the first point in dispute that came to Lord Byron's knowledge (though circumstances, far from creditable to the damsel, afterwards transpired) was, whether Rushton was bound to carry letters to "the Bluet" at the bidding of this female. To an episode of such a nature I should not have thought of alluding, were it not for the two rather curious letters that follow, which show how gravely and coolly the young lord could arbitrate on such an occasion, and with what considerate leaning towards the servant whose fidelity he had proved, in preference to any new liking or fancy, by which it might be suspected he was actuated towards the other.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

"8, St James's-street, Jan. 31st, 1812.

"Though I have no objection to your refusal to carry letters to Menley's, you will take care that the letters are taken by *Spero* at the proper time. I have also to observe, that Susan is to be treated with civi-

lity, and not *insulted* by any person over whom the smallest control, or, indeed, by any one else, while I have the power to protect her. I am sorry to have any subject of complaint against you; I have too good an opinion of you to think I have occasion to repeat it, after the care I have of you, and my favourable intentions in you. I see no occasion for any communication between you and the women, and wish you to yourself in preparing for the situation in which you will be placed. If a common sense of decency prevent you from conducting yourself towards them with rudeness, I should at least hope that your own interest, and regard for a master who has treated you with unkindness, will have some effect.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

"P.S.—I wish you to attend to your writing, to occupy yourself in surveying, measuring, making yourself acquainted with every part relative to the land of Newstead, and you to send me one letter every week, that I may know you go on."

LETTER LXXXV.

TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

"8, St James's-street, January 31st, 1812.

"Your refusal to carry the letter was certainly of remonstrance; it was not a part of your duty, but the language you used to the girl (as I stated it) highly improper.

"You say that you also have something to complain of; then state it to me immediately, so that I may be very unfair, and very contrary to my duty, not to hear both sides of the question.

"If any thing has passed between you and Susan since my last visit to Newstead, do not be so foolish as to mention it. I am sure you would not do so, though she would. Whatever it is, you shall be given. I have not been without some suspicion of the subject, and am certain that, at your trial, the blame could not attach to you. You must consult any one as to your answer, but write immediately. I shall be more ready to hear of your having to advance, as I do not remember ever to have heard a word from you before against an untruth, which convinces me you would not assert an untruth. There is not any one who would do the least injury to you while you conduct yourself properly. I shall expect your answer tomorrow.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

It was after writing these letters that Lord Byron discovered the knowledge of some improper levities on the part of the girl, in consequence of which he dismissed her, and another female servant from Newstead. How strongly he allowed this discovery to affect his mind, will be seen in a subsequent letter to Mr Hodgson.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO MR HODGSON.

"8, St James's-street, February 1st, 1812.

"DEAR HODGSON,

"I send you a proof. Last week I was out

stone in the kidney, but I am not. If the stone had got into my kidneys, it would have been all women are gone to their relatives, and I explain what was already too late. I have quite recovered *that* also, but my folly in excepting my own general corruption,—albeit a two or three better than ten years. I have said, which is, never mention a word better to me, or even allude to the fact. I won't even read a word of *that*, it must all be 'propria quæ

of 1813 I shall leave England for
my affairs tends to this, and
and health do not discourage it.
The new constitution are improved by
your climate. I shall find employ-
ment myself a good oriental scholar.
I am now in one of the fairest islands,
the most interesting por-
t. In the mean time, I am ad-
vancing, which will (when arranged)
be sufficient even for home, but
especially in Turkey. At present
and, but I hope, by taking some nec-
essary steps, to clear every thing.
I am expected daily in London; we shall be
very soon, and, perhaps, you will come
with me, if not, 'Mahomet
will remain'—but Cambridge will
be a loss to him, and worse to me,
for different reasons. I believe the only
man ever loved me in truth and en-
tirely, belonging to, Cambridge, and in
my own take place. There is in
the world—where he sets his seal, the
author be melted or broken, but en-
"Yours always, B."

"Yours always, B."

former memorials of his good-nature which, while they are precious to them, are not unworthy of admiration, may be reckoned such letters as to a youth at Eton, recommending him about to be entered at that school.

LETTER LXXXVII.

W. B. MASTER JOHN C. DWELL.

* 8, St James's-street, Feb. 17th, 1812.

PROBABLY long ago forgotten the writer
 who would, perhaps, be unable to re-
 ly from the difference which must
 taken place in your stature and ap-
 he saw you last. I have been
 Portugal, Spain, Greece, &c. &c.,
 and have found so many changes on
 it would be very unfair not to ex-
 mended have had your share of altera-
 ment with the rest. I write to re-
 of you : a little boy of eleven years,
 my particular friend, is about to

become an Etonian, and I should esteem any act of protection or kindness to him as an obligation to myself; let me beg of you then to take some little notice of him at first, till he is able to shift for himself.

"I was happy to hear a very favourable account of you from a schoolfellow a few weeks ago, and should be glad to learn that your family are as well as I wish them to be. I presume you are in the upper school;—as an *Etonian*, you will look down upon a *Harrow* man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of eleven, who were beaten to their hearts' content by your college in one innings.

"Believe me to be, with great truth, &c. &c."

On the 27th of February, a day or two before the appearance of Childs Harold, he made the first trial of his eloquence in the House of Lords; and it was on this occasion he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Lord Holland,—an acquaintance no less honourable than gratifying to both, as having originated in feelings the most generous, perhaps, of our nature, a ready forgiveness of injuries, on the one side, and a frank and unqualified atonement for them, on the other. The subject of debate was the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill, and Lord Byron having mentioned to Mr Rogers his intention to take a part in the discussion, a communication was, by the intervention of that gentleman, opened between the noble poet and Lord Holland, who, with his usual courtesy, professed himself ready to afford all the information and advice in his power. The following letters, however, will best explain their first advances towards acquaintance.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR ROGERS.

* February 4th, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

"With my best acknowledgments to Lord Holland, I have to offer my perfect concurrence in the propriety of the question previously to be put to ministers. If their answer is in the negative, I shall, with his lordship's approbation, give notice of a motion for a Committee of Inquiry. I would also gladly avail myself of his most able advice, and any information or documents with which he might be pleased to intrust me, to bear me out in the statement of facts it may be necessary to submit to the House.

"From all that fell under my own observation during my Christmas visit to Newstead, I feel convinced that, if conciliatory measures are not very soon adopted, the most unhappy consequences may be apprehended. Nightly outrage and daily depredation are already at their height; and not only the masters of frames, who are obnoxious on account of their occupation, but persons in no degree connected with the malcontents or their oppressors, are liable to insult and pillage.

"I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account, and beg you to believe me ever your obliged and sincere, &c."

LETTER LXXXIX.

S. St James's-street, Feb. 25th, 1819.

"MY LORD,

"With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Noble letter to your lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the question differs in some measure from Mr Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but his objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the '*original advisers*' (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much-injured body of men, sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment. For instance;—by the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven—six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed that the work thus done is far inferior in quality, hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer '*unworthy of his hire*.' My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilized country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder. The effect of the present bill would be to drive them into actual rebellion. The few words I shall venture to offer on Thursday will be founded upon these opinions, formed from my own observations on the spot. By previous inquiry, I am convinced these men would have been restored to employment, and the county to tranquillity. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, and is surely worth the trial. It can never be too late to employ force in such circumstances. I believe your lordship does not coincide with me entirely on this subject, and most cheerfully and sincerely shall I submit to your superior judgment and experience, and take some other line of argument against the bill, or be silent altogether, should you deem it more advisable. Condemning, as every one must condemn, the conduct of these wretches, I believe in the existence of grievances which call rather for pity than punishment. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my lord,

"Your lordship's

"Most obedient and obliged servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S.—I am a little apprehensive that your lordship will think me too lenient towards these men, and half a *framebreaker* myself."

It would have been, no doubt, the ambition of Lord Byron to acquire distinction as well in oratory as in

poesy; but Nature seems to set his rivalries in fame. He had prepared debate,—as most of the best orators their first essays,—not only by coming down, the whole of his speech before reception he met with was flattering; speakers on his own side complied warmly; and that he was himself his success appears from the name Mr Dallas, which gives a lively notation on the occasion.

"When he left the great chamber him in the passage; he was glowing and much agitated. I had an umbrella, not expecting that he would go to me;—in my haste to take it he advanced my left hand—'What, my friend your left hand upon such a shower the cause, and immediately umbrella to the other hand, I gave hand, which he shook and pressed a greatly elated, and repeated some of which had been paid him, and ment of the peers who had desired to be in. He concluded with saying, that he had given me the best advertisement for Pilgrimage."

The speech itself, as given by Mr noble speaker's own manuscript, vigorous; and the same sort of in reading the poetry of a Burke, perhaps, by a few specimens of the in the very opening of his speech he himself by the melancholy avow assembly of his brother nobles he stranger.

"As a person in some degree suffering county, though a strange House in general, but to almost whose attention I presume to solicit some portion of your lordships' industry."

The following extracts comprise, pages of most spirit.

"When we are told that these together, not only for the destruction of comfort, but of their very means of we forget that it is the bitter political warfare, of the last eighteen years with their comfort, your comfort, all men policy which, originating with '*greed* no more,' has survived the dead on the living, unto the third and fourth. These men never destroyed their law become useless, worse than useless become actual impediments to obtaining their daily bread. Can you in times like these, when bank fraud, and imputed felony, are so far beneath that of your lordships, once most useful portion of the people their duty in their distresses; and guilty than one of their representatives the exalted offender can find means new capital punishments must be of death must be spread for the w who is furnished into guilt. These

sake was in other hands: they were beg, but there was none to relieve; means of subsistence were cut off; men pre-occupied; and their exertions to be deplored and condemned, can figst of surprise.

And the seat of war in the peninsula; one of the most oppressed provinces I know, under the most despotic of men, did I behold such squalid wretches even since my return, in the very same country. And what are your ramblings of inaction, and months of an inactivity, at length comes forth like the never-failing nostrum of all, from the days of Draco to the latter fadling the pulse and shaking the patient, prescribing the usual water and bleeding—the warm water in pulse, and the lancets of your stomachs must terminate in death, violation of the prescriptions of all this. Setting aside the palpable insupportable inefficiency of the bill, are its punishments sufficient on your trust blood enough upon your penal must be poured forth to succeed to fly against you? How will you carry let? Can you commit a whole county into? Will you erect a gibbet in it hang up men like scarecrows? or if as you must, to bring this measure into action; place the country under despotism and by waste all around the Sherwood Forest as an acceptable one in its former condition of a royal region for outlaws? Are these the returning and desperate populace? Will wretch who has hunted your gibbet by your gibbet? When death liberally relief it appears that you will be he disposed into tranquillity? Would not be effected by your tranquillity by your tranquillity? If you think of law, where is your conscience? And to impound their accomplices, when only was the punishment. Will all to whom you point them when death? With all due deference to the name I think a little investigation. Once I would induce even them to change but must forego their measure, as measure is many and must measure, and not be without its measure in proposed in measure to compensate or state, your diligence for years, you agree with the measure of men, but a punishment of death, without a thought more.

in his own parliamentary discourse on speech in particular. I had the pleasure of an interview with him for the purpose of seeing him to see what manner of man Lord Lauderdale was, and to see the manner in which he conducted himself.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' He told me that he did not care about poetry (or about mine—at least, any but *that* poem of mine), but he was sure, from *that* and other symptoms, I should make an orator, if I would but take to speaking and grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to me to the last; and I remember my old tutor, Dr Drury, had the same notion when I was a boy; but it never was my turn of inclination to try. I spoke once or twice, as all young peers do, as a kind of introduction into public life; but dissipation, shyness, haughty and reserved opinions, together with the short time I lived in England after my majority (only about five years in all), prevented me from resuming the experiment. As far as it went, it was not discouraging, particularly my *first* speech (I spoke three or four times in all), but just after it, my poem of Childe Harold was published, and nobody ever thought about my *prose* afterwards, nor indeed did I; it became to me a secondary and neglected object, though I sometimes wonder to myself if I should have succeeded."

His immediate impressions with respect to the success of his first speech may be collected from a letter addressed soon after to Mr Hodgson.

LETTER XC.

TO MR HODGSON

"9, St James's street, March 9th, 1812.

MY DEAR HODGSON,

"We are not answerable for reports of speeches in the papers; they are always given incorrectly, and on this occasion more so than usual, from the debate in the Commons on the same night. The *Morning Post* should have said *eighteen* years. However, you will find the speech, as spoken, in the *Parliamentary Register*, when it comes out. Lord Holland and *General*—the particularly the *new*, and the *new* such improvements in the course of their speeches, as you may have seen in the papers, and Lord Eldon and *the* *new* movement. I have had many *new* improvements suggested to the *new*, in *new* and by *new*, from *new* persons considered—*new*, *new*, *new*—as well as *new*: of these I shall very much mention the *new*. His speech is a *new* speech by a *new* once the *new* *new* when you may have a *new* feeling in the *new*. Lord *new* to me I shall not think of *new* *new* and Lord *new* that the construction of *new* of my *new* are very like *new*: had on *new* for *new*. I spoke very *new* *new* with a sort of *new* *new*, almost every thing and every word and yet the *new* *new* very much out of *new* and if I may believe what I hear, some one not very *new* of the experiment. He is very *new* and not *new* enough, perhaps a little *new*. I could not *new* *new* or any *new* in the *new*.

"If your *new* will be *new*. *new* is *new* and will not be *new*. The *new* is *new* for the *new*, not *new* a part of my *new*. *new* and *new* a *new*.

Yours ever

Of the same date as the above is the following letter to Lord Holland, accompanying a copy of his new publication, and written in a tone that cannot fail to give a high idea of his good feeling and candour.

LETTER XCI.

* St James's-street, March 5th, 1812.

"MY LORD,

"May I request your lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note? You have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet,

Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,

that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that any thing I may have formerly uttered in the boyish rashness of my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence—perhaps your lordship may give it a stronger and more appropriate appellation—to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout: if my book can produce a *laugh* against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to *sleep*, the benefit will be yet greater; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that 'poetry is a mere drug,' I offer you mine as a humble assistant to the 'eau médicinale.' I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

"Your lordship's

"Obliged and sincere servant,

"BYRON."

It was within two days after his speech in the House of Lords, that Childe Harold appeared;—and the impression it produced upon the public was as instantaneous as it has proved deep and lasting. The permanence of such success genius alone could secure, but to its instant and enthusiastic burst, other causes, besides the merit of the work, concurred.

There are those who trace in the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius strong features of relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds, by habituating them to the daring and the free, and allowing full vent to "the flash and outbreak of fiery spirits," had led naturally to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was, in short, as much the child and representative of the Revolution, in poetry, as another great man of the age, Napoleon, was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will, at least, be conceded, that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind, in the great struggle of that period, together with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing almost daily on the

theatre of the world, had created in all in every walk of intellect, a taste for excitement, which the stimulants supplied from sources were insufficient to gratify;—a deference to established authorities had disrepute, no less in literature than in that the poet who should breathe into his fierce and passionate spirit of the age, untrammelled and unawed, the high genius, would be the most sure of an audience in sympathy with his strains.

It is true that, to the licence on religion which revelled through the first acts of that drama, a disposition of an opposite to for some time, succeeded. Against the scoffer not only piety, but a better taste and had Lord Byron, in touching on *Childe Harold*, adopted a tone of levity (such as, unluckily, he sometimes ascended to), not all the originality and his work would have secured for it a prompt tested triumph. As it was, however, the of scepticism with which he darkened his from checking his popularity, were among tions which, as I have said, independent charms of the poetry, accelerated and his success. The religious feeling that has through Europe since the French revolution, the political principles that have emerged same event—in rejecting all the licentious period, have preserved much of its spirit of inquiry; and among the best fruits of the and enlightened piety, is the liberty which men to accord to the opinions, and even others. To persons thus sincerely, and time tolerantly, devout, the spectacle of a like that of Byron, labouring in the eclecticism, could not be otherwise than an ed and solemn interest. If they had al what it was to doubt themselves, they into his fate with mournful sympathy; in the tranquil haven of faith, they would pity on one who was still a wanderer erring and dark as might be his views ment, there were circumstances in his of fate that gave a hope of better thoughts upon him. From his temperament and could be little fear that he was yet than heresies, and as, for a heart wounded it was, they knew, but one true source of so it was hoped that the love of truth, all he wrote, would one day enable him

Another, and not the least of those concurring with the intrinsic claims of his give an impulse to the tide of success that upon him, was, unquestionably, the his personal history and character. Then in his very first introduction of himself to a sufficient portion of singularity to attract attention and interest. While all other talent, in his high station, are heralded the applauses and anticipations of a boy young Byron stood forth alone, unannounced praise or promise,—the representative of a house, whose name, long lost in the glass of Newstead, seemed to have just awa

* To his sister, Mrs Leigh, one of the first presentation copies was sent, with the following inscription in it:—

"To Augusta, my dearest sister and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her father's son, and most affectionate brother. B."

a century in his person. The cir- cumstances followed,—the prompt appeals upon the assaults of his appearance after this achievement of a triumph, without deigning even to look back upon the laurels which he had earned, and his self-sacrifice, whose limits he left to posterity,—all these successive incidents had conspired to round the character of the man, and prepared his readers to meet the fullness of his genius. Instead of a nearer view, fall short of their imagination, and see features of his disposition now far outwent, in peculiarity and interest, they might have preconceived; and sympathy awakened by what the texture of his history were still more by the mystery of his allusions to much that could not be said. The late losses by death, and the mourning, it was mani- festly a reality to the notion formed of the man which seemed to authorise them; and what has been said of the art of "making a party to his private sorrows," may be more fully and truthfully applied to

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Childe Harold, Canto II.

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It was also natural that, in that circle, the admiration of the new poet should be, at least, quickened by the consideration that he had sprung up among themselves, and that their order had, at length, produced a man of genius, by whom the arrears of contribution, long due from them to the treasury of English literature, would be at once fully and splendidly discharged.

Altogether, taking into consideration the various points I have here enumerated, it may be asserted, that never did there exist before, and, it is most probable, never will exist again, a combination of such vast mental power and surpassing genius, with so many other of those advantages and attractions, by which the world is in general dazzled and captivated. The effect was accordingly electric;—his fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a night. As he himself briefly described it in his Memoranda,—“I awoke one morning, and found myself famous.” The first edition of his work was disposed of instantly; and, as the echoes of its reputation multiplied on all sides, “Childe Harold” and “Lord Byron” became the theme of every tongue. At his door, most of the leading names of the day presented themselves,—some of them persons whom he had much wronged in his Satire, but who now forgot their resentment in generous admiration. From morning till night the most flattering testimonies of his success crowded his table,—from the grave tributes of the statesman and the philosopher down to (what flattered him still more) the romantic billet of some incognita, or the pressing note of invitation from some fair leader of fashion; and, in place of the desert which London had been to him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw the whole splendid interior of High Life thrown open to receive him, but found himself, among its illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.

The copyright of the Poem, which was purchased by Mr Murray for £600, he presented, in the most delicate and unostentatious manner, to Mr Dallas,* saying, at the same time, that he “never would receive money for his writings;”—a resolution, the mixed result of generosity and pride, which he afterwards wisely abandoned, though borne out by the example of Swift† and Voltaire, the latter of whom gave away most of his copyrights to Prault and other booksellers, and received books, not money, for those he disposed of otherwise. To his young friend, Mr Harness, it had been his intention, at first, to dedicate the work, but, on further consideration, he relinquished his design; and in a letter to that gentleman (which, with some others, is unfortunately lost) alleged, as his reason for this change, the prejudice which, he foresaw, some parts of the poem would raise against himself, and his fear lest, by any possibility, a share of the odium might so

* “After speaking to him of the sale, and settling the new edition, I said, ‘How can I possibly think of this rapid sale, and the profits likely to ensue, without recollecting—’ ‘What?’—‘Think what sum your work may produce.’ ‘I shall be rejoiced, and wish it doubled and trebled, but do not talk to me of money. I never will receive money for my writings.’”—*Dallas's Recollections.*

† In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1736, Swift says, “I never got a farthing for any thing I writ, except ease.”

far extend itself to his friend, as to injure him in the profession to which he was about to devote himself.

Not long after the publication of *Childe Harold*, the noble author paid me a visit, one morning, and, putting a letter into my hands, which he had just received, requested that I would undertake to manage for him whatever proceedings it might render necessary. This letter, I found, had been delivered to him by Mr Leckie (a gentleman well known by a work on Sicilian affairs), and came from a once active and popular member of the fashionable world, Colonel Greville,—its purport being to require of his lordship, as author of "*English Bards, &c.*" such reparation as it was in his power to make for the injury which, as Colonel Greville conceived, certain passages in that satire, reflecting upon his conduct, as manager of the Argyle Institution, were calculated to inflict upon his character. In the appeal of the gallant colonel, there were some expressions of rather an angry cast, which Lord Byron, though fully conscious of the length to which he himself had gone, was but little inclined to brook, and, on my returning the letter into his hands, he said, "To such a letter as that there can be but one sort of answer." He agreed, however, to trust the matter entirely to my discretion, and I had, shortly after, an interview with the friend of Colonel Greville. By this gentleman, who was then an utter stranger to me, I was received with much courtesy, and with every disposition to bring the affair intrusted to us to an amicable issue. On my premising that the tone of his friend's letter stood in the way of negotiation, and that some obnoxious expressions which it contained must be removed before I could proceed a single step towards explanation, he most readily consented to remove this obstacle. At his request I drew a pen across the parts I considered objectionable, and he undertook to send me the letter, re-written, next morning. In the mean time I received from Lord Byron the following paper for my guidance.

"With regard to the passage on Mr Way's loss, no unfair play was hinted at, as may be seen by referring to the book; and it is expressly added that the managers were ignorant of that transaction. As to the prevalence of play at the Argyle, it cannot be denied that there were billiards and dice;—Lord B. has been a witness to the use of both at the Argyle Rooms. These, it is presumed, come under the denomination of play. If play be allowed, the President of the Institution can hardly complain of being termed the 'Arbiter of play,'—or what becomes of his authority?

"Lord B. has no personal animosity to Colonel Greville. A public institution, to which he himself was a subscriber, he considered himself to have a right to notice publicly. Of that institution, Colonel Greville was the avowed director;—it is too late to enter into the discussion of its merits or demerits.

"Lord B. must leave the discussion of the reparation for the real or supposed injury, to Colonel G.'s friend and Mr Moore, the friend of Lord B.—begging them to recollect that, while they consider Colonel G.'s honour, Lord B. must also maintain his own. If the business can be settled amicably, Lord B. will do as much as can and ought to be

done by a man of honour towards another; if not, he must satisfy Colonel G. in the conductive to his farther wishes."

In the morning I received the letter, from Mr Leckie, with the annexed

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I found my friend very ill in bed; ever, managed to copy the inclosed, with the alterations proposed. Perhaps you may wish to see the morning; I shall therefore be glad to call on you, tell me, and I shall obey your orders.

"Yours, very truly,

"G. T.

With such facilities towards pacification, almost needless to add that there was no difficulty in settling the matter amicably.

While upon this subject, I shall avail myself of an opportunity which it affords of extracting an account given by Lord Byron himself of this description, in which he was, at the time, employed as mediator.

"I have been called in as mediator, at least twenty times, in violent quarrels, always contrived to settle the business, promising the honour of the parties, or to mortal consequences, and this too, in very difficult and delicate circumstances, to deal with very hot and haughty spirits, gamblers, guardsmen, captains, and officers, and the like. This was, of course, in my day, I lived in hot-headed company. I have seen challenges from gentlemen to noblemen, from captains to captains, from lawyers to clergymen, and once from a clergyman to an officer in the army, but I found the latter by far the most difficult.

to compose

The bloody duel without blows

the business being about a woman: I found that I never saw a woman behave so blooded, heartless &c.—as she was,—but, for all that. A certain Susan was called. I never saw her but once; and I induced her but to say two words (which compromised herself), and which would have the effect of saving a priest or a lieutenant. She would not say them, and neither N. (the son of Sir E. N.), and a friend of the parties) could prevail upon her to say them. Both of us used to deal in some sort with her. At last I managed to quiet the combatant, her talisman, and, I believe, to her great moment: she was the damndest b— that I ever saw, and I have seen a great many. Though I was sure to lose either his life or his limb, warlike as the Bishop of Beauvais, and he was pacified; but then he was in love, and martial passion."

However disagreeable it was to the consequences of his satire thus rising up again in a hostile shape, he was far more embarrassed

retribution took a friendly form. In the habit of meeting and receiving persons who, either in themselves, or others, had been wounded by his pen, and instance of courtesy from such persons, he sometimes, in the strong language expressed in like "heaping coals of fire." He was, indeed, in a remarkable manner, to the kindness or displeasure of his friends, and had he passed a life subject to the influence of society, it may be that he never would have ventured upon the display of energy, in which he, at once, abused his power. At the period when his *Satire*, society had not yet been so pale; and in the time of his exile, he had again broken loose from the subject towards a life of solitude and the true element of his strength. In the imagination he could defy the world in real life, a frown or smile. The facility with which he sacrificed to the mere suggestion of his friend, the mere word of this pliability; and the influence of Mr Dallas on his mind, and the influence of Mr Dallas on his mind, from his original design of a hero, but surrendered to the influence of the stanzas, whose heterogeneity; not is it too much, perhaps, that had a more extended force of influence upon him, he would have been the sceptical parts of his poem. It is that, during the remainder of his life, so such doctrines were ever to be found; and in all those beautiful stanzas, with which he brightened the public eye in one proper manner, both the bitterness and the generous spirit were kept effective. The world, indeed, had yet to be made rayable of, when emancipated. For, graceful and powerful as the world society had still a hold of him, it was from the truth that he rose into the strength; and though almost in proportion, his abuse of the very excesses of that it is impossible, even while we admire by which I have been led into these. His sensitiveness on the subject of one of those instances that show how the spirit could be, if not held down, and, by the small ties of society. The which he had been guilty was not only one of those most injured, forgiven; it must be allowed, to the credit of age,—the idea of living familiarly and warmly, respecting whose character or the such opinions of his on record, be inappreciable to him; and, though in a fifth edition of "English Bards, to the resolution of suppressing the same, and orders were sent to Cawthorn, to commit the whole impression to the

flames. At the same time, and from similar motives, aided, I rather think, by a friendly remonstrance from Lord Elgin, or some of his connexions,—the "Curse of Minerva," a poem levelled against that nobleman, and already in progress towards publication, was also sacrificed; while the "Hints from Horace," though containing far less personal satire than either of the others, shared their fate.

To exemplify what I have said of his extreme sensibility to the passing sunshine or clouds of the society in which he lived, I need but cite the following notes, addressed by him to his friend Mr William Bankes, under the apprehension that this gentleman was, for some reason or other, displeased with him.

LETTER XCII.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES

April 20th, 1812.

"MY DEAR BANKES,

"I feel rather hurt (not savagely) at the speech you made to me last night, and my hope is, that it was only one of your *profane* jests. I should be very sorry that any part of my behaviour should give you cause to suppose that I think higher of myself, or otherwise of you, than I have always done. I can assure you that I am as much the humblest of your servants as at Trin. Coll; and if I have not been at home when you favoured me with a call, the loss was more mine than yours. In the bustle of buzzing parties, there is, there can be, no rational conversation; but when I can enjoy it, there is nobody's I can prefer to your own.

"Believe me ever faithfully

"And most affectionately yours,

"BYRON."

LETTER XCIII.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

"MY DEAR BANKES,

"My eagerness to come to an explanation has, I trust, convinced you that whatever my unlucky manner might inadvertently be, the change was as unintentional as (if intended) it would have been ungrateful. I really was not aware that, while we were together, I had evinced such caprices; that we were not so much in each other's company as I could have wished, I well know, but I think so *acute* an observer as yourself must have perceived enough to explain this, without supposing any slight to one in whose society I have pride and pleasure. Recollect that I do not allude here to 'extended' or 'extending' acquaintances, but to circumstances you will understand, I think, on a little reflection.

"And now, my dear Bankes, do not distress me by supposing that I can think of you, or you of me, otherwise than I trust we have longthought. You told me not long ago that my temper was improved, and I should be sorry that opinion should be revoked. Believe me, your friendship is of more account to me than all those absurd vanities in which, I fear, you conceive me to take too much interest. I have never disputed your superiority, or doubted (seriously) your good will, and no one shall ever 'make mischief between us' without the sincere regret on the part of your ever affectionate, &c.

"P. S.—I shall see you, I hope, at Lady Jersey's. Hobhouse goes also."

In the month of April he was again tempted to try his success in the House of Lords, and, on the motion of Lord Donoughmore for taking into consideration the claims of the Irish catholics, delivered his sentiments strongly in favour of the proposition. His display, on this occasion, seems to have been less promising than in his first essay. His delivery was thought moulting and theatrical, being infected, I take for granted (having never heard him speak in parliament), with the same chanting tone that disfigured his recitation of poetry,—a tone contracted at most of the public schools, but more particularly, perhaps, at Harrow, and encroaching just enough on the boundaries of song to offend those ears most by which song is best enjoyed and understood.

On the subject of the negotiations for a change of ministry which took place during this session, I find the following anecdotes recorded in his note book.

"At the opposition meeting of the Peers, in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, when Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sat next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said, 'What is to be done next?'—'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was snoring away near us), replied he: 'I don't think the negotiators have left any thing else for us to do this time.'

"In the debate, or rather discussion, afterwards in the House of Lords upon that very question, I sat immediately behind Lord Moira, who was extremely annoyed at Grey's speech upon the subject; and, while Grey was speaking, turned round to me repeatedly, and asked me whether I agreed with him. It was an awkward question to me, who had not heard both sides. Moira kept repeating to me, 'It was not so, it was so and so,' &c. I did not know very well what to think, but I sympathised with the acuteness of his feelings upon the subject."

The subject of the catholic claims was, it is well known, brought forward a second time this session by Lord Wellesley, whose motion for a future consideration of the question was carried by a majority of one. In reference to this division, another rather amusing anecdote is thus related.

"Lord " affects an imitation of two very different Chancellors, Thurlow and Loughborough, and can indulge in an oath now and then. On one of the debates on the catholic question, when we were either equal or within one (I forget which), I had been sent for in great haste to a ball, which I quitted, I confess, somewhat reluctantly, to emancipate five millions of people. I came in late, and did not go immediately into the body of the House, but stood just behind the woolsack. " turned round, and, catching my eye, immediately said to a peer (who had come to him for a few minutes on the woolsack, as is the custom of his friends), 'Damn them! they'll have it now,—by G-d! the vote that is just come in will give it them.'"

During all this time, the impression which he had produced in society, both as a poet and a man, went on daily increasing; and the facility with which he gave himself up to the current of fashionable life, and mingled in all the gay scenes through which it led,

showed that the novelty, at least, of this existence had charms for him, however he might estimate its pleasures. That sort of vanity almost inseparable from genius, and which in an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of Byron, I need not say, possessed in no degree; and never was there a career in which sensibility to the opinions of others was so more constant and various excitement than which he was now entered. I find in a note own to him, written at this period, some allusions to the "circle of star-gazers" whom I found around him at some party on the preceding evening, and such, in fact, was the flattering ordeal he underwent wherever he went. On these occasions particularly before the range of his acquaintance became sufficiently extended to set him at ease,—his air and port were those of one whose thoughts were elsewhere, and who looked at the world with a melancholy abstraction on the gay crowd around him. This deportment, so rare in such scenes, so discordant with the romantic notions entertained of him, was the result partly of shyness, and partly of that love of effect and impression to which the poetical character of his mind naturally led. It indeed, could be more amusing and delightful the contrast which his manner afterwards, when we were alone, presented to his proud reserve. In the brilliant circle we had just left. It was the bursting gaiety of a boy let loose from what seemed as if there was no extent of fun or in which he was not capable. Finding him thus lively when we were together, I often thought him on the gloomy tone of his poetry, as he but his constant answer was (and I soon in doubt of its truth), that, though thus energetic of laughter with those he liked, he was, at times, of the most melancholy wretches in existence.

Among the numerous notes which I received from him at this time,—some of them relating to his engagements in society, and others to matters better forgotten,—I shall select a few that may show his haunts and habits may not, perhaps, be uninteresting.

* March 1812

"Know all men by these presents, that Thomas Moore, stand indicted—do—under special and particular solicitation, to Lady G. to-morrow even., at half past nine o'clock, will meet with a civil reception and decent treatment. Pray come—I was so examined all this morning, that I entreat you to answer in—"

"Believe me, &c."

* Friday

"I should have answered your note yesterday. I hoped to have seen you this morning. I consulted with you about the day we dine with Sir I suppose we shall meet at Lady Spencer's as I did not know that you were at Miss B's other night, or I should have certainly gone."

"As usual, I am in all sorts of scrapes, none, at present, of a martial description. I am, &c."

* May 8th, 1812.

ground of being your friend to care with linked in your estimation, and, God knows more at this time than at any other care of myself to no great purpose my situation in every point of view seems apparent and unintentional I shall leave town, I leave it without seeing me. Give my cool, every happiness you can, and I think you have taken the road. Peace be with you! I fear she has . . . Ever, &c."

* May 30th, 1812.

After sitting up all night, I was launched into eternity, and at three the . . . launched into the country. . . . in the beginning of June, I shall be . . . in North. If so, I shall beat you . . . with Hobhouse, who is endeavouring every body else, to keep me out of

I have written you a long letter, but I If any thing remarkable occurs, you if good; if bad, there are is the mean time, do you be happy.

"Ever yours, &c."

My best wishes and respects to Mrs I may say so even to you, for I with a countenance."

He rises to his fame, this spring, it mentioned that, at some evening of being presented, at that desire, to the Prince Regent. on Mr Dallas, "expressed his Harold's Pilgrimage, and con- which so fascinated the poet, for an accidental deferring of to have fair to become a visitor at I not a complete courtier."

the pregnant, the writer adds,—"I the morning for which the levee had and found him in a full-dress court with his fine black hair in powder,

on a window opposite for the purpose, and the occasion by his old schoolfellows, Mr John Mallock. They went together and, on their arriving at the spot, in the morning, not finding the house the door open, Mr Mallocks undertook while Lord Byron and Mr Bailey and arm, up the street. During this im- painful scene occurred. Seeing an un- lying on the steps of a door, Lord Byron, of compassion, offered her a few of accepting them, she violently and, starting up with a yell of the fierceness of his exit. He did "I could feel," said Mr Bailey, "his this scene, as we left her opportunity of mentioning another spec- his tameness. In coming out, one with Mr Rogers, as they were on their one of the link-boys ran on before "This way, my lord." "He seems to Rogers." "Know me," answered Lord of interference in his tone—"every deformed."

which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologize for his intention, by his observing that he could not in decency but do it, as the Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House."

In the two letters that follow we find his own account of the introduction.

LETTER XCIV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* June 25th, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I must appear very ungrateful, and have, indeed, been very negligent, but till last night I was not apprized of Lady Holland's restoration, and I shall call to-morrow to have the satisfaction, I trust, of hearing that she is well.—I hope that neither politics nor gout have dimmed your lordship since I last saw you, and that you also are 'as well as could be expected.'

"The other night, at a ball, I was presented by order to our gracious Regent, who honoured me with some conversation, and professed a predilection for poetry.—I confess it was a most unexpected honour, and I thought of poor B——'s adventure, with some apprehensions of a similar blunder. I have now great hope, in the event of Mr Pye's decease, of 'warbling truth at court,' like Mr Mallet of indifferent memory.—Consider, 100 marks a year! besides the wine and the disgrace; but then remorse would make me drown myself in my own butt before the year's end, or the finishing of my first dithyrambic.—So that, after all, I shall not meditate our laureate's death by pen or poison.

"Will you present my best respects to Lady Holland, and believe me hers and yours very sincerely."

The second letter, entering much more fully into the particulars of this interview with Royalty, was in answer, it will be perceived, to some inquiries which Sir Walter Scott (then Mr Scott) had addressed to him on the subject; and the whole account reflects even still more honour on the Sovereign himself than on the two poets.

LETTER XCV.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

* St James's street, July 8th, 1812.

"SIR,

"I have just been honoured with your letter.—I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the 'evil works of my nonage,' as the thing is suppressed voluntarily, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Savire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you

to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his royal highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manner*, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

"This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, 'no business there.' To be thus praised by your sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

"P.S.—Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey."

During the summer of this year he paid visits to some of his noble friends, and, among others, to the Earl of Jersey and the Marquis of Lansdowne. "In 1812," he says, "at Middleton (Lord Jersey's), amongst a goodly company of lords, ladies and wits, &c., there was * * *."

"Erskine, too! Erskine was there; good, but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did every thing admirably, but then he *could* be applauded for the same thing twice over. He would read his own verses, his own paragraph, and tell his own story, again and again; and then, 'the Trial by Jury!!!' I almost wished it abolished, for I sat next him at dinner. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me.

"C * * (the fox-hunter) nicknamed 'Cheek C * *', and I sweated the claret, being the only two who did so. C * *, who loves his bottle, and had no notion of meeting with a 'bon-vivant' in a scribbler,† in mak-

* A review, somewhat too critical, of some of the guests is here omitted.

† For the first day or two, at Middleton, he did not join his noble host's party till after dinner, but took his scanty repast of biscuits and soda water in his own room. Being told by somebody that the gentleman above-mentioned had pronounced such habits to be "effeminate," he resolved to show the "fox-hunter" that he could be, on occasion, as good a *bon-vivant* as himself, and by his prowess at the claret next day, after dinner, drew forth from Mr C * * the subterfuge here recorded.

ing my eulogy to somebody one evening, said up in—'By G—d, he drinks like a man!'

"Nobody drank, however, but C * * and I. Sure, there was little occasion, for we swept it was on the table (a most splendid board, as supposed, at Jersey's) very sufficiently. In we carried our liquor discreetly, like the Bradwardine."

In the month of August this year, on the eve of the new Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, the Committee of Management, desirous of procuring aid for the opening of the theatre, took the rather mode of inviting, by an advertisement in the papers, the competition of all the poets towards this object. Though the contributors were sufficiently numerous, it did not seem to the Committee that there was any one number worthy of selection. In this difficulty occurred to Lord Holland that they could not but have recourse to Lord Byron, whose patronage would give additional vogue to the solemn opening, and to whose transcendent claims, as it was taken for granted (though without allowance, as it proved, for the irritating brotherhood), even the rejected candidates would bow without a murmur. The first result of application to the noble poet will be known what follows.

LETTER XCVI

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, September 1811."

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The lines which I sketched off on your still, or rather *tere*, in an unfinished state, but just committed them to a flame more decisive than of Drury. Under all the circumstances, I hardly wish a contest with Philo-drama—Philo—Asbestos H * *, and all the anonymous candidates of the Committee candidates. Some think you have a chance of something more for prologuising is not my forte, and, at all either my pride or my modesty won't let me be hazard of having my rhymes buried in next Magazine, under 'Essays on the Murder of the coval,' and 'Cures for the Bite of a Mail Dog.' Goldsmith complained of the fate of far superior performances.

"I am still sufficiently interested to wish to be the successful candidate; and, amongst so many, have no doubt some will be excellent, particularly an age when writing verse is the easiest of all pursuits.

"I cannot answer your intelligence with the comfort, unless, as you are deeply theatrical, may wish to hear of Mr * *, whose acting is utterly inadequate to the London engagements which the managers of Covent garden have entered. His figure is fat, his features flat, his unmanageable, his action ungraceful, and, as I says, I defy him to extort that d—d muffin of his into madness. I was very sorry to see him character of the 'Elephant on the slack rope' when I last saw him, I was in raptures with his performance. But then I was sixteen,—an age to

condescended to subside. After all, we have admired, and may again ; ' prognosticate a prophecy ' (see the) will not succeed.

Mr Rogers has stuck fast on 'the
Helvellyn'—I hope not for ever.
Lady H.—her departure, with
friends, was a sad event for me, now
in the most cynical solitude. By

Burham I sat down and *drunk*, when
 then, O Georgiana Cottage! As for
 I sang them up upon the willows that
 Then they said, 'Sing us a song of
 —but I am dumb and dreary as the
 the water have disordered me to my
 —you were *right*, as you always are.
 I have me ever your obliged

"BYRON."

of the Committee for his aid having repeatedly repeated, he, at length, notwithstanding any difficulty and invidiousness of the thing, was obliged to oblige Lord Holland, and undertake it; and the following series of notes and letters, which he addressed to the completion of the Address, to his own use, by the literary reader at least, be of some interest,—as affording a proof (in the eyes of some) of still more interest, yet to the public, at this time, took in illustrating his first conceptions, and the manner in which they were attached to a judicious choice of words, of enriching both the music and the sense. They also show,—what, in the opinion of his character, is even still more remarkable,—a ready pliancy and good humour in yielding to friendly suggestions and amendments, which might be questioned, I think, but that they were exhibited by him, on points which are found to be tenacious and irremovably natural to his disposition, and which have been turned to account in far more than one way. He has been fortunate enough to have been capable of understanding and

TO LURE HOLLAND.

* Sept. 22d, 1812.

THE LORD.

two I will send you something which
has the liberty to reject if you dislike it.
I have had more time, but will do my
happy if I can oblige you, though I
scribblers and the discerning public.

"Ever yours,

... a secret : or I shall be beset by all
perhaps, damned by a party."

LETTER XXVII

TO LORD DOLLAND.

* Cheltenham, September 23d, 1812.

—or destroy—do with them as you will—I leave it to you and the Committee—you cannot say so called a *non committendo*. What will they do (and I do) with the hundred and one rejected Troubadours? With trumpets, yea, and with shawms; will you be assailed in the most diabolical doggerel. I wish my name not to transpire till the day is decided. I shall not be in town, so it won't much matter; but let us have a good *delicereur*. I think Elliston should be the man, or Pope; not Raymond, I implore you, by the love of Rhythmus!

"The passages marked thus —, above and below, are for you to chuse between epithets, and such like poetical furniture. Pray, write me a line, and believe me ever, etc.

"My best remembrances to Lady H. Will you be good enough to decide between the various readings marked, and erase the other; or our *deliverer* may be as puzzled as a commentator, and belike repeat both. If these *versicles* won't do, I will hammer out some more endecasyllables.

"P. S.—Tell Lady H. I have had and work to keep out the Phoenix—I mean the Fire-Office of that name. It has insured the theatre, and why not the Address?"

TO LORD HOLLAND.

September 24th.

" I send a recast of the four first lines of the concluding paragraph.

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The drama's homage by her Herald paid,
Receive our welcome too, whose every long
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises, &c. &c.

And do forgive all this trouble. See what it is to have to do even with the *gentleest* of us. Ever,
&c.ⁿ

LETTER XCVIII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* Cheltenham, Sept. 25th, 1872.

¹¹ Still 'more matter for a May morning. Having patched the middle and end of the Address, I send one more couplet for a part of the beginning, which, if not too turgid, you will have the goodness to add. After that flagrant image of the *Thames* (I hope no unlucky wag will say I have set it on fire, though Dryden, in his 'Annus Mirabilis,' and Churchill, in his 'Times,' did it before me), I mean to insert this:

As flashing far the new Volcano shone
And swept the skies with { meteors } lightnings } not their own,
While thousands throng'd around the burning dome, &c

I think 'thousands' less flat than 'crowds collected'—but don't let me plunge into the bathos, or rise into Nat. Lee's *Bedlam* metaphors. By the by, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames.

"Perhaps the present couplet had better come in after 'trembled for their homes,' the two lines after;—as otherwise the image certainly sinks, and it will run just as well).

"The lines themselves, perhaps, may be better thus—('chuse,' or 'refuse'—but please *yourself*, and don't mind 'Sir Fretful)—

As flash'd the volum'd blaze, and { *eadly* } shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

The last *runs* smoothest and, I think, best; but you know *better* than *best*. 'Lurid' is also a less indistinct epithet than 'livid wave,' and, if you think so, a dash of the pen will do.

"I expected one line this morning; in the mean time, I shall remodel and condense, and, if I do not hear from you, shall send another copy.

"I am ever, etc."

LETTER XCIX.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* September 26th, 1812.

"You will think there is no end to my villanous emendations. The fifth and sixth lines I think to alter thus:

Ye who beheld—O sight admired and mourn'd!
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd;

because 'night' is repeated the next line but one; and, as it now stands, the conclusion of the paragraph, 'worthy him (Shakspeare) and you,' appears to apply the 'you,' to those only who were out of bed and in Covent-garden market on the night of conflagration, instead of the audience or the discerning public at large, all of whom are intended to be comprised in that comprehensive and, I hope, comprehensible pronoun.

"By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathoms—

When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes 'sought' and 'wrote.'* Second thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I am very anxious on this business, and I do hope that the very trouble I occasion you will plead its own excuse, and that it will tend to show my endeavour to make the most of the time allotted. I wish I had known it months ago, for in that case I had not left one line standing on another. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently; and latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other.

"After all, my dear lord, if you can get a decent Address elsewhere, don't hesitate to put this aside. Why did you not trust your own Muse? I am very sure she would have been triumphant, and saved the Committee their trouble—" 'tis a joyful one' to

* Such are the names that bore your plaudits ought,
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote.

At present, the couplet stands thus—

Draw are the days that made our senses bright,
Ere Garrick died, or Brinsley ceased to write.

me, but I fear I shall not satisfy even my the account you sent me, 'tis no complete you would have beaten your candidates; that, in *that* case, there would have been for their being beaten at all.

"There are but two decent prologues—Pope's to Cato—Johnson's to Drury— with the epilogue to the 'Distrest Man' think, one of Goldsmith's, and a prologue man's to Beaumont and Fletcher's Phil best things of the kind we have.

"P.S.—I am diluted to the throat for the stone; and Boistragon wants me to climate for the winter—but I won't.

LETTER C.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* September

"I have just received your very kind hope you have met with a second copy addressed to Holland-house, with some of this new couplet,

As glared each rising flash,* and ghastly
The skies with lightnings awful as these

As to remarks, I can only say I will abate in any thing. With regard to the Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe they go off *quicker* without it, though, like the Hottentot, at the expense of its right to your choice entirely the different stucco-work; and a brick of your own to improve my Babylonish turret. I should to have it. With your leave, 'adorn' are lawful rhymes in Pope's Death of the Lady—Gray has 'forlorn' and 'mourn'; and 'mourn' are in Smollet's famous T land.

"As there will probably be an outcry rejected, I hope the Committee will (if needful) that I sent in nothing to whatever, with or without a name, as well knows. All I have to do with through you; and though I, of course, the audience, I do assure you my own comply with your request, and in so doing sense I have of the many obligations referred upon me.

"Yours &c

TO LORD HOLLAND

* September

"I believe this is the third scrawl since all about epithets. I think the epithet won't convey the meaning I intend; as hate compounds, for the present I will (mezzo) the word '*genius-gifted* patriarch' instead. Johnson has 'many-coloured pound—but they are always best avoided it is the only one in ninety lines, but will

* At present, * As glared the volum'd blaze

† This, as finally altered, is

Immortal names, emblazon'd on our

me. I am ashamed to intrude any
on Lady H., or letters upon you;
fortunately for me, gifted with patience
I tried by

"Your, &c. &c."

LETTER CI.

TO LORD HOLLAND

"September 28th, 1812.

The letter: the metaphor is more con-

spired the { *force of the* } wave,
among others mark'd the Muses' grave.

I say 'burning' wave, and instead of
it is the line some couplets back.

I am determined to castrate all my ca-
I don't see why t'other house should
indeed, it is the public, who ought to
and you recollect Johnson was against
series of Rich's—but, certes, I am not

of effluvia, my 'labours'—degenerate
Mr Betty is no longer a babe, there-
must be personal.

the { *the burning* } wave,
the { *that molten* } wave,†

in case you prefer 'burning'
was metaphorical. The word 'fiery'
by the 'pillar of fire' in the
which went before the Israelites
I once thought of saying 'like'
it a simile, but I did not
temptation was leaving the epithet
voluntary wave. I want to work
it is the only new ground us pro-

to show there, if a poet
description, he might show it

the possibility of a future conflagration,
to Shakespeare. However,
and it thus:

to have alludes to, and which, in spite of all
then there, were omitted by the Committee,

to wit, the Drama yet deplores
the dog's'd to crawl upon all fours,
their quest to Hamlet's for a burn,
and, the steel must come to court,
the stage must tread on
the actor's taste we dare not mend,
the only most should be acquiesce,
if you were by showing how
that this among the Drama's laws,
which is each misapprehension;
it goes on to be again degraded,
to be more so (it is)
to and further enters } a nation's taste;
which doubly cures the actors' powers,
and's voice is reduced back to ours.

at last one was again altered in a subse-

growth let personal errors refuse,
and man to hate, from hate to love,
his complement, as printed, is as follows:—
which when had the fairly will
the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall.

Yes, it shall be—the magic of that name,
That scorns the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame,
On the same spot, &c. &c.

There—the device is in it, if that is not an improve-
ment to Whitbread's content. Recollect, it is the
'name,' and not the 'magic,' that has a noble con-
tempt for those same weapons. If it were the
'magic,' my metaphor would be somewhat of the
maddest—so the 'name' is the antecedent. But, my
dear lord, your patience is not quite so immortal—
therefore, with many and sincere thanks, I am

"Yours ever, most affectionately.

"P.S.—I foresee there will be charges of par-
tiality in the papers; but you know I sent in no
Address, and glad both you and I must be that I did
not, for, in that case, their plea had been plausible.
I doubt the Pit will be testy; but conscious inno-
cence (a novel and pleasing sensation) makes me
bold."

LETTER CII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 28th.

"I have altered the middle couplet, so as I hope
partly to do away with W.'s objection. I do think,
in the present state of the stage, it had been unpar-
donable to pass over the horses and Miss Mudie, &c.
As Betty is no longer a boy, how can this be applied
to him? He is now to be judged as a man. If he
acts still like a boy, the public will but be more
ashamed of their blunder. I have, you see, now
taken it for granted that these things are reformed.
I confess, I wish that part of the Address to stand;
but if W. is inexorable, e'en let it go. I have also
new-cast the lines, and softened the hint of future
combustion," and sent them off this morning. Will
you have the goodness to add, or insert, the ap-
proved alterations as they arrive? They 'come like
shadows, so depart;' occupy me, and, I fear, disturb
you.

"Do not let Mr W. put his Address into Elliston's
hands till you have settled on these alterations. E.
will think it too long:—much depends on the speak-
ing. I fear it will not bear much curtailing, without
chaums in the sense.

"It is certainly too long in the reading; but if El-
liston exerts himself, such a favourite with the public
will not be thought tedious. I should think it so, if
he were not to speak it.

"Yours ever, &c."

"P.S.—On looking again, I doubt my idea of
having obviated W.'s objection. To the other House,
allusion is a 'non sequitur'—but I wish to plead for
this part, because the thing really is not to be passed
over. Many after-pieces at the Lyceum by the same
company have already attacked this 'Augen Stabbe'
—and Johnson, in his prologue against 'Lunn' (the
harlequin manager, Rich),—'Hunt,'—'Mahomet,'
&c. is surely a fair precedent."

* It had been, originally,

Though other pills may end in future flame,
On the same spot, &c. &c.

LETTER CIII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* September 29th, 1812.

"Shakapere certainly ceased to reign in one of his kingdoms, as George III did in America and George IV may in Ireland." Now, we have nothing to do out of our own realms, and when the monarchy was gone, his majesty had but a barren sceptre. I have cut away, you will see, and altered, but make it what you please; only I do implore, for my own gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—"a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me." I have altered 'wave,' &c., and the 'fire,' and so forth, for the timid.

"Let me hear from you when convenient, and believe me, &c."

"P. S.—Do let that stand, and cut out elsewhere. I shall choke, if we must overlook their d—d menagerie."

LETTER CIV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* September 30th, 1812.

"I send you the most I can make of it; for I am not so well as I was, and find I 'pall in resolution.'"

"I wish much to see you, and will be at Tetbury by twelve on Saturday; and from thence I go on to Lord Jersey's. It is impossible not to allude to the degraded state of the Stage, but I have lightened it, and endeavoured to obviate your other objections. There is a new couplet for Sheridan, allusive to his Monody. All the alterations I have marked thus |, as you will see by comparison with the other copy. I have cudgelled my brains with the greatest willingness, and only wish I had more time to have done better."

"You will find a sort of clap-net laudatory couplet inserted for the quiet of the Committee, and I have added, towards the end, the couplet you were pleased to like. The whole Address is seventy-three lines, still perhaps too long; and, if shortened, you will save time, but, I fear, a little of what I meant for sense also."

"With myriads of thanks, I am ever, &c."

"My sixteenth edition of respects to Lady H.—How she must laugh at all this!"

"I wish Murray, my publisher, to print off some copies as soon as your lordship returns to town—it will ensure correctness in the papers afterwards."

LETTER CV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

Far be from him that hour which asks in vain
Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strain;

or,

Far be that hour that vainly asks in turn
Such verse for him as { crowned him }
Such verse for him as { wept o'er } Garrick's urn.

* Sept. 30, 1812.

"Will you chuse between these added to the lines

* Some objection, it appears from this, had been made to the passage. * and Shakespeare ceased to reign."

on Sheridan? * I think they will wind up the gyric, and agree with the train of thought in them."

"Now, one word as to the Committee—they resolve on a rough copy of an Address in, unless you had been good enough to me in memory, or on paper, the thing they have been enough to adopt? By the by, the circumstances the case should make the Committee less 'glorify' for all praise of them would look suspicious. If necessary to be stated at all, the facts bear them out. They surely had a right as they pleased. My sole object is one which my whole conduct has shown; viz. that I did not insidiously sent in no Address whatever—but applied to, did my best for them and myself above all, that there was no undue partiality will be what the rejected will endeavour to be. Fortunately—most fortunately—I sent it in the occasion. For I am sure that had the case, been preferred, it would have been as that I was known, and owed the preference to friendship. This is what we shall probably encounter, but, if once spoken and apparent, shan't be much embarrassed by their blunders, lectures, and as to criticism, an old author, bull, grows cooler (or ought) at every hearing."

"The only thing would be to avoid a part of night of delivery—afterwards, the more so, and the whole transaction inevitably involves a deal of discussion. Murray tells me he has myriads of ironical Addresses ready,—some of which is what is called my style. If they come as the Probationary Odes, or Hush—Tobacco, it will not be bad fun for the matter."

"Ever &c."

LETTER CVI.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

* October 1st.

"A copy of this still altered is sent in, but this will arrive first. It may be 'yet aspiring' does away the modesty, and the truth is truth. Besides, there is a puff done to please your playgoers."

"I shall be at Tetbury by 12 or 1—but for you to ponder over. There are some things marked thus / altered for your perusal, dismounted the cavalry, and, I hope, to your general satisfaction."

"Ever &c."

"At Tetbury by noon—I hope, after which there will be no more elisions. It is now long—73 lines—two less than allotted. I have all Committee objections, but I hope to permit Elliston to have any voice whatever in speaking it."

The time comprised in this series of letters to Lord Holland,—which, as being exclusively on the subject, I have thought it right to give without interruption,—Lord Byron passed, for the most part, at Cheltenham; and during the same period following letters to other correspondents were

* These added lines, as may be seen by reference to the printed Address, were not retained."

LETTER CVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Cheltenham, Sept. 5th, 1812.
 In goodness to send those dispatches, the Edinburgh Review with the rest. I have written to Mr Thompson, thanked him for his present, and told him that I was happy to comply with his request.—
 "Who the devil is he?"—and when is the graven image, "rhyme upon't," to grace, or "our tardy editions?"
 "Rhyme." Who the devil is he?—no good connexion, and will be well indeed you for your inquiries: I am so much below the poetical ball you give me or mine for a poem of this complete—no rhyme, no recommendation the last two as I can make them? I am that one day may be imbodied, and have much leisure.

My question is in the true style of the Jeremy Diddler, I only "ask"—Send me Adair on Diet and Regimen by Ridgway."

LETTER CVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Cheltenham, Sept. 14, 1812.

I have retained some letters and verses, anonymous and complimentary, and very much in conversion from certain infidelities. The books were presents of a "Christian Knowledge" and "Dial of Life explained;"—the former (Cadell, publisher), I thank my best thanks for his letter, his above all, his good intentions. The second a MS. copy of very excellent poem I know not, but evidently the one in the habit of writing, and I do not know if he be the author of which accompanied them; but who you can discover him, thank him from the other letters were from ladies, one to convert me when they please; discover them, and they be young, as I could convince them perhaps of I had also a letter from Mr Walpole in the world, which I have answered.

Loesen's publisher? I am promised him, and think I shall ask you for mention, as "the gods have made him in whom could it come with a better publisher and mine! Is it not probable in you to have to do with a grateful foe," as the Morning Post calls

in "Diet and Regimen," where is Scott's Rokeby; let me have your copy. The Anti-Jacobin Review is all not a bit worse than the Quarterly,

and at least less harmless. By the by, have you secured my books? I want all the Reviews, at least the critiques, quarterly, monthly, &c., Portuguese and English extracted, and bound up in one volume for my old age; and pray, sort my Romanc books, and get the volumes lent to Mr Hobhouse—he has had them now a long time. If any thing occurs, you will favour me with a line, and in winter we shall be nearer neighbours.

"P.S.—I was applied to, to write the Address for Drury-lane, but the moment I heard of the contest, I gave up the idea of contending against all Grub-Street, and threw a few thoughts on the subject into the fire. I did this out of respect to you, being sure you would have turned off any of your authors who had entered the lists with such scurvy competitors. To triumph would have been no glory; and to have been defeated—death!—I would have choked myself, like Otway, with a quatern loaf; so remember I had, and have, nothing to do with it, upon my honour!"

LETTER CIX.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKS.

Cheltenham, September 28th, 1812.

"MY DEAR BANKS,

"When you point out to one how people can be intimate at the distance of some seventy leagues, I will plead guilty to your charge, and accept your farewell, but not *willingly*, till you give me some better reason than my silence, which merely proceeded from a notion founded on your own declaration of *old*, that you hated writing and receiving letters. Besides, how was I to find out a man of many residences? If I had addressed you *now*, it had been to your borough, where I must have conjectured you were amongst your constituents. So now, in despite of Mr N. and Lady W., you shall be as 'much better' as the Hexham post-office will allow me to make you. I do assure you I am much indebted to you for thinking of me at all, and can't spare you even from amongst the superabundance of friends with whom you suppose me surrounded.

"You heard that Newstead* is sold—the sum £140,000; sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well—so my worldly matters are mending. I have been here some time drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey's, but return here, where I am quite alone, go out very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the 'doce far niente.' What you are about, I cannot guess, even from your date; not dauncing to the sound of the gitourney in the Halls of the Lowthers? one of whom is here, ill, poor thing, with a phthisic. I heard that

* "Early in the autumn of 1812," says Mr Dallas, "he told me that he was urged by his man of business, and that Newstead *must* be sold." It was accordingly brought to the hammer at Garraway's, but not, at that time, sold, only £91,000 being offered for it. The private sale to which he alludes in this letter took place soon after,—Mr Clough-ton, the agent for Mr Leigh, being the purchaser. It was never, however, for reasons which we shall see, completed.

you passed through here (at the sordid inn where I first alighted), the very day before I arrived in these parts. We had a very pleasant set here; at first the Jerseys, Melbournes, Cowpers, and Hollands, but all gone; and the only persons I know are the Rawdons and Oxfords, with some later acquaintances of less brilliant descent.

"But I do not trouble them much; and as for your rooms and your assemblies, 'they are not dreamed of in our philosophy!'—Did you read of a sad accident in the Wye to-day? a dozen drowned, and Mr Romoe, a corpulent gentleman, preserved by a boat-hook or an eel-spear, begged, when he heard his wife was saved—no—*lost*—to be thrown in again!!—as if he could not have thrown himself in, had he wished it; but this passes for a trait of sensibility. What strange beings men are, in and out of the Wye!

"I have to ask you a thousand pardons for not fulfilling some orders before I left town; but if you knew all the cursed entanglements I *had* to wade through, it would be unnecessary to beg your forgiveness.—When will Parliament (the new one) meet?—in sixty days, on account of Ireland, I presume: the Irish election will demand a longer period for completion than the constitutional allotment. Yours, of course, is safe, and all your side of the question. Salamanca is the ministerial watchword, and all will go well with you. I hope you will speak more frequently; I am sure at least you *ought*, and it will be expected. I see Portman means to stand again. Good night.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,
"Nassau."

LETTER CX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Sept. 27th, 1812.

"I sent in no Address whatever to the Committee; but out of nearly one hundred (this is *confidential*), none have been deemed worth acceptance; and in consequence of their *subsequent* application to me, I have written a prologue, which *has* been received, and will be spoken. The MS. is now in the hands of Lord Holland.

"I write this merely to say, that (however it is received by the audience) you will publish it in the next edition of *Childe Harold*; and I only beg you at present to keep my name secret till you hear further from me, and as soon as possible I wish you to have a correct copy, to do with as you think proper.

"P.S.—I should wish a few copies printed off *before*, that the newspaper copies may be correct *after the delivery*."

LETTER CXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Oct. 12th, 1812.

"I have a very strong objection to the engraving of the portrait,[†] and request that it may, on no

* A mode of signature be frequently adopted at this time.

† A miniature by Sanders. Besides this miniature, Sanders had also painted a full-length of his lordship, from

account, be prefixed; but let *all* the and the plate broken. I will be at it has been incurred; it is but fair that I cannot permit the publication. I singular favour, that you will lose no done, for which I have reasons that I see you. Forgive all the trouble I you.

"I have received no account of the Address, but see it is vituperative which does not much embarrass me; it to your own judgment to add in next edition when required. Pray with my wishes as to the engraving, &c.

"P.S.—Favour me with an account not be easy till I hear that they destroyed. I hear that the *Satire* *Childe Harold*, in what manner I I wish to know if the old personage I have a better reason for asking; merely concerns myself; but in particular, others, particularly female times introduced."

LETTER CXII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I perceive that the papers, you, somewhat ruffled at the injudicious Committee. My friend Perry has Brute'd me rather scurvily, for him, for the M. C., the next epigram token of my full forgiveness.

"Do the Committee mean to enation of their proceedings? You leaning towards a charge of party at least, acquit me of any great myself before so many older and to whom the 20 guineas (which I two thousand pounds *Bank* currency would have been equally welcome.

"I bath no skill in paragraph-writing.

"I wish to know how it went, reading, and whether any one has give it a glance of approbation. I but Perry's, and two Sunday ones, and the others silent. If, however, the mittee are not now dissatisfied with ments, I shall not much embarrass brilliant remarks of the journals. upon it is what it always was, post that of the public.

"Believe me, my dear

"P.S.—My best respects to smiles will be very consolatory, & tance."

which the portrait prefixed to this was reference to the latter picture, Lord to Mr Rogers, "If you think the picture ray's worth your acceptance, it is yours a glove or masque on it, if you like."

LETTER ONE

1998

1940

"We continue to get the Parody of
 all of the first lines are Budy's
 version of the poem correctly—
 but we want a different—particu-
 larly—
 "Well Mr Perry I be-
 lieve will say my against my ad-
 vantage as to deal with the doctor—
 "What—and ask nothing me I cannot
 believe Mr Perry, for if you were
 a—let us mention, only get this in-

...on Wednesday for you, of which I
am sure it will be independent. It
is a Journal of the Board of the Search Re-

... was edition of Child's Flannel
... was a tapered opening
... down as the couplet

...the
...the
...the

METER CLUB.

2 12 1944

1992

"I must pay the damage, and
 I shall see the amount for the com-
 pany of 'Registered Brethren' by far
 more than once the reward, and want
 nothing. Tell the author 'I forgive
 your tears over a satire,' and thank
 him for all efforts in the famous case of
 the. He must be a man of very lively
 imagination than who when are: also
 much admire the performance, and
 so. The author has taken a new
 plan: we have now, I think, finished
 with critics. I have in hand a Society
 who are not without consequence;
 at least two hundred lines, but will
 be a good pamphlet. In a few days

... of the Federal right to be
... : to these boundaries.

[illegible]

... ..

LETTER CXXV.

19 JUL 1964

• • • • •

"Thanks, as usual. You go on boldly; but have a care of pleasing the public, who have by this time had enough of Child's Harill. * Warning shall be prepared. It is rather above our hundred lines, with an introductory Letter to the Publisher. I think of publishing, with Child's Harill, the opening lines of the 'Curse of Minerva,' as far as the first speech of Pollux,—be name some of the readers like that part better than any I have ever written; and as it contains nothing to affect the subject of the subsequent poem, it will find a place in a *Descriptive Fragment*.

"The plate is broken? between ourselves, it was unlike the picture; and besides, upon the whole, the prospect of an author's image is but a palling exhibition. At all events, this would have been an recommendation to the book. I am sure I should not have survived the gazing. By the by, the picture may remain with you or I can return you pleasant, till my return. The one of two remaining copies is at your service till I can give you a better; the other must be burned promiscuously. Again, do not forget that I have an account with you, and that this is included. I give you ten marks tending to allow you to look after this.

"

"You best know how in this Address will
 affect the future sale of Childs Hamlet. I like
 the volume of 'Registered Addresses' better and better.
 The other parody which Peep has presented is a
 satire I believe. It is Dr Babbys speech corrected.
 You are moving to Albemarle-street. I find, and I
 rejoice that we shall be nearer neighbours. I am
 going to Lord Oxford's, but know here will be for-
 gotten. When I return, all communications from
 you will be willingly received by the handmaid of
 your earthen. Did Mr Ward write the Review of
 Ebenezer Tinkles's Life in the Quarterly? It is excellent."

LETTER CXL

TO THE HONORABLE

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* On my return here from Lord Oxford's, I found your shipping note, and will thank you to retain the letters, and any other subsequent ones to the contrary, till I arrive in town to claim them, which will probably be in a few days. I have in charge a curious and very long MS. poem, written by Lord Bunsby the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, which I wish to submit to the inspection of Mr. Collier, with the following queries—first, whether it has ever been published, and, secondly if not, whether it is a worthy publication? It is from Lord Oxford's library, and must have escaped or been overlooked among the MSS. of the Harleian Manuscript. The writing is Lord Bunsby's, except a different hand towards the close. It is very long, and in the old-hand character. It is not for me to hazard an opinion upon its merits, but I would take the liberty of not to transmit it, as I intend to do Mr. Collier's judgment, which I am

his excellent edition of Massinger, I should conceive to be as decisive on the writings of that age as on those of our own.

"Now for a less agreeable and important topic.—How came Mr *Mac-Somebody*, without consulting you or me, to prefix the Address to his volume* of '*Dejected Addresses*?' Is not this somewhat larcenous? I think the ceremony of leave might have been asked, though I have no objection to the thing itself; and leave the 'hundred and eleven' to tire themselves with 'base comparisons.' I should think the ingenious public tolerably sick of the subject, and, except the Parodies, I have not interfered, nor shall; indeed I did not know that Dr Busby had published his Apologetical Letter and Postscript, or I should have recalled them. But I confess I looked upon his conduct in a different light before its appearance. I see some mountebank has taken Alderman Birch's name to vituperate Dr Busby; he had much better have pilfered his pastry, which I should imagine the more valuable ingredient—at least for a puff.—Pray secure me a copy of Woodfall's new Junius, and believe me, etc."

LETTER CXVII.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

"December 26.

"The multitude of your recommendations has already superseded my humble endeavours to be of use to you, and, indeed, most of my principal friends are returned. Leake from Joannina, Canning and Adair from the city of the Faithful, and at Smyrna no letter is necessary, as the consuls are always willing to do every thing for personages of respectability. I have sent you *three*, one to Gibraltar, which, though of no great necessity, will, perhaps, put you on a more intimate footing with a very pleasant family there. You will very soon find out that a man of any consequence has very little occasion for any letters but to ministers and bankers, and of them you have already plenty, I will be sworn.

"It is by no means improbable that I shall go in the spring, and if you will fix any place of rendezvous about August, I will write or join you.—When in Albania, I wish you would inquire after Dervise Tahiri and Vascillie (or Basil), and make my respects to the viziers, both there and in the Morea. If you mention my name to Suleyman of Thebes, I think it will not hurt you; if I had my dragonan, or wrote Turkish, I could have given you letters of *real service*; but to the English they are hardly requisite, and the Greeks themselves can be of little advantage. Listen you know already, and I do not, as he was not then minister. Mind you visit Ephesus and the Troad, and let me hear from you when you please. I believe G. Forresti is now at Yanina, but if not, whoever is there will be too happy to assist you. Be particular about *firmaans*; never allow yourself to be bullied, for you are better protected in Turkey than any where; trust not the

* * The Genuine Rejected Addresses, presented to the Committee of Management for Drury-lane Theatre; preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee.—published by H. M. Millan.

Greeks; and take some *knienacker watches*, *pistols*, &c. &c., to the B. If you find one Demetrius, at Athens I can recommend him as a good du to join you, however; but you will English now in the Levant.

"Be-lin

LETTER CXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

-P

"In '*Horace in London*,' I permit on Lord Elgin, in which (waving ment to myself) I heartily concur. pleasure of Mr Smith's acquaintance communicate the curious anecdote T.'s letter. If he would like it, he stance for his second edition; if not our next, though I think we already Lord Elgin.

"What I have read of this work done. My praise, however, is not author's having; but you may thank for *his*. The idea is new—we have tions of the Satires, &c., by Pope; but one imitative Ode in his work where else. I can hardly suppose lost any fame by the fate of the should this be the case, the present again place them on their pinnacle.

"Y

It has already been stated that the plices, which he found it necessary to nt majority, were procured for l usurious terms.† To some trans with this subject, the following ch refers.

LETTER CXIX.

TO MR ROGERS.

"I enclose you a draft for the due to Lord ***'s *protégé*:—I also would state thus much for me. Though the transaction speaks pl the borrower's folly and the lender was my intention to *quash* the dem might, nor to withhold payment perhaps, even *unlawful* interest.

* In the Ode entitled '*The Parthenon speaks*':

All who behold my mutilated pile,
Shall brand its ravages with outrage,
And woe a tiled band from its mould
The country's pride and refuge;
And fire with Athens' wrongs an ill

† It is said that persons living on art
Are longer in'd their illness,—all
Unless to please the graver, say
That some, I really think, do owe
Of any creditors, the word a few
And that's their mode of furnish
In my young days they lent me vast
Which I found very troublesome; for

has been, and what it is. I have an estate (which has been in my family three hundred years, and was never dis- being in possession of a lawyer, a church- woman, during that period), to liquidate similar demands: and the payment of the is all withheld, and may be, perhaps, for I, therefore, I am under the necessity of the persons would for their money (which, on the terms, they can afford to suffer), it is

arrived at majority in 1809. I offered my legal interest, and it was refused. I did not accede to this. This man I may have no recollection of the names of the agents and the securities. The case, it is assuredly my intention to pay my case may be a hard one; but, what is mine? I could not for purchase of my estate was to de-

it happens to be in my power so far to my baronet, and only wish I could do the rest of the Twelve Tribes.

Ever yours, dear B.

"Bn."

beginning of this year, Mr Murray having it to publish an edition of the two with Harold with engravings, the noble with much zeal into his plan; and, in Mr Murray, says:—"Westall and I agreed to illustrate your book, and I the engravings will be from the pretty to other day," though without her way is a model for some sketch con- object. I would also have the to-day) of the friend who is at the close of Canto I. and which are subjects sufficient to

being brought out, anonymously, which, though full of very as far short of what was now ex- to the public, that the discovery of to the following letter, he thought forth, found ready credence.

LETTER CXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* April 24th, 1813.

is down by Monday next, and will call on the subject of Westall's to him for a picture at the request of mine, and as Nanetti's is not a good one, I shall prefer the other. I wish you to taken down and sent to my baggage before my arrival. I hear that a very publication on Westall is attributed to expert, I suppose, you will take care to be the author, I am sure, will not like to wear his cap and buff. Mr Robinson's be out immediately; pray send to the

Wesley, in whom, under the name of Secretary there to Coleridge were after-

author for an early copy, which I wish to take abroad with me.

"P. S.—I see the Examiner threatens some observations upon you next week. What can you have done to share the wrath which has heretofore been principally expended upon the Prince? I presume all your Scriblers will be drawn up in battle array in defence of the modern Tomson—Mr Bucke, for instance.

"Send in my account to Bennet-street, as I wish to settle it before sailing."

In the month of May appeared his wild and beautiful "Fragment," *The Giaour*;—and though, in its first flight from his hands, some of the fairest feathers of its wing were yet wanting, the public hailed this new offspring of his genius with wonder and delight. The idea of writing a Poem in fragments had been suggested to him by the *Columbus* of Mr Rogers; and, whatever objections may lie against such a plan in general, it must be allowed to have been well suited to the impatient temperament of Byron, as enabling him to overleap those mechanical difficulties, which, in a regular narrative, embarrass, if not chill, the poet,—leaving it to the imagination of his readers to fill up the intervals between those abrupt bursts of passion in which his chief power lay. The story, too, of the Poem possessed that stimulating charm for him, almost indispensable to his fancy, of being in some degree connected with himself,—an event in which he had been personally concerned, while on his travels, having supplied the ground-work on which the fiction was founded. After the appearance of the *Giaour*, some incorrect statement of this romantic incident having got into circulation, the noble author requested of his friend, the Marquis of Sligo, who had visited Athens soon after it happened, to furnish him with his recollections on the subject; and the following is the answer which Lord Sligo returned.

* Albany, Monday, August 24th, 1813.

"MY DEAR BYRON,

"You have requested me to tell you all that I heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there, you have asked me to mention every circumstance, in the remotest degree relating to it, which I heard. In compliance with your wishes, I write to you all I heard, and I must imagine it to be very far from the fact, as the circumstance happened only a day or two before I arrived at Athens, and consequently was a matter of common conversation at the time.

"The new governor, who continued to have the same intercourse with the Christians as his predecessor, had of course the barbarous Turkish done with regard to women. In consequence, and in compliance with the strict letter of the Mahomedan law, he ordered this girl to be seized up in a sack, and thrown into the sea,—as is, indeed, quite customary at Constantinople. As you were returning from building in the Piræus, you met the persons going down to execute the sentence of the Wapwade on this unfortunate girl. I expect continues to say, that on finding out what the object of their journey was, and who was the miserable sufferer, you immediately interposed, and in some degree a obviating your orders, you were obliged

to inform the leader of the escort, that force should make him comply;—that, on further hesitation, you drew a pistol, and told him, that if he did not immediately obey your orders, and come back with you to the Aga's house, you would shoot him dead. On this, the man turned about and went with you to the governor's house; here you succeeded, partly by personal threats, and partly by bribery and entreaty, to procure her pardon on condition of her leaving Athens. I was told that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and dispatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum. Such is the story I heard, as nearly as I can recollect it at present. Should you wish to ask me any further questions about it, I shall be very ready and willing to answer them.

"I remain, my dear Byron,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"SHLOO.

"I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this scrawl; but I am so hurried with the preparations for my journey, that you must excuse it."

Of the prodigal flow of his fancy, when its sources were once opened on any subject, the *Giour* affords one of the most remarkable instances,—this Poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hundred lines, of which it consisted in his first copy, it at present amounts to nearly fourteen hundred. The plan indeed, which he had adopted, of a series of fragments,—a set of "orient pearls at random strung,"—left him free to introduce, without reference to more than the general complexion of his story, whatever sentiments or images his fancy, in its excursions, could collect; and how little fettered he was by any regard to connexion in these additions, appears from a note which accompanied his own copy of the paragraph, commencing "Fair clime, where every season smiles,"—in which he says, "I have not yet fixed the place of insertion for the following lines, but will, when I see you—as I have no copy."

Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first, his fancy afterwards poured a fresh infusion,—the whole of its most picturesque portion, from the line "For there, the rose o'er crag or vale," down to "And turn to groans his roundelay," having been suggested to him during revision. In order to show, however, that though so rapid in the first heat of composition, he formed no exception to that law which imposes labour as the price of perfection, I shall here extract a few verses from his original draft of this paragraph, by comparing which with the form they wear at present* we may learn to appreciate the value of these after-touches of the master.

* The following are the lines in their present shape, and it will be seen that there is not a single alteration in which the music of the verse has not been improved as well as the thought.

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Columbia's height,
Make glad the heart that bails the night,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There, softly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of vernal green
Caught by the laughing ripples that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:

Fair clime, where ceaseless
Benignant o'er those blessed
Which, seen from far Columbia
Make glad the heart that bails
And give to loneliness delight
There shines the bright ocean
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek
So smiling round the waters
These Edens of the eastern wave
Or if, at times, the transient
Break the smooth crystal of the
Or brush one blossom from the
How grateful is the gentle air
That wakes and wafts the fragrant

Among the other passages added (which was either the third or fourth which and the first there interval weeks) was that most beautiful illustration of the lifeless aspect of "He who hath bent him o'er the most gifted critic of our day" that "it contains an image more full, and more exquisitely finished, recollect in the whole compass of the same edition also were added, allusions of wealth; those lines, "I walks the water," and the impassioned memory now is but the tomb."

On my rejoicing him in town the the enthusiasm about his work which I had left so prevalent, both literature and in society, grown, if a general and intense. In the meantime, around him, familiarity of have begun to produce its usual effect. His own liveliness and unreserve, of acquaintance, would not be long; charm of poetic sadness, which to observers hung about him; while tions, connected by some of his those past and nameless loves alluded ran some risk of abatement from too ance with the supposed objects of h ness at present. A poet's mistress possible, as imaginary a being to of the attributes he clothes her with himself;—the reality, however, sure to fall short of the picture w fancy has drawn of it. Could we before us all the beauties whom the immortalized, from the high-born beian damsel,—from the Lauras down to the Chloes and Jeannies,—

And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the sea
Or sweep one blossom from the
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours

* Mr Jeffrey.

† In Dellarway's Constantinople, a Byron is not unlikely to have consulted quoted from Gillies's History of Greece perhaps, the first seed of the thought of full perfection by genius.—The poem compared to the ancient, is the silent contrasted with the vivid bustle of activity.

‡ Among the recorded instances of thoughts in poetry may be mentioned, memorable, Deubam's four lines, "Oh thee," &c., which were added in the poem.

By impeople our imaginations of many that poetry has lodged there, and find, for instance, our admiration of the faith of worshipper increased by our discomeliness of the idol.

Of its first romantic impression the of the poet may, from such causes, circle he most frequented, this disapp imagination was far more than com- frank, social, and engaging qualities, and manner, which, on a nearer in- closed, as well as by that entire ab- any assumption or pedantry, which ly to the praise bestowed by Sprat that few could "ever discover he was of his discourse." While thus, by his those who had got, as it were, behind fame, he was seen in his true colours, dress as of amiableness, on strangers ore out of this immediate circle, the cal character still continued to ope- here gloom and sternness of his ima- were, by the greater number of to belong, not only as regarded mind, to himself. So prevalent and perva- this notion, that, in some disqui- meter published since his death, and vice many just and striking views, we viewed portrait drawn of him, such following:—"Lord Byron had a stern, and, a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy, and no light sympathy with heartless upon the surface was sadness, dis- ease, ill-will. Beneath all this weight stances," &c. &c.

of double aspect which he thus pre- by the world and by his friends, he aware; and it not only amazed him, of the versatility of his powers, &c.

He was, indeed, as I have already means inaccessible or inattentive to valued personally on society; and on station he had attained, since the my acquaintance with him, made iteration in the conversation of his e, I could perceive, I thought, with eternal world, some slight changes ich seemed indicative of the effects upon him. Among other uncon- that, whether from disuse of the in a notion, like Long's, that men just too much familiarise the pub- if he avoided drawing himself in in crowded places, much more when we first became acquainted, before his name had given "a B," we had grown together to the yet house, and other such places,

Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. Part.

By that struck out on these various business which he seemed to let in of the door which, from his manner is in England, he was almost entirely which, after that year I do not re-

and the true reason, no doubt, of his present reserve, in abstaining from all such miscellaneous haunts, was the sensitiveness, so often referred to, on the subject of his lameness,—a feeling which the curiosity of the public eye, now attracted to this infirmity by his fame, could not fail, he knew, to put rather painfully to the proof.

Among the many gay hours we passed together this spring, I remember particularly the wild flow of his spirits one evening, when we had accompanied Mr Rogers home from some early assembly, and when Lord Byron, who, according to his frequent custom, had not dined for the last two days, found his hunger no longer governable, and called aloud for "something to eat." Our repast,—of his own choosing,—was simple bread and cheese; and seldom have I partaken of so joyous a supper. It happened that our host had just received a presentation copy of a volume of Poems, written professedly in imitation of the old English writers, and containing, like many of these models, a good deal that was striking and beautiful, mixed up with much that was trifling, fantastic, and absurd. In our mood, at the moment, it was only with these latter qualities that either Lord Byron or I felt disposed to indulge ourselves; and, in turning over the pages, we found, it must be owned, abundant matter for mirth. In vain did Mr Rogers, in justice to the author, endeavour to direct our attention to some of the beauties of the work;—it suited better our purpose (as is too often the case with more deliberate critics, to peruse only on such passages as ministered to the laughing humour that possessed us. In this sort of hunt through the volume, we, at length, lighted on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere appreciation of some of its contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were, however, too far gone in con- science for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, "When Rogers o'er the labour bent," and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began, but no words had the words "When Rogers" passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh,—till even Mr Rogers him- self, with all the feeling of our indignation, found it impossible not to join us, and we were, at last, all three, in such a state of uncontrollable laughter that, had the author himself been of the party, I question whether he could have resisted the infection.

A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the fol- lowing.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"When Rogers' name was on the card, which I send for your perusal. I am ready to let any dog run like for my pint. Was not that the great upon the whole? The 'Posthumus' was the first and best."

"How goes the "

mother to have ever and open the again. Should be down over a sort of burning eye.

"He was directed to a letter of Mr Rogers's, of which I have elsewhere given the following account—

1.

When T * * this damn'd nonsense sent
(I hope I am not violent),
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

2.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise—
Why would they let him print his lays?

3.

• • • • •

4.

• • • • •

5.

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!—
Hermilida's first and second canto,—
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6.

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining—
So, gentle T * *, throw me thine in.

On the same day I received from him the following additional scraps. The lines in *Italics* are from the eulogy that provoked his waggish comments.

TO ———

1.

I lay my branch of laurel down.

Thou "lay thy branch of laurel down!"
Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne—
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He 'd have but little, and thou—none.

2.

Then thus to form Apollo's crown.

A crown! why twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They 'll tell you Phebus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

Let every other bring his own.

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wanderers,
From his spouse when * * 's unmarried;
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When C * * 's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

The mention which he makes of Sheridan in the note just cited, affords a fit opportunity of producing,

* The company consisted but of Mr Rogers himself, Lord Byron, Mr Sheridan, and the writer of this Memoir. Sheridan knew the admiration his audience felt for him; the presence of the young poet, in particular, seemed to bring back his own youth and wit: and the details he gave of his early life were not less interesting and animating to himself than delightful to us. It was in the course of this evening that, describing to us the poem which Mr Whitbread had written, and sent in, among the other addresses for the opening of Drury-lane theatre, and which, like the rest, turned chiefly on allusions to the Phoenix, he said:—'But Whitbread made more of this bird than any of them:—he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail, &c.—in short, it was a *Poulterer's* description of a Phoenix.'—*Life of Sheridan.*

from one of his journals, some part has noted down respecting this epigram for whose talents he entertained the admiration,—rating him, in natural all his great political contemporaries.

"In society I have met Sheridan was superb! He had a sort of li never attacked me, at least to my every body else—high names, and some of them poets also. I have Whitbread, quiz Madame de Sta man, and do little less by some oth as friends, I set not down) of good

"The last time I met him was Gilbert Elliot's, where he was as it was not the last time; the last time was Kinnaird's.

"I have met him in all places Whitehall with the Melbournes, Tavistock's, at Robins's the au Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Roge most kinds of company, and alway convivial and delightful.

"I have seen Sheridan weep. It may be that he was maudlin; ders it more impressive, for who w

From Marlborough's eyes the tear
And Swift expire a driveller and a

Once I saw him cry at Robins's after a splendid dinner, full of great spirits. I had the honour of sitting. The occasion of his tears was con other upon the subject of the Whigs in resisting office and keepa ples: Sheridan turned round:—"my Lord G. or Earl G. or Marquis with thousands upon thousands & either *presently* derived, or *inherited* acquisitions from the public treasury, patriotism, and keep aloof from they do not know from what temp kept aloof who had equal pride, lents, and not unequal passions, knew not in the course of their lives have a shilling of their own." And wept.

"I have more than once heard he never had a shilling of his own." contrived to extract a good many of

"In 1815, I had occasion to visit Chancery-lane: he was with Sheridan greetings, &c.. Sheridan retin recurring to my own business, I en quiring that of Sheridan. 'Oh, torney,' the usual thing! to stave his wine-merchant, my client.'—"What do you mean to do?"—"Not present," said he: "would you be against old Sherry? what would be and here he began laughing, and Sheridan's good gifts of conversation

"Now, from personal experience that my attorney is by no means men, or particularly accessible to ag

statute or record; and yet Sheridan, I had found the way to soften and such a manner, that I almost think thrown his client (an honest man, and some justice on his side) out and he come in at the moment.

Sheridan! he could soften an act has been nothing like it since the

I saw him take up his own 'Monody' he lighted upon the Dedication to 'Lady'. On seeing it, he flew into and exclaimed, 'that it must be a forgery, and dedicated any thing of his to such a person &c. &c.—and so went on for calumniating his own dedication, or at least of it. If all writers were equally it would be ludicrous.

that, on the night of the grand scandal for Scandal, he was knocked down the watch-house for making a row in being found intoxicated by the watch-

ing, he was requested to undergo 'an' he replied, that he had already submitted which were enough for one man's he asked what they were, he answered his hair cut, and sitting for his

at George Colman occasionally, and extremely pleasant and convivial. but, or rather wit, was always satirical; he never laughed (at least I watched him), but Colman was easy, and could not have both at the same time. 'Let me begin the evening and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan Colman for supper; Sheridan for Colman for every thing, from the champagne at dinner, the claret with between the glasses, up to the punch down to the grog, or gin and water, these I have threaded with both Colman was a grenadier company of Colman a whole regiment—of light troops, but still a regiment."

time that Lord Byron became acquainted I regret to have to add, partly with Mr Leigh Hunt, the editor of the weekly journal, the Examiner. I had myself formed an acquaintance with him in 1811, and, in common with a large public, entertained a sincere admiration and courage as a journalist. In him personally had been rewarded by the manly spirit which he throughout a prosecution instituted against his brother, for a libel that had been paid on the Prince Regent, and which they were both sentenced to two years. It will be recollected among the whig party, at this time of indignation at the late demerits and their principles of the age who had been so long looked up to as patron of both. Being myself,

at the time, warmly—perhaps, intemperately—under the influence of this feeling, I regarded the fate of Mr Hunt with more than common interest, and, immediately on my arrival in town, paid him a visit in his prison. On mentioning the circumstance, soon after, to Lord Byron, and describing my surprise at the sort of luxurious comforts with which I had found the "wit in the dungeon" surrounded,—his trellised flower-garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within,—the noble poet, whose political view of the case coincided entirely with my own, expressed a strong wish to pay a similar tribute of respect to Mr Hunt, and accordingly, a day or two after, we proceeded for that purpose to the prison. The introduction which then took place was soon followed by a request from Mr Hunt that we would dine with him, and the noble poet having good-naturedly accepted the invitation, the Cold Bath Fields prison had, in the month of June, 1813, the honour of receiving Lord Byron, as a guest, within its walls.

On the morning of our first visit to the journalist, I received from Lord Byron the following lines, written, it will be perceived, the night before.

"May 19th, 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag:

But now to my letter—to yours 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to sponge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon:—
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the Scurra,
And you 'll be Catullus, the R—t Mamurra.

"Dear M.—Having got thus far, I am interrupted by * * * *. 10 o'clock.

"Half-past 11. * * * * is gone. I must dress for Lady Heathcote's.—Addio."

Our day in the prison was, if not agreeable, at least novel and odd. I had, for Lord Byron's sake, stipulated with our host beforehand, that the party should be, as much as possible, confined to ourselves; and, as far as regarded dinner, my wishes had been attended to;—there being present, besides a member or two of Mr Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, but Mr Mitchell, the ingenious translator of Aristophanes. Soon after dinner, however, there dropped in some of our host's literary friends, who, being utter strangers to Lord Byron and myself, rather disturbed the ease into which we were all settling. Among these, I remember, was Mr John Scott,—the writer, afterwards, of some severe attacks on Lord Byron; and it is painful to think that, among the persons then assembled round the poet, there should have been one so soon to step forth the assailant of his living fame, while another, less manful, would reserve the cool venom for his grave.

On the 24 of June, in presenting a petition to the

House of Lords, he made his third and last appearance, as an orator, in that assembly. In his way home from the House that day, he called, I remember, at my lodgings, and found me dressing in a very great hurry for dinner. He was, I recollect, in a state of most humorous exaltation after his display, and, while I hastily went on with my task in the dressing-room, continued to walk up and down the adjoining chamber, spouting forth for me, in a sort of mock-heroic voice, detached sentences of the speech he had just been delivering. "I told them," he said, "that it was a most flagrant violation of the Constitution—that, if such things were permitted, there was an end of English freedom, and that—" "But what was this dreadful grievance?" I asked, interrupting him in his eloquence.—"The grievance?" he repeated, pausing as if to consider—"Oh, *that* I forget."* It is impossible, of course, to convey an idea of the dramatic humour with which he gave effect to these words; but his look and manner on such occasions were irresistibly comic, and it was, indeed, rather in such turns of fan and oddity than in any more elaborate exhibition of wit that the pleasantry of his conversation consisted.

Though it is evident that, after the brilliant success of Child Harold, he had ceased to think of Parliament as an arena of ambition, yet, as a field for observation, we may take for granted it was not unstudied by him. To a mind of such quick and various views, every place and pursuit presented some aspect of interest; and whether in the ball-room, the boxing-school, or the senate, all must have been, by genius like his, turned to profit. The following are a few of the recollections and impressions which I find recorded by himself of his short parliamentary career.

"I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard. Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did; it seemed sad sophistry. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and I think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium, at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches up stairs, and run down from Bellamy's when he was upon his legs. I heard Bob Miles make his second speech; it made no impression. I like Ward—studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my school and form-fellow (we sat within two of each other), strange to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but from what I remember of him at Harrow, he *is*, or *should* be, among the best of them. Now, I do not admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking: it is nothing but a flow of words—words, words alone."

"I doubt greatly if the English have any eloquence,

* His speech was on presenting a Petition from Major Cartwright.

properly so called; and am inclined to think Irish *had* a great deal, and that the French *had* and have had in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham, Burke are the nearest approaches to oratory land. I don't know what Erskine may have the bar, but in the House, I wish him if once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scott acute.

"But amongst all these, good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not heard by the auditors, and not very intelligible, and there. The whole thing is a grand and as tedious and tiresome as may be, must be often present. I heard Sheridan, and that briefly, but I liked his voice, and his wit; and he is the only one of whom I wished to hear at greater length.

"The impression of Parliament upon its members are not formidable as speakers much so as an audience; because in so body there may be little eloquence (as were but two thorough orators in all antiquity, I suspect still fewer in modern times), but be a heaven of thought and good sense makethem know what is right, though they press it nobly.

"Horne Tooke and Roscoe both are declared that they left Parliament with opinion of its aggregate integrity and a that with which they entered it. The greatness of both in most Parliaments is probably the same, as also the number of speakers and I except orators, of course, because they of ages, and not of septennial or triennial. Neither House ever struck me with more respect than the same number of Turks in a of Methodists in a barn, would have done, ever diffidence or nervousness I felt and I in a great degree; arose from the number and the quality of the assemblage, and the thought of the public without than the person knowing (as all know) that Cicero himself, probably the Messiah, could never have altered of a single lord of the bedchamber or thought our House dull, but the other enough upon great days.

"I have heard that when Grattan made speech in the English Commons, it was minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer. The debut of his predecessor Flood had been complete failure under nearly similar circumstances when the ministerial part of our senators had Pitt (their thermometer) for the cue, and nod repeatedly his stately nod of approbation took the hint from their huntsman, and he into the most rapturous cheers. Grattan's indeed, deserved them; it was a *chef d'œuvre* did not hear that speech of his (being then row), but heard most of his others on the same

* Of Grattan he says, in another place.—"I struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manner in life;—they were odd, but they were natural. One to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or expression in a way irresistibly ludicrous."

in the war of 1815. I differed from the latter question, but coincided in the estimation of his eloquence.

At old Courtenay, the orator, at Rogers Hall-12, I was much taken with the man and his fine figure, and the still acute conversation. It was he who silenced the Irish House by a crushing reply to a rival of Grattan in Ireland. I say for I like to trace motives) if he seemed to me, as I had read it, to insinuate that he had; that, when in the English House, at the bar of the Irish House, Flood had made a personal and unbecoming attack upon himself, who, not being a member, could not defend himself, and that afterwards, the opportunity of retort in the English Parliament, he could not reasonably repay Flood with interest, for he made any figure, and only a speech or two, in the English House of Commons. It was, however, his speech on Reform in 1812, which he called 'the best he ever heard upon

any subject he had entertained thoughts of making, and it appeared, indeed, to be so to him, whenever he felt melancholy to turn to the freedom and solitude of a library as his resource. During the depression which he laboured under, while printing his book, "he would frequently," says Mr Dalrymple, "be seen at Newstead, and of going to reside in the Grecian Archipelago,—to adopt the manners and customs, and to pass his time in the study of oriental languages and literature." It was the triumph that soon after ensued, which, in other pursuits besides literature, attended him, again diverted his mind from his migratory projects. But he returned; and we have seen, from the correspondence of Mr William Bankes, that he was finding himself, in the course of this expedition, in the mountains of his beloved Greece. At a time, this plan was exchanged for the project of accompanying his friends, Lord Oxford, to Sicily; and it was in his preparatives for this expedition that the following letters were written.

LETTER CXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Maidenshead, June 13th, 1813.

I have read the 'Strictures,' which are not grossly abusive, in very fair measure, in a note against Massinger near the end of the book. The author detects some incongruous usage of English Bards, page 23, but I do not know. In the sole copy in my possession—I mean the 5th edition—you may observe, that I may profit (though a little) by his remarks:—For 'hellish instinct,' 'fiendish instinct,' 'harpies' alter to 'felons';

and for 'blood-hounds' write 'hell-hounds.'* These are very bitter words, by my troth, and the alterations are not much sweeter; but as I shall not publish the thing, they can do no harm, but are a satisfaction to me in the way of amendment. The passage is only twelve lines.

"You do not answer me about H.'s book; I want to write to him, and not to say any thing displeasing. If you direct to Post-office, Portsmouth, till called for, I will send and receive your letter. You never told me of the forthcoming critique on Columbus, which is not too fair; and I do not think justice quite done to the 'Pleasures,' which surely entitle the author to a higher rank than that assigned him in the Quarterly. But I must not cavil at the decisions of the invisible infallibles; and the article is very well written. The general horror of 'fragments' makes me tremulous for the 'Ginour'; but you would publish it—I presume, by this time, to your repentance. But as I consented, whatever be its fate, I won't now quarrel with you, even though I detect it in my pastry; but I shall not open a pie without apprehension for some weeks.

"The books which may be marked G. O. I will carry out. Do you know Clarke's *Naufragia*? I am told that he asserts the first volume of Robinson Crusoe was written by the first Lord Oxford, when in the Tower, and given by him to Defoe; if true, it is a curious anecdote. Have you got back Lord Brooke's MS.? and what does Heber say of it? Write to me at Portsmouth.

" Ever yours, &c.

" N."

TO MR MURRAY.

* June 18th, 1813.

" DEAR SIR,

"Will you forward the enclosed answer to the kindest letter I ever received in my life, my sense of which I can neither express to Mr Gifford himself nor to any one else.

" Ever yours,

" N."

LETTER CXXII.

TO W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

* June 18th, 1813.

" MY DEAR SIR,

"I feel greatly at a loss how to write to you at all—still more to thank you as I ought. If you knew the veneration with which I have ever regarded you, long before I had the most distant prospect of becoming your acquaintance, literary or personal, my embarrassment would not surprise you.

* In an article on this Satire (written for *Cumberland's Review*, but never printed) by that most amiable man and excellent poet, the late Rev. William Crowe, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed:—"Within the space of three or four couplets he transforms a man into as many different animals. Allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a bloodhound."

There are also in this MS. critique some curious instances of oversight or ignorance adduced from the Satire, such as "Fish from Helicon"—"Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe," &c. &c.

as will be seen by the following letter, exceeded so far in his preparations for the purchase of Lowe, the jeweller, of Old about a dozen snuff-boxes, as presents to his old Turkish acquaintances.

LETTER CXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"4, Benedictine-street, St James's, Jan 1813.

"I presume by your silence that I have got into something noxious in my reply to you, the which I beg leave to send, before sending apology, which you may apply to any of that unfortunate epistle. If I err in my I expect the like from you, in putting off defence so long in quarantine. God he have said; but he also knows (if he is not mortal) as the *nonchalant* desires that you are the last person I want to expectorate your spleen?

"Rogers is out of town with Mademoiselle who hath published an Essay against Sunday. I presume, will make somebody shoot a sermon by Blikenessop, in proof of Christianity a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. Has he or founded a residence yet? and have you finished a Poem? If you won't tell me done, pray say what you have done, or yourself. I am still in equipment for my anxious to hear from, or of, you before I anxiety you should remove more readily. I shan't cogitate about you afterwards. I the lie to that calumny by fifty foreign letters cularly from any place where the plague without a drop of vinegar or a whiff of sulphur you from infection. Pray write: I am out that

"The Oxfords have sailed almost a fortnight my sister is in town, which is a great comfort never having been much together, we are more attached to each other. I presume the nations have conflagrated to Derby (or where are) by this time. We are just recovering from and train oil, and transparent fripperies, and noise and nonsense of victory. Drury-lane large *M. W.* which some thought was Wellington; others, that it might be trained Manager Whitbread; while the ladies of the and the saloon conceived the last letter to be mentary to themselves. I leave this to the tators to illuminate. If you don't answer shan't say what you deserve, but I think I a reply. Do you conceive there is no Post in the Twopenny? Sunburn me, if you are bad."

LETTER CXXV

TO MR MOORE

"July 1813.

"Your letter set me at ease; for I really (as I hear of your susceptibility) that I had

LETTER CXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"June 23d, 1813.

"Yesterday I dined in company with . . . the hypocrite whose politics are sadly changed. She is the Lord of Israel and the Lord of Liverpool—a real antithesis of a Methodist and a Tory—talks of nothing but devotion and the ministry, and, I presume, expects that God and the government will help her to a pension

"Murray, the avowed publisher, the Anac of customers, has a design upon you in the paper line. He wants you to become the staple and stipendiary lecturer of a periodical work. What say you? Will you be bound, like 'Kit Smart', to write for ninety-nine years in the *Universal Visitor*? Seriously, he talks of hundreds a year, and—though I hate prating of the heavenly elements—his proposal may be to your honour and profit, and, I am very sure, will be to our pleasure

"I don't know what to say about 'friendship.' I never was in friendship but once, in my nineteenth year, and then it gave me as much trouble as love. I was offered as Whitbread's sire said to the king, when he wanted to knight him, that I am 'too old.' You nevertheless, no one wishes you more friends, more, and whiter, than

"Yours, &c."

Quincy relinquished his design of accompanying me abroad to Italy, he again thought of the East.

The contents of this letter, it appears, has been lost.

—but something I should have been and it, or I, offended you;—though I am with a beautiful wife—his own—competency and friends (I thousand, which is more than I will on behalf, can be offended with

me, Moore, I am amazingly inclined—but *inclined*—to be seriously ena-
July A. F.—but this * * has ruined
However, you know her;—is she
the, or good-tempered? either *would*
the *will*. I don't ask as to her
I see; but my circumstances are
are not my other prospects blacken-
like a wife, and that should be the
a chance. I do not yet know her much,
I did * * *

get away, but find difficulty in com-
age in a ship of war. They had better
cannot, patriotism is the word—' nay,
ish. I'll rant as well as they.' Now,
thing!—writing, we all hope, for our
remember you must edit my posthu-
the *Life of the Author*, for which I
is *Confessions*, dated 'Lazarretto,'
or *Palermo*—one can die any where.
to be a thing on Tuesday yeaped a
The Regent and * * * are to be
my body else, who has shillings enough
over a guinea. Vauxhall is the scene
in tickets issued for the modest women,
and there will be three to spare. The
do let are beyond my arithmetic.
Do steel last night attacked me most
that I had 'no right to make love—
—' * * barbarously—that I had no
totally insensible to *la belle passion*,
all my life! I am very glad to hear
known it before. Let me hear from you

LETTER CXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* July 25th, 1813.

well served enough in the ways of single
in much matrimonial progress. * *
is doing like the dragon of Wantley
ask. My head aches with the vintage
en, and my brains are muddled as their
your friends the D * *s: she sung
best songs so well, that, but for the
affectionation, I could have cried; he
of Hunt, but handsomer, and more
I, perhaps. I wish to God he may
resemble anonymous complaint. The upper
is beautiful, and she seems much
husband. He is right, nevertheless,
a nauseous town. The first winter
destroy her complexion,—and the
fabulously, every thing else.

If you a story. M * * (of indifferent
flaming out the other day, and com-
P—e's coldness to his old wassailers.

D * * (a learned Jew) bored him with questions—
why this? and why that? 'Why did the P—e act
thus?'—'Why, sir, on account of Lord * *', who
ought to be ashamed of himself'—'And why ought
Lord * * to be ashamed of himself?'—'Because the
P—e, sir, * * * And why, sir,
did the P—e cut you?'—'Because, G—d d—mme,
sir, I stuck to my principles.'—'And why did you
stick to your principles?'

"Is not this last question the best that ever was
put, when you consider to whom? It nearly killed
M * *. Perhaps you may think it stupid, but, as
Goldsmith said about the peas, it was a very good
joke when I heard it—as I did from an ear-witness—
and is only spoilt in my narration.

"The season has closed with a Dandy Ball;—but
I have dinners with the Harrowbys, Rogers, and
Frere and Mackintosh, where I shall drink your
health in a silent bumper, and regret your absence
till 'too much canaries' wash away my memory, or
render it superfluous by a vision of you at the oppo-
site side of the table. Canning has disbanded his
party by a speech from his * * *—the true
throne of a Tory. Conceive his turning them off in
a formal harangue, and bidding them think for them-
selves. 'I have led my ragamuffins where they are
well peppered. There are but three of the 150 left
alive, and they are for the *Town's-end* (query, might
not Falstaff mean the Bow-street officer? I dare say
Malone's posthumous edition will have it so) for life."

"Since I wrote last, I have been into the country.
I journeyed by night—no incident or accident, but an
alarm on the part of my valet on the outside, who, in
crossing Epping Forest, actually, I believe, flung
down his purse before a mile-stone, with a glow-worm
in the second figure of number XIX—mistaking it
for a footpad and dark lantern. I can only attribute
his fears to a pair of new pistols, wherewith I had
armed him; and he thought it necessary to display
his vigilance by calling out to me whenever we passed
any thing—no matter whether moving or stationary.
Conceive ten miles, with a tremor every furlong. I
have scribbled you a fearfully long letter. This sheet
must be blank, and is merely a wrapper, to preclude
the tabellarians of the post from peeping. You once
complained of my *not* writing;—I will heap 'coals of
fire upon your head' by *not* complaining of your *not*
reading. Ever, my dear Moore, your'n (isn't that
the Staffordshire termination?)

"BYRON."

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

* July 27th, 1813.

'When you next imitate the style of 'Tacitus,'
pray add, 'de moribus Germanorum';—this last was
a piece of barbarous silence, and could only be taken
from the *Woods*, and, as such, I attribute it entirely
to your sylvan sequestration at Mayfield Cottage.
You will find, on casting up accounts, that you are
my debtor by several sheets and one epistle. I shall
bring my action;—if you don't discharge, expect to
hear from my attorney. I have forwarded your letter
to Ruggiero; but don't make a postman of me again.

for fear I should be tempted to violate your sanctity of wax or wafer.

"Believe me ever yours indignantly,
"BN."

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

* July 28th, 1813.

"Can't you be satisfied with the pangs of my jealousy of Rogers, without actually making me the pander of your epistolary intrigue? This is the second letter you have enclosed to my address, notwithstanding a miraculous long answer, and a subsequent short one or two of your own. If you do so again, I can't tell to what pitch my fury may soar. I shall send you verse or arsenic, as likely as any thing,—four thousand complets on sheets beyond the privilege of franking; that privilege, sir, of which you take an undue advantage over a too susceptible senator, by forwarding your lucubrations to every one but himself. I won't frank *from* you, or *for* you, or *to* you—may I be curs'd if I do, unless you mend your manners. I disown you—I disclaim you—and by all the powers of Eulogy, I will write a panegyric upon you—or dedicate a quarto—if you don't make me ample amends.

"P. S.—I am in training to dine with Sheridan and Rogers this evening. I have a little spite against R. and will shed his 'Clary wines pottle-deep.' This is nearly my ultimate or penultimate letter; for I am quite equipped, and only wait a passage. Perhaps I may wait a few weeks for Sligo; but not if I can help it."

He had, with the intention of going to Greece, applied to Mr Croker, the Secretary of the Admiralty, to procure him a passage on board a king's ship to the Mediterranean; and, at the request of this gentleman, Captain Barlow, of the *Boyne*, who was just then ordered to reinforce Sir Edward Pellew, consented to receive Lord Byron into his cabin for the voyage. To the letter announcing this offer, the following is the reply.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO MR CROKER.

* Bl. Str., August 2d, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,

"I WAS honoured with your unexpected* and very obliging letter when on the point of leaving London, which prevented me from acknowledging my obligation as quickly as I felt it sincerely. I am endeavouring all in my power to be ready before Saturday—and even if I should not succeed, I can only blame my own tardiness, which will not the less enhance the benefit I have lost. I have only to add my hope of forgiveness for all my trespasses on your time and patience, and with my best wishes for your public and private welfare, I have the honour to be, most truly,

"Your obliged and most obedient servant,

"BYRON."

* He calls the letter of Mr Croker "unexpected," because, in their previous correspondence and interviews on the subject, that gentleman had not been able to hold out so early a prospect of a passage, nor one which was likely to be so agreeable in point of society.

So early as the autumn of this year of the *Ginour* was required; and was teemed with fresh materials for its pages commencing "The browsing camelidling," and the four pages that follow I love indeed is light from heaven," was this time. Nor had the overflowings yet ceased, as I find in the Poem, as I sent, still further additions,—and am four brilliant lines,—

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight
And rose, wherever I turn'd my eye
The Morning-star of memory

The following notes and letters during these outpourings, will show was the impulse under which he wrote.

"If you send more proofs, I shall infernal story—'Ecce signum'—this lines enclosed to the utter discomfiture and, I fear, not to your advantage.

* Half past two in the morning. AM

"DEAR SIR,

"Pray suspend the proofs, for I have and have quantities for other parts of Yours ever,

"P. S.—You shall have them in a day."

LETTER CXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* AM

"I have looked over and corrected not so carefully (God knows if you can) but I can't) as to preclude your eye from some omission of mine or commission. If you have patience, look it over. Nobody who can stop—I mean *point*—forth: for I am, I hear, a sad hand at it. I have, but with some difficulty any more to this snake of a Poem, lengthening its rattles every month. fully long, being more than a *Caesar* Childe Harold, which contains but 382 with all late additions inclusive.

"The last lines Hodgson likes. He does, and when he don't, he tells energy, and I fret and alter. I have to soften the ferocity of our Infidel, a man, have given him a good deal to

"I was quite sorry to hear you set town on my account, and I hope since mean so superfluous a piece of politeness.

"Our six critiques!—they would be Quarterly by themselves; but this is a claim."

The following refer apparently to a tion.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Stilton, Oct. 3d, 1813.

recollected an alteration you may wish to be sent to Aston.—Among the several, not far from the beginning, is

“*Our Solitude to share.*”

“*solitude more than one, and Solitude is rare; it must be thus—*”

“*any a gilded chamber’s there,
A Solitude might well forbear;*”

“*where is Aston-Hall, Rotherham.*”

“*What this correction? and pray accept it from me for your trouble. Ever*

“B.”

“*He stands, let the other run thus—*

“*There will weary traveller halt,
From the sacred bread and salt.*”

“*Take of food—to break bread and
Your host, ensures the safety of the
Tough an enemy, his person from that
To guard*”

“*Another additional note sent yesterday
in the Confessional.*”

“*Save this to your discretion; if any
Would find a good one, or the cheese a
Lump either. But, in that case, the
Soured soon after, in the line—*

“*Save the master’s bread and salt;*

“*Save to—*

“*Save the master’s bread and salt*

“*And, though—confound it!”*

LETTER CXXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Oct. 12th, 1813.

“*Read the Giaour again over carefully;
Especially, particularly in the last page.
The false; she could not die, it was,
—I knew.’ Pray, observe this and*

“*Read and read the British Review. I
think in most points very right. The
thing is the accusation of imitation.
I never saw it; and Scott I no further
than in his lyric measure, which is
in, and any one’s who likes it. The*

“*on a separate slip of paper enclosed.*

“*referred to by the Reviewers in the
lamentation.’ and the following in, I take
part which Lord Byron is accused by them*

“*in the way—apply them to the Rev.
Henry (the Dr) impudently you desire;
quand, and I believe as you please,
to mention it in all eyes’ else.
How does show the former remark,
to suppose it, with every such again*

Ginour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes. I shall be very glad to hear from or of you, when you please; but don’t put yourself out of your way on my account.”

LETTER CXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Bennett-street, August 22d, 1813.

“As our late—I might say, deceased—correspondence had too much of the town-life leaven in it, we will now, ‘*paulo majore*,’ prattle a little of literature in all its branches; and first of the first—criticism. The Prince is at Brighton, and Jackson, the boxer, gone to Margate, having, I believe, decoyed Yarmouth to see a milling in that polite neighbourhood. Made de Sinael Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant,—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhawsen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be,—but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.

“In a ‘mail-coach copy’ of the Edinburgh, I perceive the Giaour is 2d article. The numbers are still in the Leith smack—*pray, which way is the wind?* The said article is so very mild and sentimental, that it must be written by Jeffrey in love;—you know he is gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several quarters, *éprouvément amoureux*. Seriously—as Winifred Jenkins says of Lismahago—Mr Jeffrey (or his deputy) ‘has done the handsome thing by me,’ and I say *nothing*. But this I will say—if you and I had knocked one another on the head in his quarrel, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works! By the by, I was called in the other day to mediate between two gentlemen bent upon carnage, and,—after a long struggle between the natural desire of destroying one’s fellow-creatures, and the dislike of seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and one, I can swear for, though very mild, ‘not fearful,’ and so dead a shot, that, though the other is the thinnest of men, he would have split him like a cane. They both conducted themselves very well, and I put them out of pain as soon as I could.

“There is an American life of G. F. Cooke, Scourra, deceased, lately published. Such a book!—I believe, since Drunken Barnaby’s Journal, nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room—drama and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and, *latterly*, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous—first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless;—but the

pints he swallowed and the parts he performed are too regularly registered.

"All this time you wonder I am not gone: so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing—not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England. It is true the forty or sixty days would, in all probability, be as foolishly spent on shore as in the ship; but one likes to have one's choice, nevertheless. Town is awfully empty; but not the worse for that. I am really puzzled with my perfect ignorance of what I mean to do;—not stay, if I can help it, but where to go? Sligo is for the North,—a pleasant place, Petersburg, in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neck-cloth or pocket-handkerchief! If the winter treated Buonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller?—Give me a sun, and I care not how hot, and sherbet, I care not how cool, and my Heaven is as easily made as your Persian's.† The Giaour is now 1000 and odd lines. Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day: 'ch, Moore?—thou wilt needs be a wag, but I forgive it.

"Yours ever,

"DN.

"P. S.—I perceive I have written a flippant and rather cold-hearted letter; let it go, however. I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape than any of the last twelve-month's,—and that is saying a good deal. * * * It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women.

"I am now thinking and regretting that, just as I have left Newstead, you reside near it. Did you ever see it? do—but don't tell me that you like it. If I had known of such intellectual neighbourhood, I don't think I should have quitted it. You could have come over so often, as a bachelor,—for it was a thorough bachelor's mansion—plenty of wine and such worldly sensualities—with books enough, room enough, and an air of antiquity about all (except the lasses) that would have suited you, when pensive, and served you to laugh at when in glee. I had built myself a bath and a vault—and now I sha'n't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a grave, at least a particular one. I remember, when about fifteen, reading your poems there,—which I can repeat almost now,—and asking all kinds of questions about the author, when I heard

* One of his travelling projects appears to have been a visit to Abyssinia.—at least, I have found, among his papers, a letter founded on that supposition, in which the writer entreats of him to procure information concerning "a kingdom of Jews mentioned by Bruce as residing on the mountain of Sannu, in that country. I have had the honour," he adds, "of some correspondence with the Rev. Dr Buchanan and the Reverend and learned G. S. Faber, on the subject of the existence of this kingdom of Jews, which, if it prove to be a fact, will more clearly elucidate many of the scripture prophecies. . . . and, if Providence favours your lordship's mission to Abyssinia, an intercourse might be established between England and that country, and the English ships, according to the Rev. Mr Faber, might be the principal means of transporting the kingdom of Jews, now in Abyssinia, to Egypt, in their way to their own country, Palestine."

† A Persian's Heaven is easily made—

"T is but black eyes and lemonade.

that he was not dead according to the prediction, and wondering if I should ever see him—and through time, without the smallest poetical propriety, very much taken, as you may imagine, in the volume. Adieu—I commit you to the care of the gods—Hindoo, Scandinavian, and Hellespontine.

"P. S. 2d.—There is an excellent new edition of Grimm's Correspondence and Mail de Saint-Petersbourg, No. of the E. R. Jeffrey was my critic last year; but this is, I believe, in another hand. I hope you are going to make a grand coup—pray do—or that damned Louis Napoleon will beat us all. I have seen and read a poem in MS., and he really surpasses every thing beneath Tasso. Hodgson is translating him, another bard. You (and, I believe, Rogers, Gifford and myself, are to be referred to as the arbiters between the twain,—that is, if you accept of the Conceive our different opinions! I think we (I am talking very impudently, you will say indeed!) have a way of our own,—at least, Scott certainly have."

LETTER CXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"August 1834.

"Ay, my dear Moore, 'there was a time'—I have heard of your tricks, when 'you was some' at the King of Bohemy.† I'm much obliged to you for some fine London spring, about the year 1834, but time does not come again. After all,—as I am in marriage; and I can conceive none more delightful than such a state in the country, in a county newspaper, etc., and kissing my maid. Seriously, I would incorporate with me a man of decent demesnaour to-morrow,—as I would a month ago, but, at present,

"Why don't you 'parody that Ode'—I think I should be *lecher*? or have you seen me? won't tell me?—You are quite right and so, schid, and I have reduced it to a day's work in this half-hour.† I am glad to hear of Richardson, because it tells me what you are going to beat Laurence. Tell me how far you have proceeded. Do you feel less interested about your works, or less about our friend Ruggiero? I am not—and am not in that thing of mine, the 'English Bazaar'—time when I was angry with all the world, and 'disparaged your parts,' although I did

* The Ode of Horace,

Natus in north Britannie, Ar

some passages of which I told him might be an allusion to some of his late adventures.

Quanta laboras in iuryanti,

Digne parvum ostendit, fiamus

† In his first edition of the *Giaour* he had written as a trisyllable,—"Bright as the gem of Giamshid," on my remarking to him, upon the author's of his son's Persian Dictionary, that this was a mistake, he altered it to "Bright as the rubs of Giamshid."—On the 10th however, I wrote to him "that, as the heroine's eye to a 'ruby' might not be so bright as its being bloodshot, he had better change 'Bright as the jewel of Giamshid,'—and accordingly did in the following edition.

and have always regretted that an entire work, and not sprinkle and pieces—beautiful, I allow and language,* but still giving us a Shah Namah (is that the name?)

Stick to the East;—the oracle, was the only poetical policy. The West, have all been exhausted; we have nothing but S * * 's unless he has contrived to spoil, by their most outrageous fictions. His interest us, and yours will. You competitor; and, if you had, you of it. The little I have done in only a 'voice in the wilderness' for has had any success, that also will public are orientalizing, and pave the

in thinking of a story, grafted on the and a mortal—something like, only equal than, Cazotte's *Diable Amoureux* require a good deal of poesy, and in my forte. For that, and other reason up the idea, and merely suggest in intervals of your greater work, which you might make much of.† If I have books, there is 'Castellan's *Amours*,' the best compendium of the with, in six small tomes. I am liberty by talking in this style to my by better;—pardon it, and don't my motives."

LETTER CXXXV.

TO MR. MOORE.

August—September, I mean—1st, 1813.

Wagging your acceptance, Castellan, in Turkish Literature, not yet the last I will thank you to read, examine, and return in a week, as they say that brightest of Northern constellations.—amongst many other kind in India has warmed him, for I am a Scotsman is of a less genial de-

by endeavoured to obviate the charge of an aware I expose myself by being thus publication of eulogies, so warm and so myself. I shall here only add, that it will if me under such a charge, if, in whatever out of my noble friend may be called in gerance, he shall, in the same proportion, the good-nature and warm-heartedness is dictated

singularly enough, anticipated this suggestion the daughter of a Peri the heroine of and detailing the love adventures of her in episode. In acquainting Lord Byron once, in my answer to the above letter, I of your friendship is—not that you will on my account, for that is too much for, at least, author's) nature—but that, ask to pay your addresses to any of these will at once, tell me so, frankly and in, at least, have my choice whether I shall go to go on, with such a rival, or at once to race into your hands, and take, for the same with Mr Montgomery."

"Your Peri, my dear M., is sacred and inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affectation of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me—'stap my vitals, Tam! thou art a very impudent person;' and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

* * * * *

"The 'Ginour' I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more—now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, and more particularly as to temper; for, unluckily, I have the reputation of a very bad one. But they say the devil is amusing when pleased, and I must have been more venomous than the old serpent, to have hissed or stung in your company. It may be, and would appear to a third person, an incredible thing; but I know you will believe me when I say that I am as anxious for your success as one human being can be for another's,—as much as if I had never scribbled a line. Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbour of a rood of it. Now you have a pretty property of some thousand acres there, and when you have passed your present Inclosure Bill, your income will be doubled (there's a metaphor, worthy of a Templar, namely, pert and low), while my wild common is too remote to incommode you, and quite incapable of such fertility. I send you (which return per post, as the printer would say) a curious letter from a friend of mine,* which will let you into the origin of 'the Ginour.' Write soon.

"Ever, dear Moore, yours most entirely, &c.

"P. S.—This letter was written to me on account of a different story circulated by some gentlewomen of our acquaintance, a little too close to the text. The part erased contained merely some Turkish names, and circumstantial evidence of the girl's detection, not very important or decorous."

LETTER CXXXVI.

TO MR. MOORE.

Sept. 5, 1813.

"You need not tie yourself down to a day with Toderini, but send him at your leisure, having anatomized him into such annotations as you want; I do not believe that he has ever undergone that process before, which is the best reason for not sparing him now.

"* * * has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the Quarterly. What follows these reviewers are: 'these bugs do fear us all.' They made you fight, and me (the milkiest of men) a satirist, and will end by making * * madder than Ajax. I have been reading Memory again, the other day, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former

* The letter of Lord Blyso, already given.

His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book. * * * *

"What say you to Buonaparte? Remember, I back him against the field, barring Catalepsy and the Elements. Nay, I almost wish him success against all countries but this,—were it only to choke the Morning Post, and his undutiful father-in-law, with that rebellious bastard of Scandinavian adoption, Bernadotte. Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere—no matter where. It is too late for Matlock, but we might hit upon some scheme, high life or low,—the last would be much the best for amusement. I am so sick of the other, that I quite sigh for a cider-cellar, or a cruise in a smuggler's sloop.

"You cannot wish more than I do that the Fates were a little more accommodating to our parallel lines, which prolong ad infinitum without coming a jot the nearer. I almost wish I were married, too—which is saying much. All my friends, seniors and juniors, are in for it, and ask me to be godfather,—the only species of parentage which, I believe, will ever come to my share in a lawful way; and, in an unlawful one, by the blessing of Lucina, we can never be certain,—though the parish may. I suppose I shall hear from you to-morrow. If not, this goes as it is; but I leave room for a P. S., in case any thing requires an answer. Ever, &c.

"No letter—*n'importe*. R. thinks the Quarterly will be at me this time: if so, it shall be a war of extermination—no *quarter*. From the youngest devil down to the oldest woman of that Review, all shall perish by one fatal lampoon. The ties of nature shall be torn asunder, for I will not even spare my hook-seller; nay, if one were to include readers also, all the better."

LETTER CXXXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Sept. 8th 1813.

"I am sorry to see Tod. again so soon, for fear your scrupulous conscience should have prevented you from fully availing yourself of his spoils. By this coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet 'the Ginour,' which has never procured me half so high a compliment as your modest alarm. You will (if inclined in an evening) perceive that I have added much in quantity,—a circumstance which may truly diminish your modesty upon the subject.

"You stand certainly in great need of 'a lift' with Mackintosh. My dear Moore, you strangely underrate yourself. I should conceive it an affectation in any other; but I think I know you well enough to believe that you don't know your own value. However, 'tis a fault that generally mends; and, in your case, it really ought. I have heard him speak of you as highly as your wife could wish; and enough to give all your friends the jaundice.

"Yesterday I had a letter from *Ali Pacha*! brought by Doctor Holland, who is just returned from Albania. It is in Latin, and begins 'Excellensissime, nec non Carissime,' and ends about a gun he wants

made for him;—it is signed 'Ali Vixir' think he has been about? H. tells spring, he took a hostile town, where, ago, his mother and sisters were in Cunigonde was by the Bulgarian cave the town, selects all the survivors of children, grand-children, &c., to the hundred, and has them shot before he lect, he spared the rest of the city himself to the Tarquin pedigree,—what I would. So much for 'dearest friend

LETTER CXXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

"I write to you from Murray's, at from Murray, who, if you are not, favour of any other publisher, would treat with you, at a fitting time, for can safely recommend him, as fair, lively, and certainly, in point of reputation among the first of 'the trade.' I am do you justice. I have written to you that you will be glad to see so little of

LETTER CXXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

* Sept.

"THOMAS MOORE,

"(Thou wilt never be called 'true He of Ereildoune), why don't you w as you won't, I must. I was near you other day, and hope I soon shall be you must and shall meet me, and go elsewhere, and take what, in *flash* cally termed 'a lark,' with Rogers and plives. Yesterday, at Holland-house, I to Southey—the best-looking bard I some time. To have that poet's head I would almost have written his S certainly a prepossessing person to man of talent, and all that, and—*then*

"* * * read me part of a letter from foot of Pharaoh, I believe there was stopped short, so he did, after a full our correspondence, and looked—I will avenge myself by attacking you, or by I have had to defend you—an agreement one's friends have of recommending, saying—'Ay, ay, I gave it Mr. what he said about your being a plagiarist and so on.' But do you know that the very few whom I never have the hearing abused, but the reverse I suppose I will forgive *that*?

"I have been in the country, and the Doncaster races. It is odd,—the same house which came to my mind with Lady Carmarthen (with whom before his majority—by the by, read not my mamma)—and they thrust a room, with a nauseous picture over which I should suppose my papa respect, and which, inheriting the

with great satisfaction. I staid a week, and behaved very well—though the house is young and religious, and pretty, and a my particular friend. I felt no more but a poodle dog, which they call New, for a man of my courses, not a sign of great amendment. I feel the conscience, and don't 'snub me' more. Ever yours, BN."

is prompted for you by a 'person of' last week, on being reproached for

from the heart where sorrow sits,
And shadow mounts too high,
By changing aspect fits,
And the brow, or fills the eye—
And the gloom which soon shall sink;
Though their dungeon know too well;
And the wanderers shrink,
And within their silent cell.

LETTER CXL.

TO MR MOORE.

October 2, 1813.

I had answered some six letters of yours, in my penultimate. I will not more, but, after that—I swear by an am silent and supercilious. I have Richard-house—he beats every body; he is beyond human, and his humour define what is wit perfect. Then he and twice as many voices, when he met his equal. Now, were I a virgin, that is the man I would prefer. He is quite fascinating. Remember him but once; and you, who so long, may probably deduct from almost fear to meet him again, lest should be lowered. He talked a great theme never tiresome to me, nor any know. What a variety of expression that naturally not very fine countenance absolutely changes it entirely. I can't describe him, and you know I return to "where I shall not. Perhaps I shall hear from you in good night.

Your letter has cancelled all did not suspect you in earnest. Because I don't do a very shabby don't fear your competition. If is an alternative of preference, I as much as Satan does Michael. room enough in our respective will soon be my turn to forgive. Mackintosh and Mrs Stale—as pleased to denominate Corinne—night, at Covent-garden, yawning Falstaff.

of 'gloom,' if one's friends are reputants, is of great service; as region of impertinence, in the shape acquaintance. But thou know'st I

printed in his Works

can be a right merry and conceited fellow, and rarely 'larmoyant.' Murray shall reinstate your line forthwith. I believe the blunder in the motto was mine;—and yet I have, in general, a memory for you, and am sure it was rightly printed at first.

"I do 'blush' very often, if I may believe Ladies H. and M.—but luckily, at present, no one sees me. Adieu."

LETTER CXLI.

TO MR MOORE.

November 30th, 1813.

"Since I last wrote to you, much has occurred, good, bad, and indifferent,—not to make me forget you, but to prevent me from reminding you of one who, nevertheless, has often thought of you, and to whom your thoughts, in many a measure, have frequently been a consolation. We were once very near neighbours this autumn; and a good and bad neighbourhood it has proved to me. Suffice it to say, that your French quotation was confoundedly to the purpose,—though very unexpectedly pertinent, as you may imagine by what I said before, and my silence since."

However, 'Richard's himself again,' and except all night and some part of the morning, I don't think very much about the matter.

"All convulsions end with me in rhyme; and, to solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish story†—not a Fragment—which you will receive soon after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in the least, and, if it did, you would soon reduce me to my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly, that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained in fame, by this further experiment on public patience; but I have really ceased to care on that head. I have written this, and published it, for the sake of the employment,—to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in 'imaginings,' however 'horrible;' and, as to success! those who succeed will console me for a failure—excepting yourself and one or two more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or even less,—and so, let it go."

"P. S.—Ward and I talk of going to Holland. I want to see how a Dutch canal looks, after the Bosphorus. Pray respond."

LETTER CXLI.

TO MR MOORE.

December 5th, 1813.

"Your letter, like all the best, and every best, things in this world, is both joyful and pleasing. But, first, to what its nearest. The year 1813 I was actually about to dedicate to you, and in a formal inscription, as to one's elders,—but through a short prefatory letter, in which I lamented myself your intimate, and held forth the prospect of your poems."

† The motto to the *Uranian*, which appears from some of the Irish Melodies, had been quoted in his manuscript on the first edition of the *Hours*. He made alterations in similar mistake to the same from Boscawen's edition of the *Bride of Abydos*.

† The *Bride of Abydos*

His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book. * * *

"What say you to Buonaparte? Remember, I back him against the field, barring Catelepsy and the Elements. Nay, I almost wish him success against all countries but this,—were it only to choke the Morning Post, and his undutiful father-in-law, with that rebellious bastard of Scandinavian adoption, Bernadotte. Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere—no matter where. It is too late for Matlock, but we might hit upon some scheme, life or low,—the last would be much the amusement. I am so sick of the other, that I sigh for a cider-cellar, or a cruise in a sloop.

"You cannot wish more than I do were a little more accommodating lines, which prolong ad infinitum jot the nearer. I almost wish I which is saying much. All my juniors, are in for it, and as the only species of patent ever come to my share—unlawful one, by the bye. I am certain,—though I shall hear from you. I leave it is; but I leave requires an arm.

"No letter will be at extermination down to perish by be torn seller; the be

made for him;—think he has been spring, he took ago, his moi' Cunigonde the town childre' bound le' h' This last thing of mine may have the and I assure you I have great doubts about it even if not, its little day will be over before ready and willing. Come out—'screw you to the sticking place.' Except the Post surely you cannot complain of a want of there), you have not been regularly out for years. No man stands higher,—whatever you think on a rainy day, in your provincial 'Aucun homme, dans aucune langue, n'a été, plus complètement le porte du cœur et le des femmes. Les critiques lui reprochent de représenté le monde ni tel qu'il est, ni tel qu'il être; mais les femmes répondent qu'il l'a représenté tel qu'elles le désirent.'—I should have thought the world had written this for you, instead of Me. Write to me, and tell me of yourself. Do remember what Rousseau said to some one—'we quarrelled? you have talked to me often never once mentioned yourself.' P. S.—The last sentence is an indirect for my own egotism,—but I believe in letters allowed. I wish it was mutual. I have met an odd reflection in Grimm; it shall not—the had part—be applied to you or me, though of us has certainly an indifferent name—but is: 'Many people have the reputation of being wicked, with whom we should be too happy to our lives.' I need not add it is a woman's—Mademoiselle de Sommers's."

At this time Lord Byron commenced a Journal, from the pages of which I have already selected a few extracts, and of which I shall now produce much more as is producible before the reader employed chiefly,—as such a record, from its nature must be,—about persons still living and occurrences still recent, it would be impossible, of course, to submit it to the public eye, without the omission of a portion of its contents, and unluckily, too, of a very portion which, from its reference to the pursuits and feelings of the writer, would the most lively pique and gratify the curiosity of the reader. Enough, however, will, I trust, still remain, after all this necessary winnowing, to enlarge further the view we have here opened into the interior of the poet's life and habits, and to indulge his less than taste, as general as it is natural, which leads us to contemplate with pleasure a great mind in its undress, and to rejoice in the discovery so peculiar to human pride, that even the mightiest

ness and weakness resemble our-

NOVEMBER 14, 1813.

begun ten years ago, and faith-
do! there are too many things I
remembered, as it is. Well,—I
of what are called the pleasures
seen more of the European and
I have made a good use of. They
reward,—it certainly should be
double. At five-and-twenty, when
life is over, one should be some-
than I? nothing but five and twenty
months. What have I seen? the
world,—ay, and woman too.
man who never asks questions, and
race, who saves one the trouble of
that for this same plague—yellow-
head delay, I should have been by
time close to the Euxine. If I can
I don't so much mind your pesti-
any rate, the spring shall see me
I neither marry myself nor unmarry
the interval. I wish one was,—I
I wish. It is odd I never set my-
writing without attaining it—and
to believe with the good old
should only pray for the nation, and
ideal—but, on my principle, this
patriotic.

lections—Let me see—last night I
my second Turkish Tale. I be-
son of it kept me alive—for it was
thoughts from the recollection of—
and some rest ever unreveal'd.

my hand would tremble to write
I have burnt the scenes of my
only. I have some idea of expectorating
rather a tale, in prose;—but what
equal the events—

quoque ipse vidi.
quoniam magna fui.

Byron called on me with my little
she will grow up a beauty and a
the mean time, it is the prettiest
and eyelashes, black and long as
me. I think she is prettier even than
me,—yet I don't like to think so
much older, she is not so clever.

before I was up, so we did not
—who seems out of humour with
that can be the matter? he is not
lost his own mistress, or any other
Hodgson, too, came. He is going to
he is the kind of man who will be
has talent, cheerfulness, every thing
him a pleasing companion; and his
same and young, and all that. But
much much improved by matrimony.
contemporaries are bald and discon-

aux hommes qui sont hors de toute
le genre, qu'on aime à ressembler au
jeunes. —Gingrand.

tented. W. and S. have both lost their hair and
good-humour; and the last of the two had a good
deal to lose. But it don't much signify what falls off
a man's temples in that state.

"Mem. I must get a toy to-morrow for Eliza, and
send the device for the seals of myself and . . .
Mem. too, to call on the Stael and Lady Holland to-
morrow, and on . . . who has advised me (with-
out seeing it, by the by) not to publish 'Zuleika'; I
believe he is right, but experience might have taught
him that not to print is *physically* impossible. No
one has seen it but Hodgson and Mr Gifford. I
never in my life read a composition, save to Hodgson,
as he pays me in kind. It is a horrible thing to do too
frequently;—better print, and they who like may
read, and, if they don't like, you have the satisfaction
of knowing that they have, at least, *purchased* the
right of saying so.

"I have declined presenting the Debtor's Petition,
being sick of parliamentary mummeries. I have
spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever becoming an
orator. My first was liked; the second and third—I
don't know whether they succeeded or not. I have
never yet set to it *con amore*;—one must have some
excuse to oneself for laziness, or inability, or both,
and this is mine. 'Company, villanous company,
hath been the spoil of me;'—and then, I have 'drunk
medicines,' not to make me love others, but certainly
enough to hate myself.

"Two nights ago, I saw the tigers sup at Exeter
Change. Except Yeli Pacha's lion in the Mores,—
who followed the Arab keeper like a dog,—the fond-
ness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most.
Such a conversazione!—There was a 'hippopota-
mus,' like Lord L—l in the face; and the 'Ursine
Sloth' hath the very same voice and manner of my
valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant
took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—
opened a door—*trunked* a whip—and behaved so
well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest
animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor
antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one *here*;
—the sight of the camel made me pine again for Asia
Minor. 'Oh quando te aspiciam!'

* Nov. 16th.

"Went last night with Lewis to see the first of
Antony and Cleopatra. It was admirably got up and
well acted—a salad of Shakspeare and Dryden. Cleo-
patra strikes me as the epitome of her sex—fond,
lively, sad, tender, teasing, humble, haughty, beau-
tiful, the devil!—coquetish to the last, as well with
the 'asp' as with Antony. After doing all she can to
persuade him that—but why do they abuse him for
cutting off that poltroon Cicero's head? Did not
Tully tell Brutus it was a pity to have spared Antony?
and did he not speak the Philippians? and are not
'words things?' and such 'words' very pestilent
'things' too? If he had had a hundred heads, they
deserved (from Antony) a rostrum (his was stuck up
there) apiece—though, after all, he might as well
have pardoned him, for the credit of the thing. But
to resume—Cleopatra, after securing him, says, 'yet
go!—it is your interest,' &c.—how like the sex!
and the questions about Octavia—it is woman all over.

"To-day received Lord Jersey's invitation to Middleton—to travel sixty miles to meet Madame * * * I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octaves and *talks folios*. I have read her books—like most of them, and delight in the last; so I won't hear it, as well as read. * * *"

"Read Burns to-day. What would he have been, if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley. What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little too equally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when he talked, and we listened, without one yawn, from six to one in the morning.

"Got my seals * * * Have again forgot a plaything for *ma petite cousine* Eliza; but I must send for it to-morrow. I hope Harry will bring her to me. I sent Lord Holland the proofs of the last 'Giaour,' and the 'Bride of Abydos.' He won't like the latter, and I don't think that I shall long. It was written in four nights, to distract my dreams from * * Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart—bitter diet!—Hodgson likes it better than the *Giaour*, but nobody else will,—and he never liked the fragment. I am sure, had it not been for Murray, that would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the groundwork make * * * heigh-ho!

"To-night I saw both the sisters of * *; my God! the youngest so like! I thought I should have sprung across the house, and am so glad no one was with me in Lady H.'s box. I hate those likenesses—the mock-bird, but not the nightingale—so like as to remind, so different as to be painful.* One quarrels equally with the points of resemblance and of distinction.

* Nov. 17th.

"No letter from * *;—but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, 'Why should a *living man* complain!' I really don't know, except it be that a *dead man* can't; and he, the said patriarch, *did* complain, nevertheless, till his friends were tired, and his wife recommended that pious prologue, 'Curse—and die;' the only time, I suppose, when but little relief is to be found in swearing. I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on 'The Bride of Abydos,' which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think, at the time, that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland-house, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded satire, of which I would suppress even the memory;—but

* Earth holds an other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me;
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.

The Glance.

people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I believe, out of contradiction.

"George Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George *pro* Scott—very right too. If they want to depose him, I wish they would not set me up as a rival. Even if I had my choice, I would rather be the of Warwick than all the *kings* he ever made. If and Gifford I take to be the monarch under poetry and prose. The *British Critic*, in their *Review*, have pre-supposed a comparison, and I am sure my friends never thought of, and W. subjects are injudicious in descending to the man—and admire his works to what Mr. B. calls *Enturymsy*. All such stuff can only do me no good. Many hate his politics (in all politics); and here, a man's politics are the Greek soul—an *εἶδος*, besides God know other soul; but their estimate of the two rarely go together.

"Harry has not brought *ma petite cousine* to us to go to the play together:—she has been once. Another short note from Jersey, written by me on the 23d. I must see my agent. I wonder when that Newcastle business is finished. It cost me more than words to write it—and to have parted with it! What can I do? or what becomes of me?—but I remember Job's saying, and console myself with 'a living man.'

"I wish I could settle to reading again,—so monotonous, and yet desultory. I take up books, and fling them down again. I began a comedy, but it because the scene ran into *reality*:—and the same reason. In rhyme, I can keep aloof from facts; but the thought always runs through. . . . yes, yes, through. I have a letter from Lady Melbourne—the best friend I had in my life, and the clearest of women.

"Not a word from * *. Have they set off * *? or has my last precious epistle fallen on Lion's jaws? If so—and this silence looks so—I must clap on 'my musty morion' and see my iron. I am out of practice,—but I will again at Manton's now. Besides, I would not miss his shot. I was once a famous under-epicure, then the bullies of society made it necessary, since I began to feel that I had a bad character, I have left off the exercise.

"What strange tidings from that Anakin d'Albion—Buonaparte! Ever since I defeated my brother at Harrow against the rascally time-server, when war broke out in 1803, he has been a 'house of man' of mine—on the continent; I don't want him here. But I don't like those same flights of armies, &c. &c. I am sure when I last saw his bust at school, I did not think he would get away from himself. But I should not wonder if he had them yet. To be beat by one's own people is nothing; but by three stupid, legitimate, and boobies of regular-bred sovereigns—O how!—O-hone-a-rie! It must be, as Coburn said, marriage with the thick-lipped and thick-lipped *Autrichienne* brood. He had better have been who was kept by Barras. I never knew any good of your young wife, and legal espousals, is of

might be worth seeing; though I prefer a cigar, or a hookah, with the rose-leaf mixed with the milder herb of the Levant. I don't know what liberty means,—never having seen it,—but wealth is power all over the world;—and as a shilling performs the duty of a pound (besides sun and sky and beauty for nothing) in the East,—that is the country. How I envy Herodes Atticus!—more than Pomponius. And yet a little *tumult*, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation;—such as a revolution, a battle, or an *accenture* of any lively description. I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda, Alburni, Hayreddin, or Horuc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montague, than Mahomet himself.

"Rogers will be in town soon?—the 23d is fixed for our Middleton visit. Shall I go? umph!—In this island, where one can't ride out without overtaking the sea, it don't much matter where one goes.

"I remember the effect of the *first* Edinburgh Review on me. I heard of it six weeks before,—read it the day of its denunciation,—dined and drank three bottles of claret (with S. B. Davies, I think),—neither ate nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages, against every thing and every body. Like George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, 'the fate of my paradoxes' would allow me to perceive no merit in another. I remembered only the maxim of my boxing-master, which, in my youth, was found useful in all general riots,—'Whoever is not for you is against you—*mill away* right and left,' and so I did;—like Ishmael, my hand was against all men, and all men's anent me. I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success—

And marvels so much wit is all his own,

as Hobhouse sarcastically says of somebody (not unlikely myself, as we are old friends);—but were it to come over again, I would not. I have since redde^d the cause of my couplets, and it is not adequate to the effect. C** told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines. I thank Heaven I did not know it—and would not, could not, if I had,—I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maludies.

"Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!

"Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic*; and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents,

• It was thus that he, in general, spelled this word.

of the first order. His prose is perfect. In poetry there are various opinions: there is, I think, too much of it for the present generation;—but it will probably select. He has *passages* equal to anything. At present, he has a *party*, but an—except for his prose writings. The *Life* of is beautiful.

"** is a *Littérateur*, the oracle of the C of the * * s, L* W* (Sydney Smith's Virgin,) Mrs Wilmot (she, at least, is a *very* might frequent a purer stream), Lady B*, in the Blues, with Lady C** at their head—nothing of *her*—'look in her face and you see them all,' and every thing else. Oh that *te Diva potens Cypri*, I would, to be like that woman, build and burn another Troy.

"M** has a peculiarity of talent, talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own expression in each, which never was, or was possessed by another. But he is capable of higher flights in poetry. By the by, what is what—every thing in the 'Post-Bag.' The nothing M** may not do, if he will but set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, and altogether more pleasing than any man with whom I am acquainted. For his *maxims*, ciple, and independence, his conduct to *speaks* 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one and that one I daily regret—he is not *here*.

"Ward—I like Ward.* By Mahomet to think I like every body;—a disposition encouraged;—a sort of social gluttony, that every thing set before it. But I like Ward *piquant*; and, in my opinion, will stand in the House and every where else—*regularly*. By the by, I dine with him which may have some influence on my system is as well not to trust one's gratitude after I have heard many a host libelled by him with his burgundy yet recking on their necks.

"I have taken Lord Salisbury's box at the garden for the season;—and now I must prepare to join Lady Holland and party, in Drury-lane, *questa sera*.

"Holland doesn't think the man is *just* that the yet unpublished journal throws glow on the obscurities of that part of George the Third's reign.—What is this to George the Third's? know what to think. Why should Junius dead? If suddenly apoplexied, would he re-raise grave without sending his *sideways* to shout ears of posterity, 'Junius was X Y Z. Esq., in the parish of * * *. Repair his monument churchwardens! Print a new Edition of his *ye* booksellers!' Impossible,—the man is alive, and will never die without the *disclaim* like him;—he was a good hater.

"Came home unwell and went to bed,—sleepy as might be desirable.

• The present Lord Dudley

* Tuesday morning.

from a dream—well! and have not
Such a dream!—but she did not
I wish the dead would rest, however,
blood chilled—and I could not wake
ugho!

Shadows to-night

more terror to the soul of Richard,
the substance of ten thousand * * *,
in proof, and led by shallow * * *.

this dream.—I hate its 'foregone con-
am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay,
and us of—no matter—but, if I dream
tell us whether *all* sleep has the like
I rose, I've been in considerable bodily
it is gone, and now, like Lord Ogleby,
for the day.

Mountnorris—I dine with Ward;—
he there, Frere, and Sharpe,—perhaps
to be one of 'the five' (or rather six),
and a little sneeringly yesterday.
and to meet, particularly Canning, and
he likes. I wish I may be well enough
the intellectuals.

to-day:—so much the better,—there

I must not dream again;—it spoils
I will go out of doors, and see what
for me. Jackson has been here: the
much as usual; but the Club increases.

Crab's to-morrow:—I like energy—
energy—of all kinds; and I have need
of a corporal. I have not dined out,
at all, lately; have heard no music—
any. Now for a *plunge*—high life and
an *Alcega Camerone*!

my roman—as I did the first scenes
of comedy—and, for aught I see, the
thing is quite as great as that of
the two last would not have done. I
more than ever; and some would
guess and others guessed at.

Eliminator—a collection of Essays, by
an old man (Sir E. B.) and a half-
author of a Poem on the Highlands,
Alarique. The word 'sensibility'

occurs a thousand times in these
seems, is to be an excuse for all
first. This young man can know
and, if he cherishes the disposition
ugh his papers, will become useless,
not even a poet, after all, which he
ed to be. God help him! no one
er who could be any thing better.
annoys one, to see Scott and Moore,
ed Rogers, who might have all been
a, now mere spectators. For, though
their ostensible avocations, these last
secondary consideration. * * *, too,
his time among dowerers and un-
if it advanced any *serious* affair, it
is; but, with the unmarried, that is
tulation, and tiresome enough, too;
heans, it is not much worth trying,
a, one in a thousand.

views in this country, they would
mentary. But I have no ambition;

at least, if any, it would be 'aut Caesar aut nihil.'

My hopes are limited to the arrangement of my
affairs, and settling either in Italy or the East (rather
the last), and drinking deep of the languages and
literature of both. Past events have unmerved me:
and all I can now do is to make life an amusement,
and look on while others play. After all—even the
highest game of crowns and sceptres, what is it?
Vide Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely
upset my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed,
he would have fallen, when 'fractus illabatur orbis,'
and not have been pared away to gradual insigni-
ficance;—that all this was not a mere *jeu* of the gods,
but a prelude to greater changes and mightier events.
But Men never advance beyond a certain point;—
and here we are, retrograding to the dull, stupid,
old system,—balance of Europe—poising straws
upon kings' noses, instead of wringing them off!
Give me a republic, or a despotism of one, rather
than the mixed government of one, two, three. A
republic!—look in the history of the Earth—Rome,
Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short
(sheu!) Commonwealth, and compare it with what
they did under masters. The Asiatics are not quali-
fied to be republicans, but they have the liberty of
demolishing despots,—which is the next thing to it.
To be the first man—not the Dictator—not the Sylla,
but the Washington or the Aristides—the leader in
talent and truth—is next to the Divinity! Franklin,
Penn, and next to these, either Brutus or Cassius—
even Mirabeau—or St Just. I shall never be any
thing, or rather always be nothing. The most I can
hope is, that some will say, 'He might, perhaps, if
he would.'

* 12, midnight.

"Here are two confounded proofs from the printer.
I have looked at the one, but, for the soul of me, I
can't look over that 'Giaour' again,—at least, just
now, and at this hour—and yet there is no moon.

"Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have
partly discussed an *ensemble* expedition. It must be
in ten days, if at all—if we wish to be in at the
Revolution. And why not? * * * is distant, and will
be at * * *, still more distant, till spring. No one else,
except Augusta, cares for me—no ties—no trammels
—*andiamo dunque—se torniamo, bene—se non, ch'*
importa? Old William of Orange talked of dying
in 'the last ditch' of his dingy country. It is lucky
I can swim, or I suppose I should not well weather
the first. But let us see. I have heard hyænas and
jackalls in the ruins of Asia; and bull-frogs in the
marshes,—besides wolves and angry Mussulmans.
Now, I should like to listen to the shout of a free
Dutchman.

"Alla! Viva! For ever! Hoorra! Huzza!—which
is the most rational or musical of these cries? 'Orange
Boven,' according to the Morning Post.

* Wednesday, 24th.

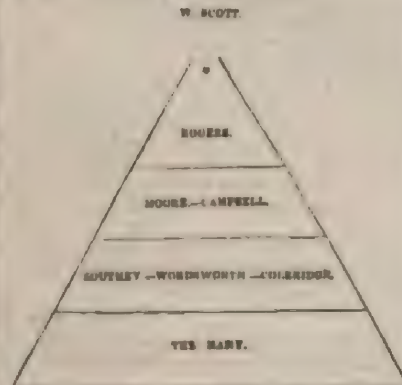
"No dreams last night of the dead nor the living—
so—I am 'firm as the marble, founded as the rock'
—till the next earthquake.

"Ward's dinner went off well. There was not a
disagreeable person there—unless I offended any
body, which I am sure I could not by contradiction.
for I said little, and opposed nothing. Sharpe (a man
20

of elegant mind, and who has lived much with the best—Fox, Horne Tooke, Windham, Fitzpatrick, and all the agitators of other times and tongues) told us the particulars of his last interview with Windham, a few days before the fatal operation, which sent 'that gallant spirit to aspire the skies.' Windham—the first in one department of oratory and talent, whose only fault was his refinement beyond the intellect of half his hearers.—Windham, half his life an active participator in the events of the earth, and one of those who governed nations.—he regretted, and dwelt much on that regret, that 'he had not entirely devoted himself to literature and science!!!' His mind certainly would have carried him to eminence there, as elsewhere;—but I cannot comprehend what debility of that mind could suggest such a wish. I, who have heard him, cannot regret any thing but that I shall never hear him again. What! would he have been a plodder? a metaphysician?—perhaps a thymmer? a scribbler? Such an exchange must have been suggested by illness. But he is gone, and Time, 'shall not look upon his like again.'

"I am tremendously in arrears with my letters,—except to * *, and to her my thoughts overpower me,—my words never compass them. To Lady Melbourne I write with most pleasure—and her answers, so sensible, so *tactique*—I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while,—and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable friend. Mem.—a mistress never is nor can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and, when it is over, any thing but friends.

"I have not answered W. Scott's last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from others that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list—(I value him more as the last of the best school)—Moore and Campbell both *third*—Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge—the rest, *de prolatos*—thus:



There is a triangular '*Gradus ad Parnassum*'!—the names are too numerous for the base of the triangle. Poor Thurlow has gone wild about the poetry of

Queen Bess's reign—*c'est dommage* the names upon my triangle more popular opinion than any decided. For, to me, some of M * * e's I 'As a beam o'er the face of the w who adores thee'—'Oh blame not his name'—are worth all the E composed.

" * * thinks that the Quarte next. Let them. I have been ' in my time, both ways, that it m allow to make me taste. I can am not very much alive now to tracing this—I rather believe, th my not attaching that importa which many do, and which, whe ' One gets tired of every thing, m mont. The 'angels' are the ou I am not a little sick—but I do th of *writers* to *agents*—the mighty scribbling and scribes, by them sign of effeminacy, degeneracy, an would write, who had any th ' Action'—'action'—'action'—' Actions—actions,' I say, and no all, rhyme. Look at the querulo lives of the 'genus'—except Dante, Ariosto, Kleist (who we citizens), Æschylus, Sophocles, the antiques also—what a worthl

* T

"Just returned from dinner, Emperor of Pugilism) and another Crib's, the Champion's. I drank and have brought away some th fair claret—for I have no head * * up after dinner;—very facet what prolix. He don't like his fight again—pray Pollux (or Cas miller) he may! Tom has been heaven—and some other genteel p took to the cestus. Tom has been and is now only three-and-thirty. I wife and a mistress, and convers some sad omissions and misapplie rate. Tom is an old friend of some of his best battles in my non publican, and, I fear, a sinner;— alimony, and * * e's daughter livi pion. This * * told me,—Tom, of my morals, passed her off a Talking of her, he said 'she women'—from which I immedi could not be his wife, and so it tur

"These panegyrics don't belong for, if 'true,' a man don't think so; and if not, the less he says the is the only man, except * * e's harangue upon his wife's virtue; both with great credence and pat my handkerchief into my mouth, w ing irresistible.—By the by, I am good night to thee.—*Nedipar*.

* Thursday, 26th Nov.

little feverish, but no headache—no thanks to stupor! Two letters, one, the other from Lady Melbourne—in their respective styles. * * * * *

a very pretty lyric on 'concealed' her own, yet very like her. Why did the stanzas were, or were not, of her—I do not know whether to wish them.

I have no great esteem for poetical women;—they have so much of practice, as well as *ethica*. I have thinking lately a good deal of Mary to be.

Miss invited me to dinner to-day; but I would destroy me. So, without notice yesterday, I went to my box at

theatre.

* * * * *

... looking very pretty, though quite a little of beauty from the other two. She has eyes in the world, out of which she is to see, and the longest eyelashes I ever saw. And Phannio's Moslem curtains of—she has much beauty,—just enough,—and, *méchante*.

* * * * *

I have pondering on the miseries of separation—how seldom we see those we love! yet in moments, *taken met*. The only comfort me during absence is the reflection of mental or personal estrangement, from which, can take place;—and when I am lonely, even though many changes take place in the mean time, still—unless they are each other—they are ready to re-act on each other for the circumstance.

* * * * *

Nov. 27th (I believe—or rather am in doubt, as to the ne plus ultra of mortal faith).

passed a day; and, as the Irishman said, says for him, 'have gained a loss,' or every thing is settled for Holland, and nothing, or a caprice of my fellow-traveller's. Carriage ordered—funds prepared—y, a gale of wind into the bargain. I believe, with Clym o' the Clow, or 'By our Mary (dear name!); that art and May, I think it never was a man's day.' Heigh for Helvoetsluis.

I went with young Henry Fox to see a drama, which the Morning Post charged, but of which I cannot even say. I wonder what they will next in. They cannot well sink below a Melodrama is better than a Satire (at least, a with which I stand truly arraigned, out of which I am resolved to bear criticism, abuses, and even praises for me never composed by me,—without literary aspect. I suppose the root of damage has been already extracted.

this report is my loan to the manager of my Turkish drawings for his dresses, to which he was more welcome than to my name. I suppose the real author will soon own it, as it has succeeded; if not, Job be my model, and Lethe my beverage!

" * * * * " has received the portrait safe; and, in answer, the only remark she makes upon it is, 'indeed it is like'—and again, 'indeed it is like.' * * * * With her the likeness 'covered a multitude of sins;' for I happen to know that this portrait was not a flatterer, but dark and stern,—even black as the mood in which my mind was scorching last July, when I sat for it. All the others of me—like most portraits whatsoever—are, of course, more agreeable than nature.

" Redde the Ed. Review of Rogers. He is ranked highly,—but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all—Moore and me among the rest; and both (the first justly) praised—though, by implication (justly again), placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the critique on the *Stael*. His grand essay on Burke, I hear, is for the next number. But I know nothing of the Edinburgh, or of any other Review, but from rumour; and I have long ceased—indeed, I could not, in justice, complain of any, even though I were to rate poetry in general, and my rhymes in particular, more highly than I really do. To withdraw myself from myself (oh that cursed selfishness!) has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is also the continuance of the same object, by the action it affords to the mind, which else recoils upon itself. If I valued fame, I should flatter received opinions, which have gathered strength by time, and will yet wear longer than any living works to the contrary. But, for the soul of me, I cannot and will not give the lie to my own thoughts and doubts, come what may. If I am a fool, it is, at least, a doubting one; and I envy no one the certainty of his self-approved wisdom.

" All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to paradise,—in which, from description, I see nothing very tempting. My restlessness tells me I have something within that 'passeth show.' It is for Him, who made it, to prolong that spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; but I see no such horror in a 'dreamless sleep,' and I have no conception of any existence which duration would not render tiresome. How else 'fell the angels,' even according to your creed? They were immortal, heavenly, and happy as their *Apostate Abdiel* is now by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because one did not expect it. In the mean time, I am grateful for some good, and tolerably patient under certain evils—*grâce à Dieu et mon bon tempérament*.

* Sunday, 26th.

* Monday, 27th.

* Tuesday, 28th.

" Two days missed in my log-book;—*hiatus hand defandus*. They were as little worth recollection as

the rest; and, luckily, laziness or society prevented me from *notching* them.

"Sunday, I dined with the Lord Holland in St James's-square. Large party—among them Sir S. Romilly and Lady Ry.—General Sir Somebody Bentham, a man of science and talent, I am told—Horner—the Horner, an Edinburgh reviewer, an excellent speaker in the 'Honourable House,' very pleasing too, and gentlemanly in company, as far as I have seen—Sharpe—Phillips of Lancashire—Lord John Russell, and others, 'good men and true.' Holland's society is very good; you always see some one or other in it worth knowing. Stuffed myself with sturgeon, and exceeded in champagne and wine in general, but not to confusion of head. When I do dine, I gorge, like an Arab or a Bon snake, on fish and vegetables, but no meat. I am always better, however, on my tea and biscuit than any other regimen,—and even *that* sparingly.

"Why does Lady H. always have that damned screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite *done* to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver. All the rest, too, looked as if they were just unpacked, like salmon, from an ice-basket, and set down to table for that day only. When she retired, I watched their looks as I dismissed the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.

"Saturday, I went with Harry Fox to Nourjahad; and, I believe, convinced him, by incessant yawning, that it was not mine. I wish the precious author would own it, and release me from his fame. The dresses are pretty, but not in costume;—Mrs Home's, all but the turban, and the want of a small dagger (if she is a Sultana), *perfect*. I never saw a Turkish woman with a turban in my life—nor did any one else. The Sultans have a small poniard at the waist. The dialogue is drowsy—the action heavy—the scenery fine—the actors tolerable. I can't say much for their seraglio—Teresa, Phannio, or * * * were worth them all.

"Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of the union of very transcendental talent and great good-nature. To-day (Tuesday), a very pretty billet from M. la Baronne de Stael Holstein. She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes. I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for—half an hour. I don't like her politics—at least, her *having changed* them; had she been *qualis ab incepto*, it were nothing. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually;—she ought to have been a man. She *flatters* me very prettily in her note;—but I *know* it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie, to make us their friend;—that is their concern.

"* * * is, I hear, thriving on the repute of a *pun* (which was mine at Mackintosh's dinner some time back), on Ward, who was asking 'how much it would take to *re-whip* him?' I answered that, probably, he, * must first, before he was *re-whipped*, be *re-guarded*.' This foolish quibble, before the Stael and

Mackintosh and a number of conversation been mouthed about, and at last settled on * of *, where long may it remain!

"George* is returned from afloat to go ship. He looks thin, but better than I expect like George much more than most people in heirs. He is a fine fellow, and every inch a would do any thing, *but apostatize*, to get his profession.

"Lewis called. It is a good and good man, but pestilently prolix and paradoxical *zonal*. If he would but talk half, and not visits to an hour, he would add to his popularity as an author, he is very good, and his vanity is like Erskine's, and yet not offending.

"Yesterday, a very pretty letter from which I answered. What an odd friendship is ours!—without one spark on either side, and produced by circumstances—general lead to coldness on one side, and the other. She is a very superior woman, little spoiled, which is strange in an heir twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her an only child, and a *sarante*, who has also her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician, metaphysician, and yet, withal, very humble, and gentle, with very little pretension. Her head would be turned with half her acquaintance a tooth of her advantages.

Wednesday, December 1st.

"To-day, responded to La Baronne de Stael, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquaintance—through Moore—of last copy of the two Turkish Tales. Hunt is an ordinary character, and not exactly of the press. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hamlyn—much talent, great independence of spirit, austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will more praise or obtain it. I must go and see again)—the rapid succession of adventures in summer, added to some serious *unpleasantness*, have interrupted our acquaintance, but a man worth knowing; and though, for his own wish him out of prison, I like to study such situations. He has been unshaken, and continue so. I don't think him deeply versed—he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' last breath of Brutus pronounced, and so proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated men who are the centre of circles, wide or narrow the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three gathered together—must be, and as even I was; but, withal, a valuable man, and less success and even the consciousness of *preference* right to the expedient* might excuse.

"To-morrow there is a party of purple 'blue' Miss * * *. Shall I go? um—I don't affect your blue-bottles;—but our ought to be. 'I guess now' (as the American the Staels and Mackintoshes—good—the * * *—not so good—the * * *, &c. &c. nothing. Perhaps that blue-winged Kashmir

* His cousin, the present Lord Byron.

† Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.

arming, Lady * * *, will be there. A pleasure to look upon that most

—he has been telling that I—* I did not mention it, and I wish be a good fellow, and I obliged myself by being of use than I did him,—and

horing me to present their King's I presented Cartwright's last year; and I stood against the whole House, valiantly—and had some fun and a fair opposition. But 'I am not i' th' business. Now, had * * been here, she would do it. There is a woman, who, animation, always urged a man to use. Had she remained, she had been

very unfortunate—but, poor fellow, I can't get out—said the stalling. Had as that dog Sterne, who preferred a dead ass to relieving a living mother, write—slave—sycophant! But I am I cannot stimulate myself to a speech these unfortunates; and three words of * * had she been here to urge it she infallibly would—at least, she alone on senatorial duties, and particularly of weakness), would have made me not an orator. Curse on Rochefoucauld! In him a lie were virtue, a comfort to his readers.

has not called to-day; I hope he and, perhaps, Lord Byron into the would but marry, I would engage myself, or cut him out of the heirship. happier, and I should like nephews

be six-and-twenty (January 22d, any thing in the future that can for not being always *twenty-five*?

Oh Gioventù!
 Primavera! gioventù dell' anno.
 Primavera della vita.

* Sunday, December 5th.

shew (son to the American Attorney-general in this country, and tells Dallas are very popular in the United States. First tidings that have ever sounded ears—to be rode on the banks of greatest pleasure I ever derived, of an extract, in Cooke the actor's journal, stating that in the reading-room of Washington, he perused English reviewers. To be popular in a rising is a kind of *posthumous* feel, very ephemeral *clit* and *fétu*-ing, buzzing compliments of the well-dressed multifely say that, during my reign in the I regretted nothing but its duration of

words are here scratched out in the the import of the sentence evidently is, (to whom the passage refers) had been friends the secret of Lord Byron's kind-

six weeks instead of a fortnight, and was heartily glad to resign.

"Last night I supped with Lewis;—and, as usual, though I neither exceeded in solids nor fluids, have been half dead ever since. My stomach is entirely destroyed by long abstinence, and the rest will probably follow. Let it—I only wish the pain over. The 'leap in the dark' is the least to be dreaded.

"The Duke of * * called. I have told them forty times that, except to half-a-dozen old and specified acquaintances, I am invisible. His grace is a good, noble, ducal person; but I am content to think so at a distance, and so—I was not at home.

"Galt called.—Mem.—to ask some one to speak to Raymond in favour of his play. We are old fellow-travellers, and, with all his eccentricities, he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I have seen, a good-natured philosophical fellow. I showed him Sligo's letter on the reports of the Turkish girl's *aperture* at Athens soon after it happened. He and Lord Holland, Lewis, and Moore, and Rogers, and Lady Melbourne have seen it. Murray has a copy. I thought it had been *unknown*, and wish it were; but Sligo arrived only some days after, and the rumours are the subject of his letter. That I shall preserve,—it is as well. Lewis and Galt were both *horrified*; and L. wondered I did not introduce the situation into 'the Giaour. He may wonder;—he might wonder more at that production's being written at all. But to describe the *feelings* of that situation were impossible—it is icy even to recollect them.

"The *Bride of Abydos* was published on Thursday the second of December; but how it is liked or disliked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the *brightest* and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory. Sharpe called, but was not let in,—which I regret.

"Saw * * yesterday. I have not kept my appointment at Middleton, which has not pleased him, perhaps; and my projected voyage with * * will, perhaps, please him less. But I wish to keep well with both. They are instruments that don't do in concert; but surely their separate tones are very musical, and I won't give up either.

"It is well if I don't jar between these great discords. At present, I stand tolerably well with all, but I cannot adopt their *dislikes*;—so many *acts*. Holland's is the first;—every thing *distingué* is welcome there, and certainly the *ton* of his society is the best. Then there is M^{de} de Stael's—there I never go, though I might, had I courted it. It is composed of the * * and the * * family, with a strange sprinkling,—orators, dandies, and all kinds of *Blue*, from the regular Grub-street uniform, down to the azure jacket of the *Littérateur*. To see * * and * * sitting together, at dinner, always reminds me of the grave where all distinctions of friend and foe are levelled; and they—the Reviewer and Reviewee—the Rhinoceros and Elephant—the Mammoth and Megalonyx—all will

lie quietly together. They now *sit* together, as silent, but not so quiet, as if they were already im-mured.

"I did not go to the Berrys' the other night. The elder is a woman of much talent, and both are handsome, and must have been beautiful. To-night asked to Lord H.'s, —shall I go? um!—perhaps.

* Morning, two o'clock.

"Went to Lord H.'s—party numerous—milady in perfect good humour, and consequently *perfect*. No one more agreeable, or perhaps so much so, when she will. Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Staël—naked particularly, I believe out of mischief, to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it;—she always talks of *myself* or *herself*, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's Works. What the devil shall I say about 'De l'Allemagne?' I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, &c. &c. The lover, Mr * *, was there to-night, and C * * said 'it was the only proof *he* had seen of her good taste.' Monsieur L'Amant is remarkably handsome; but I don't think more so than her book.

"C * * looks well,—seemed pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him,—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment, and was witty and lively. * * * He abused Corinne's book, which I regret; because, firstly, he understands German, and is consequently a fair judge; and, secondly, he is *first-rate*, and, consequently, the best of judges. I reverence and admire him; but I won't give up my opinion—why should I? I read *her* again and again, and there can be no affectation in this. I cannot be mistaken (except in taste) in a book I read and lay down, and take up again; and no book can be totally bad, which finds *one*, even *one* reader, who can say as much sincerely.

"C. talks of lecturing next spring; his last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up,—I don't know why. * * had been prating *dignity* to him, and such stuff; as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time.

"Introduced to Marquis Buckingham—saw Lord Gower—he is going to Holland;—Sir J. and Lady Mackintosh and Horner, G. Lamb, with I know not how many (R. Wellesley, one—a clever man) grouped about the room. Little Henry Fox, a very fine boy, and very promising in mind and manner,—he went away to bed before I had time to talk to him. I am *sure* I had rather hear him than all the *sevans*.

* Monday, December 6th.

"Murray tells me that C—r asked him why the thing was called the *Bride of Abydos*? It is a cursed awkward question, being unanswerable. She is not a *bride*, only about to be one; but for, &c. &c. &c.

"I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull*; but the detection * * * is too late to do any good. I was

a great fool to make it, and am ashamed an Irishman.

"C—l last night seemed a little no thing or other—I know not what. We in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brood other room a vessel of some composition that which is used in catholic churches us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some *incense*.' C—l answered—'Carry it to Lord used to it.'

"Now, this comes of 'bearing no throne.' I, who have no throne, nor *what* now—whatever I may have done—peace with all the poetical fraternity; if I dislike any, it is not *poetically*. Surely the field of thought is infinite; signify who is before or behind in a race is no *goal*? The temple of Fame is Persians, the Universe;—our altars, mountains. I should be equally content Caucasus or Mount Anything; and the may have Mont Blanc or Chimborazo envy of their elevation.

"I think I may *now* speak thus; I published a Poem, and am quite *ign* it is *likely* to be liked or not. I have little in its commendation, and no one abuse it to one's face, except in print good, or I should not have stumbled over and blundered in my very title. But I my heart full of * * *, and my head (I can't call them *isms*,) and wrote on

"This journal is a relief. When I generally am—out comes this, and *do* thing. But I can't read it over;—at what contradictions it may contain. I with myself (but I fear one lies more than to any one else), every page of refute, and utterly abjure its predictions.

"Another scribble from Martin Baiter: I have neither head nor nerve That confounded supper at Lewis's digestion and my philanthropy. I charity than a crust of vinegar. Was ostrich and dieted on fire-irons,—or my gizzard could get the better of.

"To-day saw W. His uncle is don't much affect our Dutch determination with him on Thursday, provided *fun* upon, or peremptorily bespoke by the pe cures, before that day. I wish he may for our dinner's sake, but to disappoint taker, and the rascally reptiles that since they *will* dine at last.

"Gell called—he of Troy—after Mem.—to return his visit. But my very landmarks of forgetfulness;—some lighthouse, with a ship wrecked under lantern. I never look at a Mem. without have remembered to forget. Mem.—I to pay Pitt's taxes, and suppose I shall h

"An I do not turn rebel when thou art I believe my very biscuit is leavened; pastor's imposts.

"L. Mr. returns from Jersey's it must call. A Mr Thomson has sent a

I hate annoying them with censure and yet I hate lettering.

Glenberrie and his Prospectus, at a new Treatise on Timber. Now here is useful than all the historians and poets. For by preserving our woods we furnish materials for all the history worth reading, and all the odes worth

a good deal, but desultorily. My head is as the most useless lumber. It is odd to read, I can only bear the chicken of my but Novels. It is many a year I have not read one (though they are somewhat, by way of experiment, but never failed yesterday at the worst parts of

These descriptions ought to have been tedious at Caprea—they are forced—the form of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me how they could have been composed of only twenty—his age when he wrote he have no nature—all the sour cream of

I should have suspected Buffon of the deathbed of his detestable dog never redde this edition, and merely from curiosity and recollection of the book, and the name they have left to they could do no harm, except . . .

this evening on my agent—my business the strange adventures are the only inheritance that have not diminished. . . .

you smoke two cigars, and get me to bed. I don't keep well here. They get as old as quarantined men in the sun of Africa. The smoke is best;—but neither are so pleasant as tobacco. The Turkish tobacco is a curious case entire—two things as they are so far obliged to this Journal, that

to throw a Poem into the fire (which it is my great comfort), and have smoked the plan of another. I wish I could get out of thinking, or, at least, the confusion.

* Tuesday, December 7th.

bed, and slept dreamlessly, but not remarkably, and up an hour before being awaked three hours in dressing. When I was from life infancy (which is vegetation), and swelling—buttoning and unbuttoning remains of downright existence? of a dormouse. . . .

papers and tea-ed and soda-watered, so that the fire was badly lighted. Ld. wants me to go to Brighton—um!

being, a very pretty billet from the Stael going to Ld. H. to-morrow. She has twenty such this morning to diffuse, all equally flattering to each. So much for her and those who believe all she wishes to believe. She has been pleased with my slight eulogy in the note and "Bride." This is to be accounted for in—firstly, all women like all, or any, really, this was unexpected, because I

have never courted her; and thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one.

"A knock—knocks single and double. Bland called. He says Dutch society (he has been in Holland) is second-hand French; but the women are like women every where else. This is a bore; I should like to see them a little unlike; but that can't be expected.

"Went out—came home—this, that, and the other—and 'all is vanity, saith the preacher,' and so say I, as part of his congregation. Talking of vanity—whose praise do I prefer? Why, Mrs Ischibald's, and that of the Americans. The first, because her 'Simple Story' and 'Nature and Art' are, to me, true to their titles; and, consequently, her short note to Rogers about the 'Ginour' delighted me more than any thing, except the Edinburgh Review. I like the Americans, because I happened to be in Asia, while the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers were redde in America. If I could have had a speech against the Slave Trade, in Africa, and an Epitaph on a Dog, in Europe (i. e. in the Morning Post), my *vertex sublimis* would certainly have displaced stars enough to overthrow the Newtonian system.

* Friday, December 10th, 1813.

"I am *ennuyé* beyond my usual tense of that yawning verb, which I am always conjugating; and I don't find that society much mends the matter. I am too lazy to shoot myself—and it would annoy Augusta, and perhaps . . .; but it would be a good thing for George, on the other side, and no bad one for me; but I won't be tempted.

"I have had the kindest letter from M. . . e. I do think that man is the best-hearted, the only *hearted* being I ever encountered; and then, his talents are equal to his feelings.

"Dined on Wednesday at Lord H.'s—the Staffords, Staëls, Cowpers, Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, &c. &c.—and was introduced to the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford,—an unexpected event. My quarrel with Lord Carlisle (their or his brother-in-law) having rendered it improper, I suppose, brought it about. But, if it was to happen at all, I wonder it did not occur before. She is handsome, and must have been beautiful—and her manners are *princely*. . . .

"The Stael was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any *bonhomme*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. 'c'est un démon.' True enough, but rather premature, for she could not have found it out, and so—she wants me to dine there next Sunday.

"Murray prospers, as far as circulation. For my part, I adhere (in liking) to my Fragment. It is no wonder that I wrote one—my mind is a fragment.

"Saw Lord Gower, Tierney, &c. in the square. Took leave of Lord Gr. who is going to Holland and

Germany. He tells me, that he carries with him a parcel of 'Harolds', and 'Giaours' &c., for the readers of Berlin, who, it seems, read English, and have taken a caprice for mine. Um!—have I been *German* all this time, when I thought myself *oriental*? * * *

"Lent Tierney my box for to-morrow; and received a new Comedy sent by Lady C. A.—but *not hers*. I must read it, and endeavour not to displease the author. I hate annoying them with cavil; but a comedy I take to be the most difficult of compositions, more so than tragedy.

"G—t says there is a coincidence between the first part of 'the Bride' and some story of his—whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any *witting* thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous,—'there is nothing new under the sun.'

"Went last night to the play. * * * Invited out to a party, but did not go;—right. Refused to go to Lady * * * on Monday;—right again. If I must fritter away my life, I would rather do it alone. I was much tempted;—C * * looked so Turkish with her red turban, and her regular dark and clear features. Not that *she* and I ever were, or could be, any thing; but I love any aspect that reminds me of the 'children of the sun.'

"To dine to-day with Rogers and Sharpe, for which I have some appetite, not having tasted food for the preceding forty-eight hours. I wish I could leave off eating altogether.

* Saturday, December 11th.

* Sunday, December 12th.

"By G—t's answer, I find it is some story in *real life*, and not any work with which my late composition coincides. It is still more singular, for mine is drawn from *existence* also.

"I have sent an excuse to M. de Stael. I do not feel sociable enough for dinner to-day;—and I will not go to Sheridan's on Wednesday. Not that I do not admire and prefer his unequalled conversation; but—that '*but*' must only be intelligible to thoughts I cannot write. Sheridan was in good talk at Rogers's the other night, but I only staid till nine. All the world are to be at the Stael's to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone. Went out—did not go to the Stael's, but to Ld. Holland's. Party numerous—conversation general. Staid late—made a blunder—got over it—came home and went to bed, not having eaten. Rather empty, but *france*, which is the great point with me.

* Monday, December 13th, 1813.

"Called at three places—read, and got ready to leave town to-morrow. Murray has had a letter from his brother Bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says 'he is lucky in having such a *poet*'—something as if one was a pack-horse, or 'ass, or any thing that is his:' or, like Mrs Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors, 'Laws, sir, we keeps a Poet.' The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poetry, and

cookery, with this agreeable postscript—'*Gold and Cookery* are much wanted.' Such, and, after all, quite as good as any other's breath.' 'Tis much the same to purchasers with Hannah Glass or Hannah

"Some editor of some Magazine has accused Murray his intention of abusing the thing '*reading it*.' So much the better; if he reads, he would abuse it more.

"Allen (Lord Holland's Allen—the best and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect *beechi*—a devourer, a Helluo of books, and a server of men) has lent me a quantity of unpublished, and never-to-be published. They are full of oaths and obscene songs—antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—scarcely veiling, dirt and deity—all mixed up in the pound of inspired clay!

"It seems strange; a true voluptuary should abandon his mind to the grossness of reality, by exalting the earthly, the material, the of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by them altogether, or, at least, never raising hardly to one's self, than we alone can prize from disgusting.

* December 14th.

"Much done, but nothing to record. Little enough to set down my thoughts,—my actions rarely bear retrospection.

* December 15th.

"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of mentality in Sheridan." The other night, all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to be, *par excellence*, always the best of us has written the best comedy (School for Scandal) the best drama (in my mind, far before Giles's lampoon, the Beggar's Opera), the best (the Critic—it is only too good for a farce), the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, in all, delivered the very best Oration (the Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in country.' Somebody told S. this the next day on hearing it, he burst into tears!

"Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure would rather have said these few, but most words, than have written the *Ilud* or made his celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy gratified me more than to hear that he had a moment's gratification from any praise as humble as it must appear to 'my elders and betters.'

"Went to my box at Covent-garden to-night, my delicacy felt a little shocked at seeing S. mistress (who, to my certain knowledge, was educated, from her birth, for her profession) with her mother, 'a three piled bedstead, Major to the army,' in a private box opposite, rather indignant; but, casting my eyes round

* This passage of the Journal has already appeared in my *Life of Sheridan*.

next box to me, and the next, and the
the most distinguished old and young
of quality;—so I burst out a laughing.
said; Lady “ divorced—Lady “ and
the Lady “, both divorceable—Mrs “, †
the like, and still nearer “ “! What
up to me, who know all their histories.
the house had been divided between your
your underwood courtesans;—but the
search outnumbered the regular merce-
the other side were only Pauline and
and next box to her, three of inferior
where lay the difference between her
and Lady “ and daughter? except
how may enter Carleton and any other
the two first are limited to the opera and
How I do delight in observing life as
and myself, after all, the worst of any.
her—I must avoid egotism, which, just
be no vanity.

richly written a wild, rambling, unfinished
about ‘ The Devil’s Drive,’ † the notion of
from Porson’s ‘ Devil’s Walk.’

are all left blank in the original.
page with Poem, which extends to about 250
lines that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote,
to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal
of variation, it is, for the most part, rather
direct, leaving the point and condensation of
the poem of Mr Coleridge which Lord Byron,
in his present, has attributed to Pro-
fessor. There are, however, some of the stanzas of
this well worth preserving.

I,
would to hell by two,
to sit home till five;
I've seen some brimstones done in regard,
to sit in an Irish stew,
to study of a self-stain Jew,
to know what meat to do,
to know how to take a drive;
to know, to-morrow, I'll ride to-night;
to know children take most delight,
to know my favourites thrive.

3.
 "And I ride in 'neath Lucifer, then
 And my name, 'twere,
 And in a wagon of wounded men,
 I see these bleed
 And I tremble again and again,
 And my presence to spend;
 And as much as I may,
 And my name shall be preached away.

3.
The church at C—Hoon,
is a barren place;
But in two friends, who make me amends
For the desolate place.
Like those roses with each a grace,
Living for both at the end of their race.

4.
 "the earth to take my chance."
 "the earth, giving he;
 a jump from Yucatan to France,
 a jump from the sea,
 to land on a lighthouse road,
 a way from a lighthouse road."

He saw, I forget in awe,
 With a convulsion upon his way
 The lightning gleam;
 It to his eye was like sulphury glare,
 It to his ear was the cry of despair,
 It bled on a convulsion of pain;

* "Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets on
* * * I never wrote but one sonnet before, and
that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an
exercise — and I will never write another. They are
the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic composi-
tions. I detest the Petrarch so much," that I would
not be the man even to have obtained his Laura,
which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could.

And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Not often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well :
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it bluish'd like the waves of Hell !
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he :
" Methinks they have here little need of me."

But the softest note that sooth'd his ear
 Was the sound of a widow sighing;
 And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
 Which Horror froze in the blue eye clear
 Of a maid by her lover lying—
 As round her fell her long fair hair;
 And she look'd to Heaven with that frozen air
 Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
 And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
 With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
 A child of famine dying:
 And the carriage begun, when resistance is done
 And the fall of the victory dying!

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
And what dost he there, I pray!
If his eyes were gone, he saw but by night
What we see every day;
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal.
And he sold it in shares to the *Men of the Row*,
Who bid pretty well—but they cheated him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Maid*,
 His coachman and his coat ;
 So instead of a saint he cock'd his tail,
 And seized him by the throat ;
 " Aha," quoth he, " what have we here ?
 'Tis a new baroque, and an ancient peer !"

So he set him on his bow again,
And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and staunch to his rein,
His brother, and his beer;
"Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
I would rather see him here."

17.
The Devil gat next to Westminster,
And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;
But he heard, as he purposed to enter to there,
That "the Lords" had received a summons;
And he thought, as a "garden Aristocrat,"
He might peep at the peers, though to hear them were fit;
And he walk'd up the house on like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord L——sorrigly wine,
The Lord W——d certainly stily,
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of wine also—
And Chaslam, so like his friend Will:
And he saw the tears in Lord E——s eyes,
Because the Catholics would not rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;
And he heard—which set Satan himself a staring—
A certain Chief Justice say something like ensuring,
And the Devil was shocked—and quoth he, “I must go,
For I did not have much better manners below.
If thus he harangues when he pines at my border,
I shall lend to friend Metoch to call him to order.”

* He learned to think more reverently of "the Petrarch" afterwards.

* January 16th, 1814.

"To-morrow I leave town for a few days. I saw Lewis to-day, who is just returned from Ostlands, where he has been squabbling with Mad. de Stael about himself, Clarissa Harlowe, Mackintosh, and me. My homage has never been paid in that quarter, or we would have agreed still worse. I don't talk—I can't flatter, and won't listen, except to a pretty or a foolish woman. She bored Lewis with praises of himself till he sickened—found out that Clarissa was perfection, and Mackintosh the first man in England. There I agree; at least, one of the first—but Lewis did not. As to Clarissa, I leave to those who can read it to judge and dispute. I could not do the one, and am, consequently, not qualified for the other. She told Lewis wisely, he being my friend, that I was affected, in the first place, and that, in the next place, I committed the heinous offence of sitting at dinner with my eyes shut, or half shut. * * * I wonder if I really have this trick. I must cure myself of it if true. One insensibly acquires awkward habits, which should be broken in time. If this is one, I wish I had been told of it before. It would not so much signify if one was always to be checkmated by a plain woman, but one may as well see some of one's neighbours, as well as the plate upon the table.

"I should like, of all things, to have heard the Anna-ban eclogue between her and Lewis—both obstinate, clever, odd, garrulous, and shrill. In fact, one could have heard nothing else. But they fell out, alas!—and now they will never quarrel again. Could not one reconcile them for the 'nonce?' Poor Corinne—she will find that some of her fine sayings won't suit our fine ladies and gentlemen.

"I am getting rather into admiration of * *, the youngest sister of * *. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. * * is beautiful, but very young, and, I think, a fool. But I have not seen enough to judge; besides, I hate an *esprit* in petticoats. That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her. But, on my system, and the modern system in general, that don't signify. The business (if it came to business) would probably be arranged between papa and me. She would have her own way; I am good-humoured to women, and docile; and, if I did not fall in love with her, which I should try to prevent, we should be a very comfortable couple. As to conduct, *that* she must look to. * * * But if I love, I shall be jealous;—and for that reason I will not be in love. Though, after all, I doubt my temper, and fear I should not be so patient as becomes the *bienveillance* of a married man in my station. * * * Divorce ruins the poor *femme*, and damages are a paltry compensation. I do fear my temper would lead me into some of our oriental tricks of vengeance, or, at any rate, into a summary appeal to the court of twelve paces. No 'I'll none on't', but e'en remain single and solitary:—though I should like to have somebody, now and then, to yawn with one.

"W. and, after him, * *, has stolen one of my buffooneries about Mde de Stael's Metaphysics and the Fog, and paraded it, by speech and letter, as their

own. As Gibbet says, 'they are a gentleman of any on the road.' 'W. is the Whigs about this Review of Far him;—all the epigrammatists and him. I hate *odds*, and wish he might for me, by the blessing of indifference my politics into an utter detestation governments; and, as it is the agreeable and summary feeling in moment of an universal republic into an advocate for single and untism. The fact is, riches are power slavery, all over the earth, and one ment is no better, nor worse, for another. I shall adhere to my party, not be honourable to act otherwise *sions*, I don't think politics *worth a duct* is another thing:—if you begin on with them. I have no consistency; and *that* probably arises from on the subject altogether."

I must here be permitted to inter the progress of this Journal,—which some months of the succeeding year of noticing, without infringement. order, such parts of the poet's correspondence as belong properly year 1813.

At the beginning, as we have of December, the Bride of Abydos having been struck off, like its predecessor, in one of those paroxysms of agitation, which adventures such as engaged in were, in a temperate state to excite. As the mathematician but a spot to stand upon, to be able to move the world, so a certain degree in fact seemed necessary to Byron, which he knew how to apply to the lions could be wielded by him. So wax, in many instances, the compass which satisfied him, that to aim at his stories these links with his own which were, after all, perhaps, visual fancy, would be a task as uncertain this remark applies not only to the but to the Corsair, Lara, and all the fictions that followed, in which, those expressed by the poet may be, in as vivid recollections of what had, agitated his own bosom, there are he—however he might himself, occasionally such a supposition,—for connection with the groundwork or incidents of.

While yet uncertain about the fact poem, the following observations of an ingenious follower in the same track:

LETTER CXLII

TO MR MURRAY.

* De

"I have redde through your Pers

* Poems by Mr Galley Knight, of which transmitted the MS. to Lord Byron, communicating the name of the author.

liberty of making some remarks on the
There are many beautiful passages,
ing story; and I cannot give you a
that such is my opinion than by the
—five o'clock, till which it has kept
last a year. The conclusion is not
in costume: there is no *Musulman*
—at least for *love*. But this matters
must have been written by some one
on the spot, and I wish him, and he
Will you apologise to the author
I have taken with his MS.? Had I
to, and interested in, his theme, I
intrusive; but you know I always take
on, and I hope he will. It is difficult
succeed, and still more to pronounce
I am at this moment in *that uncer-*
—(score), and it is no small proof of
owers to be able to *charm* and *fix* a
on similar subjects and climates in
ment. That he may have the same
his readers is very sincerely the wish,
I should, of yours truly, "B."

of Abydos he made additions, in the
ing, amounting altogether to near two
and, as usual, among the passages
for some of the happiest and most bril-
ling Poem. The opening lines, "Know
—supposed to have been suggested
ing of Goethe's"—were among the
new insertions, as were also those
"Who hath not proved how feebly
—Of one of the most popular lines
passage, it is not only curious, but in-
duce the progress to its present state of
at first, written—

the lip and music in her face,

whispered it to

of music breathing in her face.

satisfying him, the next step of correc-
line to what it is at present—

On music breathing from her face,†

out, as well as most splendid, of those
which the perusal of his own strains,
inspired him, was that rich flow of
—which follows the couplet, "Thou,
—and bless my bark," &c.—a strain

Land wo die Citronen blüht, &c.

quoted plagiarisms so industriously hunted
in, this line has been, with some hat more
be frequent in such charges, included,—the
not having, it seems, written,

in melody and music of her face.

—too, in his *Religio Medici*, says—
"even is beauty," &c. The coincidence,
in *conceiving*, and the task of "tracking"
—in the snow (as Dryden expresses
sometimes not unamusing; but to those
—such resemblances a general charge of
may apply what Sir Walter Scott says, in
—work, his *Lives of the Novelists*—"It
—of tedious dulness to trace such con-
—they appear to reduce genius of the
—the usual standard of humanity, and of
—the author nearer to a level with his critics."

of poetry which, for energy and tenderness of thought,
for music of versification, and selectness of diction,
has, throughout the greater portion of it, but few
rivals in either ancient or modern song. All this pas-
sage was sent, in successive scraps, to the printer,—
correction following correction, and thought reinforced
by thought. We have here, too, another example of
that retouching process, by which some of his most
exquisite effects were attained. Every reader re-
members the four beautiful lines—

Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

In the first copy of this passage sent to the pub-
lisher, the last line was written thus—

And tints to-morrow with { an airy } ray.

The following note being annexed:—"Mr Murray,—
Chuse which of the two epithets, 'fancied,' or 'airy,'
may be the best; or, if neither will do, tell me, and
I will dream another." The poet's dream was, it
must be owned, lucky,—"prophetic" being the
word, of all others, for his purpose."

I shall select but one more example, from the
additions to this Poem, as a proof that his eagerness
and facility, in producing, was sometimes almost
equalled by his anxious care in correcting. In the
long passage, just referred to, the six lines beginning
"Blest as the Muezzin's strain," &c., having been
dispatched to the printer too late for insertion, were,
by his desire, added in an errata page; the first
couplet, in its original form, being as follows:—

Soft as the Mecca-Muezzin's strains invite
Him who hath journey'd far to join the rite.

In a few hours after, another scrap was sent off,
containing the lines thus—

Blest as the Muezzin's strains from Mecca's dome,
Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb.

With the following note to Mr Murray:—

* December 34, 1813.

"Look out in the Encyclopedia, article *Mecca*,
whether it is there or at *Medina* the Prophet is en-
tomb'd. If at *Medina*, the first lines of my alteration
must run—

Blest as the call which from Medina's dome
Invites Devotion to her Prophet's tomb, &c.

If at *Mecca*, the lines may stand as before. Page 43,
canto 2d, *Bride of Abydos*. "Yours, "B."

"You will find this out either by article *Mecca*,
Medina, or *Mohammed*. I have no book of reference
by me.

Immediately after succeeded another note:—

"Did you look out? Is it *Medina* or *Mecca* that
contains the *Holy Sepulchre*? Don't make me blas-
pheme by your negligence. I have no book of

* It will be seen, however, from a subsequent letter to
Mr Murray, that he himself was at first unaware of the
peculiar felicity of this epithet, and it is therefore pro-
bable, that, after all, the merit of the choice may have be-
longed to Mr Gifford.

reference, or I would save you the trouble. *I blush*,
as a good Mussulman, to have confused the point.

"Yours,
"B."

Notwithstanding all these various changes, the
couplet in question stands, at present, thus:

Bleat as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call.

In addition to his own watchfulness over the birth
of his new Poem, he also, as will be seen from the
following letter, invoked the veteran taste of Mr
Gifford on the occasion.

LETTER CXLIV.

TO MR GIFFORD.

"November 12th, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will consider, when I venture on any
request, that it is the reverse of a certain Dedication,
and is addressed, *not* to 'The Editor of the Quarterly
Review,' but to Mr Gifford. You will understand
this, and on that point I need trouble you no farther.

"You have been good enough to look at a thing
of mine in MS.—a Turkish story, and I should feel
gratified if you would do it the same favour in its
probationary state of printing. It was written, I
cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by hunger
and request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from
circumstances which occasionally occur to 'us
youth,' that rendered it necessary for me to apply my
mind to something, any thing but reality: and under
this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed.
Being done, and having at least diverted me from
myself, I thought you would not perhaps be offended
if Mr Murray forwarded it to you. He has done so,
and to apologise for his doing so a second time is the
object of my present letter.

"I beg you will *not* send me any answer. I
assure you very sincerely I know your time to be
occupied, and it is enough, more than enough, if you
read; you are not to be bored with the fatigue of
answers.

"A word to Mr Murray will be sufficient, and
send it either to the flames, or

A hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds to fly or fall abroad.

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a
week, and scribbled 'stans pede in uno' (by the by,
the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise
never to trouble you again under forty Cantos, and
a voyage between each.

"Believe me ever

"Your obliged and affectionate servant,

"BYRON."

The following letters and notes, addressed to Mr
Murray at this time, cannot fail, I think, to gratify
all those to whom the history of the labours of
genius is interesting.

LETTER CXLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Two friends of mine (Mr Rogers and
have advised me not to risk at present
publication separately, for various reasons
have not seen the one in question, the
bias for or against the merits (if it be
faults of the present subject of ours.
You say all the last of the 'Ginours'
least out of your hands. Now, if
publishing any new edition with the
which have not yet been before the
distinct from the two-volume publication
add the 'Bride of Abydos,' which
quietly into the world: if liked, we
off some copies for the purchase
'Ginours'; and, if not, I can omit it
publication. What think you? I recall
of those things, and with all my nat
for one's own productions, I would rat
one's judgment than my own.

"P. S.—Pray let me have the proof
night. I have some alterations that I
of that I wish to make speedily. I
will be on separate pages, and not
together on a mile-long ballad-singing
of the Ginours sometimes are; for there
them distinctly."

TO MR MURRAY.

"Will you forward the letter to Mr
the proof? There is an alteration in
Zuleika's speech, in second Canto (the
hers in that Canto). It is now thus:

And curse, if I could curse, the day
It must be—

And mourn—I dare not curse—the day
That saw my solitary birth, &c. &c.

"In the last MS. lines sent, instead
heart,' convert to 'quivering heart.' This
of the MS. passage.

"Ever yours

TO MR MURRAY.

"Alteration of a line in Canto second.
Instead of—

And tints to-morrow with a fancied

Print—

And tints to-morrow with prophetic
The evening beam that smiles the dawn
And tints to-morrow with prophetic

Or,

{ *gilds* }
And { *tints* } the hope of morning with

Or

And gilds to-morrow's hope with beam

you would ask Mr Gifford which of them
other *not* correct.

"Ever, etc.

and the request contained in this at
with the *recus*, after I have seen the

TO MR MURRAY.

"Nov. 13, 1813.

Do you suppose that no one but the
acquainted with *Adam*, and *Eve*, and
Nash?—Surely, I might have had Solo-
Abraham, and David, and even Moses.
know that *Zuleika* is the *Persian* portraiture
Alphar's wife, on whom and Joseph there
in the *Persian*, this will not surprise
want authority, look at Jones, D'Hér-
ek, or the notes to the *Arabian Nights*;
think it necessary, model this into a

the inscription, 'the most affectionate
with every sentiment of regard and

TO MR MURRAY.

"Nov. 14, 1813.

on a note for the ignorant, but I really
you among them. I don't care one
for my poetry; but for my costume and
on those points (of which I think the
a proof), I will combat lustily.

"Yours, etc."

"Nov. 14th, 1813.

some which I sent just now (and *not* the
Gifford's possession), he returned to the
there are several additional corrections
here in it.

Yours, etc."

LETTER CXLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 15th, 1813.

has looked over and stopped, or ra-
this revise, which must be the one to
has also made some suggestions, with
I have complied, as he has always, for
has been a very sincere, and by no
flattering, intimate of mine. He
think *flatteringly*, in this instance)
Ginour, but doubts (and so do I), its
; but, contrary to some others, ad-
publication. On this we can easily
from I like the double form better.
it is *letter* scribbled than any of the
odd, if true, as it has cost me less
five hours at a time, than any attempt

attend to the punctuation: I can't,
a comma—at least where to place

of a gender has omitted two lines of
perhaps more, which were in the

as were expressed by Mr Murray as to the
writing the name of Cain into the mouth of

MS. Will you, pray, give him a hint of accuracy? I
have reinserted the *two*, but they were in the manu-
script, I can swear."

LETTER CXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 17, 1813.

"That you and I may distinctly understand each
other on a subject, which, like 'the dreadful reckoning
when men smile no more,' makes conversation not
very pleasant, I think it as well to write a few lines
on the topic.—Before I left town for Yorkshire, you
said that you were ready and willing to give five
hundred guineas for the copyright of 'The *Ginour*;
and my answer was—from which I do not mean to
recede—that we would discuss the point at Christmas.
The new story may or may not succeed; the proba-
bility, under present circumstances, seems to be,
that it may at least pay its expenses—but even that
remains to be proved, and till it is proved one way or
another, we will say nothing about it. Thus then be
it: I will postpone all arrangement about it, and the
Ginour also, till Easter, 1814; and you shall then,
according to your own notions of fairness, make your
own offer for the two. At the same time, I do not
rate the last in my own estimation at half the *Ginour*;
and according to your own notions of its worth and
its success within the time mentioned, be the addition
or deduction to or from whatever sum may be your
proposal for the first, which has already had its suc-
cess.

"The pictures of Phillips I consider as *mine*, all
three; and the one (not the *Arnaut*) of the two best
is much at your service, if you will accept it as a
present.

"P. S.—The expense of engraving from the mini-
ature send me in my account, as it was destroyed by
my desire; and have the goodness to burn that de-
testable print from it immediately.

"To make you some amends for eternally pestering
you with alterations, I send you Cobbett, to confirm
your orthodoxy.

"One more alteration of a into the in the MS.; it
must be—'The heart whose softness,' &c.

"Remember—and in the inscription 'to the Right
Honourable Lord Holland,' without the previous
names, Henry, &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 20, 1813.

"More work for the *Row*. I am doing my best to
heat the '*Ginour*,'—no difficult task for any one but
the author."

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 22, 1813.

"I have no time to cross-investigate, but I believe
and hope all is right. I care less than you will be-
lieve about its success, but I can't survive a single
misprint: it chokes me to see words misused by the
printers. Pray look over, in case of some eye-sore
escaping me.

"P. S.—Send the earliest copies to Mr Freer, Mr
Canning, Mr Heber, Mr Gifford, Lord Holland, Lord
Melbourne (Whitehall), Lady Caroline Lamb (Brom-

ket), Mr Hodgson (Cambridge), Mr Merivale, Mr Ward, from the author."

TO MR MURRAY.

* November 23, 1813.

"You wanted some reflections, and I send you *per Selim* (see his speech in Canto 2d, page 46), eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical*, tendency. One more revise—positively the last, if decently done—at any rate the *penultimate*. Mr Canning's approbation (if he did approve) I need not say makes me proud.* As to printing, print as you will and how you will—by itself, if you like; but let me have a few copies in *sheets*.

* November 24th, 1813.

"You must pardon me once more, as it is all for your good: it must be thus—

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

'*Makes*' is closer to the passage of Tacitus, from which the line is taken, and is, besides, a stronger word than '*leaves*.'

Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease,
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.

LETTER CXLVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* November 27th, 1813.

"If you look over this carefully by the *last proof* with my corrections, it is probably right; this you can do as well or better;—I have not now time. The copies I mentioned to be sent to different friends last night, I should wish to be made up with the new *Giaours*, if it also is ready! If not, send the *Giaour* afterwards.

"The Morning Post says I am the author of *Nour-jahad*!! This comes of lending the drawings for their dresses; but it is not worth a *formal contradiction*. Besides, the criticisms on the *supposition* will, some of them, be quite amusing and furious. The *Orientalism*—which I hear is very splendid—of the melodrame (whosoever it is, and I am sure I don't know) is as good as an advertisement for your Eastern Stories, by filling their heads with glitter.

"P. S.—You will of course *say* the truth, that I am *not* the melodramatist—if any one charges me in your presence with the performance."

LETTER CXLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* November 28th, 1813.

"Send another copy (if not too much of a request) to Lady Holland of the *Journal*, † in my name, when you receive this; it is for *Earl Grey*—and I will relinquish my *own*. Also to Mr Sharpe, and Lady Holland, and Lady Caroline Lamb, copies of '*The Bride*,' as soon as convenient.

* Mr Canning's note was as follows:—"I received the books, and among them, the *Bride of Abydos*. It is very, very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at dinner at Mr Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to *save* my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present."

† Penrose's *Journal*, a book published by Mr Murray at this time.

"P. S.—Mr Ward and myself still continue our purpose: but I shall not trouble you on any errand on the score of the *Giaour* and the *Bride*—return—or, at any rate, before *May*, 1814—six months from hence: and before that time I will be able to ascertain how far your offer was losing one; if so, you can deduct proportionally, and if not, I shall not, at any rate, allow you a higher than your present proposal, which is handsome and more than fair."*

"I have had,—but this must be *entirely*—a very kind note, on the subject of '*the Bride*.' Sir James Mackintosh, and an invitation to give this evening, which it is now too late to accept."

TO MR. MURRAY.

* November 28th, 1813.

* Sunday—Monday morning—3 o'clock—my doublet and hose, covering

"I send you in time an errata page, certainly omission of mine, which must be thus added too late for insertion in the text. The passage imitation altogether from *Medea* in *Ovid*, and complete without these two lines. Pray be done, and directly; it is necessary, will add to your book (*making*), and can do no harm yet in time for the *public*. Answer me, then, in the affirmative. You can send the book to those who have copies already, if they like: certainly to all the *critical* copy-holders.

"P. S.—I have got out of my bed (in which, ever, I could not sleep, whether I had *snored* or not), and so good morning. I am truly De L'Allemagne will act as an opiate, but I feel

TO MR MURRAY.

* November 29th, 1813.

"You have looked at it? to much *praise* allow so stupid a blunder to stand, it is a *rage*, but '*carnage*;' and if you don't want to cut my own throat, see it altered.

"I am very sorry to hear of the fall of *Dante*."

LETTER CL.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Nov. 29th, 1813. *Box*

"You will act as you please upon that point, whether I go or stay, I shall not say another word the subject till May—nor then, unless convenient to yourself. I have many things I wish to your care, principally papers. The *man* not be now sent, as Mr Ward is gone to *Spain*. You are right about the errata page; place it at beginning. Mr Perry is a little premature in compliments: these may do harm by *expectation*, and I think we ought to be *slow* though I see the next paragraph is on the *Journal* which makes me suspect you as the author of it.

"Would it not have been as well to have *Two Cantos* in the advertisement? they will think of *fragments*, a species of composition for *once*, like one ruin in a view; but see build a town of them. The *Bride*, such as is

* Mr Murray had offered him a thousand guineas for two Poems.

† Penrose's *Journal*.

composition of any length (except the *Satanstoe*—I mean, for the *Glaucous* is but a string of *Child Harold* is, and I rather think so, unimproved. I return Mr Hay's thanks to him and you.

There have been some epigrams on Mr Ward :—The first I did not see, but heard the second seems very bad. I only hope you do not believe that I had any concern in it. I like and value him too well to wish to contract into spleen, or to admire enough to annoy him or his. You need trouble to answer this, as I shall see you and the afternoon.

I have said this much about the epigrams, and so much in the *opposite camp*, and, as an engineer, might be suspected as *these hand-grenades*; but with a worthy *the open war*, and not this bush-fighting, *all our will have*, any thing to do with it, *of the author.*"

TO MR MURRAY.

* Nov. 30th, 1813.

At the end of all that is of the 'Bride of the errata' page.

* RM.

Page 3d, page 47, after line 449,

the arms cling closer round my neck.

My lip once murmur, it must be in safety, but a prayer for thee.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Tuesday evening, Nov. 30th, 1813.

For the sake of correctness, particularly in an alteration of the couplet I have just sent you (ago) must take place, in spite of (let me see the proof early to-morrow. I mean to be a neuter verb, and have to alter the line so as to make it a sub-

My murmur of this lip shall be in safety, but a prayer for thee!

For copies to the country till this is all

TO MR MURRAY.

* Dec. 2d, 1813.

Man, let the couplet enclosed be in the page, or in the errata page. I mean for some of the copies. This alteration is part—the page but one before the next.

I am afraid, from all I hear, that people are in their expectations, which is but cannot now be helped. This is my and one's wise friends; but do not expect of success to the same pitch, for I, and I can assure you that my philosophy is the best very fairly; and I have to ensure you, at all events, from which will be some satisfaction to

TO MR MURRAY.

* Dec. 3d, 1813.

"I send you a scratch or two, the which *heal*. The *Christian Observer* is very savage, but certainly well written—and quite uncomfortable at the naughtiness of book and author. I rather suspect you won't much like the *present* to be more moral, if it is to share also the usual fate of your virtuous volumes.

"Let me see a proof of the *six* before incorporation."

TO MR MURRAY.

* Monday evening, Dec. 6th, 1813.

"It is all very well, except that the lines are not numbered properly, and a diabolical mistake, page 67, which *must* be corrected with the *pen*, if no other way remains; it is the omission of '*not*' before '*disagreeable*,' in the *note* on the *amber rosary*. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold—I mean the *misnomer* of *Bride*. Pray do not let a copy go without the '*not*;' it is nonsense and worse than nonsense as it now stands. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire.

"P.S.—It is still *hath* instead of *have* in page 20; never was any one so *misused* as I am by your devils of printers.

"P.S.—I hope and trust the '*not*' was inserted in the first edition. We must have something—any thing—to set it right. It is enough to answer for one's own bulls, without other people's."

LETTER CLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

December 27th, 1813.

"Lord Holland is laid up with the gout, and would feel very much obliged if you could obtain, and send as soon as possible, Madame D'Arblay's (or even Miss Edgeworth's) new work. I know they are not out; but it is perhaps possible for your *Majesty* to command what we cannot with much suing purchase, as yet. I need not say that when you are able or willing to confer the same favour on me, I shall be obliged. I would almost fall sick myself to get at Madame D'Arblay's writings.

"P.S.—You were talking to-day of the American edition of a certain unquenchable memorial of my younger days. As it can't be helped now, I own I have some curiosity to see a copy of Transatlantic typography. This you will perhaps obtain, and one for yourself; but I must beg that you will not *import more*, because, *seriously*, I do wish to have that thing forgotten as much as it has been forgiven.

"If you send to the *Globe* editor, say that I want neither excuse nor contradiction, but merely a discontinuance of a most ill-grounded charge. I never was consistent in any thing but my politics; and as my redemption depends on that solitary virtue, it is murder to carry away my last anchor."

Of these hasty and characteristic misfires with which he dispatched off his "*still-breeding thoughts*," there yet remain a few more that might be presented to the reader; but enough has here been given to show the fastidiousness of his self-criticism, as well

as the restless and unsatisfied ardour with which he pressed on in pursuit of perfection,—still seeing, according to the usual doom of genius, much farther than he could reach.

An appeal was, about this time, made to his generosity, which the reputation of the person from whom it proceeded would, in most minds, have justified him in treating with disregard, but which a more enlarged feeling of humanity led him to view in a very different light; for, when expostulated with by Mr Murray on his generous intentions towards one "whom nobody else would give a single farthing to," he answered, "it is for that very reason I give it, because nobody else will." The person in question was Mr Thomas Ashe, author of a certain notorious publication called "The Book," which, from the delicate mysteries discussed in its pages, attracted far more notice than its talent, or even mischief, deserved. In a fit, it is to be hoped, of sincere penitence, this man wrote to Lord Byron, alleging poverty as his excuse for the vile uses to which he had hitherto prostituted his pen, and soliciting his lordship's aid towards enabling him to exist, in future, more respectably. To this application the following answer, marked, in the highest degree, by good sense, humanity, and honourable sentiment, was returned by Lord Byron.

LETTER CLII.

TO MR ASHE.

"4, Bennet-street, St James's, Dec. 14th, 1813.

"SIR,

"I leave town for a few days to-morrow: on my return, I will answer your letter more at length. Whatever may be your situation, I cannot but commend your resolution to abjure and abandon the publication and composition of works such as those to which you have alluded. Depend upon it, they amuse *few*, disgrace both *reader* and *writer*, and benefit *none*. It will be my wish to assist you, as far as my limited means will admit, to break such a bondage. In your answer, inform me what sum you think would enable you to extricate yourself from the hands of your employers, and to regain at least temporary independence, and I shall be glad to contribute my mite towards it. At present, I must conclude. Your name is not unknown to me, and I regret, for your own sake, that you have ever lent it to the works you mention. In saying this, I merely repeat your *own words* in your letter to me, and have no wish whatever to say a single syllable that may appear to insult your misfortunes. If I have, excuse me; it is unintentional.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

In answer to this letter, Ashe mentioned, as the sum necessary to extricate him from his difficulties, £150—to be advanced at the rate of ten pounds per month; and, some short delay having occurred in the reply to this demand, the modest applicant, in renewing his suit, complained, it appears, of neglect: on which Lord Byron, with a good temper which few, in a similar case, could imitate, answered him as follows.

LETTER CLIII.

TO MR ASHE.

"James

"SIR,

"When you accuse a stranger of forget that it is possible business or a London may have interfered to delay—as has actually occurred in the present instance to the point. I am willing to do what extricate you from your situation. 'schemer' I was considering; but your silence appears to have rendered it also irretrievable. I will deposit in Mr Murray (with his consent) the sum you mention advanced for the time at ten pounds per

"P. S.—I write in the greatest hurry make my letter a little abrupt; but, as I have no wish to distress your feelings."

The service thus humanely proffered punctually performed; and the following the many acknowledgments of payment in Ashe's letters to Mr Murray:—"honour to enclose you another memorandum of ten pounds, in compliance with the instructions of Lord Byron." †

His friend Mr Merivale, one of the those Selections from the Anthology which he regretted so much not having seen on his travels, published a Poem also which he thus honours with his praise.

LETTER CLIV.

TO MR MERIVALE.

"MY DEAR MERIVALE.

"I have redde Roncevaux with very and (if I were so disposed) see very criticism. There is a choice of two lines last Cantos,—I think 'Live and protest cause 'Oh who?' implies a doubt of His or inclination. I would allow the—you yourself must determine on—I mean as to where to place a part of the Poem between the actions or no. Only if you all the success you deserve, *never last* and—as I am not the least troublesome member—least of all, to me.

"I hope you will be out soon. March is the month for the *trade*, and they considered. You have written a very noble nothing but the detestable taste of the you harm,—but I think you will be measure is uncommonly well chosen as

† His first intention had been to go out, before May.

‡ When these monthly disbursements had £70, Ashe wrote to beg that the whole ten £80 might be advanced to him at one period enable him, as he said, to avail himself of a South Wales, which had been again offered him was, accordingly, by Lord Byron's aid his hands.

§ This letter is but a fragment,—the first lost.

sets from his *Journal*, just given, there cannot fail to have been remarked, taking of his admiration of some lady he has himself left blank, the noble "a wife would be the salvation of me." This conviction, which not only himself and friends entertained, of the prudence and safety of refuge in matrimony from those who form the sequel of all less regular and been induced, about a year before, to think seriously to marriage,—at least, in his thoughts were ever capable of doing,—and chiefly, I believe, by the persuasion of his friend Lady Melbourne a suitor for the hand of a relative Miss Milbanke. Though his proposal accepted, every assurance of friendship accompanied the refusal; a wish was expressed that they should continue to write to each other as correspondents,—somewhat since two young persons of different sexes, who was not the subject of it,—ensued. We have seen how highly Lord Byron as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady, but it is evident that at this period, was love either felt

now, new entanglements, in which his willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, as the young poet; and still, as the result of such pursuits followed, he again sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, and against their recurrence. There is the interval between Miss Milbanke's acceptance of him, two or three other friends who, at different times, formed matrimonial dreams. In the society of whose family had long honoured me and friendship, he and I passed much of our time and the preceding spring; and it was, in a subsequent part of his correspondence, represents me as having entertained an idea that he should so far cultivate my fair chance, at least, of matrimony.

More than once, expressed some such sentimentally true. Fully concurring with it only of himself but of others of his marriage lay his only chance of salvation from a sort of perplexing attachments into which he was constantly tempted. I saw in none but admired with more legitimate views than for the difficult task of winning and happiness as in the lady in questioning beauty of the highest order with wit and ingenuous,—having just learned to give refinement to her taste, and far to make pretensions to learning,—in spirit proud as his own, but showing female generosity of spirit, a feminine sensibility, which would have led her to toler-

as already seen what Lord Byron himself said on this subject.—"What an odd situation is ours,—without one spark of love on

rate his defects in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory, and even to sacrifice silently some of her own happiness, rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his;—such was, from long experience, my impression of the character of this lady; and perceiving Lord Byron to be attracted by her more obvious claims to admiration, I felt a pleasure no less in rendering justice to the still rarer qualities which she possessed, than in endeavouring to raise my noble friend's mind to the contemplation of a higher model of female character than he had, unluckily for himself, been much in the habit of studying.

To this extent do I confess myself to have been influenced by the sort of feeling which he attributes to me. But in taking for granted (as it will appear he did from one of his letters) that I entertained any very decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous,—but still possible and glorious,—achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as, in theory, I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one whom I had known and valued from her childhood risked in the experiment.

I shall now proceed to resume the thread of the *Journal*, which I had broken off, and of which, it will be perceived, the noble author himself had for some weeks, at this time, interrupted the progress.

"JOURNAL, 1814.

"February 18th.

"Better than a month since I last journalized:—most of it out of London, and at Nottingham, but a busy one and a pleasant, at least three weeks of it. On my return, I find all the newspapers in hysterics, and town in an uproar, on the avowal and republication

* Immediately on the appearance of the *Corsair* (with those obnoxious verses, "Weep, daughter of a royal line," appended to it), a series of attacks, not confined to Lord Byron himself, but aimed also at all those who had lately become his friends, was commenced in the *Courier* and *Morning Post*, and carried on through the greater part of the months of February and March. The point selected by these writers, as a ground of censure on the poet, was one which *now*, perhaps, even themselves would agree to class among his claims to praise,—namely, the atonement which he had endeavoured to make for the youthful violence of his *Satire* by a measure of justice, amiable even in its overflows, to every one whom he conceived he had wronged.

Notwithstanding the careless tone in which, here and elsewhere, he speaks of these assaults, it is evident that they annoyed him,—an effect which, in reading them over now, we should be apt to wonder they could produce, did we not recollect the property which Dryden attributes to "small wits," in common with certain other small animals:—

We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.

The following is a specimen of the terms in which these party scribbles could then speak of one of the masters of English song.—"They might have slept in oblivion with Lord Carlisle's Dramas and Lord Byron's Poems."—"Some certainly extol Lord Byron's Poems much, but most of the best judges place his lordship rather low in the list of our minor poets."

NOTICES OF THE

...the morning at ... 1812. They are ... good, all of it ... upon it

...the morning ... containing the ... of the Custom- ... as my pedigree,

...a Chapter. He is my ... and a man of the most

...been received, written, pub- ... up this Journal. They ... it was written con ... Murray is satisfied ... the public are equally ... there's an end of the matter.

• Nine o'clock.

...business. Saw Rogers, and ... who says, it is said ... I wonder if I really ... enough of that perilous ... the heart, and it is better ... to be the result of these attacks ... but—ay, ay, always but to

...me ten thousand anecdotes of ... and true. My friend H. is the ... of companions, and a fine fellow to

...notes and letters, and am ... bad company. 'Be not ... the illness is trouble- ... so much to regret in the solitude. ... the less I like them. If I could ... all would be well. Why ... my passions have had ... affection more than enough to ... and yet—always yet and but ... get thee to ... you are a fishmonger—get thee to ... the top of my bent.'

• Midnight.

...which I threw into the fire. Redde ... Did not visit Hobhouse, as I ... No matter, the loss is mine.

...this week will decide his fate. All ... but I believe and hope he will ... the invaders. What right ... to France? Oh for ... they sleep! Hobhouse ... of this extraordinary ... of his intellect and courage, but ... No wonder;—how should ... well, do other than despise

...the equality, the more impartially ... and becomes lighter by the divi- ... therefore, a Republic! ... unanswered—and ... I admire her abilities, but ... overwhelming—an avalanche that ... all snow and no-

"Shall I go to Mackintosh's on Tues- did not go to Marquis Lansdowne's, my- ry's, though both are pleasant. So is but I don't know—I believe one is not parties; at least, unless some say so."

"I wonder how the deuce any had such a world; for what purpose deities were ordained—and kings—and fells—and women of 'a certain age'—and any age—and myself, most of all."

*Divease prisco et natus ab tunc
Nil interest, an pauper et tunc
De gente, sub dio mortuus,
Victima nil miserrantis Ovis*

Omnes eodem cogitur.

"Is there any thing beyond?—*Who* that can't tell. Who tells that there don't know. And when shall he know when he don't expect, and, generally, wish it. In this last respect, bowen alike: it depends a good deal upon something upon nerves and habits—*digestion.*

• Sat.

"Just returned from seeing Kean in Jove, he is a soul! Life—nature—exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's defect;—but Hamlet is not Nature. Rich and Kean is Richard. Now to my own."

"Went to Waite's Teeth all right—he says that I grind them in my sleep-edges. That same sleep is no friend of I court him sometimes for half the 24."

"Got up and tore out two leaves of it don't know why. Hodgson just called—he has much *bonhomme* with his other—and more talent than he has yet had in his circle."

"An invitation to dine at Holland. Kean. He is worth meeting; and I he into good society, he will be prevented like Cooke. He is greater now on the at should never be less. There is a stup- rating criticism upon him in one of the I thought that, last night, though gr underacted more than the first time. Th effect of these cavils; but I hope he is than to mind them. He cannot expect to present eminence, or to advance still in the envy of his green-room fellows, and of their admirers. But, if he don't h why, then—merit bath no purchase in 'monger days.'

"I wish that I had a talent for the dr write a tragedy now. But no,—it is g thinks of one,—he will do it well;—and should try. He has wonderful powers, ricty; besides, he has lived and felt. To bring home to the heart, the heart m tried,—but, perhaps, ceased to be so. V under the influence of passions, you c cannot describe them,—any more than

old turn round and tell the story to your
When all is over,—all, all, and
about to memory—she is then but too

and answered some letters, yawned
and redde the Robbers. Fine,—but
; and Alferi and Monti's Aristodemo
more equal than the Tedeschi dra-

—or, rather, acknowledged—the re-
Reynolds's Poem, *Safie*. The lad is
much of his thoughts are borrowed,—
Reviewers may find out. I hate discou-
ing one; and I think,—though wild, and
than he would be, had he seen the
he has placed his tale, that he has
and, certainly, fire enough.

of a very singular epistle; and the mode
sauce, through Lord H.'s hands, as
letter itself. But it was gratifying and

* Sunday, Feb. 27th.

am, alone, instead of dining at Lord
was asked,—but not inclined to go
Hobhouse says I am growing a *leap*
inary hobgoblin. True;—'I am my-
The last week has been passed in
ing plays—now and then, visitors—
awning and sometimes sighing, but no
one of letters. If I could always read,
we feel the want of society. Do I regret
'Man delights not me,' and only one
a tear.

something to me very softening in the
woman,—some strange influence, even
I live with them,—which I cannot at all
having no very high opinion of the sex.
always feel in better humour with myself
any else, if there is a woman within ken.
Mine, * my fire-lighter,—the most ancient
of her kind,—and (except to myself) not
sperd—always makes me laugh,—no
when I am 'i' the vein.

an housemaid, of whose grunt and witch-like
I would be impossible to convey any idea but
furnished one among the numerous instances
his proneness to attach himself to any thing.
My last had once insisted his good-nature in
to become associated with his thoughts. He
and woman at his lodgings in Bennet-street,
whole reason, she was the perpetual scare-
phases. When, next year, he took chambers
one of the great advantages which his friends
the change was, that they should get rid of

But, no,—there she was again—he had
lost her with him from Bennet-street. The
now him married, and, with a regular
of servants, in Piccadilly; and here,—as Mrs
appeared to any of the visitors,—it was con-
that the witch had vanished. One of those
ever, who had most fondly indulged in this
appearing to call one day when all the male
establishment were abroad, saw, to his dismay,
led by the same grim personage, improved
in point of habiliments since he last saw her,
pace with the increased scale of her master's
a new peruke, and other symptoms of pro-
fied. When asked 'how he came to carry
about with him from place to place,' Lord
master was, 'the poor old devil was so kind

"Heigho! I would I were in mine island!—I am
not well; and yet I look in good health. At times, I
fear, 'I am not in my perfect mind;'—and yet my
heart and head have stood many a crash, and what
should ail them now?' They prey upon themselves,
and I am sick—sick—'Pribeec, undo this button—
why should a cat, a rat, a dog, have life—and *thou*
no life at all?' Six-and-twenty years, as they call them
—why, I might and should have been a Pasha by
this time. 'I 'gin to be a weary of the sun.'

"Buonaparte is not yet beaten; but has rebutted
Blucher, and repiqued Swartzenburg. This it is to
have a head. If he again wins, 'Vix victis!'

* Sunday, March 6th.

"On Tuesday last dined with Rogers,—Mad. de
Stael, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, and Payne
Knight, Lady Donegall and Miss R. there. Sheridan
told a very good story of himself and Made de Reca-
mier's handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself
only. She is going to write a big book about
England, she says;—I believe her. Asked by her
how I liked Miss *'s thing, called *', and answer-
ed (very sincerely) that I thought it very bad for
her, and worse than any of the others. Afterwards
thought it possible Lady Donegall, being Irish,
might be a Patroness of *', and was rather sorry
for my opinion, as I hate putting people into fusses,
either with themselves, or their favourites; it looks
as if one did it on purpose. The party went off very
well, and the fish was very much to my gusto. But
we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs Co-
rione always lingers so long after dinner, that we
wish her in the drawing-room.

"To-day C. called, and, while sitting here, in came
Merivale. During our colloquy, C. (ignorant that
M. was the writer) abused the 'mawkishness of the
Quarterly Review of Grimm's Correspondence.' I
(knowing the secret) changed the conversation as
soon as I could; and C. went away, quite convinced
of having made the most favourable impression on
his new acquaintance. Merivale is luckily a very
good-natured fellow, or, God he knows what might
have been engendered from such a malaprop. I did
not look at him while this was going on, but I felt
like a coal,—for I like Merivale, as well as the ar-
ticle in question.

"Asked to Lady Keith's to-morrow evening—I
think I will go; but it is the first party invitation I
have accepted this 'season,' as the learned Fletcher
called it, when that youngest brat of Lady *'s cut
my eye and cheek open with a misdirected pebble—
'Never mind, my lord, the scar will be gone before
the season;' as if one's eye was of no importance in
the mean time.

"Lord Erskine called, and gave me his famous
pamphlet, with a marginal note and corrections in his
handwriting. Sent it to be bound superbly, and
shall treasure it.

"Sent my fine print of Napoleon to be framed.
It is framed; and the emperor becomes his robes as
if he had been hatched in them.

* March 7th.

"Rose at seven—ready by half past eight—went
to Mr Hanson's, Berkeley-square—went to church
with his eldest daughter, Mary Anne (a good girl),

and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth. Saw her fairly a countess—congratulated the family and groom (bride)—drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherries) to their felicity, and all that,—and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not.—At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M.—I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

"Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a Poem, which promises highly;—wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d—d to him! Waxed sleepy—just come home—must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

"Quaker ceremony that same of marriage—saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic—one, at home, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpliceman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy—rumbled their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it—bustled back to the altar-rail, and said 'Amen.' Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and if any thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight, and

* March 10th, Thor's day.

"On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk, and good,—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times—Horne Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when I, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"Set down Sheridan at Brookes's—where, by the by, he could not have well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane (the stock-jobbing boxer) must vacate. Brougham is a candidate. I fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has *yet* a character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass over the red-hot ploughshares of public life. I don't know why, but I hate to see the *old* ones lose; particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding all his *méchancetés*.

"Received many, and the kindest, thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *précis* and *mère*, for my match-making. I don't regret it, as she looks the countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high bred, too. I had no idea that I could make so good a poem.

"Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs Jordan superlative in Hayden, and Jones well enough in Pappington. *What plays* what wit!—*holas!* Congreve and Vanbrugh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid now for the like copy. Would not go to Lady Knott's. Hobhouse thought it odd. I wonder *he* should like parties. If one is in love, and wants to break a commandment and covet any thing that is there, they do very well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure, or pursuit—

'death! 'I'll none of it.' He told me—that I am the actual Conrad, the very, and that part of my travels are supposed in privacy. Um!—people sometimes truth; but never the whole truth. What I was about the year after he left nor does any one—nor—nor—nor—*lie*—but, 'I doubt the equivocation *de* lies like truth!'

"I shall have letters of importance. Which, * * *, or * * ? height—heart, * * is in my head, * * in my single one, Heaven knows where. It will be answered. 'Since I have only with myself, I must maintain it; but I am my person,' though I think others have.

"* * * called to-day in great despair at a tress, who has taken a freak of * * *, letter to her, but was obliged to stop short of it for him, and he copied and sent it out and keeps to my instructions of reference, she will lower her colours. If will, at least, get rid of her, and she does worth keeping. But the poor lad is in the case, she will win. When they have their power, *finita è la musica*.

"Sleepy, and must go to bed.

* Tuesday

"Dined yesterday with R., Mackintosh, Sheridan could not come. Sharpe told amusing anecdotes of Henderson, the till late, and came home, having drunk that I did not get to sleep till six this says I am to be in *this* Quarterly—cut as they 'hate us youth.' *N'impute*, was passing by the doors of some Deb (the Westminster Forum) in his way, saw rubricated on the walls, *Scott's* —'Which the best poet? being the evening; and I suppose all the *Temple* *des* took our rhymes in vain, in the controversy. Which had the greater *des* neither know nor care; but I feel the names as a compliment,—though I *des* serves better company.

"W. W. called—Lord Erskine, &c. &c. Wrote to * * the *Conspir* *rep* she don't wonder, since 'Conrad' is a odd that one, who knows me so short, tell me this to my face. However, if *des* nobody can.

"Mackintosh is, it seems, the writer of a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*. I kind, and more than I did for myself.

"Told Murray to secure for me the Novels at the sale to-morrow. To *me* *aufs*. Reside a satire on myself, called and told Murray to publish it if he liked. The author is to prove me a systematic conspirator against law and Some of the verse is good; the prose

asserts that my 'deleterious works' affect upon civil society, which reflects on his own poetry. It is a long preface, with a harmonious fly in the fable, I seem to have got which makes much dust; but, my, I do not take it all for my own

Bella, which I answered. I shall try again, if I don't take care.

a more regular system of reading

* Thursday, March 17th.

Sparring with Jackson for exercise did mean to continue and renew my old muffs. My chest, and arms, in very good plight, and I am not inclined to be a hard hitter, and my arms are height (5 feet 8 inches and a half). Exercise is good, and this the severest of the broad-sword never fatigued me

Quarrels of Authors' (another sort of work, by that most entertaining writer, Israeli. They seem to be and I wish myself well out of it. 'I'll teach Coventry with them, that's flat.' I had I to do with scribbling? It is here, and all regret is useless. But, again,—I should write again, I suppose human nature, at least my share of it; I think better of myself, if I have a wife. If I have a wife, and that wife my body—I will bring up mine heir in a poetical way—make him a lawyer, any thing. But if he writes too, I am none of mine, and cut him off with Must write a letter—three o'clock.

* Sunday, March 20th.

go to Lady Hardwicke's, but won't. The day with a bias towards going to the evening advances, my stimulus will ever go out—and, when I do,

This might have been a pleasant hostess is a very superior woman. To-morrow—Lady Heathcote's, I must spur myself into going, or it will look like rudeness, and it is other people do—confound them! Havel, parts of Chardin, and Sismondi, —by starts. Redde the Edinburgh come out. In the beginning of the month's Patronage, I have gotten a little perceive. Whether this is credit I know not; but it does honour to me he once abused me. Many a praise; none but a high-spirited in its censure, or can praise the man asked. I have often, since my return of Jeffrey most highly commended by him for things independent of his praise him for *this*—not because he has been so praised elsewhere and

abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me as indifferent to both as a man at twenty-six can be to any thing; but because he is, perhaps, the only man who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared hazard it. The height on which he stands has not made him giddy;—a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter. As to the justice of his panegyric, that is matter of taste. There are plenty to question it, and glad, too, of the opportunity.

* Lord Erskine called to-day. He means to carry down his reflections on the war—or rather wars—to the present day. I trust that he will. Must send to Mr Murray to get the binding of my copy of his pamphlet finished, as Lord E. has promised me to correct it, and add some marginal notes to it. Any thing in his handwriting will be a treasure, which will gather compound interest from years. Erskine has high expectations of Mackintosh's promised History. Undoubtedly it must be a classic, when finished.

* Spurred with Jackson again yesterday morning, and shall to-morrow. I feel all the better for it, in spirits, though my arms and shoulders are very stiff from it. Mem. to attend the pugilistic dinner—Marquis Huntley is in the chair.

* Lord Erskine thinks that ministers must be in peril of going out. So much the better for him. To me it is the same who are in or out;—we want something more than a change of ministers, and some day we will have it.

* I remember,* in riding from Chisso to Castri (Delphos) along the sides of Parnassus, I saw six eagles in the air. It is uncommon to see so many together; and it was the number—not the species which is common enough—that excited my attention.

* The last bird I ever fired at was an *eaglet*, on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostitza. It was only wounded, and I tried to save it, the eye was so bright; but it pined, and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird. I wonder what put these two things into my head just now? I have been reading Sismondi, and there is nothing there that could induce the recollection.

* I am nightly taken with Braccio di Montone, Giovanni Galeazzo, and Ezzelino. But the last is not Bracciaferro (of the same name), Count of Ravenna, whose history I want to trace. There is a fine engraving in Lavater, from a picture by Fuseli, of that Ezzelino, over the body of Medusa, punished by him for a *hitch* in her constancy during his absence in the Crusades. He was right—but I want to know the story.

* Tuesday, March 21st.

* Last night, party at Lansdowne-house. To-night, party at Lady Charlotte Greville's—deplor-

* Part of this passage has been already extracted, but I have allowed it to remain here in its original position, on account of the singularly sudden manner in which it is introduced.

and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth. Saw her fairly a countess—congratulated the family and groom (bride)—drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their felicity, and all that,—and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not.—At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M.—I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

"Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a Poem, which promises highly;—wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d—d to him! Waxed sleepy—just come home—must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

"Queer ceremony that same of marriage—saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic—one, at home, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpizeman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy—raveled their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it—bustled back to the altar-rail, and said 'Amen.' Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and if any thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight, and

* * * * *

March 10th, Thor's day.

"On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk, and good,—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times—Hort Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when I, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an Ensign Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"Set down Sheridan at Brookes's—where, by, he could not have well set down himself and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means for Westminster, as Cochrane (the stoic-boaxer) must vacate. Brougham is a candidate for poor dear Sherry. Both have the highest order, but the youngster has yet to pass over the red-hot ploughshares of Spain. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age. I don't know why, but I hate to see the particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding his cold.

"Received many, and the kind Lady Portsmouth, *per se* and *mere*. ing. I don't regret it, as she looks and is a very good girl. It is out of her new honours. She looks high-bred, too. I had no ill good-a peeress.

"Went to the play with superlative in Hayden, and pington. *What plays* what Vanbrugh are your is too insipid now for the Lady Keith's Hobhouse. he should like parties to break a command there, they do very mere herd, with me.

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amuse yourself with my suspense, and put all the justices of peace in requisition, in case I come into your country with 'hackbut bent.'

"Seriously, whether I am to hear from her or him, it is a *pause*, which I shall fill up with as few thoughts of my own as I can borrow from other people. Any thing is better than stagnation; and now, in the interregnum of my autumn and a strange summer adventure, which I don't like to think of (I don't mean * * 's, however, which is laughable only), the antithetical state of my lucubrations makes me alive, and Macbeth can 'sleep no more: '—he was lucky in getting rid of the drowsy sensation of waking again.

"Pray write to me. I must send you a copy of the letter of Dedication. When do you come out? I am sure we don't *clash* this time, for I am all at sea, and in action,—and a wife, and a mistress, &c. &c.

"Thomas, thou art a happy fellow; but if you wish us to be so, you must come up to town, as you did last year; and we shall have a world to say, and to see, and to hear. Let me hear from you.

"P.S.—Of course you will keep my secret, and don't even talk in your sleep of it. Happen what may, your Dedication is ensured, being already written; and I shall copy it out fair to-night, in case business or amusement—*Amant alterna Camæra*."

TO MR MURRAY.

* Jan. 7, 1814.

"You don't like the Dedication—very well; there is another: but you will send the other to Mr Moore, that he may know I *had* written it. I send also mottoes for the Cantos. I think you will allow that an elephant may be more sagacious, but cannot be more docile.

"Yours,

"Bm.

"The name is again altered to *Medora*." *

LETTER CLVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* January 8th, 1814.

"As it would not be fair to press you into a Dedication, without previous notice, I send you *two*, and will tell you *why two*. The first, Mr M., who sometimes takes upon him the critic (and I bear it from *astonishment*), says, may do you *harm*—God forbid!—this alone makes me listen to him. The fact is, he is a damned Tory, and has, I dare swear, something of *self*, which I cannot divine, at the bottom of his objection, as it is the allusion to Ireland to which he objects. But he be d—d—though a good fellow enough (your sinner would not be worth a d—n).

"Take your choice;—no one, save he and Mr Dallas, has seen either, and D. is quite on my side, and for the first. † If I can but testify to you and

* It had been at first *Genevra*,—not *Francesca*, as Mr Dallas asserts.

† The first was, of course, the one that I preferred. The other ran as follows:—

* My dear Moore,

* January 7th, 1814.

* I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because though it contained something relating to you which every one had been glad to hear, yet there was

the world how truly I admire and be quite satisfied. As to *prose*, disson's from Johnson's; but I caecology. Pray perpend, prone offended with either.

"My last epistle would probably get. But the devil, who *ought* occasions, proved so, and took place.

* * *

"Is it not odd?—the very *escaped* from * *, she has now worthy * *. Like Mr Fitzgerald, to the character of 'Vates'—as *Herald* for prophesying the fall who, by the by, I don't think is would rally and rout your leg having a mortal hate to all royal scrawling a treatise. Good night

TO MR MURRAY.

"Correct this proof by Mr Gifford MSS.), particularly as to the *po* ded a section for *Gulnare*, to fill dismiss her more ceremoniously. you dislike, 'tis but a *sponge* and better employed than in yawning who, by the by, may soon return

* Wedn

"P.S.—I have redde * *. If Lord Ellenborough!!! (from *whil* dear relations at the bar), and *

"I do not love Madame de Staël it, she beats all your natives *hollo* in my opinion; and I would not help it.

"P.S.—Pray report my best Mr Gifford in any words that may truly his kindness obliges me. I *lip* thanks or notes."

TO MR MOORE.

"I have but a moment to *writ* should be. I have said *really* *f*u nion, but if you think enough, I you return the proof by the post, Sunday, and have no other *corra* 'servant,' as being less familiar because I don't like presuming upo infringe upon forms. As to the of be sure it is one I cannot hear of) "I write in an agony of haste Perdonate."

too much about politics, and poetry, w ever, ending with that topic on which and none very amusing—*one's self*. re written—but to what purpose? I nothing to your well earned and firm and with my most hearty admiration delight in your conversation, you are In availing myself of your friendly ge this Poem to you, I can only wish worthy your acceptance as your regard

* Yours, most affectionately

LETTER CLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Newstead Abbey, February 4th, 1814.

"I need not say that your obliging letter was very welcome, and not the less so for being unexpected.

"It doubtless gratifies me much that our *finale* has pleased, and that the curtain drops gracefully. * You deserve it should, for your promptitude and good nature in arranging immediately with Mr Dallas; and I can assure you that I esteem your entering so warmly into the subject, and writing to me so soon upon it, as a personal obligation. We shall now part, I hope, satisfied with each other. I was and am quite in earnest in my prefatory promise not to intrude any more; and this not from any affectation, but a thorough conviction that it is the best policy, and is at least respectful to my readers, as it shows that I would not willingly run the risk of forfeiting their favour in future. Besides, I have other views and objects, and think that I shall keep this resolution; for, since I left London, though shut up, snow-bound, thaw-bound, and tempted with all kinds of paper, the dirtiest of ink, and the bluntest of pens, I have not even been haunted by a wish to put them to their combined uses, except in letters of business. My rhyming propensity is quite gone, and I feel much as I did at Patras on recovering from my fever—weak, but in health, and only afraid of a relapse. I do most fervently hope I never shall.

"I see by the Morning Chronicle there hath been discussion in the *Courier*; and I read in the Morning Post a wrathful letter about Mr Moore, in which some Protestant Reader has made a sad confusion about *India* and *Ireland*.

"You are to do as you please about the smaller poems; but I think removing them now from the *Corsair* looks like *fear*; and if so, you must allow me not to be pleased. I should also suppose that, after the *fuss* of these newspaper esquires, they would materially assist circulation of the *Corsair*; an object I should imagine at present of more importance to yourself than Childe Harold's seventh appearance. Do as you like; but don't allow the withdrawing that poem to draw any imputation of *dismay* upon me.

"Pray make my respects to Mr Ward, whose praise I value most highly, as you well know; it is in the approbation of such men that fame becomes worth having. To Mr Gifford I am always grateful, and surely not less so now than ever. And so good night to my authorship.

"I have been sauntering and dozing here very quietly, and not unhappily. You will be happy to hear that I have completely established my title-deeds as marketable, and that the purchaser has succumbed to the terms, and fulfils them, or is to fulfil them forthwith. He is now here, and we go on very amicably together—one in each wing of the Abbey. We set off on Sunday—I for town, he for Cheshire.

"Mrs Leigh is with me—much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to

* It will be recollected that he had announced the *Corsair* as "the last production with which he should trespass on public patience for some years."

which not even the price can reconcile his parcel has not yet arrived—at least the *Ms* but I have received Childe Harold and the I believe both are very correctly printed, with great satisfaction.

"I thank you for wishing me in town; but one's success is most felt at a distance, and my solitary self-importance in an agreeable way of my own, upon the strength of your letter which I once more thank you, and am truly, &c.

"P.S.—Don't you think Buonaparte's education will be rather expensive to the Allies? Paris letter of yesterday looks very reviving. Hydra and Briareus it is! I wish they would there is no end to this campaigning."

LETTER CLX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Newstead Abbey, February 11th.

"I quite forgot, in my answer of yesterday, to mention that I have no means of ascertaining what Newark *Pirate* has been doing what you say so, he is a rascal, and a *shabby* rascal too; an offence punishable by law or pugilism, he is fined or buffeted. Do you try and discover will make some inquiry here. Perhaps some in town may have gone on printing, and on the same deception.

"The *fac simile* is omitted in Childe Harold, is very awkward, as there is a note expressly subject. Pray replace it as usual.

"On second and third thoughts, the withdrawal of the small poems from the *Corsair* (even to Childe Harold) looks like shrinking and shuffling the fuss made upon one of them by the Tories, replace them in the *Corsair's* appendix. I am that Childe Harold requires some and ornaments to make him move off: but, if you repeat I told you his popularity would not be permanent. It is very lucky for the author that he had not his mind to a temporary reputation in time. This is, I do not think that any of the present day (at least of all, one who has not consulted the *other* side of human nature) have much to hope from popularity; and you may think it affectation very plain but to me, my present and past success has been very singular, since it was in the teeth of all prejudices. I almost think people like to be contradicted. If Childe Harold flags, it will have worth while to go on with the engravings: but, if you please; I have done with the whole concern the enclosed lines, written years ago, and copied my skull-cap, are among the last with which I will be troubled. If you like, add them to Childe Harold, if only for the sake of another outcries. I received so long an answer yesterday, that I will intrude on you further than to repeat myself.

Yours, &c.

"P.S.—Of course, in reprinting (if you have occasion), you will take great care to be correct. The present editions seem very much so, except the last note of Childe Harold, where the word *reigns*

* Reprinting the "Hours of Idleness."

near together; correct the second into

TO MR MURRAY.

* Newark, February 6th, 1814.

As far on my way to town. Master have seen, and he owns to having *re-shedts*, to make up a few complete copies! I have now given him fair and if he plays such tricks again, I must in injunction, or call for an account of I never have parted with the copyright), my thing vexatious, to repay him in his If the weather does not relapse, I hope in a day or two.

"Yours, &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

* February 7th, 1814.

All the papers in a sad commotion with *the* and the Morning Post, in particular, and that I am a sort of Richard III.—*good and body*. The last piece of information very new to a man who passed five public school.

Very sorry you cut out those lines for *the*. Pray reinsert them in their old place *here*."

LETTER CLXI.

TO MR HODGSON.

* February 28th, 1814.

As a youngster—and a clever one, named who has just published a poem called *the* by Cawthorne. He is in the most *useful* apprehension of the Reviewers—and I both know by experience the effect upon a young mind, I wish you would section into dissection and do it *gently*. *cause* it is inscribed to me; but I assure you my motive for wishing him to be *reuted*, but because I know the misery of life, of untoward remarks upon first

self. Pray thank your *cousin*—it is *old* be, to my liking and probably *more* any one else's. I hope and trust that *and* well doing. Peace be with you. *my dear friend*."

LETTER CLXII.

TO MR MOORE.

* February 10th, 1814.

In town late yesterday evening, having three weeks, which I passed in Notts., *passantly*. You can have no conception of the eight lines on the little *Royalty's* 12 (now republished) have occasioned, who had always thought them *yours*, *now* why—on discovering them to be affected—in sorrow rather than anger.

* The printer of Newark.

The Morning Post, Sun, Herald, Courier, have all been in hysterics ever since. M. is in a fright, and wanted to shuffle—and the abuse against me in all directions is vehement, unceasing, loud—some of it good, and all of it hearty. I feel a little compunctious as to the R * * *'s *regret*;—'would he had been truly angry! but I fear him not.'

"Some of these same assailments you have probably seen. My person (which is excellent for 'the nonce') has been denounced in verses, the more like the subject, inasmuch as they halt exceedingly.

Then, in another, I am an *atheist*—a *rebel*—and, at last, the *Devil* (*boiteux*, I presume). My demonism seems to be a female's conjecture: if so, perhaps, I could convince her that I am but a mere mortal,—if a queen of the Amazons may be believed, who says *αἰσταν χαλκός οἶφαι*. I quote from memory, so my Greek is probably deficient; but the passage is *meant* to mean "....."

"Seriously, I am in, what the learned call a dilemma, and the vulgar a scrape; and my friends desire me not to be in a *passion*, and like Sir Fretful, I assure them that I am 'quite calm,'—but I am nevertheless in a fury.

"Since I wrote thus far, a friend has come in, and we have been talking and buffooning, till I have quite lost the thread of my thoughts; and, as I won't send them unstrung to you, good morning, and

"Believe me ever, &c."

"P.S.—Murray, during my absence, omitted the Tears in several of the copies. I have made him replace them, and am very wroth with his qualms;—'as the wine is poured out, let it be drunk to the dregs.'"

TO MR MURRAY.

* February 10th, 1814.

"I am much better, and indeed quite well this morning. I have received *two*, but I presume there are more of the *Ans*, subsequently, and also something previous, to which the Morning Chronicle replied. You also mentioned a parody on the *Skull*. I wish to see them all, because there may be things that require notice either by pen or person.

"Yours, &c."

"You need not trouble yourself to answer this; but send me the things when you get them."

TO MR MURRAY.

* February 12th, 1814.

"If you have copies of the 'Intercepted Letters,' Lady Holland would be glad of a volume, and when you have served others, have the goodness to think of your humble servant.

"You have played the devil by that injudicious suppression, which you did totally without my consent. Some of the papers have exactly said what might be expected. Now I *do* not, and *will* not be supposed to shrink, although myself and every thing belonging to me were to perish with my memory.

"Yours, &c."

"Bm."

"P.S.—Pray attend to what I stated yesterday on technical topics."

LETTER CLXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Monday, February 14th, 1814.

"Before I left town yesterday, I wrote you a note, which I presume you received. I have heard so many different accounts of *your* proceedings, or rather of those of others towards *you*, in consequence of the publication of these everlasting lines, that I am anxious to hear from yourself the real state of the case. Whatever responsibility, obloquy, or effect is to arise from the publication, should surely *not* fall upon you in any degree; and I can have no objection to your stating, as distinctly and publicly as you please, *your* unwillingness to publish them, and my own obstinacy upon the subject. Take any course you please to vindicate *yourself*, but leave me to fight my own way, and, as I before said, do not *compromise* me by any thing which may look like *shrinking* on my part; as for your own, make the best of it.

"Yours,

"B.N."

LETTER CLXIV.

TO MR ROGERS.

* February 16th, 1814.

"MY DEAR ROGERS,

"I wrote to Lord Holland briefly, but I hope distinctly, on the subject which has lately occupied much of my conversation with him and you. * As things now stand, upon that topic my determination must be unalterable.

"I declare to you most sincerely that there is no human being on whose regard and esteem I set a higher value than on Lord Holland's; and, as far as concerns himself, I would concede even to humiliation without any view to the future, and solely from my sense of his conduct as to the past. For the rest, I conceive that I have already done all in my power by the suppression. † If that is not enough, they must act as they please; but I will not 'teach my tongue a most inherent baseness,' come what may. You will probably be at the Marquis Lansdowne's to-night. I am asked, but I am not sure that I shall be able to go. Hobhouse will be there. I think, if you knew him well, you would like him.

"Believe me always yours very affectionately,

"B.N."

LETTER CLXV.

TO MR ROGERS.

* February 16th, 1814.

"If Lord Holland is satisfied, as far as regards himself and Lady Hd., and as his letter expresses him to be, it is enough.

"As for any impression the public may receive from the revival of the lines on Lord Carlisle, let them keep it,—the more favourable for him, and the worse for me—better for all.

* Relative to a proposed reconciliation between Lord Carlisle and himself.

† Of the Satire.

"All the sayings and doings in the world shall make me utter another word of conciliation to a thing that breathes. I shall bear what I can, what I cannot, I shall resist. The worst they do would be to exclude me from society. I never courted it, nor, I may add, in the grounds of the word, enjoyed it—and 'there is a world where!'

"Any thing remarkably injurious, I have the means of repaying as other men, with such as circumstances may annex to it.

"Nothing but the necessity of adhering to me prevents me from dining with you to-morrow.

"I am yours most truly,
"B.N."

LETTER CLXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* February 16th, 1814.

"You may be assured that the only pack of cards at the Royal hedgehog are those which possess a torpedo property, and may be worth some of your friends. I am quite silent, and 'hush'd is my pose.' The frequency of the assaults has with their effects,—if ever they had any;—and, I think, had much, I should hardly have held my tongue, withheld my fingers. It is something quite new to attack a man for abandoning his reputation. I have heard that previous praise and subsequent reprobation were rather ungrateful, but I did not think that it was wrong to endeavour to do justice to a man who did not wait till I had made some small former and boyish prejudices, but received me and their friendship, when I might still have been an enemy.

"You perceive justly that I must *intentionally* have made my fortune, like Sir Francis Wray. It were better if there were more merit in my independence, but it really is something nowadays independent at all, and the less temptation otherwise, the more uncommon the case, and the more times of paradoxical servility. I believe that our hates and likings have been hitherto not the same; but from henceforth, they must, of necessity, be one and indivisible,—and now for it! I will use any weapon,—the pen, till one can find a sharper, will do for a beginning.

"You can have no conception of the solemnity with which these two stanzas have been treated. The Morning Post gave notice of a proposed motion in the House of my brothers on the subject, and God he knows what proceedings ensued;—and all this, as Bedreddin in the *Naamah* says, 'for making a cream tart without permission.' This last piece of intelligence is, I presume, laughable to be true; and the destruction of the Custom-house appears to have, in some degree, interfered with mine;—added to which, the battle of Buonaparte has usurped the column hitherto devoted to my bulletin.

"I send you from this day's Morning Post the lines which have hitherto appeared on this 'impudent general,' as the Courier calls it. There was something about my *diet* when a boy—not at all bad—some time ago; but the rest are but indifferent.

think about your *oratorical* hint; *—but set much upon 'that cast,' and am as Solomon of every thing, and of any thing. This is being what the philosophical, and the vulgar, lack-a-lai—however, always glad of a blessing; † yours soon,—at least your letter, and I a benediction included.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CLXVII.

TO MR DALLAS.

"February 17th, 1814.

After this evening accuses me of having pocketed 'large sums for my works. I did not receive, nor wished to receive, a farthing. Mr Murray offered a thousand for the *Bride of Abydos*, which I said was too much if he could afford it at the end of six months then direct how it might be disposed of then, nor at any other period, have I myself of the profits on my own account. In relation of the *Satire*, I refused four thousand; and for the previous editions I had received a *sonnet*, nor for any writing I do not wish you to do any thing disingenuous; there never was nor shall be any stipulations with regard to any account that I could afford you; and, on your part, nothing derogatory in receiving the sum was only assistance afforded to a worthy man quite so worthy.

My going to contradict this; † but your letter is mentioned: for your own part, you must, and are to do as you please. I only wish, as always, you will think that I wish your advantage of the accidental circumstances permitted me of being of

"Ever, &c."

In the first of this letter, Mr Dallas addressed me to one of the newspapers, of which I was a part;—the remainder being rather clumsily managed defence of his opinion on the subject of the *Stanzas*.

EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

In the paragraph in an evening paper, Mr Byron is accused of 'receiving and pocketing large sums for his works. I believe no man has the slightest suspicion of this assertion being public, I think it a justified Byron to contradict it publicly. I write to you for that purpose, and I am glad to give me an opportunity at this moment to make some observations which I have for some time anxious to do publicly, but from

being unable to persuade him to take a part in them, and to exercise his talent for oratory

in my letter, having said "God bless you!" &c., if you have no objection."—*Editor of the Courier, &c.*

which I have been restrained by an apprehension that I should be suspected of being prompted by his lordship.

"I take upon me to affirm that Lord Byron never received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge, the profits of the *Satire* were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, I have already publicly acknowledged in the dedication of the new edition of my novels; and I now add my acknowledgment for that of the *Corsair*, not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate and delightful manner of bestowing it while yet unpublished. With respect to his two other poems, the *Gisour* and the *Bride of Abydos*, Mr Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest that no part of the sale of them has ever touched his hands, or been disposed of for his use. Having said thus much as to facts, I cannot but express my surprise that it should ever be deemed a matter of reproach that he should appropriate the pecuniary returns of his works. Neither rank nor fortune seems to me to place any man above this; for what difference does it make in honour and noble feelings, whether a copyright be bestowed, or its value employed in beneficent purposes? I differ with my Lord Byron on the subject, as well as some others; and he has constantly, both by word and action, shown his aversion to receiving money for his productions."

LETTER CLXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Feb. 26th, 1814.

"Dallas had, perhaps, have better kept silence;—but that was *his* concern, and, as his facts are correct, and his motive not dishonourable to himself, I wished him well through it. As for his interpretations of the lines, he and any one else may interpret them as they please. I have and shall adhere to my taciturnity, unless something very particular occurs to render this impossible. Do not you say a word. If any one is to speak, it is the person principally concerned. The most amusing thing is, that every one (to me) attributes the abuse to the man *they personally most dislike*!—some say C**r, some C**e, others F**d, &c. &c. &c. I do not know, and have no clue but conjecture. If discovered, and he turns out a hireling, he must be left to his wages; if a cavalier, he must 'wink, and hold out his iron.'

"I had some thoughts of putting the question to C**r; but H., who, I am sure, would not dissuade me, if it were right, advised me by all means *not*;—'that I had no right to take it upon suspicion,' &c. &c. Whether H. is correct, I am not aware, but he believes himself so, and says there can be but one opinion on that subject. This I am, at least, sure of, that he would never prevent me from doing what he deemed the duty of a *preux chevalier*. In such cases—at least, in this country—we must act according to usage. In considering this instance, I dismiss my own personal feelings. Any man will and must fight, when necessary,—even without a motive. *Here*, I should take it up really without much resentment; for, unless a woman one likes is in the way, it is some years since I felt a *long* anger. But, undoubtedly,

could I, or may I, trace it to a man of station, I should and shall do what is proper.

"*W*" was angrily, but tried to conceal it. *You* are not called upon to avow the 'Twopenny,' and would only gratify them by so doing. Do you not see the great object of all these fooleries is to set him, and you, and me, and all persons whatsoever, by the ears?—more especially those who are on good terms,—and nearly succeeded. Lord H. wished me to *concede* to Lord Carlisle—concede to the devil!—to a man who used me ill? I told him, in answer, that I would neither concede, nor recede on the subject, but be silent altogether; unless any thing more could be said about Lady H. and himself, who had been since my very good friends;—and there it ended. This was no time for concessions to Lord C.

"I have been interrupted, but shall write again soon. Believe me ever, my dear Moore, &c."

Another of his friends having expressed, soon after, some intention of volunteering publicly in his defence, he lost no time in repressing him by the following sensible letter.

LETTER CLXIX

TO W * * W *, ESQ.

" February 28th, 1814.

" MY DEAR W.,

"I have but a few moments to write you. *Silence* is the only answer to the things you mention; nor should I regard that man as my friend who said a word more on the subject. I care little for attacks, but I will not submit to *defences*; and I do hope and trust that you have never entertained a serious thought of engaging in so foolish a controversy. Dallas's letter was, to his credit, merely as to facts which he had a right to state; I neither have nor shall take the least public notice, nor permit any one else to do so. If I discover the writer, then I may act in a different manner; but it will not be in writing.

"An expression in your letter has induced me to write this to you, to entreat you not to interfere in any way in such a business;—it is now nearly over, and depend upon it *they* are much more chagrined by my silence, than they could be by the best defence in the world. I do not know any thing that would vex me more than any further reply to these things.—Ever yours, in haste,

" B. "

LETTER CLXX.

TO MR. MOORE.

" March 3, 1814.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have a great mind to tell you that I am 'uncomfortable,' if only to make you come to town; where no one ever more delighted in seeing you, nor is there any one to whom I would sooner turn for consolation in my most vapourish moments. The truth is, I have 'no lack of argument' to ponder upon of the most gloomy description, but this arises from *other* causes. Some day or other, when we are *veterans*, I may tell you a tale of present and past times; and it is not from

want of confidence that I do not now always a *but* to the end of the chapter.

"There is nothing, however, upon which I love or hate;—but I certainly have both at no very great distance, and am I rassed between *three* whom I know, a name, at least I do not know. All very well, if I had no heart; but, and found that there is such a thing still alive in no very good repair, and, also, that of attaching itself to one, whether I 'Divide et impera,' I begin to think, 'politics.

"If I discover the 'toad,' as you do 'tread,'—and put spikes in my shoes effectually. The effect of all these I do not inquire much nor perceive. I do them more than either of us. People are and I have had no dearth of invitations which, however, I have accepted. I little last year, and mean to go about with no passion for circles, and have long ever gave way to what is called a town of all the lives I ever saw (and they many as Plutarch's), seems to me to be for the past and future.

"How proceeds the Poem? Do I and I have no fears. I need not say the same is dear to me,—I really might as my own; for I have lately begun to I have been strangely overrated; and, whether or not, I have done with the may say to you, what I would not say, that the last two were written, the *then* the Corsair in ten days,*—which I take humiliating confession, as it proves my judgment in publishing, and the public things, which cannot have stamina for tention. 'So much for Buckingham'

"I have no dread of your being to have still less of your failing. But I very fair allotment of time to a composition not to be Epic; and even Horace's 'Tur' must have been intended for the some longer-lived generation than of how much we should have had of I served his own doctrines to the letter. you! Remember that I am always yours, &c.

"P.S.—I never heard the 'report' nor, I dare say, many others. But, in well as others, have 'damned good-na

* In asserting that he devoted but four position of the Bride, he must be understood to the first sketch of that poem,—the *same* by which it was increased to its present occupied, as we have seen, a much longer *po* air, on the contrary, was, from beginning off at a heat—there being but little alter afterwards,—and the rapidity with which (being at the rate of nearly two hundred *li* be altogether incredible, had we not his *on* publisher's testimony to the fact. Such *i*—taking into account the surpassing *beau* is, perhaps, wholly without a parallel in *li* nus, and shows that 'active *par* *passio* expresses it, may be sometimes a shorter *o* than any that art has ever struck out.

may in the usual way. One thing will

LETTER CLXXI

TO MR. MURRAY.

" March 12th, 1814.

ably, and you will seldom err. At present we are, and, perhaps—but no matter—shall some day meet, and whatever time or season it, I shall mark it with care in my calendar. I am not sure we will be in your neighbourhood again, as time will probably be the case, and carry you off, and endeavour to be by a sincere welcome. I don't see about "harrowing" the seed? I should

of the sort you mention but the others, if you like to have them in the to give them all possible circulation, is downright actionable, and to be sent to the publisher; but I think a natural right to be begged, and the or he may be I might supply a facetious

how the *Vault* has got about.

It is too forward; but, truth to say, and very playful. I have the plan of of him, and to him; and, if they of myself. As to mirth and ridicule of my way; but I have a tolerable and contempt, and, with Juvenal and perhaps read him a lecture he has of it. From particular circumstances, to my knowledge almost by of him what he is—I know him

to dear M. to write you a long letter, and, and time clips my inclination down

again before you shall your Poem, regular reader than me, by the by, but Mr. G. Knight, with a vol of written since his return,—for he has written. He sent me last summer, him to write me in each measure, at that time, of doing the same but, from a habit of writing in a fever, and him in the variety of measures, absolutely. Of the stories, I know long over them; but he has some lady like the *Gleaner*—he told me at the

my to make the public "forget" me in of yourself. You cannot suppose that I or advise you to publish, if I thought I really have no literary envy; and a friend's success ever sat nearer

and powerful lines which he wrote on the tomb that contained the remains of

at words. It appears that the anonymous in him by his publisher was from the pen

another than yours do to my best wishes. It is for *elderly gentlemen* to "bear no brother's ear," and cannot become our disease for more years than we may perhaps number. I wish you to be out before Eastern subjects are again before the public."

LETTER CLXXII

TO MR. MURRAY.

" March 12th, 1814.

"I have not time to read the whole M. S., but what I have seen seems very well written (both prose and verse), and though I am and can be no judge (at least a fair one on this subject), containing nothing which you ought to hesitate publishing upon my account. If the author is not Dr. Busby himself, I think it a pity, on his own account, that he should dedicate it to his subscribers; nor can I permit what Dr. Busby has to do with the matter, except as a translator of Lucretius, for whose doctrines he is surely not responsible. I tell you openly, and really most sincerely, that, if published at all, there is no earthly reason why you should not; on the contrary, I should receive it as the greatest compliment you could pay to your good opinion of my candour, to print and circulate that or any other work, attacking me in a manly manner, and without any malicious intention, from which, as far as I have seen, I must exonerate this writer.

"He is wrong in one thing,—I am no atheist; but if he thinks I have published principles tending to such opinions, he has a perfect right to controvert them. Pray publish it; I shall never forgive myself if I think that I have prevented you.

"Make my compliments to the author, and tell him I wish him success; his verse is very deserving of it; and I shall be the last person to suspect his motives. Yours, &c.

"P.S.—If you do not publish it, some one else will. You cannot suppose me so narrow-minded as to shrink from discussion. I repeat more for all, that I think it a good Poem (as far as I have read); and that is the only point you should consider. How odd that right lines should have given birth. I really think, to eight thousand, including all that has been said, and will be, on the subject."

LETTER CLXXIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" April 30, 1814.

"All these news are very fine; but nevertheless I want my books, if you can find, or cause them to be found for me,—if only to lend them to Napoleon in 'the island of Elba,' during his retirement. I also (if convenient, and you have no party with you) should be glad to speak with you for a few minutes this evening, as I have had a letter from Mr. Moore, and wish to ask you, as the best judge, of the best time for him to publish the work he has completed. I need not say, that I have his success much at

"The manuscript of a long grave satire, entitled 'Anti-Byron,' which had been sent to Mr. Murray, and by him forwarded to Lord Byron, with a request—not meant, I believe, seriously,—that he would give his opinion as to the propriety of publishing it.

heart; not only because he is my friend, but something much better—a man of great talent, of which he is less sensible than I believe any even of his enemies. If you can so far oblige me as to step down, do so; and if you are otherwise occupied, say nothing about it. I shall find you at home in the course of next week.

"P.S.—I see Sotheby's Tragedies advertised. The Death of Daruley is a famous subject—one of the best, I should think, for the drama. Pray let me have a copy, when ready.

"Mrs Leigh was very much pleased with her books, and desired me to thank you; she means, I believe, to write to you her acknowledgments."

LETTER CLXXIV.

TO MR MOORE

"2, Albany, April 9th, 1814.

"Viscount Althorpe is about to be married, and I have gotten his spacious bachelor apartments in Albany, to which you will, I hope, address a speedy answer to this mine epistle.

"I am but just returned to town, from which you may infer that I have been out of it; and I have been boxing, for exercise, with Jackson for this last month daily. I have also been drinking,—and, on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two—then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of madeira, brandy, and green tea, no real water being admitted therein. There was a night for you,—without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney-coach and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance. And so,—I am very well, and they say it will hurt my constitution.

"I have also, more or less, been breaking a few of the favourite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry,—if any one will have me. In the mean time, the other day I nearly killed myself with a collar of brawn, which I swallowed for supper, and indigested for I don't know how long;—but that is by the by. All this gourmandise was in honour of Lent; for I am forbidden meat all the rest of the year,—but it is strictly enjoined me during your solemn fast. I have been, and am, in very tolerable love;—but of that hereafter, as it may be.

"My dear Moore, say what you will in your Preface, and quiz any thing, or any body.—me, if you like it. Ours! dost thou think me of the *old*, or rather *elderly*, school? If one can't jest with one's friends, with whom can we be facetious? You have nothing to fear from * *, whom I have not seen, being out of town when he called. He will be very correct, smooth, and all that, but I doubt whether there will be any 'grace beyond the reach of art';—and, whether there is or not, how long will you be so d—d modest? As for Jeffrey, it is a very handsome thing of him to speak well of an old antagonist,—and what a mean mind dared not do. Any one will revoke praise; but—were it not partly my own case—I should say that very few have strength of mind to unsway their censure, or follow it up with praise of other things.

"What think you of the review of *Le* the Bag and my hand-grenade hollow, and hath thrown the Court into hysterics from very good authority. Have you

"No more rhyme for—or rather, I have taken my leave of that stage, I will mountebank it no longer. I have and there's an end. The utmost I wish, is to have it said in the Biograph that I might perhaps have been a poet on and amended. My great comfort in literary celebrity I have wrung from being in the very teeth of all opinions; I have flattered no ruling powers; I have conceived a single thought that tempted me to say I have truckled to the times, nor too (as Johnson, or somebody, said of C) whatever I have gained has been at the cost of as much *personal* favour as possible. I believe never was a bard more unpopular than myself. And now I have done *à l'italien*. Every body may be d—d, as it were, of it, and resolved to stickle lustily for the stone.

"Oh—by the by, I had nearly forgotten a long Poem, an 'Anti-Byron,' coming, that I have formed a conspiracy to, *rhyme*, all religion and government, and made great progress! It is not very serious and ethereal. I never felt my till I saw and heard of my being such as to induce such a production. Must I publish it, for which he was a fool, and but some one else will, doubtless. I have much of this."

"Your French scheme is good, but let all the Angles will be at Paris. Let Milan, Naples, Florence, Turin, Venice, and 'egad' (as Bayes saith), I will and join you; and we will write a new Paradise. Pray, think of this—and I will a wife and a ring, and say the ceremony near you in a summer-house upon the M or the Adriatic.

"Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon off his pedestal. He has abdicated, and would draw molten brass from the eyes. What! 'kiss the ground before young' and then be baited by the rabble's ears bear such a crouching catastrophe. I Sylla, for my modern favourites don't do nations are of a different kind. All his perity, my dear Moore. Excuse this Ever, &c.

"P.S.—The Quarterly quotes you for article on America; and every body I perpetually after you and yours. When will you be in person?"

He did not long persevere in his new writing, as will be seen from the following publisher.

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 10th, 1814.

Written an Ode on the fall of Napoleon, &c. I will copy out, and make you a copy. Merivale has seen part of it, and likes it. I will show it to Mr Gifford, and print it, or not—it is of no consequence. It contains his favour, and no allusion whatever to the Bourbons. Yours, &c. It is the measure of my stanzas at the threshold, which were much liked, beginning 'art dead,' &c. &c. There are ten stanzas in all."

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 11th, 1814.

You a letter from Mrs Leigh. I best not to put my name to our Ode; say as openly as you like that it is mine, and send it to Mr Hobhouse, from the pen of a friend. I will mark it sufficiently. After the publication, though it is a thing of no less consequence, it will be better if it is anonymous; but we will incorporate some of ours that you find time to publish.

"Yours always,
"B."

Have you got a nose of alterations, sent

my books! my books! will you never

spell' to 'quickening spell': the
says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means
being common-place and *Rosa-*

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 12th, 1814.

A few notes and trifling alterations, and motto from Gibbon, which you will find appropriate. A 'Good-natured' there is a most scurrilous attack on Jacobin Review, which you have not seen. I am in that state of languor and benefit from getting into a passion.

LETTER CLXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Albany, April 20th, 1814.

glad to hear that you are to be translated so very soon, and was taken in of your letter." Indeed, for aught may be treating me, as Slipslop says,

in letter in the following manner:—"Have you seen Napoleon Buonaparte?—I suspect you—d's or Rosa Matilda's. Those rapid fruits of all the tyrants that preceded Napoleon in them which would incline me to ascribe to the person—but then, on the other hand, grasp of history," &c. &c. After a little in parallel, the letter went on thus:—"I am what you think of the matter? Some have well insist that it is the work of the

with 'ironing' even now. I shall say nothing of the *shack*, which had nothing of *humour* in it; as I am apt to take even a critic, and still more a friend, at his word, and never to doubt that I have been writing cursed nonsense, if they say so. There was a mental reservation in my pact with the public," in behalf of *anonymes*; and, even had there not, the provocation was such as to make it physically impossible to pass over this damnable epoch of triumphant tameness. 'Tis a cursed business; and, after all, I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till—Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again. I can't think it all over yet.

"My departure for the continent depends, in some measure, on the incontinent. I have two country invitations at home, and don't know what to say or do. In the mean time, I have bought a macaw and a parrot, and have got up my books; and I box and fence daily, and go out very little.

"At this present writing, Louis the Gouty is wheeling in triumph into Piccadilly, in all the pomp and rabblement of royalty. I had an offer of seats to see them pass; but, as I have seen a Sultan going to mosque, and been at his reception of an ambassador, the most Christian King 'hath no attractions for me.'—though in some coming year of the Hegira, I should not dislike to see the place where he had reigned, shortly after the second revolution, and a happy sovereignty of two months, the last six weeks being civil war.

"Pray write, and deem me ever, &c."

LETTER CLXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 21st, 1814.

"Many thanks with the letters which I return. You know I am a jacobin, and could not wear white, nor see the installation of Louis the Gouty.

"This is sad news, and very hard upon the sufferers at any, but more at such a time—I mean the Bayonne sortie.

"You should urge Moore to come out.

"P.S.—I want *Moreri* to purchase for good and all. I have a *Bayle*, but want *Moreri* too.

"P.S.—Perry hath a piece of compliment to-day; but I think the name might have been as well omitted. No matter; they can but throw the old story of inconsistency in my teeth—let them,—I mean, as to not publishing. However, now I will keep my word. Nothing but the occasion, which was physically irresistible, made me swerve; and I thought an *anonyme* within my pact with the public. It is the only thing I have or shall set about."

author of *Childe Harold*,—but then they are not so well read in *F—g—d* and *Rosa Matilda* as I am; and, besides, they seem to forget that you promised, about a month or two ago, not to write any more for years. Seriously," &c. &c.

I quote this foolish banter merely to show how safely even on his most sensitive points, one might venture to jest with him.

"We find D'Argenson thus encouraging Voltaire to break a similar vow:—"Continue to write without fear for five-and-twenty years longer, but write poetry, notwithstanding your oath in the Preface to *Newton*."

LETTER CLXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

" April 25th, 1814.

" Let Mr Gifford have the letter and return it at his leisure. I would have offered it, had I thought that he liked things of the kind.

" Do you want the last page *immediately*? I have doubts about the lines being worth printing; at any rate, I must see them again and alter some passages, before they go forth in any shape into the ocean of circulation;—a very conceited phrase, by the by: well then—*channel* of publication will do.

" I am not i' the vein,* or I could knock off a stanza or three for the Ode, that might answer the purpose better.* At all events, I *must* see the lines again *first*, as there be two I have altered in my mind's manuscript already. Has any one seen and judged of them? that is the criterion by which I will abide—only give me a *fair* report, and 'nothing extenuate,' as I will in that case do something else.

" Ever, &c.

" I want *Moreri* and an *Athenæus*."

LETTER CLXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

" April 26th, 1814.

" I have been thinking that it might be as well to publish no more of the Ode separately, but incorporate it with any of the other things, and include the smaller Poem too (in that case)—which I must previously

* Mr Murray had requested of him to make some additions to the Ode, so as to save the Stamp Duty imposed upon publications not exceeding a single sheet, and the lines he sent him for this purpose were, I believe, those beginning "We do not curse thee, Waterloo." To the Ode itself, he afterwards added, in successive editions, five or six stanzas, the original number being but eleven. There were also three more stanzas which he never printed, but which, for the just tribute they contain to Washington, are worthy of being preserved.

17.

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was God's—*transient* throne—
When that immeasurable power
Conceded to *rough*
Had been an act of *pure* fame
That gathers round *Mars*'s name,
And gilds the *divine*
Through the *best* twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

18.

* But then *forthwith* must be a King
And don the purple *robe*,
As if that *feudate* robe could bring
Remembrance from thy *troop*,
Where is that faded garment? where
The *geese* that wert fond to *feed*
The *stars*—the *stars*—the *stars*!
Vain from and child of *emire*—say
Are all thy playthings *swath'd* away!

19.

Where may the *waried* eye repose
When gazing on the *great*
When *sculler* galls *glory* glows,
Now *desperate* *eyes*—
Yes—*our*—the *first*—the *last*—the *best*—
The *Chimæras* of the West,
Whom *eyes* *dared* not *hate*,
Romeath'd the name of *Washington*,
To make man *blush* there was but *One*!

correct, nevertheless. I can't, for the best add a line worth scribbling; my 'vein' is dry and my present occupations are of the order—boxing and fencing—and my conversation is with my macaw and Bayle, Moreri, and I want *Athenæus*.

" P.S.—I hope you sent back that poem to the address which I forwarded to you; if not, pray do; or I shall have the author after his Epic."

LETTER CLXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY

" April 27th.

" I have no guess at your author,—but a Poem,* and worth a thousand Odes of any I suppose I may keep this copy;—after tea I really regret having written my own. I write sincerely, albeit unused to think humbly of me.

" I don't like the additional stanza, if they had better be left out. The last is anything I am asked to do, however small, and at the end of a week my interest in it goes off. This will account to you for my better for your 'Stamp Duty' Postscript.

" The S. R. is very civil—but what a *Childe* Harold resembling *Marmion*! The next two, *Ginour* and *Bride*, *not* *respects*. I certainly never intended to copy him; but be any copyism, it must be in the two Poems the same versification is adopted. Hence exempt the *Corsair* from all resentment of thing,—though I rather wonder at his *copy*.

" I never did any thing original, it was *Harold*, which I prefer to the other two after the first week. Yesterday I *re-usable* Bards;—bating the *malice*, it is the *best*.

" Ever &c.

A resolution was, about this time, taken which, however strange and precipitate, was knowledge of the previous state of the *emblem* us to account for satisfactorily. It had for two years, been drawing upon the *public* with a rapidity and success such to defy exhaustion,—having crowded in that brief interval the materials of a *bag*. But admiration is a sort of impost from *minds* are but too willing to relieve themselves; eye grows weary of looking up to the *wonder*, and begins to exchange, at last, for of observing its elevation for the *low* of watching and speculating on its fall. The *tation* of Lord Byron had already begun some of these consequences of its own *power* constantly renewed splendour. Even the *host* of admirers who would have been *find* fault, there were some not *unwilling* from praise; while they, who had been *find*

* A Poem by Mr Stratford Canning, *son* of power, entitled "Ruonaparte." In a *subscribed* Mr Murray, Lord Byron says—"I do not think of 'Ruonaparte' for knowing the author. I was he was a man of talent, but did not suspect *ing* all the family talents in such perfection."

that, took advantage of these apparent safety to indulge in blame.

satire raised, at the beginning of the year, by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, was a vent for much of this reserved and the tone of disparagement in which his assailants now affected to speak of his character, however absurd and contemptible in that sort of attack which was the worst to wound him, at once, proud and sensitive. As long as they confined themselves to his moral and social character, so far from their libels rather fell in with his own view of self-portraiture, and gratified the vanity and ambition that possessed him. But when they ventured to express their disapproval as it was by that inward strength with his own powers, which they felt of excellence is highest are always felt,—mortified and disturbed him; the first sounds of ill augury that had in his triumphal career, startled him, as he felt serious doubts of its continuance. He occupied himself, at the time, with that confidence in his own energies, which he truly felt but while in the actual heat of the moment in the glow and anticipated success. But he had just said to the world to take a long farewell and sealed up that only fountain from which he ever drew refreshment or strength. He was left, idly and helplessly, to brood over the taunts of his enemies, without the power of turning himself when they insulted him. He was too much disposed to agree with those who made light of his genius. "I am not in the habit of noticing these attacks in one of his poems; you call trash is plausibly to the purpose; good sense into the bargain; and, to be for some little time past, I have been of the same opinion."

But of this sort of back-water current, to a flow of fame seemed liable, that led some of his admirers, ignorant as they were yet of his resources, to tremble a little at his appearances before the public. In letters to him, I find this apprehension thus expressed: "You did not write so well,—as the Royal Society would say you write too much; at least, to some strain. The Pythagoreans, you know, that the reason why we do not hear of the heavenly bodies is that they are too near our ears; and I fear that even the power of the sun may be diminished by falling upon our eyes too constantly."

However, which a great writer of our day (the few to whom his remark applies) had as well as sagacity, to pronounce on this subject, when Lord Byron was indulging in the use of his powers, must be regarded, after judgment and care. "But they cater to the vanity of Sir Walter Scott," and give indifference to the poet, supposing him possessed of the use of his art, who do not advise him to labour against his brow, yet retains its freshness, and Byron is more valuable than finished poets. Nor are we at all sure that any labour in revision would not rather efface the qualities of striking and powerful originality, when being rough from the hand of the sculptor; *Memoria* by Sir W. Scott.

In this sensitive state of mind,—which he but ill disguised or relieved by an exterior of gay defiance or philosophic contempt,—we can hardly feel surprised that he should have, all at once, come to the resolution, not only of persevering in his determination to write no more in future, but of purchasing back the whole of his past copyrights, and suppressing every page and line he had ever written. On his first mention of this design, Mr Murray naturally doubted as to his seriousness; but the arrival of the following letter, enclosing a draft for the amount of the copyrights, put his intentions beyond question.

LETTER CLXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"2, Albany. April 29th, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,

"I enclose a draft for the money; when paid, send the copyright. I release you from the thousand pounds agreed on for the Giaour and Bride, and there's an end.

"If any accident occurs to me, you may do then as you please; but, with the exception of two copies of each for *yourself* only, I expect and request that the advertisements be withdrawn, and the remaining copies of *all* destroyed; and any expense so incurred, I will be glad to defray.

"For all this, it might be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation.

"In course, I need hardly assure you that they never shall be published with my consent, directly or indirectly, by any other person whatsoever,—that I am perfectly satisfied, and have every reason so to be, with your conduct in all transactions between us as publisher and author.

"It will give me great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance, and to consider you as my friend. Believe me very truly, and for much attention,

"Your obliged

"and very obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I do not think that I have overdrawn at Hammersley's; but if *that* be the case, I can draw for the superflux on Hoares'. The draft is £5 short, but that I will make up. On payment—not before—return the copyright papers."

In such a conjuncture, an appeal to his good-nature and consideration was, as Mr Murray well judged, his best resource; and the following prompt reply will show how easily, and at once, it succeeded.

LETTER CLXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"May 1, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,

"If your present note is serious, and it really would be inconvenient, there is an end of the matter: tear my draft, and go on as usual: in that case, we will recur to our former basis. That I was perfectly

serious, in wishing to suppress all future publication, is true; but certainly not to interfere with the convenience of others, and more particularly your own. Some day, I will tell you the reason of this apparently strange resolution. At present, it may be enough to say that I recall it at your suggestion; and as it appears to have annoyed you, I lose no time in saying so.

"Yours truly,

"B."

During my stay in town this year, we were almost daily together; and it is in no spirit of flattery to the dead I say, that the more intimately I became acquainted with his disposition and character, the more warmly I felt disposed to take an interest in every thing that concerned him. Not that, in the opportunities thus afforded me of observing more closely his defects, I did not discover much to lament, and not a little to condemn. But there was still, in the neighbourhood of even his worst faults, some atoning good quality, which was always sure, if brought kindly and with management into play, to neutralize their ill effects. The very frankness, indeed, with which he avowed his errors seemed to imply a confidence in his own power of redeeming them,—a consciousness that he could afford to be sincere. There was also, in such entire unreserve, a pledge that nothing worse remained behind; and the same quality that laid open the blemishes of his nature gave security for its honesty. "The cleanness and purity of one's mind," says Pope, "is never better proved than in discovering its own faults, at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water."

The theatre was, at this time, his favourite place of resort. We have seen how enthusiastically he expresses himself on the subject of Mr Kean's acting, and it was frequently my good fortune, during this season, to share in his enjoyment of it,—the orchestra being, more than once, the place where, for a nearer view of the actor's countenance, we took our station. For Kean's benefit on the 25th of May, a large party had been made by Lady J^{rs}, to which we both belonged; but Lord Byron having also taken a box for the occasion, so anxious was he to enjoy the representation uninterrupted, that, by rather an unsocial arrangement, only himself and I occupied his box during the play, while every other in the house was crowded almost to suffocation; nor did we join the remainder of our friends till supper. Between the two parties, however, Mr Kean had no reason to complain of a want of homage to his talents; as Lord J^{rs}, on that occasion, presented him with a hundred pound share in the theatre; while Lord Byron sent him, next day, the sum of fifty guineas; and, not long after, on seeing him

* To such lengths did he, at this time, carry his enthusiasm for Kean, that when Miss O'Neil soon after appeared, and, by her matchless representation of feminine tenderness, attracted all eyes and hearts, he was not only a little jealous of her reputation, as interfering with that of his favourite, but, in order to guard himself against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to go to see her act. I endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing, at least, one of her performances; but his answer was (punning upon Shakespeare's word, "unaffected.") * No—I'm resolved to continue *un-O'neiled*.*

To the great queen of all extremes, however, it will be

act some of his favourite parts, made him give a handsome snuff-box and a costly Turkish

Such effect had the passionate energy exerting on his mind, that, once, in seeing him Giles Overreach, he was so affected as to be with a sort of convulsive fit; and we died some years after, in Italy, when the representation of Alfieri's tragedy of Mirra had agitated him in a violent manner, comparing the two instances only ones in his life when "any thing under had been able to move him so powerfully."

The following are a few of the notes received from him during this visit to town.

TO MR MOORE.

"Last night we supped at R—'s table."

"I wish people would not chirk their thought it not to have been a dinner?—and an anchovy sandwich!

"That plaguy voice of yours made me once and almost fall in love with a girl who was mending herself, during your song, by long. But the song is past, and my passion on the pucelle is more harmonious.

"Do you go to Lady Jersey's to-day? large party, and you won't be bored by the rocks, and all that. Othello is to-receive-tuesday too. Which day shall we go? see you? If you call, let it be after three or four as you please. Ever, &c."

TO MR MOORE

"DEAR TOM.

"Thou hast asked me for a song, and I give you an experiment, which has cost me more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be your taking any in your proposed setting; if it be so, throw it into the fire without mercy."

"Ever, &c."

1.

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not the air. There is grief in the sound there is joy in the air. But the tear which now burns on my cheek is the deep thoughts that dwell in that name."

2.

"Too brief for our passion, too long for our joy. Were those hours—can their joy at the close cease?"

seen, by the following extract from one of his letters rendered due justice.

* (Of actors, Cooke was the most natural & most supernatural,—Kean the medium, between the two.) But Mrs Siddons was worth them all put together. *Thoughts*.

An epigram here followed, which, as a scriptural allusion, I thought it better to omit.

† We had been invited by Lord R. to dine at his house—an arrangement which, from its novelty, and Byron exceedingly. The dinner, however, dwindled into a mere supper, and the subject of jocular resentment took place.

‡ I had begged of him to write something for the music. The above verses have lately found their way into print, but through a channel not very likely to be into circulation. I shall, therefore, leave them undisturbed, in their natural position.

—we adjure—we will break from our chain,—
—we will fly to—adieu it again!

3.

Be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
O, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt,—
—which in thine shall expire undebased,
—shall not break it—whatever thou mayst.

4.

Be the haughty, but humble to thee,
Be the bitterest blackness, shall be:
—as seem as swift, and our moments more
—by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

5.

Thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
—me or fit, shall reward or reprove;
—worthless may wonder at all I resign—
—reply, not to them, but to mine."

TO MR MOORE.

and Rogers come to my box at Co-
—I shall be there, and none else—or I
—ye, if you *twain* would like to go without
—will not get so good a place hustling
—cubitan boxes, with damnable appren-
—high) on a back row. Will you both
—and come—or one—or neither—or, what

—as you will, I will call for you at half-past
—time of your own dial."

TO MR MOORE.

—Send a box for Othello to-night, and send
—to your friends the R—fe's. I seriously
—to you to recommend to them to go for
—if only to see the third act—they will
—give another opportunity. We—at least,
—to there, so there will be no one in their
—you give or send it to them? it will come
—grace from you than me.

—the good plight, but will dine at *''s with
—There is music and Covent-g.—Will
—events, to my box there afterwards, to
—of a young 16 in the 'Child of Na-

TO MR MOORE.

" Sunday morn.

—Iago perfection? particularly the last
—close to him (in the orchestra), and
—English countenance half so expres-
—sion painted with no immaterial sensuality
—as good acting; and, as it is fitting there
—and plays, now and then, besides Shak-
——you or Campbell would write one:—
—'youth' have not heart enough.

—I cut up in the Champion—is it not so?
—to I—even to shocking the editor. The
—well; and as, at present, poesy is not my
—dominant, and my snake of Aaron has
—all the other serpents, I don't feel free
—to you the paper, which I mean to take
——We go to M.'s together. Perhaps
—before, but don't let me bore you, now

—now, truly and affectionately, &c."

—a first appearance, which we witnessed to-

TO MR MOORE.

" May 5th, 1814.

"Do you go to the Lady Calir's this even? If you
—do—and whenever we are bound to the same follies
—let us embark in the same 'Shippe of Fools.' I
—have been up till five, and up at nine; and feel heavy
—with only winking for the last three or four nights.

"I lost my party and place at supper trying to keep
—out of the way of *'''. I would have gone away
—altogether, but that would have appeared a worse
—affection than t'other. You are of course engaged
—to dinner, or we may go quietly together to my box
—at Covent-garden, and afterwards to this assemblage.
—Why did you go away so soon?

" Ever, &c.

"P.S.—Ought not R *''* fe's supper to have been
—a dinner? Jackson is here, and I must fatigue myself
—into spirits."

TO MR MOORE.

" May 18th, 1814.

"Thanks—and punctuality. *What* has passed
—at *''* House? I suppose that *I* am to know, and
—'pursui' of the conference. I regret that your *''*
—will detain you so late, but I suppose you will be at
—Lady Jersey's. I am going earlier with Hobhouse.
—You recollect that to-morrow we sup and see Kean.

"P.S.—Two to-morrow is the hour of pugilism."

The supper, to which he here looks forward, took
—place at Watier's, of which club he had lately become
—a member; and, as it may convey some idea of his
—irregular mode of diet, and thus account, in part,
—for the frequent derangement of his health, I shall
—here attempt, from recollection, a description of his
—supper on this occasion. We were to have been
—joined by Lord R'', who however did not arrive, and
—the party accordingly consisted but of ourselves. Hav-
—ing taken upon me to order the repast, and knowing
—that Lord Byron, for the last two days, had done
—nothing towards sustenance, beyond eating a few bis-
—cuits and (to appease appetite) chewing mastic, I
—desired that we should have a good supply of, at
—least, two kinds of fish. My companion, however,
—confined himself to lobsters, and of these finished two
—or three, to his own share,—interposing, sometimes, a
—small liqueur-glass of strong white brandy, sometimes
—a tumbler of very hot water, and then pure brandy
—again, to the amount of near half a dozen small-glasses
—of the latter, without which, alternately with the hot
—water, he appeared to think the lobster could not be
—digested. After this, we had claret, of which having
—dispatched two bottles between us, at about four
—o'clock in the morning we parted.

As Pope has thought his "delicious lobster-nights"
—worth commemorating, these particulars of one in
—which Lord Byron was concerned may also have some
—interest.

Among other nights of the same description which
—I had the happiness of passing with him, I remember
—once, in returning home from some assembly at rather
—a late hour, we saw lights in the windows of his old
—haunt Stevens's, in Bond-street, and agreed to stop
—there and sup. On entering, we found an old friend
—of his, Sir G'' W'', who joined our party, and the

lobsters and brandy and water being put in requisition, it was (as usual on such occasions) broad daylight before we separated.

LETTER CLXXXII

TO MR MOORE.

" May 23d, 1814.

"I must send you the Java government gazette of July 3d, 1813, just sent to me by Murray. Only think of *our* (for it is you and I) setting paper warriors in array in the Indian seas. Does not this sound like fame—something almost like *posterity*? It is something to have scribblers squabbling about us 6000 miles off, while we are agreeing so well at home. Bring it with you in your pocket;—it will make you laugh, as it hath me.

" Ever yours,
" B. "

" P.S.—Oh the anecdote !

To the circumstance mentioned in this letter he recurs more than once in the Journals which he kept abroad; as thus, in a passage of his "Detached Thoughts,"—where it will be perceived that, by a trifling lapse of memory, he represents himself as having produced this gazette, for the first time, on our way to dinner.

"In the year 1814, as Moore and I were going to dine with Lord Grey in Portman-square, I pulled out a 'Java Gazette' (which Murray had sent to me), in which there was a controversy on our respective merits as poets. It was amusing enough that we should be proceeding peaceably to the same table while they were squabbling about us in the Indian seas (to be sure, the paper was dated six months before), and filling columns with Batavian criticism. But this is fame, I presume."

The following Poem, written about this time and, apparently, for the purpose of being recited at the Caledonian Meeting, I insert principally on account of the warm feeling which it breathes towards Scotland and her sons:—

Who hath not glow'd above the page where Fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
The mountain land which spurn'd the Roman chieftain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane;
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command.

That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath;
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for Fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the Northern veteran's claim,
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who died
While cheerily following where the mighty led—
Who sleep beneath the undistinguished sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or crouch, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woe,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;

While mid, she chants the solitary song.
The soft lament for him who tarries long—
For him, whose distant relics vainly trace
The Coronach's wild requiem to the grave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away
Which burns when Nature's feelings glow;
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one so dear.
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

LETTER CLXXXIII

TO MR MOORE.

" May 24th.

"As I shall probably not see you here, I write to request that, if not convenient to you, you will stay in town till Sunday; if not to me, yet to please a great many others, who will be sorry to lose you. As for myself, I can only say that I wish you would either remain with us, or not come at all; for these necessities make the subsequent separations almost ever.

"I believe you think that I have not been fair with that Alpha and Omega of beauty, to whom you would willingly have united me. I consider what her sister said on the subject, and will less wonder that my pride should have been alarmed; particularly as nothing but the exaltation of every-day people ever occurs to your heroine and myself. Had lady *et cetera* wished it—or even *not* to oppose it—I would have gone on, and very possibly married (that is, I had been equally accordant) with the woman whose presence which has frozen over the *et cetera* all my passions. It is that very indifference makes me so uncertain and apparently capricious, is not eagerness of new pursuits, but that it presses me sufficiently to *fix*; neither am I disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the *et cetera* stop me. This can hardly be *timidity*, for I have some impudent things too, in my time; and in all cases, opposition is a stimulus. In case if a straw were in my way, I could not easily get it up.

"I have sent this long tirade, because I have you suppose that I have been *trifling* with you or others. If you think so, in the St Hubert (the patron of authors and hunters) be married out of hand—I don't care if it amuses any body else, and don't mind me much in the daytime.

" Ever, &c.

LETTER CLXXXIV

TO MR MOORE.

" June 1st.

"I could be very sentimental now, but the truth is, that I have been all my life harden my heart, and have not yet quite done so, though there are great hopes—and you do know how it sunk with your departure. What a regret is having seen so little of your dear, &c.

in desert, where one ought to be able to
in a camel,—the springs are so few, and
so muddy.

papers will tell you all that is to be told
etc. * They have dined, and supped,
at flat faces in all thoroughfares, and
etc. Their uniforms are very becoming,
in the skirts; and their conversation
for which and the answers I refer you
have heard it.

leaving town for Newstead soon. If so,
remote from your recess, and (unless
you at home over the candle-cup and
we will meet. You shall come to me,
if you like it;—but meet we will. An
Aston has reached me, but I do not
* I have also heard of * * *—I should
again, for I have not met her for years;
the light that ne'er can shine again' in
now that, 'one dear smile like those of
make me for a moment forget the
life's stream.'

to R * * 's to-night—to one of those
'ought to be dinners.' I have hardly
ever him, since you set out. I told
the last link of that chain. As for * *,
shaded one another's names since. The
permit me to continue my scrawl. More

"Ever, dear Moore, &c."

up the Journal;† I care not what be-
of it has amused you, I am glad that I
's finished, and I am copying him for
now collecting;—but no separate pub-

after this, he sent me a long rhyming
and pleasantries upon every thing and
all men, of which the following are the only

—our's scilicet further in prose;
"of all measures," dear Tom,—so, here goes!
as the water on the stream of old Time,
constant supporters, the bladders of rhyme,
who scum them down, and we sink in the flood,
at least, in respectable mud,
a stream of bathos he drownd in a heap,
that Parnassus fellow'd his sleep;—
"do so" when half-drunk with his mistletoe,
of his depth, and was lost in a calm sea,
"drown to God!" in a spasm and spasm stanza,
"I am Sternhold was choked; never man saw.

we have told you, no doubt, of the fuses,
and the geyings to get at these fuses;—
"drown to God!" in a spasm and spasm stanza,
"I am Sternhold was choked; never man saw.

to which I creep, was much brighter and bricker,
for a muddy stream to whicker;
"drown to God!" in a spasm and spasm stanza,
"I am Sternhold was choked; never man saw.

from which I have given extracts in the

TO MR MURRAY.

* June 14th, 1814.

"I return your packet of this morning. Have you
heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the
account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a
report; but, if true, I must, like Mr Fitzgerald and
Jeremiah (of lamentable memory) lay claim to proph-
ecy; that is to say, of saying, that he ought to go
out of his senses, in the penultimate stanza of a cer-
tain Ode,—the which, having been pronounced non-
sense by several profound critics, has a still further
pretension, by its unintelligibility, to inspiration.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CLXXXV.

TO MR ROGERS.

* June 19th, 1814.

"I am always obliged to trouble you with my
awkwardnesses, and now I have a fresh one. Mr
W. * called on me several times, and I have missed
the honour of making his acquaintance, which I
regret, but which you, who know my desultory and
uncertain habits, will not wonder at, and will, I am
sure, attribute to any thing but a wish to offend a
person who has shown me much kindness, and pos-
sesses character and talents entitled to general
respect. My mornings are late, and passed in fencing
and boxing, and a variety of most unpoetical exer-
cises, very wholesome, &c., but would be very dis-
agreeable to my friends, whom I am obliged to ex-
clude during their operation. I never go out till the
evening, and I have not been fortunate enough to
meet Mr W. at Lord Lansdowne's or Lord Jersey's,
where I had hoped to pay him my respects.

"I would have written to him, but a few words
from you will go further than all the apologetical
resquipedalities I could muster on the occasion. It
is only to say that, without intending it, I contrive to
behave very ill to every body, and am very sorry
for it.

"Ever, dear R., &c."

The following undated notes to Mr Rogers must
have been written about the same time.

* Sunday.

"Your non-attendance at Corinne's is very *apropos*,
as I was on the eve of sending you an excuse. I do
not feel well enough to go there this evening, and
have been obliged to dispatch an apology. I believe
I need not add one for not accepting Mr Sheridan's in-
vitation on Wednesday, which I fancy both you and I
understood in the same sense:—with him the saying
of Moliere, that '*words are things*,' is not to be
taken literally.

"Ever, &c."

"I will call for you at a quarter before seven, if that
will suit you. I return you Sir Proteus, † and shall
merely add in return, as Johnson said of, and to,
somebody or other, 'Are we alive after all this cen-
sure?'

"Believe me, &c."

* Mr Wrangham.

† A satirical pamphlet, in which all the writers of the day
were attacked.

not be a dunce to agree with them. For my own
have no objection at all; but Mrs Leigh and
not be better judges of the likeness than
hate it; and so I won't have it at

is right as for his conclusion; but
uses. The name only is Spanish; *
not Spain, but the Morea.

is the best and most interesting novel
since—I don't know when. I like it as
hate **, and **, and **, and all the femi-
ish of the last four months. Besides, it is all
to me, I have been in Scotland so much (though
en young enough too), and feel at home with the
people, Lowland and Gael.

"A note will correct what Mr Hobhouse thinks an
error (about the feudal system in Spain);—it is *not*
Spain. If he puts a few words of prove any where,
it will set all right.

"I have been ordered to town to vote. I shall dis-
obey. There is no good in so much prating, since
'certain issues strokes should arbitrate.' If you have
any thing to say, let me hear from you.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CXCI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"August 3d, 1814.

"It is certainly a little extraordinary that you have
not sent the Edinburgh Review, as I requested, and
hoped it would not require a note a day to remind
you. I see *advertisements* of Lara and Jacqueline;
pray, *why?* when I requested you to postpone pub-
lication till my return to town.

"I have a most amusing epistle from the Ettrick
bard—Hogg; in which, speaking of his bookseller,
whom he denominates the 'shabbiest' of the *trade* for
not 'lifting his bills,' he adds, in so many words,
'G—d—n him and them both.' This is a pretty
prelude to asking you to adopt him (the said Hogg);
but this he wishes; and if you please, you and I will
talk it over. He has a poem ready for the press (and
your *bills* too, if '*liftable*'), and bestows some bene-
dictions on Mr Moore for his abduction of Lara from
the forthcoming Miscellany. †

"P.S.—Sincerely, I think Mr Hogg would suit you
very well; and surely he is a man of great powers,
and deserving of encouragement. I must knock out
a Tale for him, and you should at all events consider
before you reject his suit. Scott is gone to the
Orkneys in a gale of wind, and Hogg says that, during
the said gale, 'he is sure that Scott is not quite
at his ease, to say the best of it.' Ah! I wish these
homekeeping bards could taste a Mediterranean white
squall, or the Gut in a gale of wind, or even the Bay
of Biscay with no wind at all."

* Alluding to Lara.

† Mr Hogg had been led to hope that he should be per-
mitted to insert this Poem in a Miscellany which he had at
this time some thoughts of publishing; and whatever advice
I may have given against such a mode of disposing of the
work arose certainly not from any ill will to this ingenious
and remarkable man, but from a consideration of what I
thought most advantageous to the fame of Lord Byron.

b, 1814.
deflection with
ave you longer
e: for my own
st be silent.
for an hour in the
to Mrs Leigh, your
tel, Albemarle-street."

CLXXXIX.

MR MURRAY.

"July 23, 1814.

that the print † is by no means
e who have seen it, who are pretty
the original, as well as the picture
is taken. I rather suspect that it is
and not the *exhibited* portrait, and in
uld recommend a suspension, if not
t, of the *prefixed* to the volumes
one inflicting upon the public.
to Lara, don't be in any hurry. I
de up my mind on the subject, nor
hink or do till I hear from you; and
red to me in a similar state of inde-
do not know that it may not be better
the *entire* publication you proposed,
e in hardly singleness, or even backed
queline. I have been seized with all
&c. &c., since I left London.
hear from you, and believe me, &c."

LETTER CX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"July 24th, 1814.

must, in this case, carry it; so pray
don't care sixpence for any of the
ation, on such a subject; and P"

‡ I wrote to him, before starting, next
morning:—"I got Lara at three o'clock
him before I slept, and was enraptured.
ith me."

to an article in the number of the Edin-
burgh published (No 45), on the Corsair
me.
y Agre from Phillips's portrait of him.

• Tuesday.

"Sheridan was yesterday, at first, too sober to remember your invitation, but in the dregs of the third bottle he fished up his memory. The Stael out-talked Whitbread, was *ironed* by Sheridan, cou-founded Sir Humphry, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the red book, nevertheless) were mere segments of the circle. Ma'm-selle danced a Russ saraband with great vigour, grace, and expression.

"Ever, &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

• June 21st, 1814.

"I suppose 'Lara' is gone to the devil,—which is no great matter, only let me know, that I may be saved the trouble of copying the rest, and put the first part into the fire. I really have no anxiety about it, and shall not be sorry to be saved the copying, which goes on very slowly, and may prove to you that you may *speak out*—or I should be less sluggish.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CLXXXVI.

TO MR ROGERS.

• June 27th, 1814.

"You could not have made me a more acceptable present than Jacqueline,—she is all grace, and softness, and poetry; there is so much of the last, that we do not feel the want of story, which is simple, yet *enough*. I wonder that you do not oftener unbend to more of the same kind. I have some sympathy with the *softer* affections, though very little in *my* way, and no one can depict them so truly and successfully as yourself. I have half a mind to pay you in kind, or rather unkind, for I have just 'supped full of horror' in two Cantos of darkness and dismay.

"Do you go to Lord Essex's to-night? if so, will you let me call for you at your own hour? I dined with Holland-house yesterday at Lord Cowper's; my lady very gracious, which she can be more than any one when she likes. I was not sorry to see them again, for I can't forget that they have been very kind to me.

"Ever yours most truly,

"Bk

"P.S.—Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it? I would before, but for the 'Courier,' and the possible misconstructions at such a time. Perpend, pronounce."

On my return to London, for a short time, at the beginning of July, I found his Poem of "Lara," which he had begun at the latter end of May, in the hands of the printer, and nearly ready for publication. He had, before I left town, repeated to me, as we were on our way to some evening party, the first hundred and twenty lines of the Poem, which he had written the day before,—at the same time giving me a general sketch of the characters and the story.

His short notes to Mr Murray, of this work, are of the same impatient character as those, of which I have specimens, in my account of his notions: but, as matter of more interest upon us, I shall forbear from their length. In one of them he says, "I will be better; this was one whole soled Job, if it had been of his 'third contains only the following you demanded more *battle*—there

The two letters that immediately dressed to me, at this time, in town

LETTER CLXX.

TO MR MOORE.

"I returned to town last night, of seeing you to-day, and would I have been (though in exceeding health) a little head-achy with cold, and am now at the freezing soberness. Of course, I should parallel lines did not deviate into you return to the country,—after I whereof the papers have told us, be much occupied, I won't be all time and business militate against

"Rogers and I have almost an invasion of the public. Whether or not, I do not yet know, and I am (which is very beautiful) will be. But, in this case, the lady will not

"I am going to the sea, and thus I have been doing nothing,—that am very truly, &c."

LETTER CLXXI.

TO MR MOORE.

"I suppose, by your non-appeal philosophy of my note, and the poet-writer, have put or kept you in mind—it is hardly worth while.

"This day have I received a man of law of the non—and new formance of purchase by Mr Chinnery memory. He don't know to pay; and so all my hopes and prospects are gone to the devil. And the devil too, for aught I see, legal advisers, are to meet the purchaser having first taken up whether I would meet him or not. The question is this—I have estate back, which is as good as on with him dawdling, which

• He alludes to an action for piracy (the publisher of my musical works) I had been summoned as a witness.

† Lord Byron afterwards proposed third in this publication, but the issue, and I begged leave to decline it.

[illegible]

think he is sincere in agreeing with them. For my own part, I have no objection at all. Mr. Webb says that my opinion must be better judges of the influence that money has than they have a right to have. He is right.

11. - We should have a "day" as for the "conclusion": but I want the "conclusion" first. The same was a "conclusion" of the "conclusion" in the "conclusion" of the "conclusion".

[illegible]

* I shall still continue under the Commission, because the
other members of the Commission are not in the same position as I am.
I am not in the same position as I am. I am not in the same position as I am.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DO hereby certify that
[Name] [Address]
is the author of the work entitled
[Title]
and that he is entitled to the copyright therein.
GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF OFFICE
this [Day] of [Month], A.D. 19[Year].
[Signature]

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• **1998** **43**

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LETTER CXCL

TO MR. MOORE.

* Hastings, August 3d, 1814.

"By the time this reaches your dwelling, I shall (God wot) be in town again probably. I have been here renewing my acquaintance with my old friend Ocean; and I find his bosom as pleasant a pillow for an hour in the morning as his daughter's of Paphos could be in the twilight. I have been swimming and eating turbot, and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs,—and listening to my friend Hodgson's raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his,—and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills, and making the most of the 'douce far-niente' for the last fortnight. I met a son of Lord Erskine's, who says he has been married a year, and is the 'happiest of men;' and I have met the aforeaid H., who is also the 'happiest of men;' so, it is worth while being here, if only to witness the superlative felicity of these foxes, who have cut off their tails, and would persuade the rest to part with their brushes to keep them in countenance.

"It rejoiceth me that you like 'Lara.' Jeffrey is out with his 45th Number, which I suppose you have got. He is only too kind to me, in my share of it, and I begin to fancy myself a golden pheasant, upon the strength of the plumage wherewith he hath bedecked me. But then, 'surgit amari,' &c.—the gentlemen of the Champion, and Perry, have got hold (I know not how) of the consolatory address to Lady J. on the picture-abduction by our R***, and have published them—with my name, too, smack—without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! D—n their impudence, and d—n every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so, I shall say no more about it.

"You shall have Lara and Jacque (both with some additions) when out; but I am still demurring and delaying, and in a fuss, and so is R. in his way.

"Newstead is to be mine again. Cloughton forfeits twenty-five thousand pounds; but that don't prevent me from being very prettily ruined. I mean to bury myself there—and let my beard grow—and hate you all.

"Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick minstrel and shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray, and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God d—d him and them both.' I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth, powers. I think very highly of him, as a poet; but he, and half of these Scotch and Lake-troubadours, are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man—in the milking phrase. Scott, he says, is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind;—during which wind, he affirms, the said Scott, 'he is sure, is not at his ease,—to say the best of it.' Lord, Lord, if these home-keeping minstrels had crossed your Atlantic or my Mediterranean, and tasted a little open boating in a white squall—or a gale in 'the Gut'—or the 'Bay of Biscay,' with no

gale at all—how it would enliven and introduce to a few of the sensations!—to say nothing of illicit amour or two upon shore, in the way of the Passions, beginning with simple elation and compounding it as they went along.

"I have forwarded your letter to Murray, in any way, you had addressed it to Miller. Pray me, and say what art thou doing? 'Not doing'—Ours! how is this?—these 'flaws and errors' be 'authorised by your grandam,' and not coming of any other author. I was sorry at your discrepancy with the * * *, or rather abjuration of agreement. I don't want to be tinent, or buffoon on a serious subject, and therefore at a loss what to say.

"I hope nothing will induce you to abate the proper price of your poem, as long as the prospect of getting it. For my own part, I have seriously, and not whimsically (for that is not, at least, it used not to be), neither hopes, yet wishes, and scarcely even wishes. I am, in some ways, happy, but not in a manner that can be called—*but enough of that.* The worst of a sick man is enervated and indifferent. I really do not know if Jupiter were to offer me my choice of the contents of his benevolent cask, what I would get. If I was born, as the nurses say, with a cork in my mouth, it has stuck in my throat, and my palate, so that nothing put into it is swallowed much relish,—unless it be cayenne. I have grievances enough to occupy me now,—but for fear of adding to yours by this post, I postpone the reading them. Ever, dear M., yours, &c.

"P.S.—Don't forget my godson. You have fixed on a fitter porter for his use than being used to carry double without inconvenience."

LETTER CXCLII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* August 3d.

"Not having received the slightest answer to my last three letters, nor the book (the last of the Edinburgh Review) which they must presume that you were the unfortunate person who perished in the pagoda on Monday last, and this rather to your executors than yourself, thinking that you should have had the ill-luck of being sole victim on that joyous occasion.

"I beg leave then to inform these persons (whoever they may be) that I am a little sorry for the previous neglect of the deceased, and in observing an advertisement of an approaching edition on Saturday next, against the which I tested, and do protest, for the present.

"Yours (or theirs), &c."

LETTER CXCLIV.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* August 3d.

"The Edinburgh Review is arrived—this I enclose Mr Hobhouse's letter, from which you

work you have made. However, I have not read any rhymes to the devil your poems also that the 'faithful and spi-ritual' is another of your publications. I wish it was—but it is no likeness—that is the point. I have delayed your journey to Scotland, and you carried your complaisance so far; upon trifles you have a more summary mess the grammar of Hobhouse's 'bit deb' has put him and me into a fever. I translate his own words: 'lifting' is in his letter, together with 'God d—n,' I suppose requires no translation. I am aware of the contents of Mr Moore's offer very handsome, but of that I must judge. If he can get more, you must accept it.

Lara, since it must be. The tome looks well on the outside. I shall be in town in the mean time wish you a pleasant

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CXC.

TO MR MOORE.

* August 12th, 1814.

plane, nor will be while I can help it. I am yet undecided. Claughton is to make my Saturday week to complete,—if not, my twenty-five thousand pounds, and my expenses, &c. &c. If I resume the I shall have due notice, and a cell set for reception, with a pious welcome. I am not seen, but Larry and Jacky came ago. Of their effect, I know nothing.

Nothing very amusing in your being an answer. You know, I suppose, that the placidest, and may possibly enact a being told that he is only a fool. If I am to be slain on account of an article I would be a fine conclusion. For my friend Jenkins says, 'he has done the best by me,' particularly in his last number; set of men and the ablest of critics, and him killed,—though I dare say many are being so good-humoured.

In Hastings. I got in a passion with an I stared out of the window one night once;—and what then? why, next I was horrified by seeing that it had struck the petticoat of Euterpe's graven image, and grined her as if it were on my thigh of my distress,—and the might be engendered on the Muse and me.

adventure, almost as ridiculous, at the university near Cambridge—though I am not sure—since I saw you last. I

and brought him up a large jar of ink, into which it to be full, he had thrust his pen through. Enraged, on finding it come out I took to force the bottle out of the window where it lighted, as here described, upon a stone which had been imported, some from Holland,—the match having been, by some

quarrelled with a man in the dark for asking me who I was (insolently enough, to be sure), and followed him into the green-room (a stable) in a rage, amongst a set of people I never saw before. He turned out to be a low comedian, engaged to act with the amateurs, and to be a civil-spoken man enough, when he found out that nothing very pleasant was to be got by rudeness. But you would have been amused with the row, and the dialogue, and the dress—or rather the undress—of the party, where I had introduced myself in a devil of a hurry, and the astonishment that ensued. I had gone out of the theatre, for coolness, into the garden;—there I had tumbled over some dogs, and, coming away from them in very ill-humour, encountered the man in a worse, which produced all this confusion.

"Well—and why don't you 'launch'?"—Now is your time. The people are tolerably tired with me, and not very much enamoured of * * *, who has just spawned a quarto of metaphysical blank verse, which is nevertheless only a part of a poem.

"Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky—a bad sign for the authors, who, I suppose, will be divorced too, and throw the blame upon one another. Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it, and I don't see why Sam should.

"Let me hear from and of you and my godson. If a daughter, the name will do quite as well. * * *

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CXCVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* August 13th, 1814.

"I wrote yesterday to Mayfield, and have just now enfranked your letter to mamma. My stay in town is so uncertain (not later than next week), that your packets for the north may not reach me; and as I know not exactly where I am going—however, *Newstead* is my most probable destination, and if you send your dispatches before Tuesday, I can forward them to our new ally. But, after that day, you had better not trust to their arrival in time.

"* * * has been exiled from Paris, on dit, for saying the Bourbons were old women. The Bourbons might have been content, I think, with returning the compliment. * * *

"I told you all about Jacky and Larry yesterday;—they are to be separated,—at least, so says the grand M., and I know no more of the matter. Jeffrey has done me more than 'justice'; but as to tragedy—um!—I have no time for fiction at present. A man cannot paint a storm with the vessel under bare poles, on a lee-shore. When I get to land, I will try what is to be done, and, if I founder, there be plenty of mine elders and betters to console Mel-pomene.

"When at Newstead, you must come over, if only for a day—should Mrs M be *enipiente* of your presence. The place is worth seeing, as a ruin, and I can assure you there was some fun there, even in my time; but that is past. The ghosts,* however,

* It was, if I mistake not, during his recent visit to Newstead, that he himself actually *feared* he saw the ghost of the Black Friar, which was supposed to have haunted the Abbey from the time of the dissolution of the monastery.

and the gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still.

"Ever, dear Tom, yours, &c."

LETTER CXC VII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

*Newstead Abbey, Sept. 30, 1814.

"I am obliged by what you have sent, but would rather not see any thing of the kind; * we have had enough of these things already, good and bad, and next month you need not trouble yourself to collect even the *higher* generation—on my account. It gives me much pleasure to hear of Mr Hobhouse's and Mr Merivale's good entreatment by the journals you mention.

"I still think Mr Hogg and yourself might make out an alliance. *Dodsley's* was, I believe, the last decent thing of the kind, and *his* had great success in its day, and lasted several years; but then he had the double advantage of editing and publishing. The *Spleen*, and several of *Gray's* odes, much of *Shenstone*, and many others of good repute, made their first appearance in his collection. Now, with the support of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, &c., I see little reason why you should not do as well; and if once fairly established, you would have assistance from the youngsters, I dare say. Stratford Canning (whose '*Buonaparte*' is excellent), and many others, and Moore, and Hobhouse, and I, would try a fall now and then (if permitted), and you might coax Campbell, too, into it. By the by, *he* has an unpublished (though printed) poem on a scene in Germany (*Harvaria*, I think), which I saw last year, that is perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself. I wonder he don't publish it.

"Oh!—do you recollect S*, the engraver's, mad letter about not engraving Phillip's picture of Lord Foley? (as he blundered it); well, I have traced it, I think. It seems, by the papers, a preacher of Johanna Southcote's is named *Foley*; and I can no way account for the said S*'s confusion of words and idens, but by that of his head's running on Johanna and her apostles. It was a mercy he did not say Lord *Tozer*. You know, of course, that S* is a believer in this new (old) virgin of spiritual impregnation.

"I long to know what she will produce: † her being with child at sixty-five is indeed a miracle, but her getting any one to beget it, a greater.

and which he thus describes, from the recollection perhaps of his own fantasy, in *Don Juan*—

It was no mouse, but, lo! a mink, array'd
In cool and beads and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now aspect in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard:
His garments only a slight murmur made;
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly: and as he pass'd I saw by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye."

It is said, that the Newstead ghost appeared, also, to Lord Byron's cousin, Miss Fanny Parkins, and that she made a sketch of him from memory.

* The reviews and success of the month.

* The following characteristic note, in reference to this passage, appears, in Mr Gifford's handwriting, on the copy of the above letter.—"It is a pity that Lord B. was ignorant of *Junon*. The old poet has a Satire on the Court Priestess that would have supplied him with some pleasantry on *Jouanna's* pregnancy."

"If you were not going to Paris or Baden send you some game: if you remain, let me know."

"P.S.—A word or two of '*Lara*, which closure brings before me. It is of no great value separately; but, as connected with the *steps*, will do very well for the volumes you mean to publish. I would recommend this arrangement—*Old Lara*, the smaller Poems, *Ginour*, *Bois*, *Lara*; the last completes the series, and the likeness renders it necessary to the others. *Qu* writes that they are publishing *English Bards*: pray inquire into this; because it is stopped."

LETTER CXC VIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

*Newstead Abbey, September 1.

"I should think Mr Hogg, for his own sake, as yours, would be 'critical' as *lago* (and) editorial capacity; and that such a publication answer his purpose, and yours too, was the management. You should, however, have a number to start with—I mean, good in quality these days, there can be little fear of numbers to the mark in quantity. There must be some things in Wordsworth; but I should think it to make six quartos (the amount of the *steps*), particularly the pedlar's portion of the *steps*, there can be no doubt of his powers to do something.

"I am 'very idle.' I have read the *steps* had with me, and been forced to fish for argument. I have caught a great many, some carp, which is a comfort, as one can't do one's labour willingly.

"Pray, who corrects the press of your *steps*? I hope '*The Corsair*' is printed from the corrected with the additional lines in the *steps*, some notes from Sismondi and *Lara*, which you to add thereto. The arrangement is good."

"My cursed people have not sent me word Sunday, and I have lost Johanna's dinner piper. Who hath gotten her with *proprietor* Sharpe? and how?

I should like to buy one of her seals: if she had at half-a-guinea a head, the *steps* Crown and Anchor should be ashamed to be charging double for tickets to a mere *steps* ticket. I am afraid, seriously, that these *steps* lend a sad handle to your profane scoffers and a loose to much damnable laughter.

"I have not seen Hunt's *Sonnets* yet. *Liberty*: he has chosen a pretty place to compose the list. Let me hear from you when you embark. Ever, &c."

LETTER CXC IX.

TO MR. MOORE.

*Newstead Abbey, September 6.

"This is the fourth letter I have begun within the month. Whether I shall finish it or not, I like the rest, I know not. When I will explain *why* I have not written—*why* I not asked you here, as I wished—with a good

Professorship. On this occasion, a circumstance occurred which could not but be gratifying to him. As he was delivering in his vote to the Vice-Chancellor, in the Senate House, the under-graduates in the gallery ventured to testify their admiration of him by a general murmur of applause and stamping of the feet. For this breach of order, the gallery was immediately cleared by order of the Vice-Chancellor.

At the beginning of the month of December, being called up to town by business, I had opportunities, from being a good deal in my noble friend's society, of observing the state of his mind and feelings, under the prospect of the important change he was now about to undergo; and it was with pain I found that those sanguine hopes* with which I had sometimes looked forward to the happy influence of marriage, in winning him over to the brighter and better side of life, were, by a view of all the circumstances of his present destiny, considerably diminished; while, at the same time, not a few doubts and misgivings, which had never before so strongly occurred to me, with regard to his own fitness, under any circumstances, for the matrimonial tie, filled me altogether with a degree of foreboding anxiety as to his fate, which the unfortunate events that followed but too fully justified.

The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life. "One misfortune (says Pope) of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them." To this remark there have, no doubt, been exceptions,—and I should pronounce Lord Byron, from my own experience, to be one of them,—but it would not be difficult, perhaps, to show, from the very nature and pursuits of genius, that such must generally be the lot of all pre-eminently gifted with it; and that the same qualities which enable them to command admiration are also those that too often incapacitate them from conciliating love.

The very habits, indeed, of abstraction and self-study to which the occupations of men of genius lead, are, in themselves, necessarily, of an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable. One of the chief sources, too, of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakest in those, whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of the external world. It was this solitary luxury (which Plato called "banqueting his own thoughts") that led Pope, as well as Lord Byron, to prefer the silence and seclusion of his library to the most agreeable conversation.—And not only, too,

* I had frequently, both in earnest and in jest, expressed these hopes to him; and, in one of my letters, after touching upon some matters relative to my own little domestic circle, I added "This will all be unintelligible to you,—though I sometimes cannot help thinking it within the range of possibility, that even you, volcano as you are, may, one day, cool down into something of the same habitable state. Indeed, when one thinks of lava having been converted into habitable fur Isaac Hawkins Browne, there is no saying what such fiery things may be brought to at last."

is the necessity of commerce with other minds by such persons, but, from that fastidiousness, the opulence of their own resources generates a society of those less gifted with intellectual means themselves, becomes often a restraint and hindrance, which not all the charms of friendship, or even love, can reconcile them. "Nothing is so tiresome," says the poet of Vacluse, in assigning a reason for his not living with some of his dearest friends; as with persons who have not the same information as himself."

But it is the cultivation and exercise of the native faculty that, more than any thing, tends to detach the man of genius from actual life, and by exalting the sensibilities of the imagination beyond the heart, to render, at last, the medium by which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and evil that surround him in his musings soon acquire a reality to consider all that is beneath this high and airy as unworthy of his care; till, at length, the heart, coming chilled as the fancy warms, it is not till it happens that, in proportion as he has retired from the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them.* This frequently it arises that, in persons of this order of mind, we see some bright but artificial intellects usurp the place of all real and natural affections. The poet Dante, a wanderer from his wife and children, passed the whole of a long and detached life in nursing his immortal dead in Purgatory; while Petrarch, who would not suffer his daughter to reside beneath his roof, expressed his two years of poetry and passion on a distant love.

It is, indeed, in the very nature and pursuit of genius to be for ever occupied intensely with its own great centre and source of its strength, as the sister Rachel, in Dante, sitting all day before her mirror,

mai non al miror
Del suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto giorno

To this power of self-concentration, by which all the other powers of genius are much less occupied, there is, of course, no such disturbing enemy as those sympathies and affections that draw the mind out actively towards others. Accordingly, it will be found that, among those who are most self-contained, a greater number have, by a sort of instinct, broken from such ties, and, instead of the softer domestic

* Of the lamentable contrast between actual and ideal conduct, which this transfer of the seat of affection from the heart to the fancy produces, the annals of literature afford unlucky too many examples. After the poet could write a sonnet full of tenderness to his mistress, he could write another full of tenderness to his mother; and saw her (says Mr W. Ross) but once after that; and so, in fact, though he frequently passed within a few miles of her residence. The poet Young, with all his domestic sorrows, was, it appears, a cruel and harsh father; and Sterne, so well known for his tenderness to his mother, was employed by Lord B. to write a letter to his mother, as to relieving a living mother."

† It is the opinion of Diderot, by his *Traité de la faiblesse*, that not only in the art of which he treats, but in the art which are called imitative, the possession of mediocrity is a bar to eminence,—sensibilité, being, in every view, "le caractère de la bonté de l'ame et de la médiocrité du génie."

of being amiable, reserved themselves for the hazardous chances of being great. In the lives of the most illustrious men of intellect in which the characteristics of genius are, perhaps, most strongly marked, we shall find that, with scarcely one exception, if we descend to Lord Byron, they have been in several degrees, restless and solitary; their minds wrapped up, like silk-worms, in silks, either strangers, or rebels, to do with, and bearing about with them a deposit of their souls, to the jealous watching of which almost all other thoughts and feelings have been sacrificed.

View poetry as one ought (says the author already quoted), one must forget father and cleave to it alone." In these words is pointed out the sole path that leads to greatness. On such terms alone are the chances of fame to be won;—nothing less than the entire man can achieve them. Wonderful, therefore, may be the spectacle of a genius tamed and domesticated in society, and bound upon him the yoke of the social obligations without disturbing the sphere of his powers. We must nevertheless, in the admiration, bear in mind that it is not only or amiably immortality has been ever thus won. The poet thus circumstanced, popular, may be loved; for the happiness of those linked with him he is in the right way to greatness. The marks by which genius is always separated her great martyrs from the common kind are not upon him, and the crown of glory. He may dazzle, may captivate the world, even the times in which he lives, but he is not great.

The description here given of that high intellectual nature to which he belonged, the nature of Lord Byron was, in many respects, a natural one. Born with strong affections and a strong mind, the world had, from first to last, laid on his sympathies to let imagination usurp the place of reality, either in his life or the objects of them. His life, indeed, was a constant struggle between that instinct of self which was for ever drawing him back into the territory of Self, and those impulses of passion, and vanity, which again hurried him forward, and entangled him in its intricate web. It may be granted that he would have been purely and abstractedly the poet, if he had been less thoroughly, in all his pursuits and the man, yet from this very mixture of the two it arises that his pages bear so deeply on the human life, and that in the works of no poet, except of Shakspeare, can every various mood—whether solemn or gay, whether ludicrous or the sublime, whether it is itself with the follies of society or the grandeur of solitary nature—find so true a train of sentiment in accordance with the human tone.

He has a naturally warm cast of his affections

and temperament gave thus a substance and truth to his social feelings, which those of too many of his fellow votaries of Genius have wanted, it was not to be expected that an imagination of such range and power should have been so early developed, and unrestrainedly indulged, without producing, at last, some of those effects upon the heart which have invariably been found attendant on such a predominance of this faculty. It must have been observed, indeed, that the period when his natural affections flourished most healthily was before he had yet arrived at the full consciousness of his genius,—before Imagination had yet accustomed him to those glowing pictures, after gazing upon which all else appeared cold and colourless. From the moment of this initiation into the wonders of his own mind, a distaste for the realities of life began to grow upon him. Not even that intense craving after affection, which nature had implanted in him, could keep his ardour still alive in a pursuit whose results fell so short of his "imaginings;" and though, from time to time, the combined warmth of his fancy and temperament was able to call up a feeling which to his eyes wore the semblance of love, it may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in such passions, or whether, after his first launch into the boundless sea of imagination, he could ever have been brought back and fixed by any lasting attachment. Actual objects there were, in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts and were the themes of his song. But they were, after all, little more than mere dreams of the hour;—the qualities with which he invested them were almost all ideal, nor could have stood the test of a month's, or even week's, cohabitation. It was but the reflection of his own bright conceptions that he saw in each new object; and while persuading himself that they furnished the models of his heroines, he was, on the contrary, but fancying that he belied his heroines in them.

There needs no stronger proof of the predominance of imagination in these attachments than his own serious avowal, in the *Journal* already given, that often, when in the company of the woman he most loved, he found himself secretly wishing for the solitude of his own study. It was *there*, indeed,—in the silence and abstraction of that study,—that the chief scene of his mistress's empire and glory lay. It was there that, unchecked by reality, and without any fear of the disenchantments of truth, he could view her through the medium of his own fervid fancy, enamour himself of an idol of his own creating, and out of a brief delirium of a few days or weeks send forth a dream of beauty and passion through all ages.

While such appears to have been the imaginative character of his loves (of all, except the one that lived unquenched through all), his friendships, though, of course, far less subject to the influence of fancy, could not fail to exhibit also some features characteristic of the peculiar mind in which they sprang. It was a usual saying of his own, and will be found repeated in some of his letters, that he had "no genius for friendship," and that whatever capacity he might once have possessed for that sentiment had vanished with his youth. If in saying thus he shaped his notions of friendship according to the romantic

standard of his boyhood, the fact must be admitted; but as far as the assertion was meant to imply that he had become incapable of a warm, manly, and lasting friendship, such a charge against himself was unjust, and I am not the only living testimony of its injustice.

To a certain degree, however, even in his friendships, the effects of a too vivid imagination, in disqualifying the mind for the cold contact of reality, were visible. We are told that Petrarch (who, in this respect, as in most others, may be regarded as a genuine representative of the poetic character) abstained purposely from a too frequent intercourse with his nearest friends, lest, from the sensitiveness he was so aware of in himself, there should occur any thing that might chill his regard for them; * and though Lord Byron was of a nature too full of social and kindly impulses ever to think of such a precaution, it is a fact confirmatory, at least, of the principle on which his brother poet, Petrarch, acted, that the friends, whether of his youth or manhood, of whom he had seen least, through life, were those of whom he always thought and spoke with the most warmth and fondness. Being brought less often to the touchstone of familiar intercourse, they stood naturally a better chance of being adopted as the favourites of his imagination, and of sharing, in consequence, a portion of that bright colouring reserved for all that gave it interest and pleasure. Next to the dead, therefore, whose hold upon his fancy had been placed beyond all risk of severance, those friends whom he but saw occasionally, and by such favourable glimpses as only renewed the first kindly impression they had made, were the surest to live unchangingly, and without shadow, in his memory.

To the same cause, there is little doubt, his love for his sister owed much of its devotedness and fervour. In a mind sensitive and versatile as his, long habits of family intercourse might have estranged, or at least dulled, his natural affection for her;—but their separation, during youth, left this feeling fresh and untried.† His very inexperience in such ties made the smile of a sister no less a novelty than a charm to him, and before the first glow of this newly awakened sentiment had time to wear off, they were again separated, and for ever.

If the portrait which I have here attempted of the general character of those gifted with high genius be allowed to bear, in any of its features, a resemblance to the originals, it can no longer, I think, be matter of question whether a class so set apart from the track of ordinary life, so removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere, are at all likely to furnish tractable subjects for that most trying of all social experiments, matrimony. In reviewing the great names of philosophy and science, we shall find that all who have most distinguished themselves in those walks have, at least, virtually

admitted their own unfitness for the marriage remaining in celibacy;—Bacon,* Newton, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Hume, and a long list of other illustrious sages all led single lives.

The poetic race, it is true, from the great susceptibility of their imaginations, have more frequently fallen into the ever ready snare. But the fate of poets in matrimony has but justified the opinion of the philosophers. While the latter have given to genius by keeping free of the yoke, they have still more effectually done so by their union under it;—the annals of this sensitive race have all times, abounded with proofs, that genius, but low among the elements of social happiness, that, in general, the brighter the gift, the more disturbing its influence, and that in the most particularly, its effects have been too often those of the "Wormwood Star," whose light waters on which it fell with bitterness.

Besides the causes already enumerated as naturally to such a result, from the peculiarity which, in most instances, these great labourers in the field of thought are characterized, there is also no doubt, to be attributed to an unlikeliest choice of helpmates,—dictated, as that choice frequently must be, by an imagination accustomed to deceive itself. But from whatever causes have arisen, the coincidence is no less striking, saddening that, on the list of married poets, there have been unhappy in their homes, there should also be found four such illustrious names as Dante, Shakspeare, † and Dryden; and that we should have to add, as a partner in their destiny, one worthy of being placed beside the greatest of Lord Byron.

I have already mentioned my having been up to town in the December of this year.

* This great philosopher threw not only his rule, but his precepts into the scale of celibacy. "Wife and children," he tells us in one of his Essays, are "impediments to enterprises;" and adds, "Certainly, the best way of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from unmarried or childless men." See, with reference to this subject, chapter xviii of Mr D'Israeli's work on "Literary Character."

† Milton's first wife, it is well known, ran away from him, within a month after their marriage, disguised as Philis, "with his spare diet and hard study," a difficult to conceive a more melancholy picture of life than is disclosed in his *Unconquered Will*, in which he witnesses to having heard the wife himself complain, that his children "were restless being blind, and made nothing of deserting him."

‡ By whatever austerity of temper or habits Dante and Milton may have drawn upon themselves a fate, it might be expected that, at least, the Shakspeare would have stood exempt from the calamity of his brethren. But, among the very few of his life that have been transmitted to us, there is more clearly proved than the unhappiness of his marriage. The dates of the birth of his children, in which that of his removal from Stratford,—the insertion of his wife's name in the first draft of his will, the bitter sarcasm of the bequest by which he left her afterwards,—all prove beyond a doubt both the separation from the lady early in life, and his unfriendliness towards her at the close of it.

In endeavouring to argue against the conclusion to be deduced from this will, Boswell, with a strange ignorance of human nature, remarks,—"If he had been at any part of his wife's conduct, I cannot believe he would have taken this petty mode of expressing his

* See Foscolo's Essay on Petrarch. On the same principle, Orrery says, in speaking of Swift, "I am persuaded that his distance from his English friends proved a strong incitement to their mutual affection."

† That he was himself fully aware of this appears from a passage in one of his letters already given—"My sister is in town, which is a great comfort, for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other."

had of seeing Lord Byron during my stay at; and, among them, not the least agreeable were those evenings we passed at the house of his banker, Mr Douglas Kin-
music,—followed by its accustomed aper, brandy and water, and not a little kept us together, usually, till rather a late hour those songs of mine which he has him-
recorded as his favourites, there was a Portuguese air, "The song of war shall be our mountains," which seemed espe-
him;—the national character of the recurrence of the words "sunny" bringing back freshly to his memory the all he had seen in Portugal. I have, few persons more alive to the charms of music; and not unfrequently have seen the girls while listening to the Irish Melodies. that thus affected him was one, begin-
first I met thee warm and young," the which, besides the obvious feeling which were intended also to admit of a politi-
He, however, discarded the latter from his mind, and gave himself up to the natural sentiment of the song with evident

two of these evenings, his favourite Anna, was of the party; and on another we had at dinner his early instructor in Mr Jackson, in conversing with whom, all tastes seemed to revive;—and it was not long to observe how perfectly familiar was of "the Ring," and with all the most classicology of "the Fanny," was the of Child Harold.

may note is the only one, of those I saw him at this time, worth transcribing.

* December 14, 1814.

DEAREST TOM,

of the pattern to-morrow, and since you are my friend (& of the keeping part of the evening, I shall e'en sulk at home over a pen. My self-opinion rises much by your social qualities. As my friend Scrope says, I believe I am very well for a 'holi-
Where the devil are you? with Wool-
specture—for which you deserve another saying that the American war will last long, and that all the prizes may be re-
smooths, believe me, &c.

I have just been composing an epistle to the or an especial licence. Oons! it looks away is impatient to see you, and wou-
I'll give him audience. Your new coat! as like the colour, and don't go about, purple."

book which I have in my possession, contain-
chronological History of the Ring, I find the
Byron, more than once, recorded among
whicke, an old and valued friend of mine,
on the occasion here alluded to, I was in-
it.

LETTER CCVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Dec 31st, 1814.

"A thousand thanks for Gibbon: all the additions are very great improvements.

"At last, I must be most peremptory with you about the print from Phillipe's picture: it is pronounced on all hands the most stupid and disagreeable possible; so do, pray, have a new engraving, and let me see it first; there really must be no more from the same plate. I don't much care, myself; but every one I honour torments me to death about it, and abuses it to a degree beyond repeating. Now, don't answer with excuses; but, for my sake, have it destroyed: I never shall have peace till it is. I write in the greatest haste.

"P.S.—I have written this most illegibly; but it is to beg you to destroy the print, and have another 'by particular desire.' It must be d—d bad, to be sure, since every body says so but the original; and he don't know what to say. But do do it: that is, burn the plate, and employ a new *etcher* from the other picture. This is stupid and sulky."

On his arrival in town, he had, upon inquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast, and he had now no alternative but to proceed. Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend, Mr Hobhouse, he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham, and on the 2d of January, 1815, was married.

I saw him stand

Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting words, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her, who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light;—
What business had they there at such a time? *

This touching picture agrees so closely, in many of its circumstances, with his own prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda, that I feel justified in introducing it, historically, here. In that Memoir, he described himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and

* The Dream.

her family. He knelt down,—he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes,—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.

The same morning the wedded pair left Seaham for Halmaby, another seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to the bride, "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?"—a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be a "bad omen."

It is right to add, that I quote these slight details from memory, and am alone answerable for any inaccuracy there may be found in them.

LETTER CCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Kirkby, January 6th, 1815.

"The marriage took place on the 2d instant; so pray make haste and congratulate away.

"Thanks for the Edinburgh Review and the abolition of the print. Let the next be from the *other* of Phillips—I mean (*not* the Albanian, but) the original one in the exhibition; the last was from the copy. I should wish my sister and Lady Byron to decide upon the next, as they found fault with the last. I have no opinion of my own upon the subject.

"Mr Kinnaird will, I dare say, have the goodness to furnish copies of the Melodies,* if you state my wish upon the subject. You may have them, if you think them worth inserting. The volumes in their collected state must be inscribed to Mr Hobhouse, but I have not yet mustered the expressions of my inscription; but will supply them in time.

"With many thanks for your good wishes, which have all been realized, I remain very truly,

Yours,

"BYRON."

LETTER CCIX.

TO MR MOORE.

* Halmaby, Darlington, January 10th, 1815.

"I was married this day week. The parson has pronounced it—Perry has announced it—and the Morning Post, also, under the head of 'Lord Byron's Marriage'—as if it were a fabrication, or the puff-direct of a new stay-maker.

"Now for thine affairs. I have reidde thee upon the Fathers, and it is excellent well. Positively, you must not leave off reviewing. You shine in it—you kill in it; and this article has been taken for Sydney Smith's (as I heard in town), which proves not only your proficiency in parsonology, but that you have all the airs of a veteran critic at your first onset. So, prithee, go on and prosper.

"Scott's 'Lord of the Isles' is out—^s the mail-coach copy^t I have, by special licence of Murray.

"Now is your time;—you will come upon them newly and freshly. It is impossible to read what you have lately done (verse or prose) without seeing that

* The Hebrew Melodies which he had employed himself in writing, during his recent stay in London.

you have trained on tenfold. * * * has foundered. I have tired the *public* with my Harrys and Larrys, Pirates. Nobody but S * * * has done worth a slice of bookseller's pudding; and he has luck enough to be found out in doing a great deal. Now, Tom, is thy time—'Oh joyful day—' not take a knighthood for thy fortune.' Let me from you soon, and believe me ever, &c.

"P.S.—Lady Byron is vastly well. Mrs Moore and Joe Atkinson's 'Graces' present our women to one another."

LETTER CCX.

TO MR MOORE.

* January 18th.

"Egad! I don't think he is 'down'; and prophecy—like most auguries, sacred and profane—is not annulled, but inverted.

"To your question about the 'dog'—'On my 'mother,' I won't say any thing against her; but how long a 'mistress' or friend I can recollect paramours or competitors about her, being the two great and only bonds between amatory or the amicable, I can't say,—as you know as well as I could tell you, from canine recollections, as far as I could judge of mine own (always bating Bontawain, and, alas! the maddest of dogs), I had a wolf by the side (that doted on me when old, and very nearly ate me at twenty) I thought he was going to enact Argus, he had the backside of my breeches, and never made to any kind of recognition, despite of all the bones which I offered him. So, let Socrates and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon old memories.

"I humbly take it, the mother knows the dog; she pays her jointure—a mistress her mate, she refuses salary—a friend his fellow, till he dies, and character, and a dog his master, till he dies.

"So, you want to know about milady and me, let me not, as Roderick Random says, reveal the chaste mysteries of Hymen †—damn the word, nearly spelt it with a small h. I like Hell as you do (or did, you villain!) Bessy—and that was) saying a great deal.

"Address your next to Seaham, Stockton—where we are going on Saturday (a bon voyage) to see father-in-law, Sir Jacob, and my lady-mother. Write—and write more at once both to the public and

Yours ever most affectionately,

* I had just been reading Mr Southey's *last* book, "Roderick," and with reference to an incident in it, put the following question to Lord Byron—'I don't want to know from you, who are one of the Philosophers, whether it is at all probable, that any dog (not a woman) could recognise a master, whom neither his own mistress was able to find out. I don't care about the dog, &c.—all I want is to know from you—whether or not as 'friend of the dog, companion of the bear, &c.' a thing is probable."

† The letter H. is blotted in the MS.

my books, &c., are kept in tolerable order, and how far my old woman* continues in health and industry as keeper of my old den. Your parcels have been duly received and perused; but I had hoped to receive 'Guy Mannering' before this time. I won't intrude further for the present on your vocations professional*
*desirable, but am, as usual).

"Very truly &c."

LETTER CCXIII.

TO MR MOORE

* February 4th, 1915.

letter from * * which will
latter part—the former
own. If Jeffrey will
undertake the re-
article itself (for
have nothing to do
en us three, as pretty
pped over the tongue of a

rate, try Jeffrey's inclination.
from him made me hint this to * *,
a better proser and scholar than I am,
superior man indeed. Excuse haste—an-

" Ever yours most, " R

"P. S.—All is well at home. I wrote to you yesterday."

LETTER CCXIV.

TO MR MOORE

* February 10th, 1815.

"MY DEAR THOM.

"Jeffrey has been so very kind about me and my damnable works, that I would not be indirect or equivocal with him, even for a friend. So, it may be as well to tell him that it is not mine; but that, if I did not firmly and truly believe it to be much better than I could offer, I would never have troubled him or you about it. You can judge between you how far it is admissible, and reject it, if not of the right sort. For my own part, I have no interest in the article one way or the other, further than to oblige," and should the composition be a good one, it can hurt neither party,—nor indeed, any one, saving and excepting Mr.——"

"Curse catch me if I know what H** means or meant about the demonstrative pronoun, † but I admire your fear of being inoculated with the same. Have you never found out that you have a particular style of your own, which is as distinct from all other people, as Hafiz of Shiraz from Hafiz of the Morning Post ?

"So you allowed B * * and such like to hum and haw you, or, rather, Lady J * * out of her compliment, and me out of mine †. Sunburn me but this was

• Mrs Mule.

† Some remark which he told me had been made with respect to the frequent use of the demonstrative pronoun both by himself and by Sir W. Scott.

2 Verses to Lady J * * (containing an allusion to Lord Byron) which I had written, while at Chatsworth, but consigned afterwards to the flames.

pitiful-hearted. However, I will tell her all about it when I see her.

"Bell desires me to say all kinds of civilities, and assure you of her recognition and high consideration. I will tell you of our movements south, which may be in about three weeks from this present writing. By the way, don't engage yourself in any travelling expedition, as I have a plan of travel into Italy, which we will discuss. And then, think of the poetry where-withal we should overflow, from Venice to Vesuvius, to say nothing of Greece, through all which—God willing—we might perambulate in one twelve-months. If I take my wife, you can take yours; and if I leave mine, you may do the same. Mind you stand by me, in either case, Brother Bruin."

"And believe me inveterately yours,
"B."

LETTER CCXV.

TO MR MOORE.

* February 23d, 1815.

"Yesterday I sent off the packet and letter to Edinburgh. It consisted of forty-one pages, so that I have not added a line; but in my letter, I mentioned what passed between you and me in autumn, as my inducement for presuming to trouble him either with my own or *'s lucubrations. I am anything but sure that it will do; but I have told J. that if there is any decent raw material in it, he may cut it into what shape he pleases, and warp it to his liking.

"So you won't go abroad, then, with me,—but alone. I fully purpose starting much about the time you mention, and alone, too.

* * * * *

"I hope J. won't think me very impudent in sending *' only; there was not room for a syllable. I have avowed *' as the author, and said that you thought or said, when I met you last, that he (J.) would not be angry at the coalition (though, alas! we have not concurred), and so, if I have got into a scrape, I must get out of it—Heaven knows how.

"Your Anacreon * is come, and with it I sealed (its first impression) the packet and epistle to our patron.

"Curse the Melodies and the Tribes, to boot. † Braham is to assist—or hath assisted—but will do no more good than a second physician. I merely interfered to oblige a whim of K.'s, and all I have got by it was 'a speech' and a receipt for stewed oysters.

"Not meet!—pray don't say so. We must meet somewhere or somehow. Newstead is out of the question, being nearly sold again, or, if not, it is uninhabitable for my spouse. Pray write again. I will soon.

"P.S.—Pray when do you come out? ever, or never? I hope I have made no blunder; but I certainly think you said to me (after W.'th, whom I first pondered upon, was given up) that *' and I might attempt *' *'. His length alone prevented me from

* A seal, with the head of Anacreon, which I had given him.

† I had taken the liberty of laughing a little at the manner in which some of his Hebrew Melodies had been set to music.

trying my part, though I should have been severe upon the Reviewer.

"Your seal is the best and prettiest of all, and I thank you very much therefor. I have been—or, rather, ought to be—very much affected by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met—I think, since 1805—and it would be a paltry pretence to pretend that I had any feeling for him the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; as you can say for it now is that—it is not worth being so much affected by."

"Adieu—it is all a farce."

LETTER CCXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* March 2d.

"MY DEAR THOM,

"Jeffrey has sent me the most friendly of all possible letters, and has accepted *'s article. He has long liked not only, &c. &c., but my character. This must be your doing, you don't know how you have ashamed of yourself, knowing me so well, and what one gets for having you for a father confessor."

"I feel merry enough to send you a sample of my own scribbling; so you may say what you please. Why don't you write to me? I shall make you 'a speech' † if you don't do so quickly.

"I am in such a state of sameness and stupidity, and so totally occupied in consuming the first fruits of the season—sauntering—and playing dull games at cards—yawning—and trying to read old Annuals and the daily papers—and gathering shells on the shore—and watching the growth of stunted goose-bushes in the garden—that I have neither the sense to say more than

"Yours ever,

"P.S.—I open my letter again to put a line to you. What would Lady C.—A., or my fashionable Pidgeon, give to collect you and me to one party? I have been answered by your letter, which suggested this dainty query. I was laughing at the thoughts of your face and mine, and our anxiety to keep the Aristarch in good humour during the early part of a computation, till I was drunk enough to make him 'a speech.' I am sure the critic would have much the best of us—of us at least—for I don't think diffidence (I mean some disease of yours."

* The verses enclosed were those melancholy ones printed in his works, "There's not a joy the world like those it takes away."

† The MS. was in the handwriting of Lady Byron. These allusions to "a speech" are connected with a little incident, not worth mentioning, which befell us both when I was in town. He was rather fond of harping always so, as may be seen in his early letters, harping on some conventional phrase or joke.

LETTER CCXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

* March 8th, 1815.

—the death of poor Dorset—and the of what I once felt, and ought to have felt could not—set me pondering, and finally of thought which you have in your very glad you like them, for I flatter will pass as an imitation of your style. I should have no great originality.—I wish I could make you Dennis, 'That's my thunder, by G—d!' with a view to your setting them, and to Power, if he would accept the words, I not think yourself degraded, for once in carrying them to music.

—why do you always twit me Hebrew nasalities? Have I not told you I'm doing, and my own exquisite facility But thou wilt be a wag, Thomas; and get for it. Now for my revenge.

—and perpend—upon it that your opinion will travel through one or other of the correspondents, till it reaches the ear and the author. * Your adventure, however, shabby—but how could you be such a 'brother' (of the quill) too, 'near to confide to a man's own publisher (who or rather sold, 'golden opinions' about pamphletary parentheticals! 'Between you this—it reminds me of a passage in the Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I No—tête-à-tête with five hundred confidential communication will doubtless add to that amount, in a short time, additions, and in several letters, all H. O. B., &c. &c. &c.

—this place to-morrow, and shall stop down (in the interval of taking a house Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any will find its welcome way.

—very comfortable here,—listening to a dialogue, which elderly gentlemen call and in which my pious father-in-law off every evening—save one, when he the fiddle. However, they have been hospitable, and I like them and the and I hope they will live many happy in health, and unvaried good-humour. But we are all in the agonies of writing; and I suppose by this time to be stuck in the chariot with my chin box. I have prepared, however, an-

—to a circumstance which I had communicated in a preceding letter. In writing to one of partners of a well-known publishing establishment (which I have since been lucky enough to have converted), I had said confidentially reference to a Poem that had just appeared you and me, I do not much admire. The letter being chiefly upon business, through the regular business channel, and, to be added with the following words:—'We are you do not approve of Mr *'s new Poem, &c. &c. L. H. B. O., &c. &c.'

other carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them.

"Ever thine, most affectionately.

"B."

LETTER CCXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

* March 27th, 1815.

"I meant to write to you before on the subject of your loss; * but the recollection of the uselessness and worthlessness of any observations on such events prevented me. I shall only now add, that I rejoice to see you bear it so well, and that I trust time will enable Mrs M. to sustain it better. Every thing should be done to divert and occupy her with other thoughts and cares, and I am sure all that can be done will.

"Now to your letter. Napoleon—but the papers will have told you all. I quite think with you upon the subject, and for my *real* thoughts this time last year, I would refer you to the last pages of the Journal I gave you. I can forgive the rogue for utterly falsifying every line of mine Ode—which I take to be the last and uttermost stretch of human magnanimity. Do you remember the story of a certain abbé, who wrote a Treatise on the Swedish Constitution, and proved it indissoluble and eternal? Just as he had corrected the last sheet, news came that Gustavus III had destroyed this immortal government. 'Sir,' quoth the abbé, 'the King of Sweden may overthrow the constitution, but not my book!!' I think of the abbé, but not *with* him.

"Making every allowance for talent and most consummate daring, there is, after all, a good deal in luck or destiny. He might have been stopped by our frigates—or wrecked in the Gulf of Lyons, which is particularly tempestuous—or—a thousand things. But he is certainly Fortune's favourite, and

Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making balls for the ladies, and bows to his foes.

You must have seen the account of his driving into the middle of the royal army, and the immediate effect of his pretty speeches. And now, if he don't drub the allies, there is 'no purchase in money.' If he can take France by himself, the devil 's in 't if he don't repulse the invaders, when backed by those celebrated swordsmen—those boys of the blade, the Imperial Guard, and the old and new army. It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career. Nothing ever so disappointed me as his abdication, and nothing could have reconciled me to him but some such revival as his recent exploit; though no one could anticipate such a complete and brilliant renovation.

"To your question, I can only answer that there have been some symptoms which look a little gestatory. It is a subject upon which I am not particularly anxious, except that I think it would please her uncle, Lord Wentworth, and her father and

* The death of his infant god daughter, Olivia Byron Moore.

mother. The former (Lord W.) is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You perhaps know that his property, amounting to seven or eight thousand a year, will eventually devolve upon Bell. But the old gentleman has been so very kind to her and me, that I hardly know how to wish him in heaven, if he can be comfortable on earth. Her father is still in the country.

"We mean to metropolize to-morrow, and you will address your next to Piccadilly. We have got the Duchess of Devon's house there, she being in France.

"I don't care what Power says to secure the property of the Song, so that it is *not* complimentary to me, nor any thing about 'condescending' or 'noble author'—both 'vile phrases,' as Polonius says.

"Pray, let me hear from you, and when you mean to be in town. Your continental scheme is impracticable for the present. I have to thank you for a longer letter than usual, which I hope will induce you to tax my gratitude still further in the same way.

"You never told me about 'Longman' and 'next winter,' and I am *not* a 'mile-stone.'"

LETTER CCXIX.

TO MR COLERIDGE.

Piccadilly, March 31st, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

"It will give me great pleasure to comply with your request, though I hope there is still taste enough left amongst us to render it almost unnecessary, sordid and interested as, it must be admitted, many of 'the trade' are, where circumstances give them an advantage. I trust you do not permit yourself to be depressed by the temporary partiality of what is called 'the public' for the favourites of the moment; all experience is against the permanency of such impressions. You must have lived to see many of these pass away, and will survive many more—I mean personally, for poetically, I would not insult you by a comparison.

"If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy. In Kean, there is an actor worthy of expressing the thoughts of the characters which you have every power of embodying; and I cannot but regret that the part of Othello was disposed of before his appearance at Drury-lane. We have had nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with 'Remorse' for very many years; and I should think that the reception of that play was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience. It is to be hoped that you are proceeding in a career which could not but be successful. With my best respects to Mr Bowles, I have the honour to be

Your obliged

and very obedient servant,

BYRON.

* I had accused him of having entirely forgot that, in a preceding letter, I had informed him of my intention to publish with the Messrs Longman in the ensuing winter, and added that, in giving him this information, I found I had been,—to use an elegant Irish metaphor,—"whistling fliee to a mile-stone."

"P.S.—You mention my 'Satire,' however whatever you or others please to call it. I say, that it was written when I was very, very angry, and has been a thorn in my side since; more particularly as almost all the animadverted upon became subsequently my friends, and some of them my friends, 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and enough; but, although I have long done in my power to suppress the circulation of the thing, I shall always regret the wantonness and rashness of many of its attempted attacks."

It was in the course of this spring that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott became, for the first time, personally acquainted with each other. Mr Byron, having been previously on a visit to the latter gentleman, had been intrusted by him with a Turkish dagger, as a present to Lord Byron. The noble poet, on their meeting this year, presented to Sir Walter Scott, in return, a box containing some human bones that had been dug from under a part of the old walls of Athens. The reader, however, will be much better satisfied to have these particulars in the words of Sir Walter Scott himself, who, with that good sense which renders him no less amiable than he is talented, found time, in the midst of all his martial and literary avocations, to favour me with the following interesting communication.*

"My first acquaintance with Byron was in a manner rather doubtful. I was so far from being any thing to do with the offensive character of Edinburgh, that I remember recommending it with our friend, the editor, because I thought

* A few passages at the beginning of this volume have been omitted, as containing passages which Lord Byron's mother, which have already been mentioned in the early part of this work. Amongst these there is one anecdote, the repetition of which is pardoned, on account of the infinitely genuine and authentically imparted to its details by coming from an eye-witness as Sir Walter Scott.—"I remember," says, "having seen Lord Byron's mother when she was married, and a certain coincidence rendered the circumstance rather remarkable. It was during Mrs Byron's second visit to Edinburgh, when the music of a wonderful actress's voice, looks, manner, and power, of the strongest effect which could possibly be exerted upon human beings upon her fellow-creatures. Nothing kind that I ever witnessed approached it by a single green. The high state of excitement was such as to excite the feelings of obtaining entrance, and the exhaustion of time that the audience were contented to wait for the piece commenced. When the curtains fell, a portion of the ladies were generally in hysterics."

"I remember Miss Gordon of Ghent, in passing through the house by the desperate and wild character of Isabella. 'Oh my Byron!' Oh my Byron!" said a well known medical gentleman, the benevolent Dr Underwood, tendered his assistance. But the poor audience could not for a long time make way for him to approach his patient, or the patient the physician. The remarkable circumstance was, that the lady had seen Captain Byron, who, like Sir Toby, made her acquaintance with 'Oh' as she had begun with it."

of Idleness' treated with undue severity. He written, like all juvenile poetry, rather a reproduction of what had pleased the author than what had been suggested by his own mind; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained passages of noble promise. I was so agreed with this, that I had thoughts of writing to the author; but some exaggerated reports of his peculiarities, and a natural unwillingness to intrude an opinion which was uncalled for, made me relinquish the idea.

Byron wrote his famous Satire, I had my agitation among my betters. My crime was written a poem (*Marmion*, I think) for a sum of pounds; which was no otherwise true than I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, when I find that an author can hardly be censured for such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the law make no complaints of their bargain, I thought I was not far from my private affairs was rather within the limits of literary satire. On the other hand, Byron paid me, in several passages, so much praise than I deserved, that I must have felt more comfortable than I have ever felt upon such an occasion to sit down contented, and think no more of the matter.

I was very much struck, with all the rest of the world, by the vigour and force of imagination displayed in the first Cantos of *Childe Harold*, and the productions which Lord Byron flung to the public with a promptitude that surprised me. My own popularity, as a man on the wane, and I was unaffectedly surprised to see an author of so much power and genius in the field. Mr John Murray happened to be in Scotland that season, and as I mentioned to him the pleasure I should have in making Lord Byron's acquaintance, he had the kindness to mention this lordship, which led to some corres-

pondence in the spring of 1815 that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me with an idea of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I doubted whether we were likely to suit each other. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the most courteous, and even kind. We met, for two or three times daily, in Mr Murray's house, and found a great deal to say to each other. We met frequently in parties and evening parties for about two months I had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with this distinguished man. Our sentiments agreed a good deal upon the subjects of religion and politics, of which I was inclined to believe Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I was saying to him, that I really thought, that few years he would alter his sentiments, and, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are a man who prophesies I will turn Methodist.' 'I don't expect your conversion to be of any kind. I would rather look to see you upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish the austerity of your penance. The

species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right.

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind; but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of *Hardyknute*, an imitation of the old Scottish Ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.

"I saw Byron, for the last time, in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's, in Bond-street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good-humour, to which the presence of Mr Matthews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr Scott of Gala, and I, set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts;—I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elia Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed, in the *Iliad*, for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus:—'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain ancient sepulchres within the land walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811.' The other face bears the lines of Juvenal:

*Expendo—quod libras in decem summo invenies.
—Mors sola fatetur quantula hominum corporcula.*
Juv. 2.

"To these I have added a third inscription, in these words:—'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.'

"Mr Murray had, at the time of giving the vase, suggested to Lord Byron, that it would increase the value of the gift to add some such inscription; but the feeling of the noble poet on this subject will be understood from the following answer which he returned.

April 9th. 1815.

"Thanks for the books. I have great objection to your proposition about inscribing the vase,—which is, that it would appear ostentatious on my part, and of course I must send it as it is, without any alteration.

Yeats. Esq.

There was a letter with this vase more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones,—but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

"We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

"I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy,—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation, he was very animated.

"I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect,—particularly one at Sir George Beaumont's, where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these I need only mention the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr Richard Sharpe and Mr Rogers were also present.

"I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden,—little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."

LETTER CCXX.

TO MR MOORE.

April 23d, 1815.

"Lord Wentworth died last week. The bulk of his property (from seven to eight thousand per ann.) is entailed on Lady Milbanke and Lady Byron. The

first is gone to take possession in Leicestershire, to attend the funeral, &c., this day.

"I have mentioned the facts of the Lord W.'s property, because the new biographers, by their usual accuracy, have been making blunders in their statement. His will, I expected—the principal part settled on E. (now Noel) and Bell, and a separate estate made to pay debts (which are not great) to his natural son and daughter.

"Mrs *'s tragedy was last night done, and may bring it on again, and probably will it was,—not a word of the last act and (*malgré* that I ought to have staid at it) cloth for use, but I could not resist the temptation (any thing) to a private and quiet nook (box, and witnessed the whole process of three acts, with transient gushes of sympathy, but heavily on. I must say, acted, particularly by **, who was great in the third act,—something about 'his horror' was the cause. Well, the fourth (muddy and turbid as need be; but the Garrick used to call (like a fool) the play—the fifth act stuck fast at the end. You know he says 'he never went to saying them, and did not like to omit. But he was no sooner upon his knees, and dience got upon their legs—the damns roared, and groaned, and hissed, and what was choked a little; but the ruffian penitent peasantry—and killing the Princess—oh, it was all over. The unheard actors, and the announcement Kean for Monday was equally ineffectual; he was so frightened, that, though the tolerably quiet, the Epilogue was quite half the house. In short,—you know, till my hands were skinless, and so did Mackintosh, who was with me in the world were in the house, from the J. &c. &c., downwards. But it would be after all, not an acting play; good language, power.

Women (saying Joanna Bailie) cannot write tragedies; they have not seen enough nor life for it. I think Semiramis or Cato have written (could they have been) rare play.

"It is, however, a good warning to write tragedies. I never had much hope, but, if I had, this would have cured me.

"Ever, curiously

LETTER CCXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"You must have thought it very ungrateful, that I made no mention of

* Mr Murray had presented Lady Byron with drawings, by Stothard, from Lord Byron's

all the pleasure of seeing you this morning, that till this moment I had not seen of their arrival: they were carried away, where I have not been till just sensation given to me of their coming. It is so very magnificent, that—in short, Byron to thank you for it herself, and to apologise for a piece of apparent neglect on my own part.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCXXII.

TO MR MOORE.*

"13, Piccadilly Terrace, June 12th, 1815.
 I am glad to offer in behalf of my late silence, an inveterate and inflexible laziness; but not to invent a lie, or I certainly should, of the truth. K * *, I hope, has a magnanimous indignation at his wishes and wish you were in the Company of my heart.† It seems so hopeless a company of a friend would be quite out of more of this when we meet. In the you are entreated to prevail upon Mrs. B. herself. I believe she has been of your influence, in person, or proxy, to go farther than our proposals. What I know not; all my new function consists in the despair of Cavendish Bradshaw, Kinnaird, the wishes of Lord Essex, of Whitbread, and the calculations of all of which, and whom, seem totally C. Bradshaw wants to light the theatre in may, perhaps (if the vulgar be heeded) the audience, and all the *Dramatis personæ* has endeavoured to persuade K * * to, the consequence of which is, that I am sober since. Kinnaird, with equal success, have convinced Raymond that he, had, had too much salary. Whitbread has the pit another sixpence,—a d—d addition,—which will end in an O. P. of crown all, R * *, the auctioneer, has to be displeased, because he has no villain is a proprietor of shares, and a liar in the meetings. I hear he has incapacity,—a foregone conclusion,—to give him signal proofs before we give us an Opera? no, I'll be sworn, would.

With the poetical world, Walter Scott to Scotland. Murray, the bookseller, is cudgelled of misbegotten knaves,

Following letter were addressed to me in I had gone about the middle of the pre-

became one of the members of the Sub-committee, besides himself, of the persons (letter), who had taken upon themselves of Drury Lane Theatre: and it had been of construction of the Committee, that I as colleagues. To some mistake in the of this proposal to me, he alludes in the

'in Kendal green,' at Newington Butts, in his way home from a public dinner—and robbed,—would you believe it?—of three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of his grandfather's, worth a million! This is his version,—but others opine that D'Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, 'the Quarrels of Authors,' in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his 'injuria formæ,' and he has been embrocated and invisible to all but the apothecary ever since.

"Lady B. is better than three months advanced in her progress towards maternity, and, we hope, likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, as I wish to keep her quiet in her present situation. Her father and mother have changed their names to Noel, in compliance with Lord Wentworth's will, and in compliance to the property bequeathed by him.

"I hear that you have been gloriously received by the Irish,—and so you ought. But don't let them kill you with claret and kindness at the national dinner in your honour, which, I hear and hope, is in contemplation. If you will tell me the day, I'll get drunk myself on this side of the water, and waft you an applauding hiccup over the Channel.

"Of politics, we have nothing but the yell for war; and C * * h is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done. The loan has made every body sulky. I hear often from Paris, but in direct contradiction to the home statements of our hirelings. Of domestic doings, there has been nothing since Lady D * *. Not a divorce stirring,—but a good many in embryo, in the shape of marriages.

"I enclose you an epistle received this morning from I know not whom; but I think it will amuse you. The writer must be a rare fellow *.

"P.S.—A gentleman named D'Alton (not your Dalton) has sent me a National Poem called 'Dermid.' The same cause which prevented my writing to you operated against my wish to write to him an epistle of thanks. If you see him, will you make all kinds of fine speeches for me, and tell him that I am the laziest and most ungrateful of mortals?

"A word more;—don't let Sir John Stevenson (as an evidence on trials for copyright, &c.) talk about the price of your next Poem, or they will come upon you for the *Property Tax* for it. I am serious, and have just heard a long story of the rascally tax-men

* The following is the enclosure here referred to:

"Darlington, June 3, 1815.

"My lord,

"I have lately purchased a set of your works, and am quite vexed that you have not cancelled the Ode to Buonaparte. It certainly was prematurely written, without thought or reflection. Providence has now brought him to reign over millions again, while the same Providence keeps us as it were in a garrison another potentate, who, in the language of Mr Burke, 'he hurled from his throne.' See if you cannot make amends for your folly, and consider that, in almost every respect, human nature is the same, in every clime and in every period, and don't act the part of a foolish boy. Let not Englishmen talk of the stretch of tyrants, while the torrents of blood shed in the East Indies cry aloud to Heaven for retribution. Learn, good sir, not to cast the first stone. I remain your lordship's servant,

"J. R * *."

making Scott pay for his. So, take care. Three hundred is a devil of a deduction out of three thousand."

LETTER CCXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

July 7th, 1815.

"*Grata superveniet*," &c. &c. I had written to you again, but burnt the letter, because I began to think you seriously hurt at my indolence, and did not know how the buffoonery it contained might be taken. In the mean time, I have yours, and all is well.

"I had given over all hopes of yours. By the by, my '*grata superveniet*' should be in the present tense; for I perceive it looks now as if it applied to this present scrawl reaching you, whereas it is to the receipt of thy Kilkenny epistle that I have tacked that venerable sentiment.

"Poor Whitbread died yesterday morning,—a sudden and severe loss. His health had been wavering, but so fatal an attack was not apprehended. He dropped down and, I believe, never spoke afterwards. I perceive Perry attributes his death to Drury-lane,—a consolatory encouragement to the new Committee. I have no doubt that **, who is of a plethoric habit, will be bled immediately; and as I have, since my marriage, lost much of my paleness, and,—'*horresco referens*' (for I hate even *moderate* fat)—that happy 'bleederness, to which, when I first knew you, I had attained, I by no means sit easy under this dispensation of the Morning Chronicle. Every one must regret the loss of Whitbread; he was surely a great and very good man.

"Paris is taken for the second time. I presume it, for the future, will have an anniversary capture. In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connexion,—poor Frederick Howard, the best of his race. I had little intercourse, of late years, with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him. Hobhouse's brother is killed. In short, the havoc has not left a family out of its tender mercies.

"Every hope of a republic is over, and we must go on under the old system. But I am sick at heart of politics and slaughters; and the luck which Providence is pleased to lavish on Lord * is only a proof of the little value the gods set upon prosperity, when they permit such * * * as he and that drunken corporal, old Blucher, to bully their betters. From this, however, Wellington should be excepted. He is a man,—and the Scipio of our Hannibal. However, he may thank the Russian frosts, which destroyed the *real elite* of the French army, for the successes of Waterloo.

"La' Moore—how you blasphemous about '*Parnassus*' and '*Moses*!' I am ashamed for you. Won't you do any thing for the drama? We beseech an Opera. Kinnaird's blunder was partly mine. I wanted you of all things in the Committee, and so did he. But we are now glad you were wiser; for it is, I doubt, a bitter business.

"When shall we see you in England? Sir Ralph Noel (*late Milbank*)—he don't promise to be *late* Noel in a hurry) finding that one man can't inhabit two houses, has given his place in the north to me for a habitation; and there Lady B. threatens to be

brought to bed in November. Sir R. and my Mother are to quarter at Kirby—Lord W. is that was. Perhaps you and Mrs. Moore will give a visit at Seaham in the course of the season; so, you and I (*without our wives*) will take a little Edinburgh and embrace Jeffrey. It is more than above one hundred miles from us. But about other high matters, we will discuss at another time, which I hope will be on your return. We don't leave town till August.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CCXXIV.

TO MR. SOTHERY.

September 16, 1815. Picaresque Town.

"DEAR SIR,

"*Ivan*' is accepted, and will be put in print on Kean's arrival.

"The theatrical gentlemen have a confidence of its success. I know not that any alteration of the stage will be necessary; if any, they do trifling, and you shall be duly apprized. I suggest that you should not attend any *extra* latter rehearsals—the managers have requested to state this to you. You can see play, &c. Dibdin and Rae, whenever you please, and do any thing you wish to be done on your *supper* at the mean time.

"Mrs. Mardys is not yet out, and not yet determined till she has made her appearance mean as to her capacity for the part you wish which I take it for granted is not in *Ivan*—so *Ivan* may be performed very well without her of that hereafter.

"Ever yours, very truly,

"Rae."

"P.S.—You will be glad to hear that the *opera* begun uncommonly well—great and common—the performers in much harmony with the committee and one another, and as much *particular* as can be preserved in such complicated *un*diversive interests as the Drury-lane proprietors."

TO MR. SOTHERY.

September 20th.

"DEAR SIR,

"I think it would be advisable for you to select acting-managers when convenient, as they are points on which you will want to confer. The notion I stated was merely on the part of the performers, and is *general* and not *particular* in instance. I thought it as well to mention it to you—and some of the rehearsals you will decide notwithstanding.

"Rae, I rather think, has his eye on Norton himself. He is a more popular performer than Bartley, and certainly the cast will be stronger in it; besides, he is one of the managers will feel doubly interested if he can act a bold citizen. Mrs. Bartley will be *Petrovna*;—at Empress, I know not what to say or think; truth is, we are not amply furnished with women; but make the best of those we have, can take your choice of them. We have

manners—on which, acting aside other
 & worse particularly serious, as being
 only to be brought out more the day

—I have a charge against you. As
 I have named out on a minor occasion
 that in my chamber? as I certain
 lightning? I shall be a speech of
 more with Pittman and the Emperor,
 right and almost expression, as under
 the 2d Count of the "Comet." I have
 by this to answer you, but to exempt
 opinion? as there is a plenty of in
 action, as my part, between the ap-
 at composition and of your opinion,
 make meant to have written to you. If
 to confer with the managers at present,
 to your wishes—as state them.

"Yours very truly,

"Byron."

LETTER CXXV

TO MR. HENRY.

Paris, Thursday, September 29th, 1818.

you should feel secure as what I say
 that you? If your Editor, as con-
 sideration, are named, I have no im-
 position of all the initials as not
 which his limitations are named as

these since things of this kind have
 got me from my property; nor is I
 or attack which would induce me to
 show it against those innocent and
 false, I hope, are said as a charge
 as of those who have as great will as
 do a name, supposing it is more—
 ing of the Editors,—what he has
 run, I would do for myself, as the
 that they might.

as, with many thanks, Count and the
 House, I hope, you intended me as
 to, I shall do so, till I hear the con-

"Very truly yours."

By this permission of the post, to re-
 ceive, whether possible, immediately
 of the coming change of papers
 to by some accident. The following are

And I have now
 from my study, as a volume
 as it is found open, as not
 the lightning, as I shall
 to as these letters.

very beautiful in the fine company of
 his child's property, as named as Lord
 as a present which he wrote as not
 only found away of all the words there
 was named, as the following for the
 present which named as named as
 only upon this matter, named as
 also to Lady Byron, as it is to be
 to the Editor but named as named,
 that, as mentioned in the letter of the
 Editor.

TO MR. HENRY.

"Sept. 28, 1818.

"Will you publish the Essay—'Maggie'—or,
 what is more, will you give fifty, or even fifty, pounds
 for the copyright of the said? I have intention to
 ask you this question on behalf of the publisher, and
 wish you would. We can't get so much for him by
 ten pounds from my body else, and I, having your
 engagement, would be glad of an answer.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CXXVI

TO MR. HENRY.

"September 29th, 1818.

"That's right, and splendid, and handsome a pub-
 lisher of high degree. Mr. Countess the publisher,
 will be delighted, and pay the underpayment; and in
 reward for your beautiful behaviour in this instance,
 I won't ask you to publish my name for Essay—
 or any line whatever again. You will have no op-
 portunity or any thing else from me. I have you, and
 think yourself lucky in having got rid of me, for good
 and all, without more damage. But I'll tell you what
 we will do for you,—our Saturday's line, which will
 amount; and then your present and next impression
 of the donors of that dramatic goodness will be ex-
 pressed in your heart's content; and if there is any
 thing very good, you shall have the reward; but you
 don't have any more presents.

"Saturday brought a thought, and about the words
 from the Third Count of the Comet, which, you
 know, was published in London before his tragedy.
 It is from the count as Count's will. I have written
 as Mr. Saturday to show it; and, as I have named
 out of the pit, 'By G—d, that's my chamber!' as do
 I, and will I, certain. 'By G—d, that's my lightning'
 that declared that being in fact, the subject of the
 next passage.

"You will have a part of Henry Kelly, in the
 West, as profit, which is already worth more the
 money you have given for the said. Pay your debt
 as with the rate I gave you about Henry Kelly."

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CXXVII

TO MR. HENRY.

"T. Tuesday, Thursday, January 2d, 1819.

"You are, I think, a frequent agent, as I shall
 not have any more named; and, as I have named
 your name, named I do not name you as named
 other. What do you name the 'Maggie'—
 Never mind, I hope you,—a strong proof of it
 named as named—as you are named."

He never publishes the said, as named."

"You named as named." "I named as named
 as Perry, who named me of as named, named you.
 I named as named as named. Now, if you
 have Perry's name, and named as named, named
 named as named as named—as named as named, named
 named as named as named. I named as named
 as named named. Wishing you, I named as named."

naird, who is the 'all in all sufficient,' and can count, which none of the rest of the Committee can.

"It is really very good fun, as far as the daily and nightly stir of the strutters and fretters go; and, if the concern could be brought to pay a shilling in the pound, would do much credit to the management. Mr—— has an accepted tragedy, * * * *, whose first scene is in his sleep (I don't mean the author's). It was forwarded to us as a prodigious favourite of Kean's; but the said Kean, upon interrogation, denies his eulogy, and protests against his part. How it will end, I know not.

"I say so much about the theatre, because there is nothing else alive in London at this season. All the world are out of it, except us, who remain to lie in,—in December, or perhaps earlier. Lady B. is very ponderous and prosperous, apparently, and I wish it well over.

"There is a play before me from a personage who signs himself 'Hibernicus.' The hero is Malachi, the Irishman and king; and the villain and usurper, Turgesius, the Dane. The conclusion is fine. Turgesius is chained by the leg (*vide stage direction*) to a pillar on the stage; and King Malachi makes him a speech, not unlike Lord Castlereagh's about the balance of power and the lawfulness of legitimacy, which puts Turgesius into a frenzy—as Castlereagh's would, if his audience was chained by the leg. He draws a dagger and rushes at the orator; but, finding himself at the end of his tether, he sticks it into his own carcass, and dies, saying, he has fulfilled a prophecy.

"Now, this is serious downright matter of fact, and the gravest part of a tragedy which is not intended for burlesque. I tell it you for the honour of Ireland. The writer hopes it will be represented:—but what is Hope? nothing but the point on the face of Existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of. I am not sure that I have not said this last superfine reflection before.* But never mind;—it will do for the tragedy of Turgesius, to which I can append it.

"Well, but how dost thou do? thou hard, not of a thousand, but three thousand? I wish your friend, Sir John Piano-forte, had kept that to himself, and not made it public at the trial of the song-seller in Dublin. I tell you why; it is a liberal thing for Longman to do, and honourable for you to obtain; but it will set all the 'hungry and dinnerless, lank-jawed judges' upon the fortunate author. But they be d—d!—the 'Jeffrey and the Moore together are confident against the world in ink.' By the way, if poor C * * e—who is a man of wonderful talent, and in distress,* and about to publish two vols. of Poesy and Biography, and who has been worse used by the critics than ever we were—will you, if he comes out, promise me to review him favourably in the E. R.? Praise him, I think you must, but you will also praise him *well*,—of all things the most difficult. It will be the making of him.

* It is but justice both to him that gave and him that took to mention that the noble poet, at this time, with a delicacy which enhanced the kindness, advanced to the eminent person here spoken of, on the credit of some work he was about to produce, one hundred pounds.

"This must be a secret between you and me. Jeffrey might not like such a project;—no, but might C. himself like it. But I do think we want a pioneer and a sparkle or two to start most gloriously.

"Ever yours most affectionately

"P.S.—This is a sad scribbler's letter; but next shall be 'more of this world.'"

As, after this letter, there occur but few allusions to his connexion with the Drury-lane Manager, I shall here avail myself of the opportunity to give some extracts from his "Detached Thoughts," containing recollections of his short acquaintance with the interior of the theatre.

"When I belonged to the Drury-lane Com. and was one of the Sub-committee of Managers, the number of plays upon the shelves were about a hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be some of merit, in person and by proxy, I made an investigation. I do not think that of them I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as them! Maturin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had written, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for himself, and secondly, in my despair, that he would point out to us any young (or old) writer whom Maturin sent his Bertram and a letter with an address, so that at first I could give him a word. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more when his play succeeded; but I was at that time in England.

"I tried Coleridge too; but he had nothing sensible in hand at the time. Mr Sotheby had offered all his tragedies, and I pledged myself, notwithstanding many squabbles with my Brethren, did get 'Ivan' accepted, and the parts distributed. But, lo! in the very heat of the matter, upon some tepidness on the part of his or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir J. B. Burgess did also present his tragedies and a farce, and I moved gentlemen of the Sub-Committee, but they would not.

"Then the scenes I had to go through with the authors, and the authoresses, and the actors, and the wild Irishmen,—the people from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Chelsea, from Dublin, from Dundee,—who came in troops to all of whom it was proper to give a card of introduction, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs * * *, an Irish dancing-master of sixty years, called on me to request to play Archer, dressed in silk and feathers, on a frosty morning to show his legs; which were good and Irish for his age, and had been old when—Miss Emma Somebody with a play entitled 'The Bandit of Bohemia,' or some such title or pretence—Mr O'Higgins, the resident at Richmond, who had an Irish tragedy, in which the untires could not be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a savage appearance, and the difficulty of not laughing at him was one of the

"Lewis is going to Jamaica to suck his sugar-canes. He sails in two days; I enclose you his farewell note. I saw him last night at D. L. T. for the last time previous to his voyage. Poor fellow! he is really a good man—an excellent man—he left me his walking-stick and a pot of preserved ginger. I shall never eat the last without tears in my eyes, it is so *hot*. We have had a devil of a row among our ballerinas: Miss Smith has been wronged about a hornpipe. The Committee have interfered; but Byrne, the d—d ballet-master, won't budge a step. I am furious, so is George Lamb. Kinnaird is very glad, because—he don't know why; and I am very sorry, for the same reason. To-day I dine with Kd.—we are to have Sheridan and Colman again; and to-morrow, once more, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's.

"Leigh Hunt has written a *real good* and very original *Poem*, which I think will be a great hit. You can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde it. As to us, Tom—eh, when art thou out? If you think the verses worth it, I would rather they were embalmed in the Irish Melodies, than scattered abroad in a separate song—much rather. But when are thy great things out? I mean the Po of Pos—thy Shah Nameh. It is very kind in Jeffrey to like the Hebrew Melodies. Some of the fellows here preferred Sternhold and Hopkins, and said so;—'the fiend receive their souls therefor!'

"I must go and dress for dinner. Poor, dear Murat, what an end! You know, I suppose, that his white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage;—so would neither suffer his soul or body to be bandaged. You shall have more to-morrow or next day.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CCXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* November 4th, 1816.

"When you have been enabled to form an opinion on Mr Coleridge's MS.* you will oblige me by returning it, as, in fact, I have no authority to let it out of my hands. I think most highly of it, and feel anxious that you should be the publisher; but if you are not, I do not despair of finding those who will.

"I have written to Mr Leigh Hunt, stating your willingness to treat with him, which, when I saw you, I understood you to be. Terms and time, I leave to his pleasure and your discernment; but this I will say, that I think it the *safest* thing you ever engaged in. I speak to you as a man of business: were I to talk to you as a reader or a critic, I should say, it was a very wonderful and beautiful performance, with just enough of fault to make its beauties more remarked and remarkable.

"And now to the last—my own, which I feel ashamed of after the others:—publish or not as you like, I don't care *one damn*. If you don't, no one else shall, and I never thought or dreamed of it, except as one in the collection. If it is worth being in the

fourth volume, put it there; if not, put it in the fire.

Those embarrassments which his affairs previous to the misforeseen would, before long, or slow in realizing his worst of expenses induced by his new very little increase of means to arrears of early pecuniary obligations which had been, gradually accumulating, all pressed upon his force, and reduced him to situations of poverty. He had been necessarily of encountering such an expedient of parting with his substance coming to Mr Murray's instantly forwarded to him £100 that another sum of the same his service in a few weeks, and should not be sufficient, Mr Murray to dispose of the copyrights of his use.

This very liberal offer Lord in the following letter.

LETTER CC

TO MR MURRAY.

"I return you your bills not not *unhonoured*. Your present I would accept from you, if I am man. Had such been my intention I would have asked you fairly, would give; and I cannot say of your conduct.

"The circumstances which in my books, though sufficiently, pressing. I have made up in there's an end.

"Had I been disposed to try ness in this way, it would have I am not sorry to have an opportunity as it sets my opinion of you, in nature, in a different light from been accustomed to consider it.

"Believe me

TO MR MURRAY.

"I send some lines, written intended as an opening to the * had forgotten them, and am not better be left out now —a Synod can determine.

The following are the lines of They are written in the loosest style of metre which his admiring "Christabel" led him, at this he judged rightly, perhaps, in opening of his Poem. They are

* A Tragedy entitled, I think, *Zephorus*.

to be lost. Though breathing the
Pisicadilly when he wrote them, it
was far away, among the
is of Greece; and their contrast
was leading at the moment but
from a fresher spring and force.

See Jesus died for men,
died years and ten,
distant company,
and, and smiling o'er sea
that ocean!
In river, and climb the high hill,
fade for a day, stand still,
lay in the cave at the dead,
I left on the hardest bed.
Lament it in our rough capote,
in place of our gliding boat,
on the beach, or our sodden ground
neath the reeling boat,
He upon the morrow
lights and words had scope,
sits, and we had hope,
if, but no sorrow.
All tongues and creeds,—
see who coasted boats,
gay, and some of church,
or I may say, of neither,
for while world might be search
another crew nor either

And, and some are gone,
a mother's and alone,
a widow on the hills
long Eurus' valleys,
dismal still at moments rattle,
dread Oppression's ill;
go to a far country,
suddenly at home,
here, oh! never, we
sweat and to roam

My days flew cheerily,
I now feel drearily,
like swallows, oh! in the main
sailing back again
tho' and through the air,
and a wanderer,
over waters my strain,
all temptations again
I may convert my lay,
to be far away.

Oh! when follow how,
see on Acra Cornish's brow! *

TER CCXXXII

TO MR. MOORE.

* January 5th, 1825.

Am quite re-established. The little
the 14th of December last: her
sister (she seemed a very anti-ope
there not well since the reign of
and in, very flourishing and
very large for her days—equals
all. Are you answered? Her
my well, and up again.

Am married a year on the second
glow. I have seen nobody lately
at, except S. * and another gene-
re or twice at dinner out of doors

Am recently heard of Derrish (one of
dreadful) come him to be in result
at the head of some of the bands
many in those of trouble.

S. * is a fine, foreign, villainous-looking, intelligent,
and very agreeable man; his compatriot is more of
the *petit-maitre*, and younger, but I should think not
at all of the same intellectual calibre with the Corsican
—which S. *, you know, is, and a cousin of Napo-
leon's.

"Are you never to be expected in town again?"
To be sure, there is no one here of the 1500 fibres
of hat rooms, called the fashionable world. My
approaching papa-ship detained us for advice, &c. &c.
—though I would as soon be here as any where else
on this side of the straits of Gibraltar.

"I would gladly—or, rather, sorrowfully—comply
with your request of a dirge for the poor girl you
mention." But how can I write on one I have never
seen or known? Besides, you will do it much better
yourself? I could not write upon any thing, without
some personal experience and foundation; far less
on a theme so peculiar. Now, you have both in
this case; and, if you had neither, you have more
imagination, and would never fail.

"This is but a dull scrawl, and I am but a dull
fellow. Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 con-
tradictory contemplations, though with but one object
in view—which will probably end in nothing, as most
things we wish do. But never mind—as somebody
says, 'for the blue sky bends over all.' I only
could be glad, if it bent over me where it is a little
bluer; like the 'skyish top of blue Olympus,' which,
by the way, looked very white when I last saw it.
Ever, &c."

On reading over the foregoing letter, I was much
struck by the tone of melancholy that pervaded it;
and well knowing it to be the habit of the writer's
mind to seek relief, when under the pressure of any
disquiet or disgust, in that sense of freedom which
told him that there were homes for him elsewhere. I
could perceive, I thought, in his recollections of the
"blue Olympus," some return of this restless and
roving spirit, which unhappiness or impatience always
called up in his mind. I had, indeed, at the time
when he sent me those melancholy verses, "There's
not a joy this world can give," &c., felt some vague
apprehensions as to the mood into which his spirits
were then sinking, and, in acknowledging the receipt
of the verses, thus tried to banter him out of it:—
"But why thus on your stool of melancholy again,
Master Stephen?—This will never do—it plays the
deuce with all the matter-of-fact duties of life, and
you must bid adieu to it. Youth is the only time
when one can be melancholy with impunity. As
life itself grows sad and serious, we have nothing for
it but—to be, as much as possible, the contrary."

My absence from London during the whole of this
year had deprived me of all opportunities of judging
for myself how far the appearances of his domestic
state gave promise of happiness; nor had any rum-
ours reached me which at all inclined me to think
that the course of his married life hitherto exhibited
less smoothness than such unions,—on the surface, at
least.

* I had mentioned to him, as a subject worthy of his best
powers of pathos a melancholy event which had just occur-
red in my neighbourhood, and to which I have myself
made allusion in one of the Sacred Melodies—"Woe not
for her."

least,—generally wear. The strong and affectionate terms in which, soon after the marriage, he had, in some of the letters I have given, declared his own happiness—a declaration which his known frankness left me no room to question—had, in no small degree, tended to still those apprehensions which my first view of the lot he had chosen for himself awakened. I could not, however, but observe that these indications of a contented heart soon ceased. His mention of the partner of his home became more rare and formal, and there was observable, I thought, through some of his letters a feeling of unquiet and weariness that brought back all those gloomy anticipations with which I had, from the first, regarded his fate. This last letter of his, in particular, struck me as full of sad omen, and, in the course of my answer, I thus noticed to him the impression it had made on me:—“And so, you are a whole year married!—

It was last year I vow'd to thee
That fond impossibility.

Do you know, my dear B., there was a something in your last letter—a sort of unquiet mystery, as well as a want of your usual elasticity of spirits—which has hung upon my mind unpleasantly ever since. I long to be near you, that I might know how you really look and feel; for these letters tell nothing, and one word, a *quattr'occhi*, is worth whole reams of correspondence. But only do tell me you are happier than that letter has led me to fear, and I shall be satisfied.”

It was in a few weeks after this latter communication between us that Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was, in a short time after, to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him during the whole of the last year (there having been no less than eight or nine executions in his house within that period), had arrived at their utmost; and at a moment when, to use his own strong expressions, he was “standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him,” he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness had parted with him—for ever.

About this time the following note was written.

TO MR. ROGERS.

* Feb. 8, 1816.

“Do not mistake me—I really returned your book for the reason assigned, and no other. It is too good for so careless a fellow. I have parted with all my own books, and positively won't deprive you of so valuable ‘a drop of that immortal man.’

“I shall be very glad to see you, if you like to call, though I am at present contending with ‘the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,’ some of which have struck at me from a quarter whence I did not

indeed expect them.—But, no matter what world elsewhere, and I will cut my way as I can.

“If you write to Moore, will you please to say I shall answer his letter the moment I am able, and spirits?”

“Ever

The rumours of the separation did not till more than a week afterwards, when I wrote to him thus:—“I am most anxious to hear from you, though I doubt whether I ought to say so on a subject on which I am so anxious. If, I heard last night, in a letter from you, that you will know immediately what I allude to, I shall communicate as much or as little upon the subject as you think proper;—only something I shall know, as soon as possible, from you, to set my mind at rest with respect to the truth or falsehood of the report.” The following is

LETTER CCXXXIII.

TO MR. MOORE.

“I have not answered your letter (as I intended to do) at present, the reply to part of it might be a length, that I shall delay it till it is convenient to me, and then I will shorten it as much as I can.

“In the mean time, I am at war with the world and his wife; or rather, ‘all the world’s wives’ are at war with me, and have to do with me,—whatever they may do. I don’t know the course of a hair-breadth existence, at home or abroad, in a situation so complicated as the present pleasure, or rational hope, or anxiety, as this same. I say this, because I don’t know it. But I shall not sink under it, though I am now considering the question.—I don’t know my mind.

“By the way, however, you must not let me hear on the subject; and don’t allow me. If you succeeded in that, it would be an immortal offence—who can bear to have but a very short answer for those who care; and all the activity of myself and friends have not yet fixed on any tangible personage, on which or with whom I can speak, in a summary way, with a full and though I nearly had nailed one year ago, by what was judged by others to be a satisfactory explanation. I speak of circumstances whom I have no enmity, though I must to the common code of usage, when I speak of the serious order.

“Now for other matters—Poetry, Leigh Hunt’s poem is a devilish good one here and there, but with the substratum and with poetry about it, that will stand do not say this because he has in it which I am sorry for, as I should of begged you to review it in the *Edinburgh*.

“My reply to this part of his letter follows:—With respect to Hunt’s Poem,

receiving of much praise, and a favourable criticism the E. R. would but do it justice, and set it before the public eye where it ought to be.

How are you? and where? I have not the most definite idea what I am going to do myself, or with what—or where—or what. I had, a few weeks ago, much to say, that would have made you laugh; but will me now that I must not laugh, and so I am very serious—and am.

I have not been very well—with a *tiper* complaint which is much better within the last fortnight, though I have latterly seen a great deal of latitudinal advice. I have latterly seen a

great deal to go and dress to dine. My little girl is in company, and, they tell me, is a very fine child, now nearly three months old. Lady Noel (my old school-fellow, or, rather, *at law*) is at present over-seeing a Her daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) is here, in London with her father. A Mrs. C. (a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s) is in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult of our late domestic discrepancies.

All this business, I am the sorriest for Sir. He and I are equally punished, though *non quædam similes* in our affliction. Yet it is both to suffer for the fault of one, and so it will be separated from my wife; he will retain

"Ever, &c."

In reply to this letter, written a few days after, a passage which (though containing an opinion which might have been more prudent, perhaps, to feel myself called upon to extract, on account of the singularly generous avowal,—honouring to both the parties in this unhappy affair, it was the means of drawing from Lord Byron the following are my words:—"I am much in the same state as yourself with respect to the contents of your letter, my mind being so full of things I don't know how to write about, that I too for the greater part of them till we meet in person I shall put you fairly on your trial for all and misdemeanors. In the mean time, you must be at a loss for judges,—nor executioners if they could have their will. The world, in its enormous ardour to take what they call the shade, soon contrive to make it most formidable. Most sincerely do I grieve at what has happened. It has upset all my wishes and has to the influence of marriage on your life; instead of bringing you, as I expected, into the regular orbit, it has only cast you into infinite space, and left you, I fear, in a worse state than it found you. As to defending myself, I have only person with whom I have yet attempted to defend myself; and, considering the little I know of the subject (or rather, perhaps, owing to this I have hitherto done it with very tolerable success. After all, your choice was the misfortune. I liked,—but I'm here wandering into the

of himself, and though I like himself sincerely, I should not undertake to praise it seriously. There is much of the *quædam* in all he writes, that I never can see the proper pathetic face in reading him."

amusement, and so must change the subject for a far pleasanter one, your last new Poems, which, &c. &c."

The return of post brought me the following answer, which, while it raises our admiration of the generous candour of the writer, but adds to the sadness and strangeness of the whole transaction.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

* March 8th, 1816.

"I rejoice in your promotion as Chairman and Charitable Steward, &c. &c. These be dignities which await only the virtuous. But then, recollect you are *six and thirty* (I speak this cautiously—not of your age, but the 'honour—love—obedience—troops of friends,' which accompany it), and I have eight years good to run before I arrive at such hoary perfection; by which time,—if I am at all,*—it will probably be in a state of grace or progressing merits.

"I must set you right in one point, however. The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my 'choice' (unless in *choosing at all*)—for I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.

"Her nearest relatives are a * * *—my circumstances have been and are in a state of great confusion—my health has been a good deal disordered, and my mind ill at ease for a considerable period. Such are the causes (I do not name them as excuses) which have frequently driven me into excess, and disqualified my temper for comfort. Something also may be attributed to the strange and desultory habits which, becoming my own master at an early age, and scrambling about, over and through the world, may have induced. I still, however, think that, if I had had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly. But that seems hopeless,—and there is nothing more to be said. At present—except my health, which is better (it is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for the time)—I have to battle with all kinds of unpleasantness, including private and pecuniary difficulties, &c. &c.

"I believe I may have said this before to you,—but I risk repeating it. It is nothing to hear the privations of adversity, or, more properly, ill fortune; but my pride recoils from its indignities. However, I have no quarrel with that same pride, which will, I think, buckler me through every thing. If my heart could have been broken, it would have been so years ago, and by events more afflicting than these.

"I agree with you (to turn from this topic to our shop) that I have written too much. The last things were, however, published very reluctantly by me,

* This sad doubt,—"*If I am at all*,"—becomes no less singular than and when we recollect that six and thirty was actually the age when he ceased to "*be*," and at a moment, too, when (as even the least friendly to him allow) he was in that state of "*progressing merits*" which he here jestingly anticipates.

and for reasons I will explain when we meet. I know not why I have dwelt so much on the same scenes, except that I find them fading, or *confusing* (if such a word may be) in my memory, in the midst of present turbulence and pressure, and I felt anxious to stamp before the die was worn out. I now break it. With those countries, and events connected with them, all my really poetical feelings begin and end. Were I to try, I could make nothing of any other subject,—and that I have apparently exhausted. 'Woe to him,' says Voltaire, 'who says all he could say on any subject.' There are some on which, perhaps, I could have said still more: but I leave them all, and not too soon.

"Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year, which you still have? I don't wish (like Mr Fitzgerald, in the *Morning Post*) to claim the character of 'Vates' in all its translations, but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning 'There's not a joy the world can,' &c. &c., on which I rather pique myself as being the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote.

"What a scrawl have I sent you! You say nothing of yourself, except that you are a Lancasterian churchwarden, and an encourager of mendicants. When are you out? and how is your family? My child is very well and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society, though I am unwilling to take it from the mother. It is weaned, however, and something about it must be decided.

"Ever, &c."

Having already gone so far in laying open to my readers some of the sentiments which I entertained, respecting Lord Byron's marriage, at a time when, little foreseeing that I should ever become his biographer, I was, of course, uninfluenced by the peculiar bias supposed to belong to that task, it may still further, perhaps, be permitted me to extract from my reply to the foregoing letter some sentences of explanation which its contents seemed to me to require.

"I had certainly no right to say any thing about the unluckiness of your choice,—though I rejoice that now I did, as it has drawn from you a tribute which, however unaccountable and mysterious it renders the whole affair, is highly honourable to both parties. What I meant in hinting a doubt with respect to the object of your selection did not imply the least impeachment of that perfect amiableness which the world, I find, by common consent, allows to her. I only feared that she might have been too perfect—too *precisely* excellent—too matter-of-fact a paragon for you to coalesce with comfortably; and that a person, whose perfection hung in more easy folds about her, whose brightness was softened down by some of 'those fair defects which best conciliate love,' would, by appealing more dependently to your protection, have stood a much better chance with your goodness. All these suppositions, however, I have been led into by my intense anxiety to acquit you of any thing like a capricious abandonment of such a woman; and, totally in the dark as I am with respect

* It will be perceived from this that I was as yet unacquainted with the true circumstances of the transaction.

to all but the fact of your separation, yet conceive the solicitude, the fearful solicitude which I look forward to a history of the same from your own lips when we meet,—a history I am sure of, at least, one virtue—*truth*."

With respect to the causes that may be supposed to have led to this separation, it seems hardly the characters of both parties before our eyes in quest of any very remote or mysterious account for it. I have already, in some degree, on the general character of men of genius, ventured to point out those peculiarities, habits, and habitudes, by which, in the number of instances, they have been doomed for domestic happiness. Of these defects, as it were, the shadow that genius casts, usually, it is to be feared, in proportion to it. Lord Byron could not, of course, fail to have his share, in common with all the poetic class to which he belonged. How then, with respect to one attribute of this temperament possessed,—one, that "sicklies o'er" the genius itself,—he was understood by the world interested in observing him, will appear in the following anecdote, as related by himself.

"People have wondered at the melancholy runs through my writings. Others have marvelled at my personal gaiety. But I recollect not an hour in which I had been sincerely and fully gay, and rather brilliant, in company, replying to me when I said (upon his high spirits), 'And yet, Bell, I have been mis-called melancholy—you must have falsely, frequently?'—'No, Byron,' he was not so: at heart you are the most melancholy man; and often when apparently gay."

To these faults and sources of failure, his own sensitive nature, he added to those which a long indulgence of self-indulgence—the least compatible, of all others, I would down, as they were in him, by good cause, the system of mutual concession and sacrifice, the balance of domestic peace is maintained. If we look back, indeed, to the unsteady state in which this marriage was meant to be, to the rapid and restless course in which it was run along, like a burning train, through wanderings, adventures, successes, and misadventures, of all which was still upon him, with the same headlong recklessness, he pushed on his marriage,—it can but little surprise us that, at the end of one short year, he should not have been able to recover all at once from his bewilderment, and fall down into that tame level of conduct which the conscious spies of his privacy required. As we should be expected that a steed like his own must

Wild as the wild deer and unmann'd
With spur and bridle maddens him—
Twas but a day he had been out.

should stand still, when reined, without champing the bit.

Even had the new condition of life, which he had passed been one of prosperity and

* MS.—"Detached Thoughts"

as tolerance, must still have been allowed of so excited a spirit into rest. But, surely, his marriage (from the reputation of the lady, as an heiress) was, at once, a full array of arrears and claims of a long-accumulated embarrassment to explode upon him; it was almost daily beset by duns, and his times during that year in possession of leisure, in addition to these anxieties and—still more—indignities of poverty, he had of fancying, whether rightly or wrongly, of enemies and spies were upon him, in his own roof, and that his every hasty look were interpreted in the most pervert-

in the state of their means, his lady and he in society, his only relief from the thoughts of such embarrassment brought with it the arduousness which his duty, as a member of the House of Commons, imposed upon him. In this most unlucky connexion with the of the fatalities of his short year of island, lay. From the reputation which he had previously acquired for gallantries, and the less and boyish levity to which—often in excess of soul—he gave way, it was not surprising suspicion upon some of those occasions which his frequent intercourse with the lady induced him to form, or even (as, in one case) to connect with his name in that of a person to whom he had scarcely had a single word.

standing, however, this ill-starred concurrence of circumstances, which might have palliated either of temper or conduct into which he fell, it was, after all, I am persuaded, to his own causes that the unfortunate alienation soon ended in disunion, is to be traced. "Marriages I have ever seen," says Steele, "which have been unhappy ones, the great fault has proceeded from slight occasions; mark the marriage at present under our eyes would not be found, I think, on inquiry, much exception. Lord Byron himself, at Cephalonia, a short time before his death, has expressed, in a few words, the whole of the mystery. An English gentleman he was conversing on the subject of marriage, having ventured to enumerate to him

how connected with one of these occasions in the Journal just referred to. "I built for I have seen most kinds of life) in 1815 to seize my chattels (being a poet, my person was beyond him, being curious), I then asked him 'what extent elsewhere permanent?' upon which he showed me one way only for twenty thousand pounds! Next he said he had nothing for Sheridan? 'Oh—Sheridan?' 'ay, I have this (pulling out a pocket-book), my lord, I have been in Sheridan's handwriting at a time—a civil gentleman—knows what it is, &c. &c. &c. Our own business was it, which was none of the easiest for me at all (the man was evil), and (what I valued myself on) I had met many of his brethren, in affairs of my friends (commemors, that is), the first (or second) on my own account—'Lord accordingly—probably he anticipated

the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all,—"the causes, my dear sir, were too simple to be easily found out."

In truth, the circumstances, so unexampled, that attended their separation,—the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain, as the world knows, of tenderest eulogy,—are in themselves a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting, there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side. It was not till afterwards that, in both bosoms, the repulsive force came into operation,—when, to the party which had taken the first decisive step in the strife, it became naturally a point of pride to persevere in it with dignity, and this unbendingness provoked, as naturally, in the haughty spirit of the other, a strong feeling of resentment which overflowed, at last, in acrimony and scorn. If there be any truth, however, in the principle that they "never pardon who have done the wrong," Lord Byron, who was, to the last, disposed to reconciliation, proved so far, at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of aggression.

But though it would have been difficult, perhaps, for the victims of this strife, themselves, to have pointed out any single, or definite, cause for their disunion,—beyond that general incompatibility which is the canker of all such marriages,—the public, which seldom allows itself to be at a fault on these occasions, was, as usual, ready with an ample supply of reasons for the breach,—all tending to blacken the already darkly painted character of the poet, and representing him, in short, as a finished monster of cruelty and depravity. The reputation of the object of his choice for every possible virtue (a reputation which had been, I doubt not, one of his own chief incentives to the marriage, from the vanity, reprobat as he knew he was deemed, of being able to win such a paragon), was now turned against him by his assailants, not only in the way of contrast with his own character, but as if the excellences of the wife were proof positive of every enormity they chose to charge upon the husband.

Meanwhile, the unmoved silence of the lady herself (from motives, it is but fair to suppose, of generosity and delicacy), under the repeated demands made for a specification of her charges against him, left to malice and imagination the fullest range for their combined industry. It was accordingly stated, and almost universally believed, that the noble lord's second proposal to Miss Milbanke had been but with a view to revenge himself for the slight inflicted by her refusal of the first, and that he himself had confessed so much to her, on their way from church. At the time when, as the reader has seen from his own honey-moon letters, he was, with all the good-will in the world, imagining himself into happiness, and even boasting, in the pride of his fancy, that if marriage were to be upon lease, he would gladly renew his own for a term of ninety-nine years,—at this very time, according to these venomous chronicles, he was employed in darkly following up the afore-

scheme of revenge, and tormenting his lady by all sorts of unmanly cruelties,—such as firing off pistols, to frighten her as she lay in bed,* and other such freaks.

To the falsehoods concerning his green-room intimacies, and particularly with respect to one beautiful actress, with whom, in reality, he had hardly ever exchanged a single word, I have already adverted; and the extreme confidence with which this tale was circulated and believed affords no unfair specimen of the sort of evidence with which the public, in all such fits of moral wrath, is satisfied. It is, at the same time, very far from my intention to allege that, in the course of the noble poet's intercourse with the theatre, he was not sometimes led into a line of acquaintance and converse, unbecomingly, if not dangerous to, the steadiness of married life. But the imputations against him on this head were (as far as affected his conjugal character) not the less unfounded,—as the sole case, in which he afforded any thing like *real* grounds for such an accusation did not take place till *after* the period of the separation.

Not content with such ordinary and tangible charges, the tongue of rumour was emboldened to proceed still further; and, presuming upon the mysterious silence maintained by one of the parties, ventured to throw out dark hints and vague insinuations, of which the fancy of every hearer was left to fill up the outline as he pleased. In consequence of all this exaggeration, such an outcry was now raised against Lord Byron as, in no case of private life, perhaps, was ever before witnessed; nor had the whole amount of fame which he had gathered, in the course of the last four years, much exceeded in proportion the reproach and obloquy that were now, within the space of a few weeks, showered upon him. In addition to the many who conscientiously believed and reprobated what they had but too much right to consider credible excesses, whether viewing him as poet or man of fashion, there were also actively on the alert that large class of persons who seem to hold violence against the vices of others to be equivalent to virtue in themselves, together with all those natural haters of success who, having long sickened under the splendour of the poet, were now able, in the guise of champions for innocence, to wreak their spite on the man. In every various form of paragraph, pamphlet, and caricature, both his character and person were held up to odium;†—

* For this story, however, there was so far a foundation that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood, of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be included in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number) which were submitted to medical opinion, in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Keats and Sir Giles Overreach. But the most plausible of all the ground, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch that had been his companion from boyhood, and had gone with him to Greece. In a fit of venation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker.

† Of the abuse lavished upon him, the following extract

hardly a voice was raised, or at least in his behalf; and though a few faithful friends remained unshaken by his side, the other lapses of stemming the torrent was felt as well by him by himself, and, after an effort or two to gain hearing, they submitted in silence. Among the attempts made by himself towards confuting calumniators was an appeal (such as the short letter contains) to some of those persons whom he had been in the habit of living familiarly with.

LETTER CCXXXV.

TO MR. ROGERS.

March 24.

"You are one of the few persons who have lived in what is called intimacy, and heard me at times conversing on the unconscious of my recent family disquietudes. Will you be the goodness to say to me at once, whether you have heard me speak of her with disrespect, with harshness, or defending myself at her expense by a serious imputation of any description against her? Did you never hear me say 'that when one is right or a wrong, she had the right'?"—To put these questions to you or others of my friends, because I am said, by her and hers, to have recourse to such means of exculpation. Ever and affectionately yours,

W.

In those Memoirs (or, more properly, Memorabilia) of the noble poet, which it was thought ought for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave an account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the actual departure, after the breach, from the same truth, though the title of "Memoirs," which sometimes gave to that manuscript, the idea of a complete and regular piece of history, was to this particular portion of his life, which was principally devoted; while the whole, having reference to other parts of his life, only occupied a very disproportionate space of pages, but were most of them such as were repeated in the various Journals and other works left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of the narrative was the melancholy playfulness—

from a Poem, published at this time, will give some

From native England, that exalted one,
The careless burden of his tongue and
His mad career of crimes and follies done,
And gray in view, when life was scarce begun,
He goes, in foreign lands prepared to bid
A life more suited to his guilty mind,
Where other crimes than pleasures may be sought
For that pallid taste, and that ungodly word,
Wise he seeks some yet untried abode,
For those who know him soon may prize him so.

In a rhyming pamphlet, too, entitled "A Poem from Delia, addressed to Lord Byron," the author charitably expresses herself.

Hopless of peace below, and, shuddering high,
Far from that thought, demand, if worth the fight,
This light a lesson—a reproach fit name,
Thy memory's doom'd to eternally burn,
Shall'd by the wise, admired by the great,
The good shall mourn thee—and the wise shall

wounded feeling so visible through its—
with which events unimportant and
interesting, in almost every respect but
those with such a man's destiny, were
described in it. Frank, as usual,
in his avowal of his own errors, and
just towards her who was his fellow-suf-
ferer, the impression his recital left on
all who perused it was, to say the least,
to him;—though, upon the whole, leading
to him, which I have already intimated to
be that, neither in kind or degree, did the
division between the parties much differ
that loosen the links of most such mar-

riage to the details themselves, though all
in his own eyes at the time, as being con-
cerned the subject that superseded most others
of the age, the interest they would possess for
us that their first zest as a subject of
speculation, and the greater number of the
whom they relate forgotten, would be too
small to induce me in entering upon them more par-
ticularly, running the risk of any offence that
might be directed by their disclosure. As far as the
subject of the illustrious subject of these pages is
concerned, I feel that Time and Justice are doing
more in their favour than could be effected by any
other details. During the lifetime of a man
the world is but too much inclined to
judge rather by what he wants than by what
he is, and even where conscious, as in the
case of Byron, that his defects are among the sources
of his greatness, to require of him unreasonably the
same of the other. If Pope had not been spleen-
ful, we should have wanted his
impetuous temperament, and pas-
sions were indispensable to the conforma-
tion like Byron. It is by posterity only
that he is rendered to those who have paid
tribute to reach it. The dross that had
settled the ore drops away, and the infer-
nal miseries, of genius are forgotten in
his triumphs.

Who now asks whether Dante was
in his matrimonial differences? or by
those whose fancies dwell fondly on his
name the name of his Gemma Donati re-

gret as has been the interval since Lord
Byron, the charitable influence of time in
rescinding the harsh judgments of
his contemporaries is visible. The utter un-
profit of trying such a character by ordinary
rules, expecting to find the materials of
passions in a bosom constantly heaving
up depths such "lava floods," is—now
passed from among us—felt and
understood.

In reviewing the circumstances of
his life, a more even scale of justice is held;
tribute of sympathy and commiseration
to her, who, unluckily for her own
share in such a destiny,—who,
in her attainments that would have made
any ordinary man happy, undertook,
to "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,"
where it may be doubted whether

even the fittest for such a task would have succeeded,
—full allowance is, at the same time, made for the
great martyr of genius himself, whom so many other
causes, beside that restless fire within him, con-
curred to unsettle in mind and (as he himself feelingly
expresses it) "disqualify for comfort;"—whose
doom it was to be either thus or less great, and whom
to have tamed might have been to extinguish; there
never, perhaps, having existed an individual to
whom, whether as author or man, the following line
was more applicable,—

*Si non errasset, fecerat illeminus.**

While these events were going on,—events, of
which his memory and heart bore painfully the traces
through the remainder of his short life,—some occur-
rences took place, connected with his literary his-
tory, to which it is a relief to divert the attention of
the reader from the distressing subject that has now
so long detained us.

The letter that follows was in answer to one received
from Mr Murray, in which that gentleman had en-
closed him a draft for a thousand guineas for the
copyright of his two Poems, the *Siege of Corinth* and
Parisina.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* January 2d, 1816.

"Your offer is liberal in the extreme (you see I use
the word *to you* and *of you*, though I would not
consent to your using it of yourself to Mr * * *), and
much more than the two poems can possibly be
worth; but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You
are most welcome to them as additions to the col-
lected volumes, without any demand or expectation
on my part whatever. But I cannot consent to
their separate publication. I do not like to risk any
fame (whether merited or not), which I have been
favoured with, upon compositions which I do not
feel to be at all equal to my own notions of what they
should be (and as I flatter myself some have been,
here and there), though they may do very well as
things without pretension, to add to the publication
with the lighter pieces.

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a
favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece: but
you must not trust to that, for my copyist would
write out any thing I desired in all the ignorance of
innocence—I hope, however, in this instance, with
no great peril to either.

P.S.—I have enclosed your draft *torn*, for fear
of accidents by the way—I wish you would not throw
temptation in mine. It is not from a disclaim of the
universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his
treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship
him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to
circumstances."

Notwithstanding the ruinous state of his pecuniary
affairs, the resolution which the poet had formed not to
avail himself of the profits of his works still continued
to be held sacred by him, and the sum thus offered
for the copyright of the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*

* Had he not erred, he had far less achieved.

was, as we see, refused and left untouched in the publisher's hands. It happened that, at this time, a well-known and eminent writer on political science had been, by some misfortune, reduced to pecuniary embarrassment; and the circumstance having become known to Mr Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh, it occurred to them that a part of the sum thus unappropriated by Lord Byron could not be better bestowed than in relieving the necessities of this gentleman. The suggestion was no sooner conveyed to the noble poet than he proceeded to act upon it, and the following letter to Mr Rogers refers to his intentions.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

TO MR ROGERS.

February 20th. 1810.

"I wrote to you hastily this morning by Murray, to say that I was glad to do as Mackintosh and you suggested about Mr * *. It occurs to me now, that as I have never seen Mr * * but once, and consequently have no claim to his acquaintance, that you or Sir J. had better arrange it with him in such a manner as may be least offensive to his feelings, and so as not to have the appearance of officiousness nor obtrusion on my part. I hope you will be able to do this, as I should be very sorry to do any thing by him that may be deemed indelicate. The sum Murray offered and offers was and is one thousand and fifty pounds:—this I refused before, because I thought it more than the two things were worth to Murray, and from other objections, which are of no consequence. I have, however, closed with M in consequence of Sir J.'s and your suggestion, and propose the sum of six hundred pounds to be transferred to Mr * *, in such manner as may seem best to your friend,—the remainder I think of for other purposes.

"As Murray has offered the money down for the copyrights, it may be done directly. I am ready to sign and seal immediately, and perhaps it had better not be delayed. I shall feel very glad if it can be of any use to * *; only don't let him be plagued, nor think himself obliged and all that, which makes people hate one another. &c.

"Yours, very truly,
"B."

In his mention here of other "purposes," he refers to an intention which he had of dividing the residue of the sum between two other gentlemen of literary celebrity, equally in want of such aid, Mr Maturin and Mr * *. The whole design, however, though entered into with the utmost sincerity on the part of the noble poet, ultimately failed. Mr Murray, who was well acquainted with the straits to which Lord Byron himself had been reduced, and foresaw that a time might come when even money thus gained would be welcome to him, on learning the uses to which the sum was to be applied, demurred in advancing it,—alleging that, though bound not only by his word but his will to pay the amount to Lord Byron, he did not conceive himself called upon to part with it to others. How earnestly the noble poet himself, though with executions, at the time, impending over his head, endeavoured to urge the point, will appear from the following letter.

LETTER CCXXXVIII

TO MR MURRAY.

February 21st.

"When the sum offered by you, and accepted by you, was declined, it was with reference to a separate publication, as you know and I know. That it was large, I admitted and advised; but I made part of my consideration in refusing it, that I knew better what you were likely to do. With regard to what is past, or is to pass, Mr * *, the case is in no respect different from the transfer of former copyrights to Mr Dods. I have taken you at your word, that is, taken your word that I might have used it as I pleased, and it is no respect different to you whether I paid a surgeon or a hospital, or assisted a man of talent. The truth of the matter seems this: you are more than the poems are worth. I am not, I think so; but you know, or at least ought to know, your own business best; and when you made a bargain passed between you and me upon payment of money before this occurred, you will acquit me of the charge of taking advantage of your imprudence.

"The things in question shall not be put in question, and there is an end of the matter.

"Yours."

The letter that follows will give some idea of the embarrassments in his own affairs, and of the manner in which he could be thus considerate of the interests of others.

LETTER CCXXXIX

TO MR MURRAY.

March 1st.

"I sent to you to-day for three copies of the books you purchased are again seized, and a fourth, which had much better be sold at auction, I wish to see you to return for me. I wish to see you to return for me the books, which thank God, is neither the case nor the part, as far as you are concerned, being what it can be, and shall be, when I see you. I have no further delicacy about the matter, and about the tenth execution in as many months I am pretty well hardened; but it is in fact the forfeit of my forefathers' extravagance on their own; and whatever my faults may be, they will be pretty well expiated in time.

"Ever &c."

* The sale of these books took place the following day, and they were described in the catalogue as follows:—
* A Nobleman about to leave England on a tour.

From a note to Mr Murray, it would appear that the books had been first announced as going to the Marquis.

"I hope that the catalogue of the books, for which I have published without my seeing it, I must mention, and many ought not to be printed. The catalogue is very bad one. I am not going to the Marquis, and you might as well advertise a man as I have done in Yorkshire."

Together with the books was sold an article which is now in the possession of Mr Murray. It is a large screen covered with portraits of nature, of presentations of boxing-matches, &c.

as love, in its first dreams, before reality has come to embody or dispel them, or sorrow, in its wane, when beginning to pass away from the heart into the fancy,—that poetry ought ever to be employed as an interpreter of feeling. For the expression of all those immediate affections and disquietudes that have their root in the actual realities of life, the art of the poet, from the very circumstance of its being an art, as well as from the coloured form in which it is accustomed to transmit impressions, cannot be otherwise than a medium as false as it is feeble.

To so very low an ebb had the industry of his assailants now succeeded in reducing his private character, that it required no small degree of courage, even among that class who are supposed to be the most tolerant of domestic irregularities, to invite him into their society. One distinguished lady of fashion, however, ventured so far as, on the eve of his departure from England, to make a party for him expressly; and nothing short, perhaps, of that high station in society which a life as blameless as it is brilliant has secured to her, could have placed beyond all reach of misrepresentation, at that moment, such a compliment to one marked with the world's censure so deeply. At this assembly of Lady J's he made his last appearance, publicly, in England, and the amusing account given of some of the company in his Memoranda,—of the various and characteristic ways in which the temperature of their manner towards him was affected by the cloud under which he now appeared,—was one of the passages of that Memoir it would have been most desirable, perhaps, to have preserved; though, from being a gallery of sketches, all personal and many satirical, but a small portion of it, if any, could have been presented to the public till the originals had long left the scene, and any interest they might once have excited was gone with themselves. Besides the noble hostess herself, whose kindness to him, on this occasion, he never forgot, there was also one other person (then Miss M, now Lady K) whose frank and fearless cordiality to him on that evening he most gratefully commemorated,—adding, in acknowledgment of a still more generous service, "She is a high-minded woman, and showed me more friendship than I deserved from her. I heard also of her having defended me in a large company, which at that time required more courage and firmness than most women possess."

As we are now approaching so near the close of his London life, I shall here throw together the few remaining recollections of that period with which the gleanings of his Memorandum-book, so often referred to, furnish me.

"I liked the Dandies; they were always very civil to me, though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Stael, Lewis, &c., and the like, damnably. They persuaded Madame de Stael that A had a hundred thousand a year, &c. &c., till she praised him to his face for his beauty! and made a set at him for, &c., and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is, that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained

* Petrarch was, it appears, also, in his youth, a Dandy.
* Recollect," he says, in a letter to his brother, "the time,

enough of it to conciliate the great ones at twenty. I had gamed, and drank, and degrees in most dissipations, and having to and not being overbearing, we ran quietly. I knew them all more or less, and they were a member of Watier's (a superb club at the time, I take it, the only literary man in it, others, both men of the world, Moore was in it. Our masquerade was a grand affair, the dandy-ball too, at the Argyle, but the latter) was given by the four chiefs, B., P., if I err not.

"I was a member of the Alfred, too, while in Greece. It was pleasant; a light and literary, and bored with * and D'Ivernois; but one met Peel, and Valentin, and many other pleasant or kind, and it was, upon the whole, a decent rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or parties an empty season.

"I belonged, or belong, to the following societies:—to the Alfred; to the Coote Watier's; to the Union; to Racket's (of the Pugilistic; to the Owls, or 'Fly-by-the-Cambridge Whig Club; to the Har Cambridge; and to one or two private the Hampden (political) Club; and to Carbonari, &c. &c. &c., though last, I got into all these, and never stood for at least to my own knowledge. I was proposed to several others, though never a candidate.

"When I met H * * L * *, the jailer of Holland's, before he sailed for St Helena, he turned on the battle of Waterloo. I asked whether the dispositions of Napoleon were great general? He answered, disparagingly, they were very simple. I had always thought the degree of simplicity was an ingredient of

"I was much struck with the simplicity of manners in private life: they were odd, but natural. Curran used to take him off, but very ground, and 'thanking God that he was a simpleton of gesture or appearance,' in a tithly ludicrous; and * used to call him mental harlequin."

"Curran! Curran! the man who struck me! Such imagination! there never was any like

when we wore white habits, on which the hair plait ill-placed, would have been a subject of our shoes were so tight we suffered martyrdom.

* To this masquerade he went in the habit of an Eastern monk,—a dress particularly well set off the beauty of his fine countenance, accordingly, that night, the subject of general

† In his Memoranda there were equally praises of Curran. "The riches," said he, "and his imagination were exhaustless. I have but speak more poetry than I have ever seen with I saw him seldom and but occasionally. I sent to Madame de Stael at Mackintosh's grand conference between the Rhone and the they were both so d—d ugly, that I could not

I saw or heard of. His *published* life—his speeches, give you no idea of the man—
He was a *machine* of imagination, as said that Piron was an epigrammatic ma-

—see a great deal of Curran—only in 1813: him at home (for he used to call on me) and at Mackintosh's, Holland House, &c. &c. —wonderful even to me, who had seen many men of the time.

Commonly called *long* * * *, a very clever odd; complained to our friend Scrope in riding, that he had a *stitch* in his side. "Wonder at it," said Scrope, "for you ride like Whosever had seen * * * on horseback, they tall figure on a small nag, would not justice of the partee.

B * * was obliged (by that affair of poor the thence acquired the name of "Dick the French"—it was about money, and debt, and all desire to France, he knew no French, and learned a grammar for the purpose of study, Scrope Davies was asked what progress had made in French; he responded, "that had been stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, *Elements*."

put this pun into Beppo, which is "a fair land no robbery," for Scrope made his for several dinners (as he owned himself) by occasionally, as his own, some of the with which I had encountered him in the

a good man, rhymes well (if not wisely), here. He seizes you by the button. One great, at Mrs Hope's, he had fastened upon standing my symptoms of manifest dis- I was in love, and had just nicked a minute last mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor were near my then idol, who was beautiful as of the gallery where we stood at the time) may, had seized upon me by the button and arms, and spared neither. W. Spencer, "Ten, and don't dislike mischief, saw my coming up to us both, took me by the hand, kindly bade me farewell; "for," said he, "I'll over wish you." * * * then went away. *guard Apollo*

another seeing Blucher in the London sanem- never saw any thing of his age less reced- with the voice and manners of a recruiting

he had indications of France and Ireland could (as properly) with residence? * * * set part, however, he was somewhat more fair to Blucher's personal appearance.—"Her figure was to have been tolerable, her eyes good. Altogether, I saw her having been a desirable woman, allowing egotism for her soul, and so forth. She would be a great man."

serjeant, he pretended to the honour of a hero,—just as if a stone could be worshipped because a man had stumbled over it."

We now approach the close of this eventful period of his history. In a note to Mr Rogers, written a short time before his departure for Ostend,* he says:—"My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow; we shall not meet again for some time, at all events—if ever; and, under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening."

This was his last interview with his sister—almost the only person from whom he now parted with regret; it being, as he said, doubtful which had given him most pain, the enemies who attacked or the friends who consoled with him. Those beautiful and most tender verses, "Though the day of my destiny's over," were now his parting tribute to her† who, through all this bitter trial, had been his sole consolation; and, though known to most readers, so expressive are they of his wounded feelings at this crisis, that there are few, I think, who will object to seeing some stanzas of them here.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.

There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not condemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forbest to grieve me,
Though slander'd thou never couldst shake.
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mate, that the world might belie.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall.
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd,
Deserv'd to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

On a scrap of paper, in his handwriting, dated April 14th, 1816, I find the following list of his attendants, with an annexed outline of his projected tour:—"Servants.—Berger, a Swiss, William Fletcher, and Robert Rushton.—John William Polidori, M.D.—Switzerland, Flanders, Italy, and (perhaps) France." The two English servants, it will be observed, were the same "yeoman" and "page" who had set out with him on his youthful travels in 1809; and now,—for the second and last time taking leave of his country,—on the 25th of April he sailed for Ostend.

* Dated April 10th.

† It will be seen, from a subsequent letter, that the first stanza of that most cordial of Farewells, "My boat is on the shore," was also written at this time.

1871

1872

as *Blake*; and I enclose you a sprig of *lamb* some rose-leaves from his garden, *off* his house, I have just seen. You *like* mention, in his *Life*, made of this *has* walked out on the night of *con-*
vey. The garden and *summer-house*, *well*, are neglected, and the last utterly *they* still show it as his 'cabinet,' and aware of his memory.

through Flanders, and by the Rhine, I, was all I expected and more. I viewed all Rousseau's ground with the me, and am struck to a degree that I am with the force and accuracy of his and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Vevay, and the Chateau de Chillon, are *ish* I shall say little, because all I could *short* of the impressions they stamp.

ago, we were most nearly wrecked in Meillerie, and driven to shore. I ran no near the rocks, and a good swimmer; I were wet, and incommoded a good deal. was strong enough to blow down some found at landing; however, all is righted and we are thus far on our return.

idon is not here, but at Diodati, left *be-* *pial* with a sprained ankle, which he *ac-* *coming* from a wall—he can't jump.

be glad to hear you are well, and have the certain helms and swords, sent from which I rode over with pain and pleasure. finished a third Canto of *Childe Harold* (one hundred and seventeen stanzas), *either* of the two former, and in some *ly* be, better; but of course on that I *fine*. I shall send it by the first safe-
timely.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER CCXLIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Diodati, near Geneva, July 22d, 1816.
 you a few weeks ago, and Dr. Polidori *etter*; but the packet has not made its *r* the epistle, of which you gave notice *me* you an advertisement, which was *uldori*, and which appears to be about *least* imposition that ever issued from *need* hardly say that I know nothing *ly*, nor whence it may spring,—'Odes *of* Farewells to England,' &c. &c.— *disavowed*, or is worth disavowing, *authority* to do so. I never write, nor *e* on any thing of the kind, any more *r* things with which I was addled— *'Glad,'* and another about 'Mrs. La

was the advertisement enclosed *printed* and has passed in. *Far-ve-* *to* England with three other *Heaven*, to his Daughter's *her* Birth-*day* of France

Scotsman, *Conqueror* &c. *Calvary* *5* *middle* *forms* will be read with the most *it* *is* *provision* *they* will be the best of the *surpass* in *England*.

Valette;' and as to the 'Lily of France,' but still a soon think of celebrating a turnip. 'On the birth-
 of my daughter's birth,' I had other things to *than* verses; and should never have dreamed of *age*,
 an invention, till Mr. Johnston and his pamphlet *by* advertisement broke in upon me with a new light *is* the crafts and subtleties of the demon of printing,—
 rather publishing.

"I did hope that some succeeding lie would have superseded the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter. I can forgive whatever may be said of or against me, but not what they make me say or sing for myself. It is enough to answer for what I have written; but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab Patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page. I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves, and more than I should be if I had not a headache.

"Of Glenarvon, Madame de Staël told me (ten days ago, at Copet) marvellous and grievous things; but I have seen nothing of it but the motto, which promises amiably 'for us and for our tragedy.' If such be the posy, what should the ring be?—'a name to all succeeding,' &c. The generous moment selected for the publication is probably its kindest accompaniment, and—truth to say—the time *was* well chosen. I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I have heard.

* * * * *

"I ought to be ashamed of the egotism of this letter. It is not my fault altogether, and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me.

"I am in tolerable plight, and in my last letter told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme. I trust that you prosper, and that your authors are in good condition. I should suppose your stud has received some increase by what I hear. Bertram must be a good house; does he run next meeting? I hope you will beat the Row.

"Yours always, &c."

LETTER CCXLIV.

TO MR. ROGERS.

Diodati, near Geneva, July 29th, 1816.

"Do you recollect a book, Matheson's Letters, which you lent me, which I have still, and yet hope to return to your library? Well, I have encountered at Copet and elsewhere Gray's *correspondent*, that same Bonnetten, to whom I lent the translation of his *correspondent's* epistles for a few days; but all he could remember of Gray amounts to little, except that he was the most 'melancholy and gentleman-like' of all possible poets. Bonnetten himself is a fine and very lively old man, and much esteemed by his compatriots: he is also a *litterateur* of good repute, and all his friends have a menu of address—

* The motto is—

—The motto is to all corresponding letters.
 Lamb's with the letter and a thousand others."

ing to him volumes of letters—Mathieson, Muller the historian, &c. &c. He is a good deal at Copet, where I have met him a few times. All there are well, except Rocca, who, I am sorry to say, looks in a very bad state of health. Schlegel is in high force, and Madame as brilliant as ever.

"I came here by the Netherlands and the Rhine route, and Basle, Berne, Morat, and Lausanne. I have circumnavigated the Lake, and go to Chamouni with the first fair weather; but really we have had lately such stupid mists, fogs, and perpetual density, that one would think Castlereagh had the Foreign Affairs of the kingdom of Heaven also on his hands. I need say nothing to you of these parts, you having traversed them already. I do not think of Italy before September. I have read Glenarvon, and have also seen Ben. Constant's Adolphe, and his preface, denying the real people. It is a work which leaves an unpleasant impression, but very consistent with the consequences of not being in love, which is perhaps as disagreeable as any thing, except being so. I doubt, however, whether all such *liens* (as he calls them) terminate so wretchedly as his hero and heroine's.

"There is a third Canto (a longer than either of the former) of Childe Harold finished, and some smaller things,—among them a story on the Chateau de Chillon; I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the grand Murray, who, I hope, flourishes. Where is Moore? Why is he not out? My love to him, and my perfect consideration and remembrances to all, particularly to Lord and Lady Holland, and to your Duchess of Somerset.

"Ever, &c.

"P.S. I send you a *fac simile*, a note of Bonstetten's, thinking you might like to see the hand of Gray's correspondent."

LETTER CCXLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 29th, 1816.

"I am very much flattered by Mr Gifford's good opinion of the MSS., and shall be still more so, if it answers your expectations and justifies his kindness. I liked it myself, but that must go for nothing. The feelings with which most of it was written need not be envied me. With regard to the price, I fixed none, but left it to Mr Kinnaird, Mr Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I knew you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding *five hundred* should be only *conditional*; and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, *that number* to be fixed by *yourselves*. I hope this is fair. In every thing of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

"The Monody* was written by request of Mr Kin-

* A Monody on the death of Sheridan, which was spoken at Drury-lane theatre.

naird for the theatre. I did as well as I could where I have not my choice. I pretend to do nothing. Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just from a journey of lakes and mountains. I have been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau stood on the summit of the Wengen Alps; torrents of nine hundred feet in fall, and of all dimensions; we have heard shepherds' cries, avalanches, and looked on the clouds, far from the valleys below us, like the spray of hell. Chamouni, and that which I saw a month ago; but, though Mount Blanc it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose.

"We set off for Italy next week. The within this month infested with bandits, but take our chance and such precautions as are requisite.

"Ever,

"P.S. My best remembrances to Mr. Pray say all that can be said from me to him.

"I am sorry that Mr. Maturin did not take the picture. I thought it was reckoned a great one he had made the speech on the original portrait would have been more readily forgiven by the prior and the painter of the portrait."

LETTER CCXLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 30th.

"I answered your obliging letter yesterday the Monody arrived with its title-page. I presume, a separate publication. 'Thank you, a friend!'

"Obliged by hunger and request of friends

I will request you to expunge that name, and please to add, 'by a person of quality, and honour about town.' Merely say, 'spoken at Drury-lane.' To-morrow I do Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This morning the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse, which sustains the mainsail slipped a track struck me so violently on one of my legs (luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing, faint—a downright swoon; the thing jarred some nerve or other, for the boat is injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since Mr. Hobhouse some apprehensions of sprinkling of water to recover me. The was a very odd one: I never had but two before, once from a cut on the head five or six years ago, and once (long ago) when I fell into a great wreath of snow;—a sort of numbness first, then nothingness, and a total amnesia on beginning to recover. The last part disagreeable, if one did not find it agreeable.

"You want the original MSS. Mr. Shelley has the first fair copy in my own hand, and I will send you a rough composition here, and will send or ask you, since you wish it.

"With regard to your new literary project, if anything falls in the way which will, to the best judgment, suit you, I will send you what I can.

by a little, having pretty well explained what I have sent you. Italy or her summer may, or may not, set me no place, and am nearly as income as where I go. I shall take restoration, &c. with me; it is a

best thanks and remembrances
all his trouble and good-nature

me laid up, from the beginning of
you the accident for want of bet-
is over, and I am only wondering
was the matter with me.

been over all the Bernese Alps and
think many of the scenes (some of
at those usually frequented by the
the Chamouni, which I visited some
I have been to Clarens again, and
contains behind it: of this tour I kept
all for my sister, which I sent yesterday
it is not all for perusal; but if you
about the romantic part, she will, I dare
what touches upon the rocks, &c.

—I won't have any sneer at Christa-
fine wild poem.

de Stael wishes to see the Antiquary,
ing to take it to her to-morrow. She has
it as agreeable as society and talent can
live on earth.

— "Yours ever,
"N."

Journal mentioned in the foregoing letter,
We give the following extracts.

ACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

* September 14th, 1816.

September 17th, I set out with Mr
an excursion of some days to the

* September 17th.

ve; left Diodati about seven, in one
carriages (a char-à-banc), our servants

Weather very fine; the lake calm
at Blanc and the Aiguille of Argen-
sy distinct; the borders of the lake
ached Lausanne before sunset; stop-
at —. Went to bed at nine; slept

* September 18th.

my courier; got up. Hobhouse walked
mile from Lausanne, the road over-
lake; got on horseback and rode till
f Vevey. The colt young, but went
vertook Hobhouse, and resumed the
ch is an open one. Stopped at
us (the second time I had visited it);
church; view from the churchyard
it General Ludlow (the regicide's)
ack marble—long inscription—Latin,
was an exile two-and-thirty years—one
's judges. Near him Broughton (who
arles's sentence to Charles Stuart) is

buried, with a queer and rather canting, but still a
republican, inscription. Ludlow's house shown; it
retains still its inscription—'Omne solum forti patria.'
Walked down to the lake side; servants, carriage,
saddle-horses—all set off and left us *plante là*, by
some mistake, and we walked on after them towards
Clarens; Hobhouse ran on before, and overtook them
at last. Arrived the second time (first time was by
water) at Clarens. Went to Chillon through scenery
worthy of I know not whom; went over the Castle
of Chillon again. On our return met an English
party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep—fast
asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world—
excellent! I remember at Chamouni, in the very
eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English
also, exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see any
thing more *rural*?'—as if it was Highgate, or Ham-
stead, or Brompton, or Hayes—'Rural!' quotha?—
Rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits
of eternal snow far above them—and 'rural!'

"After a slight and short dinner we visited the
Château de Clarens; an Englishwoman has rented
it recently (it was not let when I saw it first); the
roses are gone with their summer; the family out,
but the servants desired us to walk over the interior
of the mansion. Saw on the table of the saloon
Blair's Sermons and somebody else (I forget who's)
sermons, and a set of noisy children. Saw all worth
seeing, and then descended to the 'Boisquet de Julie,'
&c. &c.; our guide full of Rousseau, whom he is
eternally confounding with St. Preux, and mixing the
man and the book. Went again as far as Chillon, to
revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it. Sun-
set reflected in the lake. Have to get up at five to-
morrow to cross the mountains on horseback; car-
riage to be sent round; lodged at my old cottage—
hospitable and comfortable; tired with a longish ride
on the colt, and the subsequent jolting of the char-à-
banc, and my scramble in the hot sun.

"Mem. The corporal who showed the wonders
of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher, and (to my
mind) as great a man; he was deaf also, and think-
ing every one else so, roared out the legends of the
castle so fearfully that H. got out of humour.—How-
ever, we saw things from the gallows to the dungeons
(the *potence* and the *cachots*), and returned to Cla-
rens with more freedom than belonged to the fifteenth
century.

* September 19th.

"Rose at five. Crossed the mountains to Mont-
bovon on horseback, and on mules, and, by dint of
scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful
as a dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I
am so tired;—for though healthy, I have not the
strength I possessed but a few years ago. At Mont-
bovon we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent,
dismounted; tumbled down; cut a finger open; the
baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till
stopped by a large tree; recovered baggage; horse
tired and drooping; mounted mule. At the approach
of the summit of Dent Jument* dismounted again
with Hobhouse and all the party. Arrived at a lake
in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadru-
peds with a shepherd, and ascended farther; came

* Dent de Jaman.

to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle; I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the cliff). In coming down, the guide tumbled three times; I felt a laughing, and tumbled too—the descent luckily soft, though steep and slippery; Hobhouse also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the mountains superb. A shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his *pipe*; very different from *Arcadia*, where I saw the pastors with a long musket instead of a crook, and pistols in their girdles. Our Swiss shepherd's pipe was sweet, and his tune agreeable. I saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Montbovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. Hobhouse went to fish—caught one. Our carriage not come; our horses, mules, &c. knocked up; ourselves fatigued; but so much the better—I shall sleep.

"The view from the highest points of to-day's journey comprised on one side the greatest part of Lake Lemman; on the other, the valleys and mountain of the Canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the lakes of Neuchatel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit; we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. In passing a ravine, the guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace, as the stones fall with great rapidity and occasional damage; the advice is excellent, but, like most good advice, impracticable, the road being so rough that neither mules, nor mankind, nor horses, can make any violent progress. Passed without fractures or menace thereof.

"The music of the cows' bells (for their wealth, like the patriarchs', is cattle) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence:—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other:—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. As we went, they played the 'Rans des Vaches' and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with nature.

* September 20th.

"Up at six; off at eight. The whole of this day's journey at an average of between from 2700 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea. This valley, the longest, narrowest, and considered the finest of the Alps, little traversed by travellers. Saw the bridge of La Roche. The bed of the river very low and deep, between immense rocks, and rapid as anger;—a man and mule said to have tumbled over without damage. The people looked free, and happy, and rich (which last implies neither of the former); the cows superb, a bull nearly leapt into the char-à-banc—agreeable companion in a postchaise; goats and sheep very thriving. A mountain with enormous glaciers to the

right—the Klitzgerberg; further on, nice names—so soft!—*Stockhorn*, lofty and scraggy, patched with glaciers on it, but some good epanettes.

"Passed the boundaries, out of Berne canton; French exchanged for the district famous for cheese, liberty, no taxes. Hobhouse went to fish. Strolled to the river; saw boy and him like a dog; kid could not get over bleated piteously; tried myself to help overset both self and kid into the here about six in the evening. Nin to bed; not tired to-day, but hope- theless.

"Off early. The valley of Simme Entrance to the plain of Thoun very rocks, wooded to the top; river; with fine glaciers. Lake of Thoun, with a girdle of Alps. Walked down de Schadau; view along the lake; in a boat rowed by women. Thoun town. The whole day's journey Alps.

"Left Thoun in a boat, which length of the lake in three hours. but the banks fine. Rocks down to Landed at Newhouse; passed into upon a range of scenes beyond all previous conception. Passed a road two brothers—one murdered the other for it. After a variety of windings enormous rock. Arrived at the foot of the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden; glad one of these torrents *nine hundred* visible descent. Lodged at the curate see the valley; heard an avalanche fall glaciers enormous; storm came on, rain, hail; all in perfection, and on horseback; guide wanted to carry going to give it him, when I recollected a sword-stick, and I thought the light attracted towards him; kept it myself encumbered with it, as it was too heavy and the horse was stupid, and stood we peal. Got in, not very wet, the clouds Hobhouse wet through; Hobhouse cottage; sent man, umbrella, and curate's when I arrived) after him. house very good indeed—much better English vicarages. It is immediately torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in the rock, like the tail of a white horse the wind, such as it might be called that of the 'pale horse' on which Death in the Apocalypse." It is neither more

* It is interesting to observe the use towards converted these busy memoranda drama of Manfred.

"It is not noon—the sunburn'd rays
The torrent with the many towers of
And tell the cherted silver's warning
O'er the crag's heaving perpendicular
And sing its lines of flaming light
And to and fro, like the pale comet
The front dead, to be betrayed by
As told in the Apocalypse."

between both; its immense height gives it a wave or curve, a spread of illumination there, wonderful and think, upon the whole, that this day was any of this present excursion.

* September 23d.

Ascending the mountain, went to the top (the morning) again; the sun upon it, one of the lower part of all colours, purple and gold; the bow moving as we saw any thing like this; it is only Ascended the Wengen mountain; at valley on the summit; left the horses, and went to the summit, seven English feet above the level of the sea, thousand above the valley we left in. On one side, our view comprised the all her glaciers; then the Dent like truth; then the Little Giant (the), and the Great Giant (the Grosse), not least, the Wetterhorn. The Engfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, the valley: she is the highest of this the avalanches falling every five miles from whence we stood, on the Wengen all these in view on one side; on the side rise from the opposite valley, curling precipices like the foam of the during a spring tide—it was white, and immeasurably deep in appearance as we ascended was (of course) not a nature; but on arriving at the led down upon the other side upon cloud, dashing against the crags on these crags on one side quite perpendicular a quarter of an hour; begun to clear from cloud on that side of the passing the masses of snow, I made a led Hobhouse with it.

to our horses again; cut something; and the avalanches still; came to a horse dismounted to get over well; I horse over; the horse sunk up to the knee and I were in the mud together but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Grindelwald; dined, mounted again, higher glacier—like a frozen hurricane, beautiful, but a devil of a path! safe in; a little lightning, but the as fine in point of weather as the Paradise was made. Passed whole snowed pines, all withered; trunks gleams, branches lifeless; done by a

above, whom a breath draws down
from overhanging, come and crush me!
momentarily above, beneath,
a frequent conflict.

roll up around the glaciers, clouds
fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
from the roared ocean of deep hell!"

Munfred.

"Over the savage sea,
brown of the mountain ice,
ragged breakers, which put on
a tumbling tempest's foam,
moment."

Ibid.

single winter,*—their appearance reminded me of me and my family.

* September 24th.

"Set off at seven; up at five. Passed the black glacier, the mountain Wetterhorn on the right; crossed the Scheideck mountain; came to the Rose glacier, said to be the largest and finest in Switzerland. I think the Bossons glacier at Chamouni as fine; Hobhouse does not. Came to the Reichenbach waterfall, two hundred feet high; halted to rest the horses. Arrived in the valley of Oberland; rain came on; drenched a little; only four hours' rain, however, in eight days. Came to the lake of Brienz, then to the town of Brienz; changed. In the evening, four Swiss peasant girls, of Oberhasli came and sang the airs of their country; two of the voices beautiful—the tunes also; so wild and original, and at the same time of great sweetness. The singing is over; but below stairs I hear the notes of a fiddle, which bode no good to my night's rest; I shall go down and see the dancing.

* September 25th.

"The whole town of Brienz were apparently gathered together in the rooms below; pretty music and excellent waltzing; none but peasants; the dancing much better than in England; the English can't waltz, never could, never will. One man with his pipe in his mouth, but danced as well as the others; some other dances in pairs and in fours, and very good. I went to bed, but the revelry continued below late and early. Brienz but a village. Rose early. Embarked on the lake of Brienz, rowed by the women in a long boat; presently we put to shore and another woman jumped in. It seems it is the custom here for the boats to be manned by women: for of five men and three women in our bark, all the women took an oar, and but one man.

"Got to Interlachen in three hours; pretty lake; not so large as that of Thoun. Dined at Interlachen. Girl gave me some flowers, and made me a speech in German, of which I know nothing; I do not know whether the speech was pretty, but as the woman was, I hope so. Re-embarked on the lake of Thoun; fell asleep part of the way; sent our horses round; found people on the shore, blowing up a rock with gunpowder; they blew it up near our boat, only telling us a minute before;—mere stupidity, but they might have broken our noddles. Got to Thoun in the evening; the weather has been tolerable the whole day. But as the wild part of our tour is finished, it don't matter to us; in all the desirable part, we have been most lucky in warmth and clearness of atmosphere.

* September 26th.

"Being out of the mountains, my journal must be as flat as my journey. From Thoun to Berne, good road, hedges, villages, industry, property, and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilization. From Berne to Fribourg; different canton; catholies; passed a field of battle; Swiss beat the French in one of the late wars against the French republic. Bought a dog. The greater part of this tour has been on horseback, on foot, and on mule.

"Like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barbed, branchless."

Munfred

"September 28th.

"Saw the tree, planted in honour of the battle of Morat; three hundred and forty years old; a good deal decayed. Left Fribourg, but first saw the cathedral; high tower. Overtook the baggage of the nuns of La Trappe, who are removing to Normandy; afterwards a coach, with a quantity of nuns in it. Proceeded along the banks of the lake of Neuchâtel; very pleasing and soft, but not so mountainous—at least, the Jura, not appearing so, after the Bernese Alps. Reached Yverdon in the dusk; a long line of large trees on the border of the lake; fine and sombre; the Auberge nearly full—a German princess and suite; got rooms.

"September 29th.

"Passed through a fine and flourishing country, but not mountainous. In the evening reached Aubonne (the entrance and bridge something like that of Durham), which commands by far the fairest view of the lake of Geneva: twilight; the moon on the lake; a grove on the height, and of very noble trees. Here Tavernier (the eastern traveller) bought (or built) the chateau, because the site resembled and equalled that of *Eriwan*, a frontier city of Persia; here he finished his voyages, and I this little excursion,—for I am within a few hours of Diodati, and have little more to see, and no more to say."

With the following melancholy passage this Journal concludes:—

"In the weather for this tour (of 13 days), I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me."

Among the inmates at Sécheron, on his arrival at Geneva, Lord Byron had found Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and a female relative of the latter, who had about a fortnight before taken up their residence at this hotel. It was the first time that Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley ever met; though, long before, when the latter was quite a youth,—being the younger of the two by four or five years,—he had sent to the noble poet a copy of his *Queen Mab*, accompanied by a letter, in which, after detailing at full length all the accusations he had heard brought against his character, he added, that, should these charges not have been true, it would make him happy to be honoured with his acquaintance. The book alone, it appears, reached its destination,—the letter having miscarried,

and Lord Byron was known in admiration of the opening line.

There was, therefore, on Geneva, no want of disposition on either side, and an intimacy sprung up between them. Common to both, that for both strong; and in this beautiful than ordinary temptations to evening, during their residence at Sécheron, they embarked ladies and Polidori, on the Lake and fancies inspired by these not unfrequently prolonged in light, we are indebted for stanzas,* in which the poet's passionate love of Nature so

"There breathes a living fire
Of flowers yet fresh with care
Drips the light drop of the

At intervals, some bird from
Starts into voice a moment
There seems a floating whiff
But that is fancy,—for the
All silently their tears of
Weeping themselves away

A person who was of the scribed to me one of their *bise* or north-east wind blows are driven towards the town, the Rhone, which sets strong combine to make a very rapid harbour. Carelessly, one ever its course, till we found our the piles; and it required all master the tide. The waves rising,—we were all animated elements. 'I will sing you a Lord Byron; 'now be sent to your attention.' It was a strange gave forth; but such as, he imitation of the savage Albin the while, at our disappointment a wild Eastern melody."

Sometimes the party landed shore, and, on such occasions loiter behind the rest, lazily along, and moulding, as his thoughts into shape. Often he would lean abstractedly render himself up, in silence, task.

The conversation of Mr. Shelley of his poetic reading, and the relations into which his system was of a nature strongly to attention of Lord Byron, and worldly associations and top and untrodden ways of the trust, indeed, is an enlivening intercourse, it would be difficult more formed to whet each discussion, as on few points of contention they did their opinions agree;

* Child Harold,

had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering labyrinth of Mr Shelley's pages to assure us.

In Lord Byron, the real was never forgotten in the fanciful. However Imagination had placed her whole realm at his disposal, he was no less a man of this world than a ruler of hers; and, accordingly, through the airiest and most subtle creations of his brain still the life-blood of truth and reality circulates. With Shelley it was far otherwise;—his fancy (and he had sufficient for a whole generation of poets) was the medium through which he saw all things, his facts as well as his theories; and not only the greater part of his poetry, but the political and philosophical speculations in which he indulged, were all distilled through the same over-refining and unrealizing alembic. Having started as a teacher and reformer of the world, at an age when he could know nothing of the world but from fancy, the persecution he met with on the threshold of this boyish enterprise but confirmed him in his first paradoxical views of human ills and their remedies; and, instead of waiting to take lessons of authority and experience, he, with a courage, admirable had it been but wisely directed, made war upon both. From this sort of self-willed start in the world, an impulse was at once given to his opinions and powers directly contrary, it would seem, to their natural bias, and from which his life was too short to allow him time to recover. With a mind, by nature, fervidly pious, he yet refused to acknowledge a Supreme Providence, and substituted some airy abstraction of "Universal Love" in its place. An aristocrat by birth and, as I understand, also in appearance and manners, he was yet a leveller in politics, and to such an Utopian extent as to be, seriously, the advocate of a community of property. With a delicacy and even romance of sentiment, which lends such grace to some of his lesser poems, he could notwithstanding contemplate a change in the relations of the sexes, which would have led to results fully as gross as his arguments for it were fastidious and refined; and though benevolent and generous to an extent that seemed to exclude all idea of selfishness, he yet scrupled not, in the pride of system, to disturb wantonly the faith of his fellow-men, and, without substituting any equivalent good in its place, to rob the wretched of a hope, which, even if false, would be worth all this world's best truths.

Upon no point were the opposite tendencies of the two friends,—to long established opinions and matter of fact on one side, and to all that was most innovating and visionary on the other,—more observable than in their notions on philosophical subjects; Lord Byron being, with the great bulk of mankind, a believer in the existence of Matter and Evil, while Shelley so far refined upon the theory of Berkeley as not only to resolve the whole of Creation into spirit, but to add also to this immaterial system some pervading principle, some abstract non-entity of Love and Beauty, of which—as a substitute, at least, for Deity—the philosophic bishop had never dreamed. On such subjects, and on poetry, their conversation generally turned; and, as might be expected from Lord Byron's facility in receiving new impressions,

the opinions of his companion were not altogether without some influence on his mind. Here and there, among those fine bursts of passion and description that abound in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, may be discovered traces of that mysticism of meaning,—that sublimity, losing itself in its own vagueness,—which so much characterized the writings of his extraordinary friend; and in one of the notes we find Shelley's favourite Pantheism of Love thus glanced at:—"But this is not all: the feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole."

Another proof of the ductility with which he fell into his new friend's tastes and predilections, appears in the tinge, if not something deeper, of the manner and cast of thinking of Mr. Wordsworth, which is traceable through so many of his most beautiful stanzas. Being naturally, from his love of the abstract and imaginative, an admirer of the great poet of the Lakes, Mr. Shelley omitted no opportunity of bringing the beauties of his favourite writer under the notice of Lord Byron; and it is not surprising that, once persuaded into a fair perusal, the mind of the noble poet should—in spite of some personal and political prejudices which unluckily survived this short access of admiration—not only feel the influence but, in some degree, even reflect the hues of one of the very few real and original poets that this age (fertile as it is in rhymers *quales ego et Cluvienus*) has had the glory of producing.

When Polidori was of their party (which, till he found attractions elsewhere, was generally the case), their more elevated subjects of conversation were almost always put to flight by the strange sallies of this eccentric young man, whose vanity made him a constant butt for Lord Byron's sarcasm and merriment. The son of a highly respectable Italian gentleman, who was in early life, I understand, the secretary of Alfieri, Polidori seems to have possessed both talents and dispositions which, had he lived, might have rendered him a useful member of his profession and of society. At the time, however, of which we are speaking, his ambition of distinction far outwent both his powers and opportunities of attaining it. His mind, accordingly, between ardour and weakness, was kept in a constant hectic of vanity, and he seems to have alternately provoked and amused his noble employer, leaving him seldom any escape from anger but in laughter. Among other pretensions, he had set his heart upon shining as an author, and one evening, at Mr. Shelley's producing a tragedy of his own writing, insisted that they should undergo the operation of hearing it. To lighten the infliction, Lord Byron took upon himself the task of reader; and the whole scene, from the description I have heard of it, must have been not a little trying to gravity. In spite of the jealous watch kept upon

every countenance by the author, it was impossible to withstand the smile lurking in the eye of the reader, whose only resource against the outbreak of his own laughter lay in lauding, from time to time, most vehemently, the sublimity of the verses;—particularly some that began "'Tis thus the goller'd idiot of the Alps"—and then adding, at the close of every such eulogy, "I assure you, when I was in the Drury-lane Committee, much worse things were offered to us."

After passing a fortnight under the same roof with Lord Byron at Secheron, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley removed to a small house on the Mont-Blanc side of the Lake, within about ten minutes' walk of the villa which their noble friend had taken, upon the high banks, called Belle Rive, that rose immediately behind them. During the fortnight that Lord Byron outstaid them at Secheron, though the weather had changed and was become windy and cloudy, he every evening crossed the Lake, with Polidori, to visit them; and, "as he returned again (says my informant) over the darkened waters, the wind, from far across, bore us his voice singing your Tyrolese Song of Liberty, which I then first heard, and which is to me inextricably linked with his remembrance."

In the mean time, Polidori had become jealous of the growing intimacy of his noble patron with Shelley; and the plan which he now understood them to have formed of making a tour of the Lake without him completed his mortification. In the soreness of his feelings on this subject he indulged in some intemperate remonstrances, which Lord Byron indignantly resented; and the usual bounds of courtesy being passed on both sides, the dismissal of Polidori appeared, even to himself, inevitable. With this prospect, which he considered nothing less than ruin, before his eyes, the poor young man was, it seems, on the point of committing that fatal act which, two or three years afterwards, he actually did perpetrate. Retiring to his own room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine chest, and was pausing to consider whether he should write a letter before he took it, when Lord Byron (without, however, the least suspicion of his intention) tapped at the door and entered, with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears; and, in relating all the circumstances of the occurrence afterwards, he declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron in soothing his mind and restoring him to composure.

Soon after this the noble poet removed to Diodati. He had, on his first coming to Geneva, with the good-natured view of introducing Polidori into company, gone to several Genevese parties; but, this task performed, he retired altogether from society, till late in the summer, when, as we have seen, he visited Copet. His means were at this time very limited, and though he lived by no means parsimoniously, all unnecessary expenses were avoided in his establishment. The young physicians had been, at first, a source of much expense to him, being in the habit of hiring a carriage, at a louis a day (Lord Byron not then keeping horses) to take him to his evening parties; and it was some time before his noble patron had the courage to put this luxury down.

The liberty, indeed, which this young man allowed himself was, on one occasion, the bringing an imputation upon the poet's labors and good-breeding, which, like every thing true or false, tending to cast a shade upon his name, was for some time circulated with most intense zeal. Without any authority from the noble host, the mansion, he took upon himself to invite the Genevese gentlemen (M. Pictet, and M. Monstetten) to dine at Diodati; and the sentiment which Lord Byron thought it right to put him for such freedom was, "as he had invited guests, to leave him also to entertain them; a step, though merely a consequence of the indiscretion, it was not difficult, of course, to put into a serious charge of caprice and rudeness, the host himself.

By such repeated instances of thoughtlessness (to use no harsher term), it is not wonderful that Lord Byron should at last be driven into a feeling of hostility towards his medical companion, of whose conduct he remarked, that "he was exactly the kind of man to whom, if he fell overboard, one would throw straw, to know if the adage be true that men catch at straws."

A few more anecdotes of this young man in the service of Lord Byron, may, as I have said, upon the character of the latter, be appropriately introduced. While the two were one day, out boating, Polidori, by a sudden stroke of the oar, struck Lord Byron violently on the forehead with his oar; and the latter, without uttering a word, hid his face away to hide the pain. After a short time, he said, "Be so kind, Polidori, another time, be more careful, for you hurt me very much." "Of it," answered the other; "I am glad you can suffer pain." In a calm, suppressed voice, Byron replied, "Let me advise you, Polidori, you, another time, hurt any one, not to expect satisfaction. People don't like to be hurt by those who give them pain are glad of it; and it is always command their anger. It was my great difficulty that I refrained from throwing you overboard, and, but for Mrs. Shelley's presence, I probably have done some such rash thing; as I said without ill-temper, and the cloud was away."

Another time, when the lady just mentioned, after a shower of rain, walking up the hill to Lord Byron, who saw her from his balcony, was standing with Polidori, said to the latter, "You who wish to be gallant ought to jump over my wall, at a small height and offer your arm." Polidori, in the easiest part of the declivity and leaped down, the ground being wet, his foot slipped and he fell on his ankle.* Lord Byron instantly helped him up and procure cold water for the foot, which was laid on the sofa, perceiving that he was in pain, he went up stairs himself (an exertion which was made painful and disagreeable) to fetch him. "Well, I did not believe you were so feeble," was Polidori's gracious remark, which may be supposed, not a little clouded his brow.

* To this lameness of Polidori, one of the characters of Lord Byron alludes.

A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between them during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. "After all," said the physician, "what is there you can do that I cannot?"—"Why, since you force me to say," answered the other, "I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. "I can," said Lord Byron, "swim across that river—I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces—And I have written a poem* of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day."

The jealous pique of the doctor against Shelley was constantly breaking out, and on the occasion of some victory which the latter had gained over him in a sailing match, he took it into his head that his antagonist had treated him with contempt; and went so far, in consequence, notwithstanding Shelley's known sentiments against duelling, as to proffer him a sort of challenge, at which Shelley, as might be expected, only laughed. Lord Byron, however, fearing that the vivacious physician might still further take advantage of this peculiarity of his friend, said to him, "Recollect, that though Shelley has some scruples about duelling, I have none; and shall be, at all times, ready to take his place."

At Diodati, his life was passed in the same regular round of habits and occupations into which, when left to himself, he always naturally fell; a late breakfast, then a visit to the Shelleys' cottage and an excursion on the Lake;—at five, dinner† (when he usually preferred being alone), and then, if the weather permitted, an excursion again. He and Shelley had joined in purchasing a boat, for which they gave twenty-five *louis*,—a small sailing vessel, fitted to stand the usual squalls of the climate, and, at that time, the only keeled boat on the Lake. When the weather did not allow of their excursions after dinner,—an occurrence not unfrequent during this very wet summer,—the inmates of the cottage passed their evenings at Diodati, and, when the rain rendered it inconvenient for them to return home, remained there to sleep. "We often," says one, who was not the least ornamental of the party, "sat up in conversation till the morning light. There was never any lack of subjects, and, grave or gay, we were always interested."

During a week of rain at this time, having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed, at last, to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the Vampire; and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story ‡

* The Corsair.

† His system of diet here was regulated by an abstinence almost incredible. A thin slice of bread, with tea, at breakfast—a light, vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer water, tinged with *vin de Grave*, and in the evening, a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he assuaged by privately chewing tobacco and smoking cigars.

‡ From his remembrance of this sketch, Polidori afterwards vamped up his strange novel of the Vampire, which, under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, was received with such enthusiasm in France. It would, indeed, not a little deduct from our value of foreign fame, if what some French writers have asserted be true, that the appearance of this extravagant novel among our neighbours first attracted their attention to the genius of Byron.

one evening,—but, from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of *Frankenstein*,—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.

Towards the latter end of June, as we have seen in one of the preceding letters, Lord Byron, accompanied by his friend Shelley, made a tour in his boat round the Lake, and visited, "with the *Heloise* before him," all those scenes around Meillerie and Clarens, which have become consecrated for ever by ideal passion, and by that power which Genius alone possesses, of giving such life to its dreams as to make them seem realities. In the squall off Meillerie, which he mentions, their danger was considerable.* In the expectation, every moment, of being obliged to swim for his life, Lord Byron had already thrown off his coat, and, as Shelley was no swimmer, insisted upon endeavouring, by some means, to save him. This offer, however, Shelley positively refused; and seating himself quietly upon a locker, and grasping the rings at each end firmly in his hands, declared his determination to go down in that position, without a struggle.†

Subjoined to that interesting little work, the "Six Weeks' Tour," there is a letter by Shelley himself, giving an account of this excursion round the Lake, and written with all the enthusiasm such scenes should inspire. In describing a beautiful child they saw at the village of Nervi, he says, "My companion gave him a piece of money, which he took without speaking, with a sweet smile of easy thankfulness, and then with an unembarrassed air turned to his play." There were, indeed, few things Lord Byron more delighted in than to watch beautiful children at play;—"many a lovely Swiss child (says a person who saw him daily at this time) received crowns from him as the reward of their grace and sweetness."

Speaking of their lodgings at Nervi, which were gloomy and dirty, Mr. Shelley says, "On returning to our inn, we found that the servant had arranged our rooms, and deprived them of the greater portion of their former disconsolate appearance. They re-

* "The wind (says Lord Byron's fellow-voyager) gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously, and, as it came from the remotest extremity of the Lake, produced waves of a frightful height, and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. One of our boatmen, who was a dreadfully stupid fellow, persisted in holding the sail at a time when the boat was on the point of being driven under water by the hurricane. On discovering this error, he let it entirely go, and the boat for a moment refused to obey the helm; in addition, the rudder was so broken as to render the management of it very difficult; one wave fell in and then another."

† "I felt, in this near prospect of death (says Mr Shelley), a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered, though but subordinated. My feelings would have been less painful, had I been alone, but I knew that my companion would have attempted to save me, and I was over come with humiliation, when I thought that his life might have been risked to preserve mine. When we arrived at St. Gingins, the inhabitants, who stood on the shore, unaccustomed to see a vessel as frail as ours, and fearing to venture at all on such a sea, exchanged looks of wonder and congratulation with our boatmen, who, as well as ourselves, were well pleased to set foot on shore."

mind my companion of Greece: it was five years, he said, since he had slept in such beds."

Luckily for Shelley's full enjoyment of these scenes, he had never before happened to read the *Heloise*; and though his companion had long been familiar with that romance, the sight of the region itself, the "birthplace of deep Love," every spot of which seemed instinct with the passion of the story, gave to the whole a fresh and actual existence in his mind. Both were under the spell of the Genius of the place,—both full of emotion; and as they walked silently through the vineyards that were once the "bosquet de Julie," Lord Byron suddenly exclaimed, "Thank God, Polidori is not here."

That the glowing stanzas suggested to him by this scene were written upon the spot itself appears almost certain, from the letter addressed to Mr. Murray on his way back to Diodati, in which he announces the Third Canto as complete, and consisting of 117 stanzas. At Ouchy, near Lausanne,—the place from which that letter is dated,—he and his friend were detained two days, in a small inn, by the weather; and it was there, in that short interval, that he wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," adding one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the Lake.

On his return from this excursion to Diodati, an occasion was afforded for the gratification of his jesting propensities by the avowal of the young physician that—he had fallen in love. On the evening of this tender confession they both appeared at Shelley's cottage—Lord Byron, in the highest and most boyish spirits, rubbing his hands as he walked about the room, and in that utter incapacity of retention which was one of his failings, making jesting allusions to the secret he had just heard. The brow of the doctor darkened as this pleasantry went on, and, at last, he angrily accused Lord Byron of hardness of heart. "I never," said he, "met with a person so unfeeling." This sally, though the poet had evidently brought it upon himself, annoyed him most deeply. "Call me cold-hearted—me insensible!" he exclaimed, with manifest emotion—"as well might you say that glass is not brittle, which has been cast down a precipice, and lies dashed to pieces at the foot!"

In the month of July he paid a visit to Copet, and was received by the distinguished hostess with a cordiality the more sensibly felt by him as, from his personal unpopularity at this time, he had hardly ventured to count upon it.* In her usual frank style, she took him to task upon his matrimonial conduct—but in a way that won upon his mind, and disposed him to yield to her suggestions. He must endeavour, she told him, to bring about a reconciliation with his wife, and must submit to contend no longer with the opinion of the world. In vain did he quote her own motto to Delphine, "Un homme peut braver,

* In the account of this visit to Copet in his Memoranda, he spoke in high terms of the daughter of his hostess, the present Duchess de Broglie, and, in noticing how much she appeared to be attached to her husband, remarked that "Nothing was more pleasing than to see the development of the domestic affections in a very young woman." Of Madame de Staël, in that Memoir, he spoke thus: "Madame de Staël was a good woman at heart and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable, in any other person's, you wished her gone, and in her own again."

une femme doit succomber aux opinions de son mari"—her reply was, that all this might be very well to say, but that, in real life, the duty and courage yielding belonged also to the man. Her design, in short, so far succeeded that he was prevailed upon to write a letter to a friend in England, declaring himself still willing to be reconciled to Lady Byron—a concession not a little startling to those who so often, lately, heard him declare that, "being done all in his power to persuade Lady Byron to return, and with this view put off as long as possible signing the deed of separation, that step being taken, they were now divided for ever."

Of the particulars of this brief negotiation ensued upon Madame de Staël's suggestion, he has no very accurate remembrance; but there is no little doubt that its failure, after the violence done his own pride in the overture, was well infused any mixture of resentment or bitterness to the feelings hitherto entertained by him against these painful differences. He had, indeed, on his arrival in Geneva, invariably spoken of her with kindness and regret, imputing the error he had taken, in leaving him, not to herself alone, and assigning whatever little share of blame he would allow her to bear in the transaction to the influence of a doubtless, true cause—her not at all unfeeling him. "I have no doubt," he would sometimes say, "that she really did believe me to be so."

Another resolution connected with his matrimonial affairs, in which he often, at this time, seemed to have fixed intention to persevere, was that of refusing himself to touch any part of his wife's property. Such a sacrifice, there is no doubt, would have been in his situation, delicate and manly; but the natural bent of his disposition led him to another resolution, he wanted,—what few, perhaps, could have attained,—the fortitude to keep it.

The effects of the late struggle on his mind, stirring up all its resources and energies, was felt in the great activity of his genius during the latter of this period, and the rich variety, both in subject and colouring, of the works with which it was supplied. Besides the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* and the *Prisoner of Chillon*, he produced also his two Poems "Darkness" and "the Dream," the latter of which cost him many a tear in writing,—being, indeed, the most mournful, as well as picturesque "song of a wandering life" that ever came from the pen of heart of man. Those verses, too, entitled "A Hymn to Cantata," which he introduced afterwards, with any connexion with the subject, into *Madness*, and also (at least, the less bitter portion of them) the production of this period; and as they were written after the last fruitless attempt at reconciliation, it is needless to say who was in his thoughts when he penned some of the opening stanzas.

Though thy slumber must be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not smother;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud,
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

thou seest me not pass by,
 canst feel me with thine eye,
 and that, though unseen,
 I hear thee, and hath been;
 and, in that secret dread,
 I turn'd around thy head,
 and marvel I am not
 a shadow on the spot,
 or power which thou dost feel
 or what thou must conceal.

He unfinished "Vampire," he began also, another romance in prose, founded upon the Marriage of Belphegor, and intended for his own matrimonial fate. The wife in personage he described much in the that pervades his delineation of Donna First Canto of Don Juan. While engaged, in writing this story, he heard from Lady Byron was ill, and, his heart for intelligence, he threw the manuscript. So constantly were the good and evil his nature conflicting for mastery over

following Poems, so different from each other character,—the first prying with an vision into the darkness of another world, and breathing all that is most natural and affections of this,—were also written at and have never before been published.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

permeant the river of my years
 great fountain of our smiles and tears,
 and trace again the stream of hours
 in their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
 as flow as now—until it glides
 a number of the nameless tides.

What Death?—a quiet of the heart?
 one of that of which we are a part?
 is it not a vision—what I see
 which lives alone a life to me,
 and so—the absent are the dead,
 and so from tranquillity, and spread
 my shroud around us, and invest
 and remembrances our hours of rest.
 absent are the dead—for they are cold,
 but can be what once we did behold;
 they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
 they often do not all forget,
 and divided—equal must it be
 and so—tossing be of earth or sea;
 the both—but one day end it must
 and union of transient dust.
 under earth inhabitants—are they
 dusted millions decomposed to clay?
 lines of a thousand ages spread
 over man has trodden or shall tread?
 they in their silent cities dwell
 in his incommunicative cell?
 do they their own language? and a sense
 of his being?—darken'd and intense
 daylight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!
 how are the past—and wherefore had they birth?
 and are thy inheritors—and we
 shadows on thy surface; and the key

on some occasion, indeed, he wrote some verses of quite as generous, of which a few of the open-
 all I shall give:

How wert thou—yet was I not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;
 how wert thou—yet I was not with thee;

Of thy profundity is in the grave,
 The chosen portal of thy peopled cave,
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
 Our elements resolved to things untold,
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
 The essence of great bosoms now no more.

TO AUGUSTA.

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast.
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks:
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox,
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
 Something—I know not what—does still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when this habitually recur,—
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,
 And with light armour we may learn to bear.)
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

VII.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood, trees, and flowers, and brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,

* * Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul weather Jack."

But, though it were tempest-land,
 Still his bark could not be lost.

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager (in Anson's Voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.

Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

8.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

9.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

10.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,*
By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

11.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

12.

I can reduce all feelings but this one:
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

13.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

14.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care:
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were:
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century.
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

15.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not bemoan
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

* The lake of Newstead Abbey.

16.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign:
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

In the month of August, Mr M. G. Lewis was
to pass some time with him; and he was soon
visited by Mr Richard Sharpe, of whom he had
such honourable mention in the journal already
and with whom, as I have heard that gentleman
it now gave him evident pleasure to converse
their common friends in England. Among those
appeared to have left the strongest impres-
terest and admiration on his mind, was (as could
be believed by all who know this distinguished
son) Sir James Mackintosh.

Soon after the arrival of his friends, Mr Hake
and Mr S. Davies, he set out, as we have seen
the former, on a tour through the Bernese Alps,
after accomplishing which journey, about the begin-
ning of October he took his departure, accompa-
nyed by the same gentleman, for Italy.

The first letter of the following series was, it will
be seen, written a few days before he left London.

LETTER CXXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Dionisi, Oct. 3.

"Save me a copy of 'Buck's Richard III.' pub-
lished by Longman; but do not send out more
I have too many.

"The 'Monody' is in too many paragraphs
makes it unintelligible to me; if any one else
stands it in the present form, they are wise; for
ever, as it cannot be rectified till my return, as it
been already published, even publish it as a
collection—it will fill up the place of the
epistle.

"Strike out 'by request of a friend,' which is
trash, and must have been done to make it ridi-
culous.

"Be careful in the printing the stanzas begin-

Though the day of my destiny's, &c.

which I think well of as a composition.

"The 'Antiquary' is not the best of the three.
much above all the last twenty years, saving in de-
brothers. Holcroft's Memoirs are valuable as shew-
ing strength of endurance in the man, which is
more than all the talent in the world.

"And so you have been publishing 'Margaret
Anjou' and an Assyrian tale, and refusing W. W.
Waterloo, and the 'Hue and Cry.' I know
which most to admire, your rejections or accep-
ances. I believe that prose is, after all, the
reputable, for certes, if every one could foresee—
I won't go on—that is, with this sentence. In
poetry is, I fear, incurable. God help me! if I
proceed in this scribbling, I shall have fretted away
mind before I am thirty, but it is at times a
relief to me. For the present—good evening.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Martigny, October 9th, 1816.

on my way to Italy. We have just 'Passe-Vache' (one of the first torrents in the Alps) a time to view the iris which the sun is before noon.

written to you twice lately. Mr Davies, arrived. He brings the original MS. which I recollect that the printing is to which Mr Shelley brought; and recollect concluding stanzas of Childe Harold (daughter) which I had not made up my mind to publish or not when they were first so will be marked on the margin of the MS. I had (and have) fully determined to leave the rest of the canto, as in the copy received by Mr Shelley, before I sent it to

which is very fine, which is more than the been.—At Milan I shall expect to hear address either to Milan, *poste restante*, Geneva, to the care of Monsr Hentsch, I write these few lines in case my other not reach you; I trust one of them will. Last respects and regards to Mr Gifford. Now, it may perhaps be as well to put a short part relating to *Clarens*, merely to ensure the description does not refer to any spot so much as to the command of it. I do not know that this is necessary to Mr G.'s choice, as my editor,—now me to call him so at this distance."

LETTER CCXLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Milan, October 15th, 1816.

that Mr Davies has arrived in England,—some letters, &c., committed to his care only half have been delivered. This naturally makes me feel a little anxious for amongst them for the MS., which I wished paired with the one sent by me through Mr Shelley. I trust that it has arrived indeed not less so, that some little from Mont Blanc, for my daughter and have reached their address. Pray have to ascertain from Mr Davies that (by customhouse or loss) has befallen study me on this point at your earliest

feet rightly, you told me that Mr Gifford undertaken to correct the press (at during my absence—at least I hope to my many obligations to that gentle-

to you, on my way here, a short note, my. Mr Hobhouse and myself arrived days ago, by the Simplon and Lago Maggiore. Of course we visited the Horromenn which are fine, but too artificial. The magnificent in its nature and its art,—all men have done wonders,—to say no-

thing of the devil, who must certainly have had a hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines through and over which the works are carried.

"Milan is striking, the cathedral superb. The city altogether reminds me of Seville, but a little inferior. We had heard divers bruits, and took precautions on the road, near the frontier, against some 'many worthy fellows' (i. e. felons) that were out, and had ransacked some preceding travellers, a few weeks ago, near Sesto,—or Cesto, I forget which,—of cash and raiment, besides putting them in bodily fear, and lodging about twenty slugs in the retreating part of a courier belonging to Mr Hope. But we were not molested, and, I do not think, in any danger, except of making mistakes in the way of cocking and priming whenever we saw an old house, or an ill-looking thicket, and now and then suspecting the 'true men,' who have very much the appearance of the thieves of other countries. What the thieves may look like, I know not, nor desire to know, for it seems they come upon you in bodies of thirty ('in huckram and Kendal green') at a time, so that the voyagers have no great chance. It is something like poor dear Turkey in that respect, but not so good, for there you can have as great a body of rogues to match the regular banditti; but here the *gens d'armes* are said to be no great things, and as for one's own people, one can't carry them about like Robinson Crusoe with a gun on each shoulder.

"I have been to the Ambrosian library—it is a fine collection—full of MSS. edited and unedited. I enclose you a list of the former recently published: these are matters for your literati. For me, in my simple way, I have been most delighted with a correspondence of letters, all original and amatory, between *Lucretia Borgia* and *Cardinal Bembo*, preserved there. I have pored over them and a lock of her hair, the prettiest and fairest imaginable—I never saw fairer—and shall go repeatedly to read the epistles over and over; and if I can obtain some of the hair by fair means, I shall try. I have already persuaded the librarian to promise me copies of the letters, and I hope he will not disappoint me. They are short, but very simple, sweet, and to the purpose; there are some copies of verses in Spanish also by her; the tress of her hair is long, and, as I said before, beautiful. The Brera gallery of paintings has some fine pictures, but nothing of a collection. Of painting I know nothing; but I like a Guercino—a picture of Abraham putting away Hagar and Ishmael—which seems to me natural and goodly. The Flemish school, such as I saw it in Flanders, I utterly detested, despised, and abhorred; it might be painting, but it was not nature; the Italian is pleasing, and their ideal very noble.

"The Italians I have encountered here are very intelligent and agreeable. In a few days I am to meet Monti. By the way, I have just heard an anecdote of Beccaria, who published such admirable things against the punishment of death. As soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it, I presume,) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the press of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement.

"I forgot to mention the triumphal arch begun by Napoleon, as a gate to this city. It is unfinished, but

the part completed worthy of another age and the same country. The society here is very oddly carried on,—at the theatre and the theatre only,—which answers to our opera. People meet there as at a rout, but in very small circles. From Milan I shall go to Venice. If you write, write to Geneva, as before—the letter will be forwarded.

"Yours ever."

LETTER CCL.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Milan, November 1st, 1816.

"I have recently written to you rather frequently, but without any late answer. Mr Hobhouse and myself set out for Venice in a few days; but you had better still address to me at Mr Hentsch's, Banquier, Geneva; he will forward your letters.

"I do not know whether I mentioned to you, some time ago, that I had parted with the Dr Polidori a few weeks previous to my leaving Diodati. I know no great harm of him; but he had an alacrity of getting into scrapes, and was too young and heedless; and having enough to attend to in my own concerns, and without time to become his tutor, I thought it much better to give him his congé. He arrived at Milan some weeks before Mr Hobhouse and myself. About a week ago, in consequence of a quarrel at the theatre with an Austrian officer, in which he was exceedingly in the wrong, he has contrived to get sent out of the territory, and is gone to Florence. I was not present, the pit having been the scene of altercation; but on being sent for from the Cavalier Brem's box, where I was quietly staring at the ballet, I found the man of medicine begirt with grenadiers, arrested by the guard, conveyed into the guard-room, where there was much swearing in several languages. They were going to keep him there for the night; but on my giving my name, and answering for his apparition next morning, he was permitted egress. Next day he had an order from the government to be gone in twenty-four hours, and accordingly gone he is, some days ago. We did what we could for him, but to no purpose; and indeed he brought it upon himself, as far as I could learn, for I was not present at the squabble itself. I believe this is the real state of his case; and I tell it you because I believe things sometimes reach you in England in a false and exaggerated form. We found Milan very polite and hospitable,* and have the

* With Milan, however, or its society the noble traveller was far from being pleased, and in his Memoranda, I recollect, he described his stay there to be "like a ship under quarantine." Among other persons whom he met in the society of that place was M. Beyle, the ingenious author of "*L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*," who thus describes the impression their first interview left upon him.

"Ce fut pendant l'automne de 1816, que je le rencontrai au théâtre de la Scala, à Milan, dans la loge de M. Louis de Brème. Je fus frappé des yeux de Lord Byron au moment où il exécutait un sésquialtre d'un opéra de Mayer intitulé *Alena*. Je n'ai vu de ma vie, rien de plus beau ni de plus expressif. Encore aujourd'hui, si je viens à penser à l'expression qu'un grand peintre devrait donner au génie, cette tête sublime reparaît tout à coup devant moi. J'eus au instant d'enthousiasme, et oubliant la juste répugnance que tout homme un peu fier doit avoir à se faire présenter à un pair d'Angleterre, je priai M. de Brème de m'introduire à Lord Byron. Je me trouvai le lendemain à dîner

same hopes of Verona and Venice. I have the paper."

"Ever yours, &c."

LETTER CCLJ.

TO MR MOORE.

* Verona, November 20, 1816.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"Your letter, written before my departure from England, and addressed to me in Locarno, reached me recently. Since that period, I have been a portion of that part of Europe which I have not yet seen. About a month since, I crossed from Switzerland to Milan, which I left a few days ago, and am thus far on my way to Venice. I shall probably winter. Yesterday I was on the shores of the Benacus, with his *fluctibus*; but Catullus's Sirmium has still its name and is remembered for his sake; but the very tumultuous rains and mists prevented our going by the route (that is, Hobhouse and myself, who were sent voyaging together), as it was better at least as all than to a great disadvantage.

"I found on the Benacus the same things as the city still visible in calm weather have been, which you have preserved of Lough Neagh: the clear, cold eye's declining." I am sure it is authorised by records; but they are old story, and say that the city was swallowed up in an earthquake. We moved to-day over the mountains, by a road suspected of thieves—convey it call,—but without molestation. I remain here a day or two to gaze at the ruins—amphitheatre, paintings, and all the rest of travel—though Catullus, Claudian, and others have done more for Verona than I ever did. They still pretend to show, I believe, the tomb of all the Capulets—we shall see.

"Among many things at Milan, one particularly, viz., the correspondence (in the world) of love-letters in the world) of Lucretia Borgia and Cardinal Bembo (who, you say, made a cardinal), and a lock of her hair, and some verses of hers,—the lock very fair and beautiful,—took one single hair of it as a relic, and would not get a copy of one or two of the letters: it was prohibited: that I don't mind; but it was not possible; and so I only got some of them to

chez M. de Brème, avec lui, et le célèbre Monti, l'auteur de la *Haarighana*. On pensa peut-être à demander quels étaient les douze pils les plus beaux depuis un siècle, en Français, en Italien, en Anglais. Italiens présents s'accordèrent à désigner les douze premiers vers de la *Mascheroniada* de Monti, comme l'on avait fait de plus beau dans leur langue. Les Français, Monti voulut bien nous les reciter. Je me souviens, il fut ravi. La manière de hautesse, au point d'un homme qui se trouve ainsi à représenter une nation, qui déparait un peu sa belle figure, dans ce coup pour faire place à l'expression du bonheur et du chant de la *Mascheroniada*, que Monti recita tout entier, valu par les acclamations des auditeurs, la plus vive sensation à l'auteur de *Childe Harold*. Je n'ai jamais l'expression divine de ses vers, et surtout de la puissance et du génie, et surtout de Byron n'avait, en ce moment, aucune affaire à reprocher."

the Ambrosian Library, which I took them over—to the scandal of the wanted to enlighten me with sundry classical, philosophical, and pious. Pope's daughter, and wish myself

the finest parts of Switzerland, the and the Swiss and Italian lakes; of which I refer you to the Guide- of Italy is tolerably free from the south swarms with them, I am told. I saw frequently at Copet, which ably pleasant. She has been par- me. I was for some months her country-house called Diodati, which like of Geneva. My plans are very is probable that you will see me in spring. I have some business there, you, will you address to the care of Manquier, Geneva, who receives and you. Remember me to Rogers, who only, with a short account of your trust, is near the light. He speaks

very enduring, except that I am giddiness and faintnesses, which is that I am rather ashamed of the I sailed, I had a physician with some months of patience, I found it with, before I left Geneva some at Milan, I found this gentleman city, where he prospered for some length, at the theatre he quarrelled officer, and was sent out by the twenty-four hours. I was not present but, on hearing that he was put sent and got him out of his confine, not prevent his being sent off, which, I deserved, being quite in the wrong, in a row for row's sake. I had pre- an government some weeks myself, come from Geneva. He is not a very young and hot-headed, and four diseases than to cure them. myself found it useless to intercede for some time before we left Milan. France.

now, and was visited by, Monti, the of the living Italian poets. He in face he is like the late Cooke frequent changes in politics have unpopular as a man. I saw many rain, but none whose names are well and, except Acerbi. I lived much particularly with the Marquis of who are very able and intelligent the Abate. There was a famous who held forth while I was there. wished me; but, although I under- I speak it (with more readiness than I only carry off a few very common- al images, and one line about Ar- ther about Algiers, with sixty words edly about Etæcles and Polyneices. alians liked him—others called his ceaturs' (a devilish good word, by

the way)—and all Milan was in controversy about him.

"The state of morals in these parts is in some sort lax. A mother and son were pointed out at the theatre, as being pronounced by the Milanese world to be of the Theban dynasty—but this was all. The narrator (one of the first men in Milan) seemed to be not sufficiently scandalized by the taste or the tie. All society in Milan is carried on at the opera: they have private boxes, where they play at cards, or talk, or any thing else; but (except at the Casino) there are no open houses, or balls, &c. &c. * * *

"The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many of them are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation—one Saint Carlo Borromeo, at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti, at Monza—both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the Isola Bella), there is a large laurel—the largest known—on which Buonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word 'Battaglia.' I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased.

"Excuse this tedious letter. To be tiresome is the privilege of old age and absence: I avail myself of the latter, and the former I have anticipated. If I do not speak to you of my own affairs, it is not from want of confidence, but to spare you and myself. My day is over—what then?—I have had it. To be sure, I have shortened it; and if I had done as much by this letter, it would have been as well. But you will forgive that, if not the other faults of

"Yours ever and most affectionately,

"B.

"P.S. Nov. 7, 1816.

"I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story, they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. Of the other marvels of this city, paintings, antiquities, &c., excepting the tombs of the Scaliger princes, I have no pretensions to judge. The Gothic monuments of the Scaligers pleased me, but 'a poor virtuosio am I,' and

"Ever yours."

It must have been observed, in my account of Lord Byron's life previous to his marriage, that, without leaving altogether unnoticed (what, indeed, was too notorious to be so evaded) certain affairs of gallantry in which he had the reputation of being engaged, I have thought it right, besides refraining from such details in my narrative, to suppress also whatever passages in his Journals and Letters might be supposed to bear too personally or particularly on the same delicate topics. Incomplete as the strange

history of his mind and heart must, in one of its most interesting chapters, be left by these omissions, still a deference to that peculiar sense of decorum in this country, which marks the mention of such frailties as hardly a less crime than the commission of them, and, still more, the regard due to the feelings of the living, who ought not rashly to be made to suffer for the errors of the dead, have combined to render this sacrifice, however much it may be regretted, necessary.

We have now, however, shifted the scene to a region where less caution is requisite;—where, from the different standard applied to female morals in these respects, if the wrong itself be not lessened by this diminution of the consciousness of it, less scruple may be, at least, felt towards persons so circumstanced, and whatever delicacy we may think right to exercise in speaking of their frailties must be with reference rather to our views and usages than theirs.

Availing myself, with this latter qualification, of the greater latitude thus allowed me, I shall venture so far to depart from the plan hitherto pursued, as to give, with but little suppression, the noble poet's letters relative to his Italian adventures. To throw a veil altogether over these irregularities of his private life would be to afford—were it even practicable—but a partial portraiture of his character; while, on the other hand, to rob him of the advantage of being himself the historian of his errors (where no injury to others can flow from the disclosure) would be to deprive him of whatever softening light can be thrown round such transgressions by the vivacity and fancy, the passionate love of beauty, and the strong yearning after affection which will be found to have, more or less, mingled with even the least refined of his attachments. Neither is any great danger to be apprehended from the sanction or seduction of such an example; as they who would dare to plead the authority of Lord Byron for their errors must first be able to trace them to the same palliating sources,—to that sensibility, whose very excesses showed its strength and depth,—that stretch of imagination, to the very verge, perhaps, of what reason can bear without giving way,—that whole combination, in short, of grand but disturbing powers, which alone could be allowed to extenuate such moral derangement, but which, even in him thus dangerously gifted, were insufficient to excuse it.

Having premised these few observations, I shall now proceed, with less interruption, to lay his correspondence, during this and the two succeeding years, before the reader.

LETTER CCLIII.

TO MR MOORE.

• Venice, November 17th, 1816.

"I wrote to you from Verona the other day in my progress hither, which letter I hope you will receive. Some three years ago, or it may be more, I recollect your telling me that you had received a letter from our friend Sam, dated 'On board his gondola.' My gondola is, at this present, waiting for me on the canal; but I prefer writing to you in the house, it being autumn—and rather an English autumn than

otherwise. It is my intention to row during the winter, probably, as it is (next to the East) the greenest imagination. It has not disappointed its evident decay would, perhaps, be upon others. But I have been familiar too long to dislike desolation. Besides, in love, which, next to falling into the water, would be of no use, as I can swim, is the worst thing I could do. I have got a good apartments in the house of a Venetian, who is a good deal occupied, and has a wife in her twenty-second year (that is her name) is in her appearance like an antelope. She has the large eyes, with that peculiar expression seen rarely among Europeans—even and which many of the Turkish women by tinging the eyelid,—an art not known in this country, I believe. This expression is really,—and something more than I cannot describe the effect of this kind of expression upon me. Her features are regular—mouth small—skin clear and of a kind of hectic colour—forehead remarkable—hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and of J's's: her figure is light and pretty, famous songstress—scientifically so: but (in conversation, I mean) is very naïveté of the Venetian dialect is almost the mouth of a woman.

"You will perceive that my despatch was proceeding with the minuteness it has been interrupted for several days time

"Since my former dates, I do not know much to add on the subject, and, luckily, take away; for I am more pleased than ever to be Venetian, and begin to feel very serious—so much so, that I shall be silent.

"By way of divertisement, I am at an Armenian monastery, the Armenians I found that my mind wanted some break upon; and this—as the most difficult could discover here for an amusement chosen, to torture me into attention. I grieve, however, and would amply repay the trouble of learning it. I try, and I but I answer for nothing, least of all for my success. There are some very good in the monastery, as well as books; but from Greek originals, now lost, and from Syriac, &c.; besides works of their own. Four years ago the French instituted a professorship. Twenty pupils present on Monday morning, full of noble ardour, youth, and impregnable industry. This with a courage worthy of the nation and conquest, till Thursday; when *Alles*

reminded to the six-and-twentieth letter of the alphabet. It is, to be sure, a Waterloo of an Alphabet—that must be said for them. But it is so like those fellows, as to do by it as they did by their sovereigns—chance both; to parody the old rhymes, 'Take a thing and give a thing'—'Take a King and give a King.' They are the worst of animals, except their consorts.

"I know the B—n is your neighbour, having a *fringe* in *Delphic*. You will find him an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a *Vale*, *poets*, too much jannoned by pre-ferment in the church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being overrun with fine feelings about woman and *country* (that small change of Love, which people expect to *truly*, receive in such counterfeit coin, and *copy* in lower metal); but, otherwise, a very worthy man, who has lately got a pretty wife, and (I suppose) a child by this time. Pray remember me to him, and say that I know not which to envy most—his neighbourhood, him, or you.

"Of Venice I shall say little. You must have seen many descriptions; and they are most of them *the*. It is a poetical place; and classical, to us, from *Shakespeare* and *Otway*. I have not yet sinned against it in verse, nor do I know that I shall do so, having been timeless since I crossed the Alps, and *happily*, as yet, no renewal of the 'estros.' By the way, I suppose you have seen 'Glenarvon.' Madam is *kind* but it is to read from Copet last autumn. It seems to me that, if the authoress had written the truth, and nothing but the truth—the whole truth—the romance would not only have been more *romantic*, but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can't be good—I did not sit long enough. *May you have leisure*, let me hear from and of you, *longer* ever and truly yours most affectionately.

—B.

PS. Oh! your Poem—is it out? I hope *you* have paid his thousands; but don't you do *too*'s father did, who, having made money *into* *your*, became a *vinegar* merchant; when, *vinegar* turned sweet and be d—d to it, and *me*. My last letter to you from Verona, was to Murray—have you got it? Direct to me *de restant*. There are no English here at present. There were several in Switzerland—some but, except Lady Dalrymple Hamilton, most ugly as virtue—at least, those that I saw."

LETTER CCLIII.

TO MR. MOORE.

—Venice, December 28th, 1816.

taken a fit of writing to you, which *porge*—once from Verona—once from Venice, from Venice—*thrice* that is. For this *ank yourself*. For I heard that you *com*-*my* silence—so, here goes for *garrulity*, that you received my other twain of letters, *I life* (or 'May of life,' which is it, according to commentators)—my way of life is full in regularity. In the mornings I go over in to babble Armenian with the friars of the St. Lazarus, and to help one of them in

correcting the English of an English and Armenian grammar which he is publishing. In the evenings I do one of many nothings—either at the theatre, or some of the *conversaciones*, which are like our routs, or rather worse, for the women sit in a semicircle by the lady of the mansion, and the men stand about the room. To be sure, there is one improvement upon ours—instead of lemonade with their ices, they hand about stiff *rum-punch*—*punch*, by my palate; and this they think *English*. I would not disabuse them of so agreeable an error,—'no, not for Venice.'

"Last night I was at the Count Governor's, which, of course, comprises the best society, and is very much like other gregarious meetings in every country,—as in ours,—except that, instead of the Bishop of Winchester, you have the Patriarch of Venice; and a motley crew of Austrians, Germans, noble Venetians, foreigners, and, if you see a quizz, you may be sure he is a Consul. Oh, by the way. I forgot, when I wrote from Verona, to tell you that at Milan, I met with a countryman of yours—a colonel****, a very excellent, good natured fellow, who knows and shows all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native there. He is particularly civil to strangers, and this is his history,—at least, an episode of it.

"Six-and-twenty years ago Col.****, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa****, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and *she*—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of peace (and tyranny), was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col.****, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame****, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish-Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'What, don't you know me? I am so and so, &c. &c. &c. till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word, and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdi-l of absence.

"Methinks this is as pretty a moral tale as any of Marmontel's. Here is another. The same lady, several years ago, made an escapade with a Swede, Count Ferson—the same whom the Stockholm mob quartered and lapidated not very long since, and they arrived at an Osteria on the road to Rome or thereabouts. It was a summer evening, and, while they were at supper, they were suddenly recalled by a symphony of fiddles in an adjacent apartment, so prettily played, that, wishing to hear them more distinctly, the Count rose, and going into the musical society, said, 'Gentlemen, I am sure that, as a company of gallant cavaliers, you will be delighted to show your skill to a lady, who feels anxious' &c. &c. The men of harmony were all acquiescence—every instrument was tuned and toned, and, striking up:

one of their most ambrosial airs, the whole band followed the Count to the lady's apartment. At their head was the first fiddler, who, bowing and fiddling at the same moment, headed his troop and advanced up the room. Death and discord!—it was the Marquis himself, who was on a serenading party in the country, while his spouse had run away from town. The rest may be imagined—but, first of all, the lady tried to persuade him that she was there on purpose to meet him, and had chosen this method for an harmonious surprise. So much for this gossip, which amused me when I heard it, and I send it to you, in the hope it may have the like effect. Now we'll return to Venice.

"The day after to-morrow (to-morrow being Christmas-day) the Carnival begins. I dine with the Countess Albrizzi and a party, and go to the opera. On that day the Phenix (not the Insurance Office, but the theatre of that name) opens: I have got me a box there for the season, for two reasons, one of which is, that the music is remarkably good. The Contessa Albrizzi, of whom I have made mention, is the De Stael of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and, I believe, not at all dissolute, as most of the women are. She has written very well on the works of Canova, and also a volume of Characters, besides other printed matter. She is of Corfu, but married a dead Venetian—that is, dead since he married.

"My flame (my 'Donna' whom I spoke of in my former epistle, my Marianna) is still my Marianna, and I her—what she pleases. She is by far the prettiest woman I have seen here, and the most loveable I have met with any where—as well as one of the most singular. I believe I told you the rise and progress of our *liaison* in my former letter. Lest that should not have reached you, I will merely repeat that she is a Venetian, two-and-twenty years old, married to a merchant well to do in the world, and that she has great black oriental eyes, and all the qualities which her eyes promise. Whether being in love with her has steeled me or not, I do not know; but I have not seen many other women who seem pretty. The nobility, in particular, are a sad-looking race—the gentry rather better. And now, what art *thou* doing?

* What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?

Are you not near the Luddites? By the Lord! if there's a row, but I'll be among ye! How go on the weavers—the breakers of frames—the Lutherans of politics—the reformers?

1.
"As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will die fighting, or live free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

2.

* When the web that we weave is cast
And the shuttle exchanged for the scythe,
We will sing the winding-sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has cast.

3.

* Though black as his heart its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mine,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

There's an amiable *chanson* for you—
I have written it principally to shock
***, who is all clergy and loyalty—
conce—milk and water.

* But the Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
The Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
Musking and humming,
Fiddling and drumming,
Guitarriest and strumming,
O Thomas Moore!

The other night I saw a new play.—
The subject was the sacrifice of *Levi*
succeeded, and they called for the *aria*
to continental custom—and he presented
noble Venetian, *Mali*, or *Malapiero*,
was his name, and *pessima* his product.
I thought so, and I ought to know, his
or less of five hundred Drury-lane
my coadjutorship with the sub and son.

"When does your Poem of *Poems*
hear that the E. R. has cut up Coleridge,
bel, and declared against me for
praised it, firstly, because I thought
condly, because Coleridge was in great
after doing what little I could for him.
I thought that the public avowal of
might help him further, at least
sellers. I am very sorry that J. * * has
because, poor fellow, it will hurt him
pocket. As for me, he is welcome
think less of J. * * for any thing he
me or mine in future.

"I suppose Murray has sent you, or
I do not know whether they are out of
or poetics, of mine, of last summer.
they're sublime—'Gaston Coheriza'
dares! Pray, let me hear from you, or
at least, let me know that you have
three letters. Direct, right here, post.

"Ever and so

"P.S. I heard the other day of a
a bookseller, who has published some
sweeping the bastards to me, and says
five hundred guineas for them. He
wrote such stuff, never saw the poet
lisher of them, in my life, nor had
cation, directly or indirectly, with the
say as much for me, if need be. I
Murray, to make him contradict the

LETTER CCLIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

" Venice, November 25th, 1816.

Some months since I have heard from or of you, not since I left Diodati. From Milan you were or twice; but have been here some little time, and intend to pass the winter without removing much pleased with the Lago di Garda, Verona, particularly the amphitheatre, and again in a convent garden, which they show you, they insist on the truth of her history. On your arrival at Venice, the lady of the Austrian told me that between Verona and Vicenza were the ruins of the castle of the *Montecchi*, and once appertaining to the Capulets. I was to have been of *Vicenza*, by the train, and I was a good deal surprised to find so much in *Bandello's* novel, which seems really founded on a fact.

It pleases me as much as I expected, and I am much. It is one of those places which I see I see them, and has always haunted me since the East. I like the gloomy gaiety of the place, and the silence of their canals. I do not like the evident decay of the city, though the singularity of its vanished costume: there is much left still; the Carnival, too,

and, indeed Venice, is most alive at the theatres are not open till nine, and the proportionably late. All this is to my taste, and your countrymen miss and regret the hackney coaches, without which they can't

get remarkably good apartments in a private house. I see something of the inhabitants (having read many letters to some of them); I have read a little, and luckily could read (more fluently than correctly) long ago. I am, out of curiosity, the *Venetian* dialect, very naive, and soft, and peculiar, though unusual; I go out frequently, and am in contentment.

Behold of Canova (a bust which is in the *Madame* the Countess d'Albrizzi, whom I without exception, to my mind, the most beautiful of human conceptions, and far more ideas of human execution.

In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
That Nature could, but would not do,
Has Beauty and Canova can't
Beyond imagination a power,
Beyond the bard's defeated art,
Behold immortality her dower,
Behold the *Helen* of the heart!"

If this 'heart' reminds me that I have fallen into the same love; but lest you should make some mistake, and envy me the possession of those princesses or countesses with whose portraits English voyagers are apt to invest me, I beg leave to tell you that my goddess is wife of a 'Merchant of Venice;' but then

she is pretty as an antelope, is but two-and-twenty years old, has the large, black, oriental eyes, with the Italian countenance, and dark glossy hair, of the curl and colour of Lady J's. Then she has the voice of a lute, and the song of a seraph (though not quite so sacred), besides a long postscript of graces, virtues, and accomplishments, enough to furnish out a new chapter for Solomon's Song. But her great merit is finding out mine—there is nothing so amiable as discernment.

"The general race of women appear to be handsome; but in Italy, as on almost all the continent, the highest orders are by no means a well-looking generation, and indeed reckoned by their countrymen very much otherwise. Some are exceptions, but most of them as ugly as *Virtue* herself.

"If you write, address to me here, *poste restante*, as I shall probably stay the winter over. I never see a newspaper, and know nothing of England, except in a letter now and then from my sister. Of the MS. sent you, I know nothing, except that you have received it, and are to publish it, &c. &c.; but when, where, and how, you leave me to guess; but it don't much matter.

"I suppose you have a world of works passing through your press for next year? When does Moore's Poem appear? I sent a letter for him, addressed to your care, the other day."

LETTER CCLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

" Venice, Dec. 4th, 1816.

"I have written to you so frequently of late, that you will think me a bore; as I think you a very impolite person, for not answering my letters from Switzerland, Milan, Verona, and Venice. There are some things I wanted, and want, to know; viz. whether Mr Davies, of inaccurate memory, had or had not delivered the MS. as delivered to him; because, if he has not, you will find that he will bountifully bestow transcriptions on all the curious of his acquaintance, in which case you may probably find your publication anticipated by the 'Cambridge' or other Chronicles. In the next place,—I forget what was next; but, in the third place, I want to hear whether you have yet published, or when you mean to do so, or why you have not done so, because in your last (Sept. 20th,—you may be ashamed of the date), you talked of this being done immediately.

"From England I hear nothing, and know nothing of any thing or any body. I have but one correspondent (except Mr Kiessard on business now and then), and her a female; so that I know no more of your island, or city, than the Italian version of the French papers chooses to tell me, or the advertisements of Mr Colburn tagged to the end of your Quarterly Review for the year ago. I wrote to you at some length last week, and have little to add, except that I have begun, and am proceeding in, a study of the Armenian language, which I acquire, as well as I can, at the Armenian convent, where I go every day to take lessons of a learned friar, and have gained some singular and not useless information with regard to the literature and customs of that oriental people.

They have an establishment here—a church and convent of ninety monks, very learned and accomplished men, some of them. They have also a press, and make great efforts for the enlightening of their nation. I find the language (which is *twin*, the *literal* and the *vulgar*) difficult, but not invincible (at least, I hope not). I shall go on. I found it necessary to twist my mind round some severer study, and this, as being the hardest I could devise here, will be a file for the serpent.

"I mean to remain here till the spring, so address to me *directly to Venice, postea restante*.—Mr Hobhouse, for the present, is gone to Rome, with his brother, brother's wife, and sister, who overtook him here: he returns in two months. I should have gone too, but I fell in love, and must stay that over. I should think *that* and the Armenian alphabet will last the winter. The lady has, luckily for me, been less obdurate than the language, or, between the two, I should have lost my remains of sanity. By the way, she is not an Armenian but a Venetian, as I believe I told you in my last. As for Italian, I am fluent enough, even in its Venetian modification, which is something like the Somersetshire version of English; and as for the more classical dialects, I had not forgot my former practice much during my voyaging.

"Yours, ever and truly,

"B.

"P.S. Remember me to Mr Gifford."

LETTER CCLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, Dec. 9th, 1816.

"In a letter from England, I am informed that a man named Johnson has taken upon himself to publish some poems called a 'Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a Tempest, and an Address to my Daughter,' &c. and to attribute them to me, adding that he had paid five hundred guineas for them. The answer to this is short: *I never wrote such poems, never received the sum he mentions, nor any other in the same quarter, nor (as far as moral or mortal certainty can be sure) ever had, directly or indirectly, the slightest communication with Johnson in my life; not being aware that the person existed till this intelligence gave me to understand that there were such people. Nothing surprises me, or this perhaps would, and most things amuse me, or this probably would not. With regard to myself, the man has merely lied; that's natural—his betters have set him the example: but with regard to you, his assertion may perhaps injure you in your publications; and I desire that it may receive the most public and unqualified contradiction. I do not know that there is any punishment for a thing of this kind, and if there were, I should not feel disposed to pursue this ingenious mountebank farther than was necessary for his confutation; but thus far it may be necessary to proceed.*

"You will make what use you please of this letter; and Mr Kinnaird, who has power to act for me in my absence, will, I am sure, readily join you in any steps which it may be proper to take with re-

gard to the absurd falsehood of this poor creature. As you will have recently received several from me on my way to Venice, as well as two since my arrival, I will not at present trouble further.

"Ever, &c.

"P.S. Pray let me hear that you have received this letter. Address to Venice, *postea restante*.

"To prevent the recurrence of similar notions, you may state, that I consider myself as liable for no publication from the year 1813 up to the present date, which is not from your press. I am of course from that period, because, *prosa* Cawthorn and Ridge had both printed copies of mine. 'A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem' has been there? As for 'A Tempest,' it was a *tempest* when I left England, but a *very fresh* one and as to an 'Address to little Ada' who, by the way, is a year old to-morrow, I never wrote about her, except in 'Farewell' and the Canto of Childe Harold."

LETTER CCLVII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Venice, Dec. 12th, 1816.

"As the demon of silence seems to have pursued you, I am determined to have my revenge; and this is my sixth or seventh letter since I came to Switzerland. My last was an injunction to you and consign to confusion that Cheapoats who (I heard by a letter from your island, had the proper to append my name to his spurious poem which I know nothing, nor of his pretended poem or copyright. I hope you have, at least, received that letter.

"As the news of Venice must be very interesting to you, I will regale you with it.

"Yesterday being the feast of St. Stephen, my mouth was put in motion. There was nothing fiddling and playing on the virginals, and all conceits and divertissements, on every canal in this aquatic city. I dined with the Countess Alberti, a Paduan and Venetian party, and afterwards to the opera, at the Fenice theatre (which was the Carnival on that day),—the finest, by far I have ever seen: it beats our theatres hollow in scenery, and those of Milan and Brescia before it. The opera and its sirens were much admired, but the subject of the opera was something edifying; it turned—the conduct thereof—upon a fact narrated by a hundred and fifty married ladies having a hundred and fifty husbands in good old bachelors of Rome believed this extraordinary fatality to be merely the common effect of a pestilence; but the surviving Benedictine, seized with the cholera, examined into the consequence of which was, much scandalized suits at law. This is really and truly the musical piece at the Fenice; and I receive what pretty things are sung about the *horrenda strage*. The com-

about to be chopped off by a lictor, but to my) he left it on, and she got up and with the two Consuls, the Senate in the being chorus. The ballet was distinguished nothing remarkable, except that the prima-dancer went into convulsions because she glided on her first appearance; and the same forward to ask if there was 'ever a in the theatre.' There was a Greek one in whom I wished very much to volunteer his being sure that in this case these would have convulsions which would have troubled him; but he would not. The crowd was and in coming out, having a lady under my obliged, in making way, almost to 'beat a and traduce the state,' being compelled to person with an English punch in the guts, him as far back as the squeeze and the could admit. He did not ask for another, great signs of disapprobation and dismay, his compatriots, who laughed at him. going on with my Armenian studies in a and assisting and stimulating in the English an English and Armenian grammar, now at the convent of St. Lazarus.

superior of the friars is a bishop, and a fine with the beard of a meteor. Father Pas-a learned and pious soul. He was two

and dreadfully in love with the Adriatic lady make of in a former letter (and not in this—fear of mistakes, for the only one mentioned part of this epistle is elderly and bookish, which I have ceased to admire), and love of the world is no sinecure. This is also when every body make up their intrigues every year, and cut for partners for the next

now, if you don't write, I don't know what to do, nor what I will. Send me some news.

"Yours very truly, &c. &c. &c.

"B.

Remember me to Mr. Gifford, with all duty. that the Edinburgh Review has cut up Christabel, and me for praising it, which dark, bodes no great good to your forthcoming Canto and Castle (of Chillon). My run of the last year seems to have taken a turn; but never mind, I will bring myself through it—if not, I can be but where I began. In time, I am not displeased to be where I am, at Venice. My Adriatic nymph is this here, and I must therefore repose from this

LETTER COLVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

• Venice, Jan. 2, 1817.

letter has arrived. Pray, in publishing the one, have you omitted any passages? I and indeed wrote to you on my way over to prevent such an incident. Say in your letter or not the *whole* of the Canto (as sent

to you) has been published. I wrote to you again the other day (*twice*, I think), and shall be glad to hear of the reception of those letters.

"To-day is the 2d of January. On this day *three* years ago the Corsair's publication is dated, I think, in my letter to Moore. On this day *two* years I married ('Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,'—I sha'n't forget the day in a hurry); and it is odd enough that I this day received a letter from you announcing the publication of *Childe Harold*, &c. &c. on the day of the date of the 'Corsair;' and I also received one from my sister, written on the 10th of December, my daughter's birth-day (and relative chiefly to my daughter), and arriving on the day of the date of my marriage, this present 2d of January, the month of my birth,—and various other astrologous matters, which I have no time to enumerate.

"By the way, you might as well write to Hentsch, my Geneva banker, and inquire whether the *two* packets consigned to his care were or were not delivered to Mr St Aubyn, or if they are still in his keeping. One contains papers, letters, and all the original MS. of your Third Canto, as first conceived; and the other some bones from the field of Morat. Many thanks for your news, and the good spirits in which your letter is written.

"Venice and I agree very well; but I do not know that I have any thing new to say, except of the last new opera, which I sent in my late letter. The Carnival is commencing, and there is a good deal of fun here and there—besides business; for all the world are making up their intrigues for the season, changing, or going on upon a renewed lease. I am very well of with Marianna, who is not at all a person to tire me; firstly, because I do not tire of a woman *personally*, but because they are generally bores in their disposition; and, secondly, because she is amiable, and has a tact which is not always the portion of the fair creation; and, thirdly, she is very pretty; and, fourthly,—but there is no occasion for farther specification. * * * * *

So far we have gone on very well; as to the future, I never anticipate,—*carpe diem*—the past at least is one's own, which is one reason for making sure of the present. So much for my proper *liaison*.

"The general state of morals here is much the same as in the Doges' time: a woman is virtuous (according to the code) who limits herself to her husband and one lover; those who have two, three, or more, are a little *wild*; but it is only those who are indiscriminately diffuse, and form a low connexion, such as the Princess of Wales with her courier (who, by the way, is made a knight of Malta), who are considered as overstepping the modesty of marriage. In Venice, the nobility have a trick of marrying with dancers and singers; and, truth to say, the women of their own order are by no means handsome; but the general race, the women of the second and other orders, the wives of the merchants, and proprietors, and untitled gentry, are mostly *bel sangue*, and it is with these that the more amatory connexions are usually formed. There are also instances of stupendous constancy. I know a woman of 65 who never had but one lover, who dying early, she became devout, renouncing all but her husband. She piques herself, as may be presumed, upon this miraculous fidelity, talking of it

occasionally with a species of misplaced morality, which is rather amusing. There is no convincing a woman here that she is in the smallest degree deviating from the rule of right or the fitness of things in having an *amorous*. The great sin seems to lie in concealing it, or having more than one, that is, unless such an extension of the prerogative is understood and approved of by the prior claimant.

"In another sheet, I send you some sheets of a grammar,* English and Armenian, for the use of the Armenians, of which I promoted, and indeed induced, the publication. (It cost me but a thousand francs—French livres.) I still pursue my lessons in the language without any rapid progress, but advancing a little daily. Padre Paschal, with some little help from me, as translator of his Italian into English, is also proceeding in a MS. Grammar for the English acquisition of Armenian, which will be printed also, when finished.

"We want to know if there are Armenian types and letter-press in England, at Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere? You know, I suppose, that, many years ago, the two Whistons published in England an original text of a history of Armenia, with their own Latin translation? Do those types still exist?

* To the Armenian Grammar mentioned above, the following interesting fragment, found among his papers, seems to have been intended as a preface.

"The English reader will probably be surprised to find my name associated with a work of the present description, and inclined to give me more credit for my attainments as a linguist than they deserve.

"As I would not willingly be guilty of a deception, I will state, as shortly as I can, my own share in the compilation, with the motives which led to it. On my arrival at Venice in the year 1816, I found my mind in a state which required study, and study of a nature which should leave little scope for the imagination, and furnish some difficulty in the pursuit.

"At this period I was much struck—in common, I believe, with every other traveller—with the society of the Convent of St. Lazarus, which appears to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution, without any of its vices.

"The neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments, and the virtues of the brethren of the order, are well fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that 'there is another and a better' even in this life.

"These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and a noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and of the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. This people has attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to slavery without intrigue. But they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of 'the House of Bondage,' who has lately multiplied her many mansions. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny—and it has been bitter—whatever it may be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting on the globe; and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become more attractive. If the Scriptures are rightly understood it was in Armenia that Paradise was placed—Armenia, which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust. It was in Armenia that the flood first abated, and the dove alighted. But with the disappearance of Paradise itself may be dated almost the unhappiness of the country, for though long a powerful kingdom, it was scarcely ever an independent one, and the satrapa of Persia and the pacha of Turkey have alike desolated the region where God created man in his own image."

and where? Pray inquire among your learned acquaintance.

"When this Grammar (I mean the one now printing) is done, will you have any objection to taking or fifty copies, which will not cost in all under ten guineas, and try the curiosity of the book with a sale of them? Say yes or no, as you like. I can assure you that they have some very good books and MSS., chiefly translations from the originals now lost. They are, besides, a most respected and learned community, and the whole of their language was taken up with great attention by some literary Frenchmen in Buonaparte's time.

"I have not done a stitch of poetry since I returned from Switzerland, and have not at present the intention of doing so. The truth is, that you are afraid of the Fourth Canto before September, and of its being in copyright, but I have at present no thoughts of summing that poem, nor of beginning any new one. I write, I think of trying prose, but I find it too tedious to living people, or applications which are made to living people. Perhaps one day I may attempt some work of fancy in prose, but of Italian manners and of human passions, which I present I am preoccupied. As for your wish, the dream of the sleeping passions, when I am awake, I cannot speak their language, and when I am asleep, I am in a state of somnambulism, and just now they are not so strong.

"If Mr. Gifford wants *carte blanche* for the Siege of Corinth, he has it, and may be said to have it with it.

"I sent you a letter contradictory of the last man (who invented the story you speak of) yesterday. My best respects to Mr. Gifford, and to my friends as you may see at your house. I wish you all prosperity and new year's gratulations."

"Yours,"

LETTER CCLIX.

TO MR MOORE.

* Venice, January 20th 1817.

"Your letter of the 8th is before me. Pardon me for your plethora is simple—absolutely simple. I am obliged to have recourse to the like some times, as I mean in point of diet, and, with the exception of some convivial weeks and days (it might be said now and then), have kept to Pythagorean simplicity. For all this, let me hear that you are happy. I must not indulge in 'filthy leers,' nor in gross, eat suppers—the last are the devil to dance and swallow dinner.

"I am truly sorry to hear of your father's fortune—cruel at any time, but doubly cruel in an advanced life. However, you will, at least, find satisfaction of doing your part by him, and upon it, it will not be in vain. Fortune, as you say, is a female, but not such a hussy as the rest of the world, excepting your wife and my sister from your wedding terms; for she generally has some justice in the long run. I have no spite against her, though, between her and Nemesis, I have had some very good lets to run—but then I have done my best to do so."

But to you, she is a good deal in arrears, I come round—mind if she don't: you pour of life, of independence, of talent, character all with you. What you can do, if you have done and will do; and are some others in the world who would be of use, if you would allow them to at least attempt it.

of being in England in the spring. If by the sceptre of King Ludd, but I'll there is none, and only a continuance of piping time of peace, I will take a hundred yards to the south of your abode, your neighbour; and we will compose these, and hold such dialogues as shall be the *Times* (including the newspaper of) and the wonder, and honour, and praise of *Chronicle* and posterity.

to hear of your forthcoming in February for the 'magnificence' which you the new *Childe Harold*. I am glad you a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation favourite. I was half mad during the composition, between metaphysics, mountain, love unextinguishable, thoughts unquiet the night-mare of my own delinquencies. many a good day, have blown my brains the recollection that it would have given my mother-in-law; and, even then, if I been certain to haunt her—but I won't these trifling family matters.

in the *estro* of her carnival, and I have the last two nights at the ridotto and the all that kind of thing. Now for an additional few days ago a gondolier brought me a subscription, intimating a wish on the writer to meet me either in gondola, head of San Lazzaro, or at a third rendezvous in the note. 'I know the country's well,'—in Venice 'they do let heaven see they dare not show,' &c. &c.; so, for all that, and that neither of the three places suited me I would either be at home at ten at night, or be at the ridotto at midnight, where I might meet me masked. At ten o'clock I was alone (Marianna was gone with me to a conversazione), when the door opened, and in walked a well-dressed (or an Italian) *bionda* girl of about twenty informed me that she was married to me of my *amorous*, and wished to have conversation with me. I made a decent reply, some talk in Italian and Romanic (her Greek of Corfu), when, lo! in a very short march, to my very great astonishment S*, in *proprid personâ*, and, with a most polite courtesy to her sister-in-law, without a single word seizes her and by the hair, and bestows upon her some blows, which would have made your ear ache at their echo. I need not describe the which ensued. The luckless visitor took Marianna, who, after several vain attempts away in pursuit of the enemy, fairly in my arms; and, in spite of reasoning, wine, vinegar, half a pint of water, and

God knows what other waters beside, continued so till past midnight.

"After damning my servants for letting people in without apprizing me, I found that Marianna in the morning had seen her sister-in-law's gondolier on the stairs; and, suspecting that his apparition boded her no good, had either returned of her own accord, or been followed by her maids or some other spy of her people to the conversazione, from whence she returned to perpetrate this piece of pugilism. I had seen fits before, and also some small scenery of the same genus in and out of our island; but this was not all. After about an hour, in comes—who? why, Signor S*, her lord and husband, and finds me with his wife fainting upon a sofa, and all the apparatus of confusion, dishevelled hair, hats, handkerchiefs, salts, smelling bottles—and the lady as pale as ashes, without sense or motion. His first question was, 'What is all this?' The Lady could not reply—so I did. I told him the explanation was the easiest thing in the world; but, in the mean time, it would be as well to recover his wife—at least, her senses. This came about in due time of expiration and respiration.

"You need not be alarmed—jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and daggers are out of fashion, while duels, on love matters, are unknown—at least, with the husbands. But, for all this, it was an awkward affair; and though he must have known that I made love to Marianna, yet I believe he was not, till that evening, aware of the extent to which it had gone. It is very well known that almost all the married women have a lover; but it is usual to keep up the forms, as in other nations. I did not, therefore, know what the devil to say. I could not out with the truth, out of regard to her, and I did not choose to lie for my sake;—besides, the thing told itself. I thought the best way would be to let her explain it as she chose (a woman being never at a loss—the devil always sticks by them)—only determining to protect and carry her off, in case of any ferocity on the part of the Signor. I saw that he was quite calm. She went to bed, and next day—how they settled it, I know not, but settled it they did. Well—then I had to explain to Marianna about this never to be sufficiently confounded sister-in-law; which I did by swearing innocence, eternal constancy, &c. &c. * * * But the sister-in-law, very much discomposed with being treated in such wise, has (not having her own shame before her eyes) told the affair to half Venice, and the servants (who were summoned by the fight and the fainting) to the other half. But, here, nobody minds such trifles, except to be amused by them. I don't know whether you will be so, but I have scrawled a long letter out of these follies.

"Believe me ever, &c."

LETTER CCLX.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Venice, January 24th, 1817.

"I have been requested by the Countess Albrizzi here to present her with 'the Works;' and wish you

occasionally with a species of misplaced morality, which is rather amusing. There is no convincing woman here that she is in the smallest degree deviating from the rule of right or the fitness of things in having an *amorous*. The great sin seems to lie in concealing it, or having more than one, that is, unless such an extension of the prerogative is understood and approved of by the prior claimant.

"In another sheet, I send you some sheets of a grammar,* English and Armenian, for the use of the Armenians, of which I promised, and indeed induced, the publication. (It cost me but a thousand francs—French livres.) I still pursue my lessons in the language without any rapid progress, but advancing a little daily. Padre Paschal, with some little help from me, as translator of his Italian into English, is also proceeding in a MS. Grammar for the English acquisition of Armenian, which will be printed also, when finished.

"We want to know if there are Armenian types and letter-press in England, at Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere? You know, I suppose, that, many years ago, the two Whistons published in England an original text of a history of Armenia, with its own Latin translation? Do those types still ex-

* To the Armenian Grammar mentioned above following interesting fragment, found among P seems to have been intended as a preface.

* The English reader will probably be surp-
my name associated with a work of the press
and inclined to give me more credit for my
a linguist than they deserve.

"As I would not willingly be guilty
will state, as shortly as I can, my own
lation, with the motives which led to
Venice in the year 1816, I found my
required study, and study of a nat-
little scope for the imagination, as
in the pursuit.

"At this period I was much str with every other traveller—out of St. Lazarus, which appear of the monastic institution.

* The newness, the perfect devotion, the acceptance of the brethren of the order of the world with the same better' even in this

"These men are noble nation, white bondage of the Jew, new of the firm: has attained the can be awards long occupy bondage."

LETTER CCLXI.

50 512 MURRAY.

* Venice, February 15th, 1817.

I have received your two letters, but not the
 second you mention. As the Waterloo spoils are
 arrived, I will make you a present of them, if you
 are so accept of them; pray do.

- I do not exactly understand from your letter what has been omitted, or what not, in the publication; but I shall very probably some day or other. I could not attribute any but a good motive to Mr Gifford or myself in such omission; but as our politics are so

therefore to send me a copy, that I may comply with her requisition. You may include the last published, of which I have seen and know nothing, but from your letter of the 13th of December.

"Mrs Leigh tells me that most of her friends prefer the two first Cantos. I do not know whether this be the general opinion or not (it is *not hers*); but it is natural it should be so. I, however, think differently, which is natural also; but who is right, or who is wrong, is of very little consequence.

"Dr. Polidori, as I hear from him by letter from Pisa, is about to return to England, to go to the Brazils on a medical speculation with the Danish consul. As you are in the favour of the powers that be, could you not get him some letters of recommendation from some of your government friends to some of the Portuguese settlers? he understands his profession well, and has no want of general talents; his faults are the faults of a pardonable vanity and youth. His remaining with me was out of the question: I have enough to do to manage my own scrapes; and as precepts without example are not the most gracious homilies, I thought it better to give him his congé: but I know no great harm of him, and some good. He is clever and accomplished; knows his profession, by all accounts, well; and is honourable in his dealings, and not at all malevolent. I think, with luck, he will turn out a useful member of society (from which he will lop the diseased members) and the College of Physicians. If you can be of any use to him, or know any one who can, pray be so, as he has his fortune to make. He has kept a *medical journal* under the eye of *Vacca* (the first surgeon on the continent) at Pisa: *Vacca* has corrected it, and it must contain some valuable hints or information on the practice of this country. If you can aid him in publishing this also, by your influence with your brethren, do; I do not ask you to publish it yourself, because that sort of request is too personal and embarrassing. He has also a tragedy, of which, having seen nothing, I say nothing: but the very circumstance of his having made these efforts (if they are only efforts), at one-and-twenty, is in his favour, and proves him to have good dispositions for his own improvement. So if, in the way of commendation or recommendation, you can aid his objects with your government friends, I wish you would. I should think some of your Admiralty Board might be likely to have it in their power."

LETTER CCLXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, February 10th, 1837.

"I have received your two letters, but not the parcel you mention. As the Waterloo spoils are arrived, I will make you a present of them, if you choose to accept of them; pray do.

"I do not exactly understand from your letter what has been omitted, or what not, in the publication; but I shall see probably some day or other. I could not attribute any but a *good* motive to Mr Gifford or yourself in such omission; but as our politics are so

very opposite, we should probably differ as to passages. However, if it is only a *note* or *allusion* a line or so, it cannot signify. You say 'a *poem*?' You can tell me in your next."

"Of Mr Hobhouse's quarrel with the *Quarterly Review*, I know very little except * * * which was certainly harsh enough: but I *guess* that it would have been better not to answer *particularly* after Mr W. W. who never more will trouble you. I have been uneasy, but Mr H. told me that his letter or *preface* was addressed to me. Now, he and I are friends of years; I have many obligations to him, and he to me, which have not been cancelled and repaid: but Mr Gifford and I are friends, and he has moreover been literarily so, through and thin, in despite of difference of years, habits, and even *politics*; and therefore I *thought* very awkward situation between the two, and my friend Hobhouse, and can only wish they had no difference, or that such as they had were accommodated. The Answer I have *not* seen, it is odd enough for people so intimate—but Mr Hobhouse and I are very sparing of our *intimacies*. For example, the other day I *thought* have a MS. of the Third Canto to my dear brother, &c. which was refused;—and I have *not* seen his journals, nor he mine—(I *ought* to be one of the mountains for my sister—but I *know* that hardly ever he or I saw any of the *productions* previous to their publication.

"The article in the *Edinburgh Review* of the *ridge* I have not seen; but whether I *read* it or not, or in any other of the *same* *work*, I never think ill of Mr Jeffrey on that account. I get that his conduct towards me has been the most handsome during the last four or five years."

"I forgot to mention to you that a *little* in dialogue" (in blank verse) or *Drama*, but 'the *Incantation*' is an extract, begun and finished in Switzerland, is finished; it is in the style of a very wild, metaphysical, and *improbable*. Almost all the persons—but two or three—of the earth and air, or the waters, the *mountains* the Alps; the hero a kind of *magnesian*, *elemented* by a species of *remotes*, the cause of the left half unexplained. He wanders about these Spirits, which appear to him, and *use* him; he at last goes to the very *abode* of the Principle, in *proprid persona*, to encounter which appears, and gives him an *ambiguous* agreeable answer; and in the third act he *finds* his attendants dying in a tower where he *finds* his art. You may perceive by this *outline* I have no great opinion of this piece of *phantasy*. I have at least rendered it *quite impossible* on stage, for which my intercourse with *Drummond* given me the greatest contempt.

"I have not even copied it off, and feel *at present* to attempt the whole; but when I *will* send it you, and you may either *burn* it the fire or not."

* Manfred.

LETTER CCLXII.

TO MR MURRAY

• Venice, February 25th, 1817.

the other day in answer to your
I would trouble you with a com-
uld be kind enough to undertake it.
know Mr Love, the jeweller, of
—In 1813, when in the intention of
y, I purchased of him, and paid
about a dozen snuff-boxes, of
as presents for some of my Mus-
ce. These I have now with me.
ing occasion to make an alteration
to place a portrait in it), it has
—*per-gilt* instead of gold, for which
I paid for. This was discovered
in trying it, before taking off the
tag upon the lid. I have of course
returned the box *in statu quo*. What
is, to see the said Mr Love, and
in circumstance, adding, from me,
ere he shall not have done this with

remedy in law, there is at least the
making known his *guilt*—that is, his
—d—d to him.
I fully preserve all the purchases I
last occasion for my return, as the
is a barrier to travelling there at
the endless quarantine which would
see before one could land in coming
the matter to him with due ferocity.
the other day some extracts from a
which I had begun in Switzerland
; you will tell me if they are re-
only in a letter. I have not yet
ry it out, or I would send you the
covers.

I closed this day last week.

is still at Rome, I believe. I am
to unwell;—sitting up too late, and
disipations, have lowered my blood
I have at present the quiet and
ent before me.

“Believe me, &c.

gber me to Mr Gifford.—I have not
feel or parcels.—Look into ‘Moore’s
w of Italy’ for me; in one of the
had an account of the *Doge Fialiere*
(Palieri) and his conspiracy, or the
let it transcribed for me, and send it
soon. I want it, and cannot find
it of that business here; though the
d the place where he was crowned,
computed, still exist and are shown.
all their histories; but the policy of
y made their writers silent on his
ere a private grievance against one

ite a tragedy on the subject, which
very dramatic: an old man, jealous,
about the state of which he was the
chief. The last circumstance makes
diable—and only fact of the kind in
ations.”

LETTER CCLXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

• Venice, February 28th, 1817.

“You will, perhaps, complain as much of the fre-
quency of my letters now, as you were wont to do of
their rarity. I think this is the fourth within as many
moons. I feel anxious to hear from you, even more
than usual, because your last indicated that you were
unwell. At present, I am on the invalid regimen
myself. The Carnival—that is, the latter part of it
—and sitting up late o’ nights, had knocked me up a
little. But it is over,—and it is now Lent, with all
its abstinence and Sacred Music.

“The mumming closed with a masked ball at the
Fenice, where I went, as also to most of the ridottos,
&c. &c. and, though I did not dissipate much upon
the whole, yet I find ‘the sword wearing out the
scabbard,’ though I have but just turned the corner
of twenty-nine.

“So, we’ll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.
For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And Love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we’ll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

I have lately had some news of *litterateur*, as I
heard the editor of the Monthly pronounce it once
upon a time. I hear that W. W. has been pub-
lishing and responding to the attacks of the Quar-
terly, in the learned Perry’s Chronicle. I read his
poesies last autumn, and, amongst them, found an
epitaph on his bull-dog, and another on *myself*. But
I beg leave to assure him (like the astrologer Par-
tridge) that I am not only alive now, but was alive
also at the time he wrote it.

Hobhouse has (I hear, also) expectorated a letter
against the Quarterly, addressed to me. I feel awk-
wardly situated between him and Gifford, both being
my friends.

“And this is your month of going to press—by the
body of Diana! (a Venetian oath) I feel as anxious
—but not fearful for you—as if it were myself coming
out in a work of humour, which would, you know,
be the antipodes of all my previous publications. I
don’t think you have any thing to dread but your
own reputation. You must keep up to that. As
you never showed me a line of your work, I do not
even know your measure; but you must send me a
copy by Murray forthwith, and then you shall hear
what I think. I dare say you are in a pucker. Of
all authors, you are the only really *modest* one I ever
met with,—which would sound oddly enough to those
who recollect your morals when you were young—
that is, when you were *extremely* young—I don’t
mean to stigmatise you either with years or morality.

“I believe I told you that the E. R. had attacked
me, in an article on Coleridge (I have not seen it)—
‘*Ré-tu, Jeffrey?*’—there is nothing but roguery in
villainous man.’ But I absolve him of all attacks,

present and future; for I think he had already pushed his clemency in my behalf to the utmost, and I shall always think well of him. I only wonder that he did not begin before, as my domestic destruction was a fine opening for all the world, of which all, who could, did well to avail themselves.

"If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that, 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, exorcised it most devilishly.

"I have not yet fixed a time of return, but I think of the spring. I shall have been away a year in April next. You never mention Rogers, nor Hodgson, your clerical neighbour, who has lately got a living near you. Has he also got a child yet?—his desideratum, when I saw him last.

"Pray let me hear from you, at your time and leisure, believing me ever and truly and affectionately, &c."

LETTER CCLXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

• Venice, March 3d, 1817.

"In acknowledging the arrival of the article from the 'Quarterly,' which I received two days ago, I cannot express myself better than in the words of my sister Augusta, who (speaking of it) says, that it is written in a spirit 'of the most feeling and kind nature.' It is, however, something more; it seems to me (as far as the subject of it may be permitted to judge) to be *very well* written as a composition, and I think will do the journal no discredit, because even those who condemn its partiality must praise its generosity. The temptations to take another and a less favourable view of the question, have been so great and numerous, that, what with public opinion, politics, &c. he must be a gallant as well as a good man, who has ventured, in that place, and at this time, to write such an article even anonymously. Such things are, however, their own reward; and I even flatter myself that the writer, whoever he may be (and I have no guess), will not regret that the perusal of this has given me as much gratification as any composition of that nature could give, and more than any other has given,—and I have had a good many in my time of one kind or the other. It is not the mere praise, but there is a *tact* and a *delicacy* throughout, not only with regard to me, but to others, which, as it had not been observed elsewhere, I had till now doubted whether it could be observed anywhere.

"Perhaps some day or other you will know or tell me the writer's name. Reassured, had the article been a harsh one, I should not have asked it.

•• An article in No. 31 of this Review, written, as Lord Byron afterwards discovered, by Sir Walter Scott, and well meriting, by the kind and generous spirit that breathes through it, the warm and lasting gratitude it awakened in the noble Poet.

"I have lately written to you frequently extracts, &c. which I hope you have received, will receive, with or before this letter.—End the conclusion of the Carnival I have begun (do not mention this, on any account, to Mrs. Jackson, for if I grow worse, she will know it too soon). I get better, there is no occasion that she should know it at all), and have hardly stirred out of the bed. However, I don't want a physician, and if I did, luckily those of Italy are the worst in the world, that I should still have a chance. They do not believe, one famous surgeon, Vassan, who lives at Pisa, who might be useful in case of danger—but he is some hundred miles off. My complaint is a sort of lowish fever, originating from what my friend and master, Jackson, would call 'taking too much out of one's self.' However, I am better every day or two.

"I missed seeing the new Patriarch, who came to St. Mark's the other day (owing to my accident) with six hundred and fifty priests to assist him in a 'goodly army.' The admirable government of Venice in its edict from thence, authorizing the procession, prescribed, as part of the pageant, 'a coach and four horses.' To show how very very 'German' the matter this was, you have only to suppose a command commanding the Archbishop of Canterbury to proceed from Hyde Park Corner to St. Mark's, in the Lord Mayor's barge, or the Mayor's chair. It is but St. Mark's Place in all Venice that is so smooth for a carriage to move, and it is paved with smooth flag-stones, so that the chariot wheels of Elijah himself would be puzzled to move. Those of Pharaoh might do better; for the streets, and particularly the Grand Canal,—are so spacious and extensive for his whole train, that, of course, no coach could be attempted in Venice, who are very naive as well as very much amused with the ordinance.

"The Armenian Grammar is published, and Armenian studies are suspended for the week; my head aches a little less. I sent you the book in two covers, the First Act of 'Manfred,' as mad as Nat. Lee's Bedlam tragedy, which is 25 acts and some odd scenes:—*mine o' her's* Acts.

"I find I have begun this letter at the end of my never mind; I must end it, then, at the end.

"Yours ever very truly
"and obligingly, &c."

LETTER CCLXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

• Venice, March 11th.

"In remitting the Third Act of the world's best poem of which you will by this time have received the Two First (at least I hope so), which were written within the last three weeks, I have little to say except that you must not publish it if it is not published) without giving me previous notice. I have really and truly no notion whether it is good; and as this was not the case with the first of my former publications, I am, therefore, obliged to rank it very humbly. You will observe

LETTER CCLXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

" Venice, March 25th, 1817.

" I have at last learned, in default of your own writing (or *not* writing—which should it be? for I am not very clear as to the application of the word *default*), from Murray, two particulars of (or belonging to) you; one, that you are removing to Hornsey, which is, I presume, to be nearer London; and the other, that your Poem is announced by the name of *Lalla Rookh*. I am glad of it,—first, that we are to have it at last, and next, I like a tough title myself—witness the *Giaour* and *Childe Harold*, which choked half the Blues at starting. Besides, it is the tail of *Aleibiades's* dog,—not that I suppose you want either dog or tail. Talking of tail, I wish you had not called it a '*Persian Tale*.'* Say a '*Poem*' or '*Romance*,' but not '*Tale*.' I am very sorry that I called some of my own things '*Tales*,' because I think that they are something better. Besides, we have had Arabian, and Hindoo, and Turkish, and Assyrian Tales. But, after all, this is frivolous in me; you won't, however, mind my nonsense.

" Really and truly, I want you to make a great hit, if only out of self-love, because we happen to be old cronies; and I have no doubt you will—I am sure you *can*. But you are, I'll be sworn, in a devil of a pucker; and I am *not* at your elbow, and Rogers is. I envy him; which is not fair, because he does not envy any body. Mind you send to me—that is, make Murray send—the moment you are forth.

" I have been very ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be.† But, at length, after a week of half delirium, burning skin, thirst, hot headache, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see any physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place, which is annual, and visits strangers. Here follow some verses, which I made one sleepless night.

" I read the '*Christabel*;'
Very well
I read the '*Missionary*;'
Pretty—very;
I tried at '*Ilderim*,'
Ahem!
I read a sheet of '*Marg'ret of Anjou*,'
Can you?
I turn'd a page of '*o o Waterloo*;'
Pooh! pooh!
I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white '*Rylstone Doe*:'
Hillo!
&c. &c. &c."

* He had been misinformed on this point,—the work in question having been, from the first, entitled an '*Oriental Romance*.' A much worse mistake (because wilful, and with no very charitable design) was that of certain persons, who would have it that the Poem was meant to be '*Epic*.'—Even Mr D'Israeli has, for the sake of a theory, given in to this very gratuitous assumption.—"The Anacreontic poet (he says) remains only Anacreontic in his Epic."

† In a note to Mr Murray, subjoined to some corrections for Manfred, he says, "Since I wrote to you last, the slow fever I wot of thought proper to mend its pace, and became similar to one which I caught some years ago in the marshes of Elis, in the Morea."

" I have not the least idea what I am to do. I wished to do but at present it is pestilent with of staring boobies, who go about to be at once cheap and magnificent fool who travels now in France or of wretches is swept home again. years the first rush will be over, will be roomy and agreeable.

" I staid at Venice chiefly because their '*dens of thieves*;' and here it pass. In Switzerland it was really ily, I was early, and had got the all the Lake before they were out of the rest of reptiles. But every where. I met a family of women half-way up the Wengen (frau) upon mules, some of them too young to be the least aware of what

" By the way, I think the Jungfrau region of Alps, which I traversed going to the very top of the Weng the highest (the Jungfrau itself is the best point of view—much finer than Chamouni, or the Simplon. I kept whole for my sister Augusta, partly and let Murray see.

" I wrote a sort of mad Drama introducing the Alpine scenery in this I sent lately to Murray. *Alps* pers. are spirits, ghosts, or magicians in the Alps and the other world, at what a bedlam tragedy it must be to it you. I sent him all three acts post, and suppose they have arrived.

" I have now written to you at *la letterets*, and all I have received is about the length you used to write to James's-street, when we used to and talk laxly, and go to parties Sheridan now and then. Do you night he was so tipsy that I was cocked hat on for him,—for he could him down at Brookes's much as he been let down into his grave. He was drunk—but I have nothing but water before me.

" I am still in love,—which is back in quitting a place, and I can much longer. What I shall do can know. The girl means to go with like this for her own sake. I have conflicts in my own mind on this do not at all sure they did not help mentioned above. I am certainly tached to her, and I have cause to all. But she has a child; and these '*children of the sun*,' she consules and it is necessary I should thank for be the virtuous, like o o o o, who can husband and child, and live happy.

" The Italian ethics are the most met with. The perversion, instead of reasoning, is singular in the way

they do not consider the thing itself as wrong, and very wrong, but *love* (the sentiment of love) is not merely an excuse for it, but makes it an *actual virtue*, provided it is disinterested, and not a *caprice*, and is confined to one object. They have awful notions of constancy; for I have seen some ancient figures of eighty pointed out as *Amorosi* of forty, fifty, and sixty years standing. I can't say I have ever seen a husband and wife so coupled. "Ever, &c."

"P.S. Marianna, to whom I have just translated what I have written on our subject to you, says—'If you loved me thoroughly, you would not make so many fine reflections, which are only good *forbirs i scarp*,'—that is, 'to clean shoes withal,'—a Venetian proverb of appreciation, which is applicable to reasoning of all kinds."

LETTER CCLXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, March 25th, 1817.

"Your letter and inclosure are safe; but 'English gentlemen' are very rare—at least in Venice. I doubt whether there are at present any, save the consul and vice-consul, with neither of whom I have the slightest acquaintance. The moment I can pounce upon a witness, I will send the deed properly signed: but must he necessarily be genteel? Venice is not a place where the English are gregarious; their pigeon-houses are Florence, Naples, Rome, &c.; and to tell you the truth, this was one reason why I staid here till the season of the purgation of Rome from these people, which is infected with them at this time, should arrive. Besides, I abhor the nation and the nation me; it is impossible for me to describe my *own* sensation on that point, but it may suffice to say, that, if I met with any of the race in the beautiful parts of Switzerland, the most distant glimpse or aspect of them poisoned the whole scene, and I do not choose to have the Pantheon, and St Peter's, and the Capitol, spoiled for me too. This feeling may be probably owing to recent events; but it does not exist the less, and while it exists, I shall conceal it as little as any other."

"I have been seriously ill with a fever, but it is gone. I believe or suppose it was the indigenous fever of the place, which comes every year at this time, and of which the physicians clunge the name annually, to despatch the people sooner. It is a kind of typhus, and kills occasionally. It was pretty smart, but nothing particular, and has left me some debility and a great appetite. There are a good many ill at present, I suppose, of the same."

"I feel sorry for Horner, if there was any thing in the world to make him like it; and still more sorry for his friends, as there was much to make them regret him. I had not heard of his death till by your letter."

"Some weeks ago I wrote to you my acknowledgments of Walter Scott's article. Now I know it to be his, it cannot add to my good opinion of him, but it adds to that of myself. He, and Gifford, and Moore, are the only *regulars* I ever knew who had nothing of the *garrison* about their manner: no nonsense, nor affectations, look you! As for the rest whom I have known, there was always more or less of the

author about them—the pen peeping from behind the ear, and the thumbs a little inky, or so."

"Lalla Rookh"—you must recollect that, in the way of title, the '*Giaour*' has never been pronounced to this day; and both it and *Childe Harold* sounded very facetious to the blue-bottles of wit and humour about town, till they were taught and startled into a proper deportment; and therefore Lalla Rookh, which is very orthodox and oriental, is as good a title as need be, if not better. I could wish rather that he had not called it '*a Persian Tale*;' firstly, because we have had Turkish Tales, and Hindoo Tales, and Assyrian Tales, already; and *tale* is a word of which it repents me to have nicknamed poetry. '*Fable*' would be better; and, secondly, '*Persian Tale*' reminds one of the lines of Pope on Ambrose Phillips; though no one can say, to be sure, that this tale has been '*turned for half-a-crown*;' still it is as well to avoid such clashing. '*Persian Story*'—why not?—or Romance? I feel as anxious for Moore as I could do for myself, for the soul of me, and I would not have him succeed otherwise than splendidly, which I trust he will do."

"With regard to the '*Witch Drama*,' I sent all the three acts by post, week after week, within this last month. I repeat that I have not an idea if it is good or bad. If bad, it must, on no account, be risked in publication; if good, it is at your service. I value it at *three hundred guineas*, or less, if you like it. Perhaps, if published, the best way will be to add it to your winter volume, and not publish separately. The price will show you I don't pique myself upon it; so speak out. You may put it in the fire, if you like, and Gifford don't like."

"The Armenian Grammar is published—that is, *one*; the other is still in MS. My illness has prevented me from moving this month past, and I have done nothing more with the Armenian."

"Of Italian or rather Lombard manners, I could tell you little or nothing: I went two or three times to the governor's conversazione (and if you go once, you are free to go always), at which, as I only saw very plain women, a formal circle, in short a *worst sort of rout*, I did not go again. I went to *Academie* and to *Madame Albrizzi's*, where I saw pretty much the same thing, with the addition of some literati, who are the same *blue*,* by —, all the world over. I fell in love the first week with *Madame*†, and I have continued so ever since, because she is very pretty and pleasing, and talks Venetian, which amuses me, and is naive."

* Very truly, &c.

"P.S. Pray send the red tooth-powder by a *safe hand*, and speedily."

"To book the reader, you, John Murray,
Have published '*Anjou's Margaret*,'
Which won't be sold off in a hurry
(At least, it has not been as yet);

* Whenever a word or passage occurs (as in this instance) which Lord Byron would have pronounced emphatically in speaking, it appears, in his handwriting, as if written with something of the same vehemence.

† Here follow the same rhymes ("I read the *Christabel*," &c.) which have already been given in one of his letters to myself.

And then, still further to bewilder 'em,
Without remorse you set up 'Hiderim;
So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.
And mind you do not let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous—*very*,
And get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally
All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;
And, should I chance to slay the *Assyrian* knight,
Have next to combat with the *female* knight.

"You may show these matters to Moore and the select, but not to the *profane*; and tell Moore, that I wonder he don't write to me now and then."

LETTER CCLXIX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Venice, March 31st, 1817.

"You will begin to think my epistolary offerings (to whatever altar you please to devote them) rather prodigal. But, until you answer, I shall not abate, because you deserve no better. I know you are well, because I hear of your voyaging to London and the environs, which I rejoice to learn, because your note alarmed me by the purgation and phlebotomy therein prognosticated. I also hear of your being in the press; all which, methinks, might have furnished you with subject matter for a middle-sized letter, considering that I am in foreign parts, and that the last month's advertisements and obituary would be absolute news to me from your *Tramontane* country.

"I told you, in my last, I have had a smart fever. There is an epidemic in the place; but I suspect, from the symptoms, that mine was a fever of my own, and had nothing in common with the low, vulgar typhus, which is at this moment decimating Venice, and which has half-unpeopled Milan, if the accounts be true. This malady has sorely discomfited my serving men, who want sadly to be gone away, and get me to remove. But, besides my natural perversity, I was seasoned in Turkey, by the continual whispers of the plague, against apprehensions of contagion. Besides which, apprehension would not prevent it; and then I am still in love, and 'forty thousand' fevers should not make me stir before my minute, while under the influence of that paramount delirium. Seriously speaking, there is a malady rife in the city—a dangerous one, they say. However, mine did not appear so, though it was not pleasant.

"This is passion-week—and twilight—and all the world are at vespers. They have an eternal churching, as in all catholic countries, but are not so bigoted as they seemed to be in Spain.

"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that you are leaving *Mysfield*. Had I ever been at *Newstead* during your stay there (except during the winter of 1813-14, when the roads were impracticable), we should have been within hail, and I should like to have made a giro of the Peak with you. I know that country well, having been all over it when a boy. Was you ever in *Dovedale*? I can assure you there are things in *Derbyshire* as noble as *Greece* or *Switzerland*. But you had always a lingering after Lon-

don, and I don't wonder at it. I liked it as any body, myself, now and then.

"Will you remember me to Rogers? whom I assume to be flourishing, and whom I regard as poetical papa. You are his lawful son, and illegitimate. Has he begun yet upon *Shardeloy*? you see our republican friend, Leigh Hunt, present my remembrances. I saw about six weeks ago that he was in a row (like my friend *Hill*) with the *Quarterly Reviewers*. For my part, I could understand these quarrels of authors with one another. 'For God's sake, gentlemen, what do they mean?'

"What think you of your countryman, *Mary*? I take some credit to myself for having done so much to bring out *Bertram*; but I must say my efforts were quite as ready and willing. *Walter Scott*, ever, was the first who mentioned him, which, to me, with great commendation, in 1815, cost me this casualty, and two or three other accidents; this very clever fellow owed his first and noblest public success. What a chance is *fame*!

"Did I tell you that I have translated the *Epistles*—a correspondence between *St Paul* and the *Corinthians*, not to be found in our version, in the *menium*—but which seems to me very curious. I have done it into scriptural prose *English*."

"I am."

LETTER CCLXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, April 2nd.

"I sent you the whole of the *Drama* several times, not by act, in separate volumes, but in the hope that you have, or will receive, the whole of it.

"So *Love* has a conscience. By *Dana* he made him take back the box, though a *commodore's*. The discovery of its intrinsic value, on sending it to have the lid adapted to *Anna's* portrait. Of course I had the box in *statu quo*, and had the picture set in it, which suits it (the picture) very well. The lid of the box is not touched, hardly, and was not in a man's hands above an hour.

"I am aware of what you say of *Orion*; and

• The only plausible claim of these *Epistles* to celebrity arises from the circumstance of St. Paul's according to the opinion of *Moderns* and others, wrote the *Epistle to the Corinthians*, before that which is called his *First*. They are, however, universally pronounced spurious. Though frequently referred to as genuine, Armenian, by *Primat' Usher*, *Julian*, *Gregory*, and other learned men, they were for the first time, I believe, dated from that language in the *Two Volumes*, which joined the correspondence, with a *Greek* and *Latin* text, to their edition of the *Armenian History of Moses*, &c., &c., published in 1736.

The translation by *Lord Byron* is, as far as is known, the first that has ever been attempted in *English*, and proceeding from his pen, it must possess, of course, a national interest, the reader will not be surprised to find in the Appendix. Annexed to the copy is a list of the following words, in his own handwriting, as they are into *English* by me, *January*, February, 1817, at the request of *San Lazaro*, with the aid and explanation of the *Armenian* text by the *Father Paschal*, *Armenian*, *Armenian*—*BYRON*. I had also the *Latin* text, which it is in many places very corrupt, and with great additions."

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the objectives and goals to determine the effectiveness of the project and identify areas for improvement.

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, gather relevant information and resources. This may include researching existing solutions, consulting experts, or collecting data.

3. Once the information is gathered, analyze it to identify the key factors and constraints. This step often involves breaking down the problem into smaller, more manageable parts.

4. Develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This plan should outline the steps to be taken, the resources needed, and the expected outcomes.

5. Implement the plan and monitor progress. This involves putting the strategy into action and regularly checking in to see how things are going.

6. Finally, evaluate the results and make adjustments as needed. This step involves comparing the actual outcomes to the expected ones and identifying any areas for improvement.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

think it was that. However, I got well without a physician or drugs.

"I forgot to tell you that, last autumn, I furnished Lewis with 'bread and salt' for some days at Diocletian, in reward for which (besides his conversation) he translated 'Goethe's Faust' to me by word of mouth, and I set him by the ears with Madame de Steel about the slave trade. I am indebted for many and kind courtesies to our Lady of Copet, and I now love her as much as I always did her works, of which I was and am a great admirer. When are you to begin with Sheridan? what are you doing, and how do you do?"

"Ever very truly, &c."

LETTER CCLXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, April 9th, 1817.

"Your letters of the 18th and 20th are arrived. In my own I have given you the rise, progress, decline, and fall, of my recent malady. It is gone to the devil: I won't pay him so bad a compliment as to say it came from him;—he is too much of a gentleman. It was nothing but a slow fever, which quickened its pace towards the end of its journey. I had been bored with it some weeks—with nocturnal burnings and morning perspirations; but I am quite well again, which I attribute to having had neither medicine nor doctor thereof.

"In a few days I set off for Rome: such is my purpose. I shall change it very often before Monday next, but do you continue to direct and address to Venice, as heretofore. If I go, letters will be forwarded: I say 'if,' because I never know what I shall do till it is done; and as I mean most firmly to set out for Rome, it is not unlikely I may find myself at St Petersburg.

"You tell me to 'take care of myself;—faith, and I will. I won't be posthumous yet, if I can help it. Notwithstanding, only think what a 'Life and Adventures,' while I am in full scandal, would be worth, together with the 'membra' of my writing-desk, the sixteen beginnings of poems never to be finished. Do you think I would not have shot myself last year, had I not luckily recollected that Mrs C* and Lady N*, and all the old women in England would have been delighted,—besides the agreeable 'Lunacy' of the 'Crown's Quest,' and the regrets of two or three or half a dozen? * * * * * Be assured that I would live for two reasons, or more;—there are one or two people whom I have to put out of the world, and as many into it, before I can 'depart in peace;' if I do so before, I have not fulfilled my mission. Besides, when I turn thirty, I will turn devout; I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, and when I hear the organ.

"So * * * is writing again! Is there no Bedlam in Scotland? nor thumb screw? nor gag? nor hand-cuff? I went upon my knees to him almost, some years ago, to prevent him from publishing a political pamphlet, which would have given him a livelier idea of 'Habens Corpus' than the world will derive from his present production upon that suspended

subject, which will doubtless be followed by suspension of other of his majesty's subjects.

"I condole with Drury-lane and myself—that is, in a modest way,—on the tragedy of the new tragedy.

"You and Leigh Hunt have quarrelled, it seems? * * * I introduce him and her to you, in the hope that (malgré politics) it would be beneficial to both, and the end of enmity; and yet I did this with the best intentions. I introduce * * *, and * * * runs out your money; my friend Hobhouse quarrels with the Quarterly; and (except the last) I am the isthmus (damn the word! I can't spell it) I have crossed that of Corinth a dozen times in enmities.

"I will tell you something about *Chateaubriand*. Mr De Luc, ninety years old, a Swiss, had been to him, and is pleased with it,—so my sister. He said that he was with *Rousseau* at (I think) that the description is perfectly correct. I do not all: I recollected something of the same in the following passage in 'The Confessions' page 247, liv. 8.

"De tous ces amusemens celui qui me venait en tête fut une promenade autour du lac, sur un bateau avec De Luc père, sa femme, sa fille, et ma Thérèse. Nous mîmes sept jours à en faire par le plus beau temps du monde. Je me souviens des sites qui m'avaient tant frappés à l'extrémité du lac, et dont je fis la description quelques années après, dans la Nouvelle Héloïse.

"This nonagenarian, De Luc, must be a 'deux fils.' He is in England,—admirable faculty. It is odd that he should have been, and not wanting in oddness, that he should have made this voyage with Jean Jacques, and that at such an interval, read a poem by a Frenchman (who had made precisely the same extreme upon the same scenery).

"As for 'Manfred,' it is of no use wondering nothing of that kind comes. I sent the play at different times. The two first Acts are better than so so; but I was blown with the first Act's heats. You must call it 'a Poem,' for I can't call it a name—a 'Poem in dialogue,' or—Pardon me, you will; any thing but a green room synonyme—this is your motto—

There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

"Yours ever &c."

"My love and thanks to Mr Gifford."

LETTER CCLXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Venice, April 10th, 1817.

"I shall continue to write to you while the time, by way of penance upon you for your complaints of long silence. I dare say you will blush, if you could, for not answering. Now I set out for Rome. Having seen Cicerone, I should like to look at Cæsar's fellow. Besides, I

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highly of the Poem: but I wanted him of the row him
fourth the another opportunity would bring him into.

- You have taken a home at Hornsey; I had much rather you had taken one in the Apennines. If you think of coming out for a summer, or so, tell me, that I may be among the olive trees for you.

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LETTER CGLT

SECRET

• **Topic: 15.01.01**

"By the favour of Dr. Palmer, who is here in his
visit to England with the present Lord Grafton, the
ambassador here in England, of an old man accompa-
nied by his house in a separate order. I send to
you together to Mr. Lister, his secretary, and
possibly you will have the pleasure to observe
Mr. Lister's appearance, between him and me it
is not then in plain gold, with my arms, and so on.
Printed by Thomas, Water, 1811, in the year.
I wish also that you would desire Palmer to send a
copy of each - that is, both - for myself and that you
will retain the third copy of my name. One was
lost while I was very much the same in my health,
which was caused by their negligence. I trust
that they will have their attention to safety

"I received the letter from your office with
your statement of facts and I am glad to hear that
you are taking steps to prevent such a thing from
happening again."

[illegible]

1. The first of these is the fact that the United States has a large and growing population of people who are not citizens of the United States. This is a result of the large number of people who have immigrated to the United States in recent years, and the fact that many of these people are not naturalized citizens.

SECRET

[illegible]

Mr. Mearns: I received yesterday the following telegram: "We have just received word from the State Department that the Government is not going to make any more loans to the Government of Mexico." I am sure that you will be glad to hear that the Government is not going to make any more loans to the Government of Mexico. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that the Government is not going to make any more loans to the Government of Mexico.

[illegible][illegible]

for which reason I spit upon and abhor all the Saints and subjects of one half the impostures I see in the churches and palaces; and when in Flanders, I never was so disgusted in my life, as with Rubens and his eternal wives and infernal glare of colours, as they appeared to me; and in Spain I did not think much of Murillo and Velasquez. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon. I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it,—besides some horses; and a lion (at Veli Pacha's) in the Morea; and a tiger at supper in Exeter 'Change.

"When you write, continue to address to me at Venice. Where do you suppose the books you sent to me are? At Turin! This comes of the *Foreign Office*, which is foreign enough. God knows, for any good it can be of to me, or any one else, and be it to its last clerk and first charlatan, Castleknagh.

"This makes my hundredth letter at least.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCLXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

Venice, April 14th, 1817.

"The present proofs (of the whole) begin only at the 17th page; but as I had corrected and sent back the First Act, it does not signify.

"The Third Act is certainly d—d bad, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the drops of my fever, during which it was written. It must on no account be published in its present state. I will try and reform it, or rewrite it altogether; but the impulse is gone, and I have no chance of making any thing out of it. I would not have it published as it is on any account. The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me.

"I am very glad indeed that you sent me Mr Gifford's opinion without deduction. Do you suppose me such a booby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that in fact I was not, and am not, convinced and convicted in my conscience of this same overt act of nonsense?

"I shall try at it again: in the mean time, lay it upon the shelf (the whole Drama, I mean); but pray correct your copies of the First and Second Act from the original MS.

"I am not coming to England; but going to Rome in a few days. I return to Venice in June; so, pray, address all letters, &c. to me *here*, as usual, that is, to Venice. Dr. Polidori this day left this city with Lord G * * for England. He is charged with some books to your care (from me), and two miniatures also to the same address, *both* for my sister.

"Recollect not to publish, upon pain of I know not what, until I have tried again at the Third Act. I am not sure that I *shall* try, and still less that I succeed, if I do; but I am very sure, that (as

it is) it is unfit for publication or perusal. I can make it out to my own satisfaction, but I have any part published.

"I write in haste, and after having written very often.

LETTER CCLXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

Foligno, &c.

I wrote to you the other day from Foligno, closing a MS. entitled 'The Lamentation,' which was written in consequence of my having been at Ferrara. In the last section of the MS. (that is, the penultimate), I think that I have a line in the copy sent to you from Foligno, which I have not in the original—

"And woo compassion to a blighted heart, insert,

"Sealing the sentence which my fate

The context will show you *the sense* is clear in this quotation. Remember, the supposition that you have received the MS. in a packet.

"At Florence I remained but a few days, in a hurry for Rome, to which I am then going. However, I went to the two galleries, one returns drunk with beauty. The first is for admiration than love; but there is no painting, which for the first time at Florence, gives an idea of what people mean by their admiration. Mr Braham calls 'enthusiasm' (i. e. enthusiasm) those two most artificial of the arts, the most were, the mistress of Raphael, the mistress of Titian, a portrait, a Venus, in the Medici gallery—the Venus; O also, in the other gallery: Titian's in the other gallery (that is, in the Pitti Palace); the Paræ of Michael Angelo, a group of Antinous, the Alexander, and one of the most decent groups in marble; the Genius, a sleeping figure, &c. &c.

"I also went to the Medici chapel, where are in great slabs of various expensive stones, more or less rotten and forgotten and unfinished, and will remain so.

"The church of 'Santa Croce' is an illustrious nothing. The tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo Galilei, and the Westminister Abbey of Italy. I have seen many of these tombs—beyond their own weight of Alibi is heavy, and all of them are loaded. What is necessary but a date? the last for the most of whom I am one. But all your allegories are infernal, and worse than the long and numskulls upon Roman bodies in the reigns of Charles II., William, and A.

"When you write, write to Venice, and mean to return there in a fortnight. I have been in England for a long time. This afternoon I saw Mr. and Lady Jersey, and saw them for

even and healthy; she very pretty, very sick of travelling; bound for not many English on the move, mostly homewards. I shall not even make me, being much better health, &c. &c.

of my personal comfort, I pray you lately to Venice—mind, Venice—powder, red, a quantity; calves, of the best quality, a quantity; safe, sure, and speedy means; and, so it.

nothing at Manfred's Third Act, I'll have at it in a week or two,

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCLXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Rome, May 5th, 1817.

(or next at farthest) I send you, in the new Third Act of 'Manfred,' the greater part, and returned what the proof you sent me. The Abbot and man, and the Spirits are brought in. You will find, I think, some good new Act, here and there; and if so, it sending me farther proofs, under correction, if he will have the good. It. Address all answers to Venice, so to return there in ten days.

of 'Tasso,' which I sent from Florentine, arrived: I look upon it as a 'rhymes,' as Pope's papa said to him a boy. For the two—it and the ill disburse to me (*via* Kinnaird) six shillings. You will perhaps be surprised some price upon this as upon the smiles that I look upon it as good, than three hundred guineas for any together will make you a larger publisher. 'Siege' and 'Parisina'; so that you will let off very easy: that is to say, if good for any thing, which I hope and

some days in Rome the Wonderful, and have done nothing else, excepted Act for you. I have this morning a dead cardinal: Pius VII. Cardinal Bracchi, whose body I the Chiesa Nuova. Rome has deposed every thing, since Athens and But I shall not remain long this to Venice.

"Ever, &c."

we got my saddle-horses here, and I am riding, all about the country."

going letters to Mr Murray. we may have particular respecting one of the sublime of the noble poet's problems of Manfred. His failure (and to which the reader shall be enabled present the completion of a design which

he had, through two Acts, so magnificently carried on,—the impatience with which, though conscious of this failure, he as usual hurried to the press, without deigning to woo, or wait for, a happier moment of inspiration,—his frank docility in, at once, surrendering up his Third Act to reprobation, without urging one parental word in its behalf,—the doubt he evidently felt, whether, from his habit of striking off these creations at a heat, he should be able to rekindle his imagination on the subject,—and then, lastly, the complete success with which, when his mind *did* make the spring, he at once cleared the whole space by which he before fell short of perfection,—all these circumstances, connected with the production of this grand Poem, lay open to us features, both of his disposition and genius, in the highest degree interesting, and such as there is a pleasure, second only to that of perusing the Poem itself, in contemplating.

As a literary curiosity, and, still more, as a lesson to genius, never to rest satisfied with imperfection or mediocrity, but to labour on till even failures are converted in triumphs, I shall here transcribe the Third Act, in its original shape, as first sent to the publisher.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one till sunset, And promises a lovely twilight.

Man. Say, Are all things so disposed of in the tower As I directed?

Her. All, my lord, are ready: Here is the key and casket.

Man. It is well: Thou may'st retire. *[Exit HERMAN.]*

Man. *[Alone.]* There is a calm upon me—Inexplicable stillness: which till now Did not belong to what I knew of life. If that I did not know philosophy To be of all our vanities the most false, The merest word that ever fool'd the ear From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found, And seated in my soul. It will not last, But it is well to have known it, though but once: It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense, And I within my tablets would note down That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Abbot. Pardon be with Count Manfred!

Man. Thanks, holy father: welcome to these walls, Thy presence honours them, and bleaseth those Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count: But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire. What would my reverend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude.—Age and zeal, my office, And good intent, must plead my privilege. (Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood, May also be my herald. Rumours strange, And of unholy nature, are abroad, And busy with thy name—a noble name For centuries, may he who hears it now Transmit it unimpair'd!

Man. Proceed,—I listen.

Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not to destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish! *

Abbot. Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong
wretch

Who in the mall of innate hardihood
Would shield himself, and battle for his sins,
There is the stake on earth, and beyond earth eternal—

Man. Charity, most reverend father,
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,
That I would call thee back to it; but say,
What wouldst thou with me?

Abbot. It may be there are
Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,
And give thee till to-morrow to repent.
Then if thou dost not all devote thyself
To penance, and with gift of all thy lands
To the monastery—

Man. I understand thee,—well!

Abbot. Expect no mercy; I have warned thee.

Man. (opening the casket.) Stop—

There is a gift for thee within this casket.

[MANFRED opens the casket, strikes a light, and
burns some incense.

Ho! Ashtaroth!

The DEMON ASHTAROTH appears, singing as follows:

The raven sits
On the raven-stone,
And his black wing flits
O'er the milk white bone;
To and fro, as the night-winds blow,
The carcass of the assassin swings;
And there alone, on the raven-stone, †
The raven flaps his dusky wings.
The fetters creak—and his ebony beak
Croaks to the close of the hollow sound;
And this is the tune by the light of the moon
To which the witches dance their round.
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
Merrily, merrily, speeds the ball;
The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,
Flock to the witches' carnival.

Abbot. I fear thee not—hence—hence—
Avaunt thee, evil one!—help, ho! without there!
Man. Convey this man to the Shreckhorn—to its peak—
To its extremest peak—watch with him there
From now till sunrise; let him gaze, and know
He ne'er again will be so near to heaven.
But harm him not; and, when the morrow breaks,
Set him down safe in his cell—away with him!
Asa. Had I not better bring his brethren too,
Convent and all, to bear him company?

Man. No, this will serve for the present. Take him up.

* It will be perceived that, as far as this, the original
matter of the Third Act has been retained.

† "Raven stone" (Rabenstein), a translation of the Ger-
man word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzer-
land is permanent, and made of stone."

Asa. Come, friar! now an exorcism on
And we shall fly the lighter.

*ASHTAROTH disappears with the ABBOT
follows:*

A prodigal son and a maid undone
And a widow re-wedded within
And a worldly monk and a pregnant
Are things which every day appe

MANFRED alone.

Man. Why would this fool break in on
My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter
It was not of my seeking. My heart sick
And weighs a fix'd foreboding on my soul
But it is calm—calm as a still sea
After the hurricane, the winds are still,
But the cold waves swell high and heavily
And there is danger in them. Such a rest
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat
And every thought a wound, till I am so
In the immortal part of me.—What now

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you
He sinks behind the mountains.

Man. Doth he
I will look on him.

[MANFRED advances
of the hall.

*Glorious orb **

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex,
More beautiful than they, which did draw
The erring spirits who can ne'er return—
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, a
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material Go
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chi
Centre of many stars! which makest oar
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy ray
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climate
And those who dwell in them! for, near o
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee we
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first
Of love and wonder was for thee, then tak
My latest look; thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow.

[Ex

SCENE II.

*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at a
—A Terrace before a Tower—Time, 1*

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependents of

Her. 'Tis strange enough; night after night
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower.
Without a witness. I have been within it,
So have we all been oft-times; but from it
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter: I would
The fee of what I have to come these three
To pore upon its mysteries.

Manuel.

Content thyself with what thou know'st all
Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and
And couldst say much, thou hast dwelt within
How many years is't?

* This fine soliloquy, and a great part of the
scene, have, it is hardly necessary to remark, b
in the present form of the Drama.

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembled.
Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?

Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits:
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

Her. But those were jocund times! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in these few years.*

Her. Come, be friendly;
Rebuke me some, to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Elger's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The lady Astarte, his—

Her. Look—look—the tower—
The tower's on fire. Oh heavens and earth! what sound.
What dreadful sound is that? [*A crash like thunder.*]

Manuel. Help, help, there!—to the rescue of the
Count.

The Count's in danger,—what he there! approach!
[*The Servants, Vassals, and Peasantry approach,*
stupified with terror.]

If there be any of you who have heart
And love of human kind, and will to aid
Those in distress—pause not—but follow me—
The portal's open, follow.

Her. Come—who follows?
What, some of ye?—ye recreants! shiver then
Without. I will not see old Manuel risk
His few remaining years unaided.

Vassal. Hark!—
No—all is silent—not a breath—the flame
Which shot forth such a blaze is also gone:
What may this mean? let's enter!

Peasant. Faith, not I,—
Not that, if one, or two, or more, will join,
I then will stay behind; but, for my part,
I do not see precisely to what end.

Vassal. Cease your vain prating—come.

Manuel. [*speaking within.*] 'Tis all in vain—
He's dead.

Her. [*within.*] Not so—even now methought he moved;
But it is dark—so bear him gently out—
Softly—how cold he is! take care of his temples
In winding down the staircase.

*Re-enter MANUEL and HERMAN, bearing MANFRED in
their arms.*

Manuel. Hie to the castle, some of ye, and bring
What aid you can. Saddle the barb, and speed
For the leech to the city—quick! some water there!

Her. His cheek is black—but there is a faint beat
Still lingering about the heart. Some water.

[*They sprinkle MANFRED with water; after a pause,*
he gives some signs of life.]

* Altered, in the present form, to "Some strange things
in them, Herman."

Manuel. He seems to strive to speak—come—cheerily,
Count!
He moves his lips—canst hear him? I am old,
And cannot catch faint sounds.

[*HERMAN inclining his head and listening.*]

Her. I hear a word
Or two—but indistinctly—what is next?
What's to be done? let's bear him to the castle.

[*MANFRED motions with his hand not to remove him.*]

Manuel. He disapproves—and 'twere of no avail—
He changes rapidly.

Her. 'Twill soon be over.
Manuel. Oh! what a death is this! that I should live
To shake my grey hairs over the last chief
Of the house of Sigismund.—And such a death.
Alone—we know not how—unshriven—untended—
With strange accompaniments and fearful signs—
I shudder at the sight—but must not leave him.

Manfred. [*speaking faintly and slowly.*] Old man! 'tis
not so difficult to die.

[*MANFRED having said this expires.*]

Her. His eyes are fix'd and lifeless.—He is gone.
Manuel. Close them.—My old hand quivers.—He
departs—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone!

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Rome, May 9th, 1817.

"Address all answers to Venice; for there I shall
return in fifteen days, God willing.

"I sent you from Florence 'The Lament of Tasso,'
and from Rome the Third Act of Manfred, both of
which, I trust, will duly arrive. The terms of these
two I mentioned in my last, and will repeat in this:
it is three hundred for each, or six hundred guineas
for the two—that is, if you like, and they are good
for any thing.

"At last one of the parcels is arrived. In the notes
to Childe Harold there is a blunder of yours or mine:
you talk of arrival at *St. Gingo*, and, immediately
after, add—'on the height is the Chateau of Clarena.'
This is sad work: Clarena is on the *other* side of the
Lake, and it is quite impossible that I should have so
bungled. Look at the MS., and at any rate rectify it.

The 'Tales of my Landlord' I have read with great
pleasure, and perfectly understand now why my sister
and aunt are so very positive in the very erroneous
persuasion that they must have been written by me.
If you knew me as well as they do, you would have
fallen, perhaps, into the same mistake. Some day or
other, I will explain to you *why*—when I have time;
at present it does not much matter; but you must have
thought this blunder of theirs very odd, and so did
I, till I had read the book.—Croker's letter to you is
a very great compliment; I shall return it to you in
my next.

"I perceive you are publishing a *Life of Raffael*
d'Urbino: it may perhaps interest you to hear that
a set of German artists here allow their *hair* to grow,
and trim it into *his fashion*, thereby drinking the
cumin of the disciples of the old philosopher; if
they would cut their hair, convert it into brushes,
and paint like him, it would be more 'German to the
matter.'

"I'll tell you a story: the other day, a man here—
an English—mistaking the statues of Charlemagne
and Constantine, which are *equestrian*, for those of
Peter and Paul, asked another *which* was Paul of

these same horsemen?—to which the reply was—‘I thought, sir, that St. Paul had never got on horseback since his *accident*!’

“I’ll tell you another: Henry Fox, writing to some one from Naples the other day, after an illness, adds—‘and I am so changed that my *oldest creditors* would hardly know me.’

“I am delighted with Rome—as I would be with a handbox, that is, it is a fine thing to see, finer than Greece; but I have not been here long enough to affect it as a residence, and I must go back to Lombardy, because I am wretched at being away from Marianna. I have been riding my saddle-horses every day, and been to Albano, its Lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frascati, Aricia, &c. &c. with an &c. &c. about the city, and in the city: for all which—vide Guide-book. As a whole, ancient and modern, it beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing—at least that I have ever seen. But I can’t describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. There must be a sense or two more than we have, us mortals; for * * * * where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss, and yet feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension.

“I have had a letter from Moore, who is in some alarm about his Poem. I don’t see why.

“I have had another from my poor dear Augusta, who is in a sad fuss about my late illness: do, pray, tell her (the truth) that I am better than ever, and in importunate health, growing (if not grown) large and ruddy, and congratulated by impertinent persons on my robustious appearance, when I ought to be pale and interesting.

“You tell me that George Byron has got a son, and Augusta says, a daughter; which is it?—it is no great matter: the father is a good man, an excellent officer, and has married a very nice little woman, who will bring him more babes than income; howbeit she had a handsome dowry, and is a very charming girl;—but he may as well get a ship.

“I have no thoughts of coming amongst you yet awhile, so that I can fight off business. If I could but make a tolerable sale of Newstead, there would be no occasion for my return; and I can assure you very sincerely, that I am much happier (or, at least, have been so, out of your island than in it.

“Yours ever.

“P. S. There are few English here, but several of my acquaintance; amongst others, the Marquis of Lansdowne, with whom I dine to-morrow. I met the Jerseys on the road at Foligno—all well.

“Oh—I forgot—the Italians have printed Chillon, &c. a *piracy*,—a pretty little edition, prettier than yours—and published, as I found to my great astonishment on arriving here; and what is odd, is, that the English is quite correctly printed. Why they did it, or who did it, I know not; but so it is;—I suppose, for the English people. I will send you a copy.”

LETTER CCLXX

TO MR MOORE.

“Rome

“I have received your letter here taken a cruise lately; but I shall re-nice in a few days, so that if you write there, as usual. I am not for return so soon as you imagine; and by no residence. If you cross the Alps in expedition, you will find me somewhere and very glad to see you. Only give two beforehand, for I would read leagues to meet you.

“Of Rome I say nothing; it is quiet and the Guide-book is as good as any yesterday with Lord Lansdowne, return. But there are few English the winter is *their* time. I have been most of the day, all days since my taken it as I did Constantinople. Elder sister, and the finer. I went to the top of the Alban Mount, which for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St Peter Palatine, &c. &c.—as I said, vi They are quite inconceivable, and The Apollo Belvidere is the image of Forbes—I think I never saw such a

“I have seen the Pope alive, dead,—both of whom looked very well; the latter was in state in the Chiesa Nuova his interment.

“Your poetical alarms are ground prosper. Here is Hobhouse just ex-horses at the door, so that I must the field in the Campus Martius, which is all built over by modern Rome,

“Yours very an

“P.S. Hobhouse presents his remembrance is eager, with all the world, for your

LETTER CCLXXX

TO MR MURRAY.

“Venice,

“I returned from Rome two days received your letter; but no sign nor parcel sent through Sir C. Stuart, w-tion. After an interval of months ‘Tales,’ &c. found me at Rome; but may be all that ever will find me. I to be the only sure conveyance, and letters. From Florence I sent you a and from Rome the new Third Act and by Dr Polidori two portraits for left Rome and made a rapid journey will continue to direct here as usual. is gone to Naples: I should have run for a week, but for the quantity of I heard of there. I prefer hating them unless an earthquake, or a good Vesuvius, were ensured to reconcile vicinity.

* * * * *

by before I left Rome I saw three robbers : the ceremony—including the *masqued* : half-naked executioners; the bandaged the black Christ and his banner; the soldiery; the slow procession, and the and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of and the ghastliness of the exposed altogether more impressive than the vulgarly dirty 'new drop' and dog-like fiction upon the sufferers of the English Two of these men behaved calmly enough, at of the three died with great terror and

What was very horrible, he would not him his neck was too large for the apert the priest was obliged to drown his exclamation louder exhortations. The head was he eye could trace the blow; but from an draw back the head, notwithstanding it ward by the hair, the first head was cut the ears: the other two were taken off ly. It is better than the oriental way, and (ink) than the axe of our ancestors. The little, and yet the effect to the spectator, reparation to the criminal, is very striking g. The first turned me quite hot and I made me shake so that I could hardly ere-glass (I was close, but was determined one should see every thing, once, with the second and third (which shows how soon things grow indifferent), I am ashamed d no effect on me as a horror, though I saved them if I could.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCLXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, June 4th. 1817.

I received the proofs of the 'Lament of which makes me hope that you have also be reformed Third Act of *Manfred*, from ch I sent soon after my arrival there. My surprise you of my return home within these

For me, I have received none of your receipt, after long delay, the 'Tales of my which I before acknowledged. I do not stand the *why* note, but so it is:—no e letters, no tooth-powder, no *extract* re's Italy concerning Marino Faliero. no as a man hallooed out at one of Burdett's after a long ululation of 'No Bastille! No as! No—' God knows who or what;—but as *ultra* was 'No nothing!—and my your packages amount to about his I want the extract from *Moore's* Italy and the tooth-powder, and the magnesia; so much about the poetry, or the letters. turin's by *Jacques* tragedy. Most of the by the post have come—I mean proofs therefore send me Marino Faliero by the etter.

delighted with Rome, and was on horse-rid it many hours daily, besides in it the time, bothering over its marvels. I

excursed and skirred the country round to Alba, Tivoli, Frascati, Licenza, &c. &c.; besides, I visited twice the Fall of Terni, which beats every thing. On my way back, close to the temple by its banks, I got some famous trout out of the river Clitumnus—the prettiest little stream in all poetry, near the first post from Foligno and Spoleto.—I did not stay at Florence, being anxious to get home to Venice, and having already seen the galleries and other sights. I left my commendatory letters the evening before I went, so I saw nobody.

"To-day, Pindemonte, the celebrated poet of Verona, called on me; he is a little thin man, with acute and pleasing features; his address good and gentle; his appearance altogether very philosophical; his age about sixty, or more. He is one of their best going. I gave him *Forsyth*, as he speaks, or reads rather, a little English, and will find there a favourable account of himself. He inquired after his old Cruscan friends, Parsons, Greathead, Mrs Piozzi, and Merry, all of whom he had known in his youth. I gave him as bad an account of them as I could, answering, as the false 'Solomon Lob' does to 'Totterton' in the farce, 'all gone dead,' and damned by a satire more than twenty years ago; that the name of their extinguisher was Gifford; that they were but a sad set of scribes after all, and no great things in any other way. He seemed, as was natural, very much pleased with this account of his old acquaintances, and went away greatly gratified with that and Mr Forsyth's sententious paragraph of applause in his own (Pindemonte's) favour. After having been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to keep off the devil; but for all that, he is a very nice little old gentleman.

I forgot to tell you that at Bologna (which is celebrated for producing popes, painters, and sausages) I saw an anatomical gallery, where there is a deal of waxwork, in which * * * * *

"I am sorry to hear of your row with Hunt; but suppose him to be exasperated by the Quarterly and your refusal to *deal*; and when one is angry and edits a paper, I should think the temptation too strong for literary nature, which is not always human. I can't conceive in what, and for what, he abuses you: what have you done? you are not an author, nor a politician, nor a public character; I know no scrape you have tumbled into. I am the more sorry for this because I introduced you to Hunt, and because I believe him to be a good man; but till I know the particulars, I can give no opinion.

"Let me know about Lalla Rookh, which must be out by this time.

"I restore the proofs, but the *punctuation* should be corrected. I feel too lazy to have at it myself; so beg and pray Mr Gifford for me.—Address to Venice. In a few days I go to my *villeggiatura*, in a casino near the Brenta, a few miles only on the main land. I have determined on another year, and many years of residence if I can compass them. Marianna is with me, hardly recovered of the fever, which has been attacking all Italy last winter. I am afraid she is a little hectic; but I hope the best.

"Ever, &c."

"P.S. Torvaldsen has done a bust of me at Rome

"I have had a letter from Mr Hodgson. He is very happy, has got a living, but not a child: if he had stuck to a curacy, babes would have come of course, because he could not have maintained them. Remember me to all friends, &c. &c. The other day, being in love

"An Austrian officer, with a Venetian, was ordered, with love and duty, into Hungary. Distracted between love and duty, he purchased a deadly drug, which dividing with his mistress, both swallowed. The ensuing pains were terrific, but the pills were purgative, and not poisonous, by the contrivance of the unsentimental apothecary; so that so much suicide was all thrown away. You may conceive the previous confusion and the final laughter; but the intention was good on all sides."

TO MR MURRAY.

"The present letter will be delivered to you by two Armenian friars, on their way, by England, to Madras. They will also convey some copies of the grammar, which I think you agreed to take. If you can be of any use to them, either amongst your naval or East Indian acquaintances, I hope you will so far oblige me, as they and their order have been remarkably attentive and friendly towards me since my arrival at Venice. Their names are Father Sukias Sornalian and Father Sarkis Theodorosian. They speak Italian, and probably French, or a little English. Repeating earnestly my recommendatory request, believe me, very truly, yours, "BYRON.

English. Repeating earnestly,
request, believe me, very truly, yours,
"BYRON.
"Perhaps you can help them to their passage, or
give or get them letters for India."

TO MR MURRAY.

* La Mira, near Venice, June 13th, 1871.

“Three months after date (17th March) an unnegotiable bill despatching has arrived, containing
luculent tailor,—your despatch has arrived, containing
the extract from Moore's Italy and Mr Maturin's
bankrupt tragedy. It is the absurd work of a clever
man. I think it might have done upon the stage, if
he had made Manuel (by some trickery, in a masque
or vizard) fight his own battle, instead of employing
Molineux as his champion; and, after the defeat of
Torrismondo, have made him spare the son of his
enemy, by some revulsion of feeling, not incom-
patible with a character of extravagant and dis-
tempered emotions. But, as it is, what with the
Justice, and the ridiculous conduct of the whole
dram. pers. (for they are all as mad as Manuel, who
surely must have had more interest with a corrupt
bench than a distant relation and heir presumptive,

quy:
'Life 's a mere rag, not worth a princely
I 'll cast it off.'

"I returned the proof of [unclear]
have you never received a translation of [unclear]
which I sent you, not for publication [unclear],
to Rome? [unclear] on the Brenta. Opp[osition]

"I am at present on the Brenta. Open Spanish marquis, ninety years old; and is a Frenchman's,—besides the natives; somebody said the other day, we are exact Goldoni's comedies (*La Vedova Sceltra*). Spaniard, English, and Frenchman are in but we are all very good neighbours, Ver-
&c. &c. getting on horseback for

"I am just getting on horseback for a ride, and a visit to a physician, who has a noble family, of a wife and four unmarried all under eighteen, who are friends of and enemies to nobility. There are, besides, conversazioni, and I know Countess Labbia's, and I know not weather is mild; the thermometer this day, and 80 odd in the shade. "Y

TO MR MURRAY.

"It gives me great pleasure to be
cess, and the more so that I ne
would be complete. Whatever g
of him and his poem will be mo
very anxious indeed to receive it
as happy in his fame and reward
for I know no one who deserve
so much.

"Now to business; and verily, it is not so; or, as the

him to bring a glass of water, to answer, 'I will, sir.'—'You will!' say, you *must*!' And I will subscription of any person or persons to it, on a fair examination of the merits as compared with the preceding ones, there's for you. There is always previously to all our publications: that, on approximating, we can never see the natural antipathy of author and that more particularly the ferine must break forth.

about the Third Canto: I have not signed, a line of continuation to that so short a time at Rome for it, and of recommencing.

I will explain to you by letter what I the origin of Mrs Leigh's notion about 'lord'; but it is some points of the Sir F. Mauley and Burley, as well as the jocular portions, on which it is ably.

I received Dr Polidori, as well as a and you can be of use to him, be so much more disgusted with any human with the eternal nonsense, and transiency, and ill-humour, and vanity person; but he has some talent, and is our, and has dispositions of amendment, has been aided by a little subsequent ed may turn out well. Therefore, use out interest for him, for he is improved

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCLXXXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* La Mira, near Venice, June 18th, 1817.

I a letter to Dr Holland from Pindar, knowing the doctor's address, I am de- and perhaps, being a literary man, discover his haunt near some popu- I have written to you a scolding re, upon a misapprehended passage in at ever mind: it will do for next time, surely deserve it. Talking of doctors see more to recommend to you one who named himself,—the Doctor Polidori. pp him to a publisher, do; or, if you relation, I would advise his advice: as he had in Italy are dead—Mr *'a and Lord G**, whom he embow- success at Pisa.

me to Moore, whom I congratulate. and what is become of Campbell fellows of the Druid order? I got him at last, but no other parcel; I am tooth-powder, and the magnesia. I Burkat's Soda-powders. Will you ed that I have written him two letters about Newstead, &c.), to which it his attendance. I am just returned

from a gallop along the banks of the Brenta—time, sunset.

"Yours,
"B."

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* La Mira, near Venice, July 1st, 1817.

"Since my former letter, I have been working up my impressions into a *Fourth Canto* of *Childe Harold*, of which I have roughed off about rather better than thirty stanzas, and mean to go on; and probably to make this 'Fytte' the concluding one of the poem, so that you may propose against the autumn to draw out the conscription for 1818. You must provide moneys, as this new resumption bodes you certain disbursements. Somewhere about the end of September or October, I propose to be under way (i. e. in the press); but I have no idea yet of the probable length or calibre of the Canto, or what it will be good for; but I mean to be as mercenary as possible, an example (I do not mean of any individual in particular, and least of all any person or persons of our mutual acquaintance) which I should have followed in my youth, and I might still have been a prosperous gentleman.

"No tooth-powder, no letters, no recent tidings of you.

"Mr Lewis is at Venice, and I am going up to stay a week with him there—as it is one of his enthusiasms also to like the city.

"I stood in Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' &c., &c.

"The 'Bridge of Sighs' (i. e. Ponte de' Sospiri) is that which divides, or rather joins the palace of the Doge to the prison of the state. It has two passages: the criminal went by the one to judgment, and returned by the other to death, being strangled in a chamber adjoining, where there was a mechanical process for the purpose.

"This is the first stanza of our new Canto; and now for a line of the second:

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier,
Her palaces, &c., &c.

"You know that formerly the gondoliers sung always, and Tasso's *Gierusalemme* was their ballad. Venice is built on seventy-two islands.

"There! there's a brick of your new Babel! and now, sirrah! what say you to the sample?

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. I shall write again by and by."

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* La Mira, near Venice, July 8th, 1817.

"If you can convey the inclosed letter to its address, or discover the person to whom it is directed, you will confer a favour upon the Venetian creditor of a deceased Englishman. This epistle is a dun to his executor, for house-rent. The name of the insol-

vent defunct is, or was. *Porter Valter*, according to the account of the plaintiff, which I rather suspect ought to be *Walter Porter*, according to our mode of collocation. If you are acquainted with any dead man of the like name a good deal in debt, pray dig him up, and tell him that 'a pound of his fair flesh' or the ducats are required, and that 'if you deny them, fie upon your law!'

"I hear nothing more from you about Moore's poem, Rogers, or other literary phenomena; but to-morrow, being post-day, will bring perhaps, some tidings. I write to you with people talking Venetian all about, so that you must not expect this letter to be all English.

"The other day, I had a squabble on the highway as follows: I was riding pretty quickly from Dolo home about eight in the evening, when I passed a party of people in a hired carriage, one of whom, poking his head out of the window, began bawling to me in an inarticulate but insolent manner. I wheeled my horse round, and overtaking, stopped the coach, and said, 'Signor, have you any commands for me?' He replied, impudently as to manner, 'No.' I then asked him what he meant by that unseemly noise, to the discomfiture of the passers-by. He replied by some piece of impertinence, to which I answered by giving him a violent slap in the face. I then dismounted (for this passed at the window, I being on horseback still), and opening the door desired him to walk out, or I would give him another. But the first had settled him except as to words, of which he poured forth a profusion in blasphemies, swearing that he would go to the police and avouch a battery sans provocation. I said he lied, and was a **, and, if he did not hold his tongue, should be dragged out and beaten anew.—He then held his tongue. I of course told him my name and residence, and desired him to the death, if he were a gentleman, or not a gentleman, and had the inclination to be genteel in the way of combat. He went to the police, but there having been bystanders in the road,—particularly a soldier, who had seen the business,—as well as my servant, notwithstanding the oaths of the coachman and five insides besides the plaintiff, and a good deal of paying on all sides, his complaint was dismissed, he having been the aggressor;—and I was subsequently informed that, had I not given him a blow, he might have been had into durance.

"So set down this,—that in Aleppo once 'I beat a Venetian'; but I assure you that he deserved it, for I am a quiet man, like *Candide*, though with somewhat of his fortune in being forced to forego my natural meekness every now and then.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY

• Venice, July 9th, 1817.

"I have got the sketch and extracts from *Lalla Rookh*—which I humbly suspect will knock up **, and show young gentlemen that something more than having been across a camel's hump is necessary to write a good oriental tale. The plan, as well as the

extracts I have seen, please me very much, and I feel impatient for the whole.

"With regard to the critique on 'Manfred' have been in such a devil of a hurry that I only sent me the half: if breaks off at page 20, send me the rest; and also page 270, where the account of the supposed origin of this drama—in which, by the way, whatever it may be, the lecturer is out, and knows nothing of the matter, had a better origin than he can derive or do the soul of him.

"You say nothing of Manfred's luck in the end, and I care not. He is one of the best of us, gotten, say what they will.

"I got at last an extract, but no parcel will come, I suppose, some time or other. I am up to Venice for a day or two to bathe, and going to take a swim in the Adriatic; so writing—the post waits.

"Yours, &c."

"P.S. Pray, was Manfred's speech in Act Third? I hope so, it was the best in the thing, and better than the others I have done *fifty-six* of *Canto Fourth*, that I have so down with your ducats."

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

TO MR MOORE.

• La Mira, Venice, 10th July.

"Murray, the Mokanna of book-keeping, has tried to send me extracts from *Lalla Rookh* by post. They are taken from some manuscript, contain a short outline and quotations from the first Poems. I am very much delighted with them before me, and very thirsty for the rest. I have caught the colours as if you had been in the East, and the tone of the East is perfectly preserved, that * * * and its author must be somewhat of a back-ground, and learn that it requires more than to have been upon the banks of the Medway to compose a good oriental story. I am glad you have changed the title from 'Persian Tale'.

"I suspect you have written a devoted position, and I rejoice in it from my heart. I am the Douglas and the Percy both together, confident against a world in arms. I have you now affronted at my looking on us as 'barbs of a sword' though on whatever subject you had written. I have been very happy in your success.

"There is a simile of an orange tree's 'downy fruits,' which I should have liked better, and I believe it to be a reflection on * * *

"Do you remember Thurlow's poem to the 'When Rogers;' and that d—d supper of mine that ought to have been a dinner? 'Ah, Mr. Shallow, we have heard the 'himes at midnight. But

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But, before I go, Tom M—, say
Here's a double health to thee!

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever thy chance may be,
Here's a heart for every fate.

though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Fere 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Re my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink,

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

would have been written fifteen moons ago
an was. I am just come out from an
in the Adriatic; and I write to you with
a Venetian girl before me, reading Boc-

* * * * *

ek I had a row on the road (I came up to
my casino, a few miles on the Paduan
lessed day, to bathe) with a fellow in a
he was impudent to my horse. I gave
ag box on the ear, which sent him to the
dismissed his complaint. Witnesses had
action. He first shouted, in an unseemly
men my palfrey. I wheeled round, rode
indow, and asked him what he meant.
and said some foolery, which produced
ediate slap in the face, to his utter dis-
luch blasphemy ensued, and some me-
I stopped by dismounting and opening
door, and intimating an intention of mend-
with his immediate remains, if he did not
se. He held it.

wis is here—'how pleasant' He is a
ow, and very much yours. So is Sam-
dy—and, amongst the number,

"Yours ever,
"B.
at think you of Manfred?" * * *

LETTER CCXC.

TO MR MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, July, 15th, 1817.

ished (that is, written—the file comes
nety and eight stanzas of the Fourth
I mean to be the concluding one. It
is about the same length as the *Third*,
if the dimensions of the first or second
upon parts of it as very good, that is,
rmer are good, but this we shall see;
e, good or not, it is rather a different
not—less metaphysical—which, at any
variety. I sent you the shaft of the
specimen the other day, i. e. the first
may be thinking of its arrival towards
winds will not be the only ones to be
as *how* that it is ready by that time.
s, who is at Venice; in or on the Ca-
rand Canal; your extracts from *Lalla*
mel,[†] and, out of contradiction, it

such as often occurs in these letters; to
which he had been alluded.
(the Rev. Mr Martin.

may be, he likes the last, and is not much taken with
the first, of these performances. Of *Manuel*, I think,
with the exception of a few capers, it is as heavy a
nightmare as was ever bestrode by indigestion.

"Of the extracts I can but judge as extracts, and I
prefer the '*Peri*' to the '*Silver Veil*.' He seems not
so much at home in his versification of the '*Silver*
Veil,' and a little embarrassed with his horrors; but the
conception of the character of the impostor is fine, and
the plan of great scope for his genius,—and I doubt
not that, as a whole, it will be very *Arabesque* and
beautiful.

"Your late epistle is not the most abundant in
information, and has not yet been succeeded by any
other; so that I know nothing of your own con-
cerns, or of any concerns, and as I never hear
from any body but yourself who does not tell me
something as disagreeable as possible, I should not
be sorry to hear from you: and as it is not very pro-
bable,—if I can, by any device or possible arrange-
ment with regard to my personal affairs, so arrange
it,—that I shall return soon, or reside ever in England,
all that you tell me will be all I shall know or inquire
after, as to our beloved realm of Grub-street, and the
black brethren and blue sisterhood of that extensive
suburb of Babylon. Have you had no new babe of
literature sprung up to replace the dead, the distant,
the tired, and the retired? no prose, no verse, no
nothing?"

* * * * *

LETTER CCXCI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, July 20th, 1817.

"I write to give you notice that I have completed
the *fourth* and *ultimate* Canto of *Childe Harold*. It
consists of 126 stanzas, and is consequently the longest
of the four. It is yet to be copied and polished; and
the notes are to come, of which it will require more
than the *third* Canto, as it necessarily treats more
of works of art than of nature. It shall be sent to-
wards autumn;—and now for our barter. What do
you bid? eh? you shall have samples, an' it so please
you: but I wish to know what I am to expect (as the
saying is) in these hard times, when poetry does not
let for half its value. If you are disposed to do what
Mrs Winifred Jenkins calls 'the handsome thing,'
I may perhaps throw you some odd matters to the
lot,—translations, or slight originals; there is no saying
what may be on the anvil between this and the book-
ing season. Recollect that it is the *last* Canto, and
completes the work; whether as good as the others,
I cannot judge, in course—least of all as yet,—but it
shall be as little worse as I can help. I may, per-
haps, give some little gossip in the notes as to the
present state of Italian literati and literature, being
acquainted with some of their *capi*—men as well as
books; but this depends upon my humour at the time.
So, now, pronounce: I say nothing.

"When you have got the whole *four* Cantos, I
think you might venture on an edition of the whole
poem in quarto, with spare copies of the two last for
the purchasers of the old edition of the first two.
There is a hint for you, worthy of the *Row*; and
now, perpend, pronounce.

"I have not received a word from you of the fate of 'Manfred' or 'Tasso,' which seems to me odd, whether they have failed or succeeded.

"As this is a scrawl of business, and I have lately written at length and often on other subjects, I will only add that I am, &c."

LETTER CCXCH.

TO MR MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, August 7th, 1817.

"Your letter of the 18th, and, what will please you, as it did me, the parcel sent by the good natured aid and abetment of Mr Croker, are arrived.—Messrs Lewis and Hobhouse are here: the former in the same house, the latter a few hundred yards distant.

"You say nothing of Manfred, from which its failure may be inferred; but I think it odd you should not say so at once. I know nothing, and hear absolutely nothing, of any body or any thing in England; and there are no English papers, so that all you say will be news—of any person, or thing, or things. I am at present very anxious about Newstead, and sorry that Kinnaid is leaving England at this minute, though I do not tell him so, and would rather he should have *his* pleasure, although it may not in this instance tend to my profit.

"If I understand rightly, you have paid into Morland's 1500 pounds: as the agreement in the paper is two thousand guineas, there will remain therefore six hundred pounds, and not five hundred, the odd hundred being the extra to make up the specie. Six hundred and thirty pounds will bring it to the like for Manfred and Tasso, making a total of twelve hundred and thirty, I believe, for I am not a good calculator. I do not wish to press you, but I tell you fairly that it will be a convenience to me to have it paid as soon as it can be made convenient to yourself.

"The new and last Canto is 130 stanzas in length; and may be made more or less. I have fixed no price, even in idea, and have no notion of what it may be good for. There are no metaphysics in it; at least, I think not. Mr Hobhouse has promised me a copy of Tasso's Will, for notes; and I have some curious things to say about Ferrara, and Parisina's story, and perhaps a farthing candle's worth of light upon the present state of Italian literature. I shall hardly be ready by October; but that don't matter. I have all to copy and correct, and the notes to write.

"I do not know whether Scott will like it; but I have called him the '*Ariosto* of the North' in my text. *If he should not, say so in time.*

"An Italian translation of 'Glenarvon' came lately to be printed at Venice. The censor (Sr Petrotini) refused to sanction the publication till he had seen me on the subject. I told him that I did not recognize the slightest relation between that book and myself; but that, whatever opinions might be upon that subject, I would never prevent or oppose the publication of *any* book, in *any* language, on my own private account; and desired him (against his inclination) to permit the poor translator to publish his labours. It is going forwards in consequence. You may say this, with my compliments, to the author.

"Yours."

LETTER CCXCIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, Aug

"I have been very sorry to hear of Madame de Staël, not only because very kind to me at Copet, but because never requite her. In a general point will leave a great gap in society and life

"With regard to death, I doubt that right to pity the dead for their own sake

"The copies of Manfred and Tasso thanks to Mr Croker's cover. You have the whole effect and moral of the poem the last line of Manfred's speaking; and done, I know not. Why you persist in a of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss. If it is for fear of telling me something you are wrong; because sooner or later it, and I am not so new, nor so raw, perience, as not to be able to bear, paltry, petty disappointments of authorship more serious,—at least I hope so, and I may think irritability is merely mechanism acts like galvanism on a dead body, or motion which survives sensation.

"If it is that you are out of humour wrote to you a sharp letter, recollect that from a misconception of your letter, as cause you did a thing you had no right consulting me.

"I have, however, heard good of Manfred other quarters, and from men who were scrupulous in saying what they thought, said; and no 'good morrow to you, & Lieutenant.'

"I wrote to you twice about the 4th (you will answer at your pleasure. Mr H I have come up for a day to the city; gone to England; and I am

LETTER CCXCIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, August

"I take you at your word about Mr I will feel obliged if you will go to him, Mr Davies also to visit him by my desire that I trust that neither Mr Kinnaid's mine will prevent his taking all proper celerate and promote the sale of Newstead dale, upon which the whole of my future comfort depends. It is impossible for me how much any delays upon these points convenience me; and I do not know a great that can be conferred upon me than the promises upon Hanson, and making him a to my wishes. I wish you would *speak* to me, and tell me what you allude to in way of mentioning him. All mysteries distance are not merely tormenting but and may be prejudicial to my interests; &

but I may consult with Mr. Kinnaird when
is; and remember that I prefer the most
the certainties to hints and innuendoes. The
every body: I never can get any person to
at about any thing or any body, and my
is passed in conjectures of what people
small talk in the style of C*** L***'s novels.
but Mr St John, but Mr St Aubyn, son of
of St Aubyn Polidori knows him, and in-
dign to me. He is of Oxford, and has got my
The doctor will ferret him out, or ought.
and contains many letters, some of Madame
and other people's, besides MSS., &c.
If I find the gentleman, and he don't find
I will say something he won't like to hear.
want a 'civil and delicate declension' for
my tragedy? Take it—

Dear Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way,—
turns the eyes and moves the bowels,
and drenches handkerchiefs like towels
fish bones, that, in a flux of grief,
find hysterical relief
a shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
hark your catastrophe convulses
I like your moral and machinery;
my plot, too, has such scope for scenery:
my dialogue is apt and smart;
my play's concoction full of art;
my hero raves, your heroine cries,
I stab, and every body dies
short your tragedy would be
a very thing to hear and see:
if for a piece of publication,
decline on this occasion,
I am not sensible
merits in themselves ostensible.
—and I grieve to speak it—plays
dramas—mere dramas, sir—now a days,
of a weary loss by 'Mannell,'—
lucky if it prove not annual—
I S***, with his 'Grestes,'
ack by the by, the author's best is,
join so very long a hand
I despair of all demand.
advertised, but see my books,
they watch my shopman's looks;—
I am, I am, and such lumber,
ack—shop girl, my shelves encumber.
There's a Byron too, who once did better,
sent me, folded in a letter,
it said—'is no more a drama'
I thought 'Ivan, or Khaman;
now I since last year his pen is,
he has a cast his writ at Venice.

art, sir, with one and t'other,
I not venture on another
to my house, excuse each blunder;
come here through the street so thunder-
ous is so full—see we Gifford here
ing MSS., with Hookham Freere
pondering on the nouns and particles
one of our forthcoming Articles,
he Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
sent the poems to review—
not cry upon St Helena,
can only would but tell in a
company what—but, to resume
any saying, sir, the room—
room is so full of wits and birds,
as Campbells Crickets Frogs and Wards,
thence, neither birds nor wits
make conversation whilst
rooms in the dress of gent.,
Mr Macmillan to Dr Deat,
poetry comes with me to day,
very much, who make their way.

They're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Stail's late dissolution.
Her book, they say, was in advance—
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!

"Thus run our time and tongues away—
But, to return, sir, to your play:
Sorry, sir, but I can not deal,
Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill
My hands so full, my head so dizzy,
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
And so, with endless truth and burry,
Dear Doctor, I am yours,

"JOHN MURRAY.

"P.S. I've done the fourth and last Canto, which
amounts to 133 stanzas. I desire you to name a price;
if you don't, I will; so I advise you in time.

"Yours, &c.

"There will be a good many notes."

Among those minor misrepresentations of which it
was Lord Byron's fate to be the victim, advantage
was, at this time, taken of his professed distaste to
the English, to accuse him of acts of inhospitality,
and even rudeness, towards some of his fellow-
countrymen. How far different was his treatment
of all who ever visited him, many grateful testimonies
might be collected to prove; but I shall here content
myself with selecting a few extracts from an account
given me by Mr Henry Joy of a visit which, in com-
pany with another English gentleman, he paid to the
noble poet this summer, at his villa on the banks of
the Brenta. After mentioning the various civilities
they had experienced from Lord Byron, and, among
others, his having requested them to name their own
day for dining with him.—"We availed ourselves,"
says Mr Joy, "of this considerate courtesy by naming
the day fixed for our return to Padua, when our route
would lead us to his door; and we were welcomed
with all the cordiality which was to be expected from
so friendly a bidding. Such traits of kindness in such
a man deserve to be recorded on account of the
numerous slanders thrown upon him by some of the
tribes of tourists, who resented as a personal affront
his resolution to avoid their impertinent inroads upon
his retirement. So far from any appearance of indis-
criminate aversion to his countrymen, his inquiries
about his friends in England (*quorum pars magna
fuit*), were most anxious and particular.

"He expressed some opinions," continues my
informant, "on matters of taste, which cannot fail to
interest his biographer. He contended that Sculpture,
as an art, was vastly superior to Painting;—a
preference which is strikingly illustrated by the fact
that, in the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, he gives
the most elaborate and splendid account of several
statues, and none of any pictures; although Italy is,
emphatically, the land of Painting, and her best
statues are derived from Greece. By the way, he
told us that there were more objects of interest in
Rome alone than in all Greece from one extremity to
the other. * * * After regaling us with an
excellent dinner in which, by the by, a very English
joint of roast beef showed that he did not extend his
antipathies to all John-Bullians, he took me in his
carriage some miles of our route towards Padua,
after apologizing to my fellow-traveller for the sepa-

ration, on the score of his anxiety to hear all he could of his friends in England; and I quitted him with a confirmed impression of the strong ardour and sincerity of his attachment to those by whom he did not fancy himself slighted or ill-treated."

LETTER CCXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Sept 4th, 1817.

"Your letter of the 15th has conveyed with its contents the impression of a seal, to which the 'Saracen's Head' is a seraph, and the 'Bull and Mouth' a delicate device. I knew that calumny had sufficiently *blackened* me of later days, but not that it had given the features as well as complexion of a negro. Poor Augusta is not less, but rather more, shocked than myself, and says 'people seem to have lost their recollection strangely' when they engraved such a 'blackamoor.' Pray don't seal (at least to me) with such a caricature of the human numskull altogether; and if you don't break the seal-cutter's head, at least crack his libel (or likeness, if it should be a likeness) of mine.

"Mr. Kinnaird is not yet arrived, but expected. He has lost by the way all the tooth-powder, as a letter from Spa informs me.

"By Mr Rose I received safely, though tardily, magnesia and tooth-powder, and * * * * Why do you send me such trash—worse than trash, the Sublime of Mediocrity? Thanks for Lalla, however, which is good; and thanks for the Edinburgh and Quarterly, both very amusing and well-written. Paris in 1815, &c.—good. Modern Greece—good for nothing; written by some one who has never been there, and not being able to manage the Spenser stanza, has invented a thing of its own, consisting of two elegiac stanzas, a heroic line, and an Alexandrine, twisted on a string. Besides, why 'modern?' You may say *modern Greeks*, but surely *Greece* itself is rather more ancient than ever it was.—Now for business.

"You offer 1500 guineas for the new Canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of 144 stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable, and who. I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way, to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact that *he*, Mr Hobhouse, has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this Canto than the preceding.—No: but if Mr Eustace was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education; if Mr Moore is to have three thousand for Lalla, &c.; if Mr Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose on poetry—I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen in their labours—but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably *longer*: very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen

mine, and ask less. You shall submit Mr Gifford, and any other two gentlemen by you (Mr Frere, or Mr Croker, or please, except such fellows as your * and if they pronounce this Canto to be *whole* to the preceding, I will not ap^o award, but burn the manuscript, and they are.

"Yours

"P.S. In answer to a former letter short statement of what I thought the present copyright account, viz., six hundred still (or lately) due on Childe Harold, at guineas, Manfred and Tasso, make twelve hundred and thirty pounds. about the new poem, I shall take the serve the choice of the manner in which published, viz. a quarto, certes." *

LETTER CCXCVI.

TO MR HOPFNER.

"La Mira, Sept.

"I set out yesterday morning with the paying my respects, and availing myself mission to walk over the premises." O Padua, I found that the march of the Austrians had engrossed so many horses,† that procure were hardly able to crawl; and, together with the prospect of finding at the post-house of Monselice, and either not arriving that day at Este, or be unable to return home the same evening me to turn aside in a second visit to Ar of proceeding onwards; and even thus back in time.

"Next week I shall be obliged to be meet Lord Kinnaird and his brother, expected in a few days. And this interruption with that occasioned by the continued Austrians for the next few days, will no fix any precise period for availing myself ness, though I should wish to take the opportunity. Perhaps, if absent, your goodness to permit one of your servants the grounds and house, or as much of be convenient; at any rate, I shall take occasion possible to go over, and regret very I was yesterday prevented.

"I have the honour to be your obli

* A country-house on the Euganean hills which Mr Hopfner, who was then the English General at Venice, had for some time occupied Lord Byron afterwards rented of him, but in it.

† So great was the demand for horses, march of the Austrians, that all those belonging to individuals were put in requisition for their service. Byron himself received an order to send his purpose. This, however, he positively refused that if an attempt were made to take them by force, rather than submit to such an act of violence, he would shoot them through the head in the road, rather than submit to such an act of violence. Whether his answer was ever received by the higher authorities I know not; but his horses to remain unmolested in his stables.

LETTER CCXCVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Sept. 12th. 1817.

about for correction, if ever you get to it. You will observe that the blunder has it appear as if the Chaucer was a student of being on the opposite shore near Chaucer. So, separate the part that my typography will seem as incorrect as the occasion.

Why I write to survey my proposition is the fourth and concluding Canto. I do not estimate it as one hundred and which is almost as long as the two first, but I am sure to myself that any of the except the "Canto." Mr. Hobbhouse is very valuable and accurate notes of sight, and you may be sure that I will not let it I can to finish with Geoffrey Chaucer as my best; and as I feel of something with it. But I make no that least, as I make my former statement to the "Canto." However, I fear not do better; and yet, not being thirty in some means to come, one ought to be as far as oneself goes for many a good one and a certain deal of tear and wear may at my time, besides having pain and much anxiety. God grant me it is as what may be most fitting in that case, for I think my own exceedingly.

Lala Rook, but not with sufficient for I write about, and I am, and I am, three other things; so that my reading is, and not so attentive as it used to be, and to hear of its popularity, for my noble fellow in all respects, and will it say of the bad feelings which success—sometimes engenders in the men of a Poem itself. I will tell you my opinion mastered it: I say of the Poem, for I wrote at all, at all; and in the measure-worshippers is the best, and the rest of the worst, of the volume.

ard to poetry in general. I am convinced I think of it, that he and all of us—Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I, wrong, one as much as another; that wrong revolutionary poetical system, worth a damn in itself, and from which we and Crabbe are free; and that the next generations will finally be of this the more confirmed in this by having for some of our classics, particularly I tried in this way:—I took Moore's own and some others, and went over side with Pope's, and I was really astonished not to have been so; and mortified at

graph, in the MS. copy of the above letter, my note, in the handwriting of Mr Gifford: good sense, and feeling, and judgment in me in any other I ever read, or Lord Byron

the ineffable distance in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and conversation, between the little Queen Anne's men, and us of the Lesser Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Homer then, and Chaucer now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would model myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and " " is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

LETTER CCXCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

September 15th. 1817.

Mr Hobbhouse purposing being in England in November: he will bring the Fourth Canto with him, notes and all; the next contains one hundred and fifty stanzas, which is long for that measure.

With regard to the "Ariosto of the North," surely their themes, chivalry, war, and love, were as like as can be; and as to the compliment, if you knew what the Italians think of Ariosto, you would not hesitate about that. But as to their "monsters," you forget that Ariosto's is an octave stanza, and Scott's any thing but a stanza. If you think Scott will dislike it, say so, and I will expunge. I do not call him the "Scotch Ariosto," which would be sad personal eulogy, but the "Ariosto of the North," meaning of all countries that are not the South.

"As I have recently troubled you rather frequently, I will conclude, repeating that I am

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCXCIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

October 12th. 1817.

Mr Kinnaird and his brother, Lord Kinnaird, have been here, and are now gone again. All your minives came, except the tooth-powder, of which I request further supplies, at all convenient opportunities; as also of magnesia and soda-powders, both great luxuries here, and neither to be had good, or indeed hardly at all of the natives.

In " "s Life, I perceive an attack upon the then Committee of D. L. Theatre for acting Bertram, and an attack upon Maturin's Bertram for being acted. Considering all things, this is not very grateful nor graceful on the part of the worthy autobiographer; and I would answer, if I had not obliged him. Putting my own pains to forward the views of " " out of the question, I know that there was every disposition, on the part of the Sub-Committee, to bring forward any production of his, were it feasible. The play be offered, though poetical, did not appear at all practicable, and Bertram did;—and hence this long tirade, which is the last chapter of his vagabond life.

"As for Bertram, Maturin may defend his own

begotten, if he likes it well enough; I leave the Irish clergyman and the new orator Henley to battle it out between them, satisfied to have done the best I could for *both*. I may say this to *you*, who know it.

"Mr * * may console himself with the fervour,—the almost religious fervour of his and W * * 's disciples, as he calls it. If he means that as any proof of their merits, I will find him as much 'fervour' in behalf of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote as ever gathered over his pages or round his fireside.

"My answer to your proposition about the Fourth Canto you will have received, and I await yours;—perhaps we may not agree. I have since written a Poem (of 84 octave stanzas), humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere), on a Venetian anecdote which amused me;—but till I have your answer, I can say nothing more about it.

"Mr Hobhouse does not return to England in November, as he intended, but will winter here; and as he is to convey the poem, or poems,—for there may perhaps be more than the two mentioned (which, by the way, I shall not perhaps include in the same publication or agreement), I shall not be able to publish so soon as expected; but I suppose there is no harm in the delay.

I have signed and sent your former *copyrights* by Mr Kinnaird, but *not* the *receipt*, because the money is not yet paid. Mr Kinnaird has a power of attorney to sign for me, and will, when necessary.

"Many thanks for the Edinburgh Review, which is very kind about *Manfred*, and defends its originality, which I did not know that any body had attacked. I *never* read, and do not know that I ever saw, the 'Faustus of Marlow,' and had, and have, no dramatic works by me in English, except the recent things you sent me; but I heard Mr Lewis translate verbally some scenes of *Goethe's Faust* (which were, some good, and some bad) last summer;—which is all I know of the history of that magical personage; and as to the germs of *Manfred*, they may be found in the Journal which I sent to Mrs Leigh (part of which you saw) when I went over first the Dent de Jaman, and then the Wengen or Wengenberg Alp and Scheideck, and made the giro of the Jungfrau, Strickhorn, &c. &c. shortly before I left Switzerland. Janan, the whole scene of *Manfred* before me as if it was but yesterday, and could point it out, spot by spot, torrent and all.

"Of the Prometheus of Æschylus I was passionately fond as a boy (it was one of the Greek plays we read three a year at Harrow);—indeed that and the 'Medea' were the only ones, except the 'Seven before Thebes,' which ever much pleased me. As to the 'Faustus of Marlow,' I never read, never saw, nor heard of it—at least, thought of it, except that I think Mr Gifford mentioned, in a note of his which you sent me, something about the catastrophe; but not as having any thing to do with mine, which may or may not resemble it, for any thing I know.

"The Prometheus, if not exactly in my plan, has always been so much in my head, that I can easily conceive its influence over all or any thing that I have

written;—but I deny Marlow and his beg that you will do the same.

"If you can send me the paper in which the Edinburgh Review mentions, do, in the magazine you say was written, had all the air of being a poet's, and was one. The Edinburgh Review I take down by its friendliness. I wonder it worth while to do so, so soon after the was evidently with a good motive.

"I saw Hoppner the other day, at house at Este I have taken for two come out next summer, let me know to Gifford.

"Yours

"Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and
Are all partakers of my paucity.

These two lines are omitted in your letter, after—

"All clever men who make their

LETTER CCC.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, Oct 1841

"Your two letters are before me, gain is so far concluded. How sorry I Gifford is unwell! Pray tell me he is nothing but cold. As you say his illness cold, I trust it will get no further.

"Mr Whistlecraft has no greater self: I have written a story in 89 stanzas of him, called *Beppo* (the short name that is, the *Joe* of the Italian *Joseph*), throw you into the balance of the Fourth you round to your money; but you *perch* publish it anonymously; but this was and by.

"In the Notes to Canto Fourth, Mr pointed out several errors of *Gibbon* depend upon H.'s research and accuracy print it in what shape you please.

"With regard to a future large Edition print all, or any thing, except 'English republication of which at no time will would not reprint them on any consideration think them good for much, even in point as to other things, you are to recollect the publication on account of the *Halls* not think that any time or circumstance the suppression. Add to which, that, terms with almost all the bards and one it would be savage at any time, but we to revive this foolish Lampoon.

* * * *

"The review of *Manfred* came very much pleased with it. It is odd to say (that is, somebody in a magazine)

* A paper in the Edinburgh Magazine, suggested that the general conception is much of what is excellent in the manner had been borrowed from "The Tragical Faustus," of Marlow.

Admiralty, and its bookseller. I used to think that I was a good deal of an author in *amour propre* and *noli me tangere*; but these prose fellows are worst, after all, about their little comforts.

"Do you remember my mentioning, some months ago, the Marquis Moncada—a Spaniard of distinction and fourscore years, my summer neighbour at La Mira? Well, about six weeks ago, he fell in love with a Venetian girl of family, and no fortune or character; took her into his mansion; quarrelled with all his former friends for giving him advice (except me who gave him none), and installed her present concubine and future wife and mistress of himself and furniture. At the end of a month, in which she demeaned herself as ill as possible, he found out a correspondence between her and some former keeper, and after nearly strangling, turned her out of the house, to the great scandal of the keeping part of the town, and with a prodigious éclat, which has occupied all the canals and coffee-houses in Venice. He said she wanted to poison him; and she says—God knows what; but between them they have made a great deal of noise. I know a little of both the parties: Moncada seemed a very sensible old man, a character which he has not quite kept up on this occasion; and the woman is rather showy than pretty. For the honour of religion, she was bred in a convent, and for the credit of Great Britain, taught by an Englishwoman.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, December 3d, 1817.

A Venetian lady, learned and somewhat stricken in years, having, in her intervals of love and devotion, taken upon her to translate the Letters and write the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—to which undertaking there are two obstacles, firstly, ignorance of English, and, secondly, a total dearth of information on the subject of her projected biography,—has applied to me for facts or falsities upon this promising project. Lady Montague lived the last twenty or more years of her life in or near Venice, I believe; but here they know nothing, and remember nothing, for the story of to-day is succeeded by the scandal of to-morrow; and the wit, and beauty, and gallantry, which might render your countrywoman notorious in her own country, must have been here no great distinction—because the first is in no request, and the two latter are common to all women, or at least the last of them. If you can therefore tell me any thing, or get any thing told, of Lady Wortley Montague, I shall take it as a favour, and will transfer and translate it to the 'Dama' in question. And I pray you besides to send me, by some quick and safe voyager, the edition of her Letters, and the stupid Life, by Dr Dallaway, published by her proud and foolish family.

"The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here, and must have been an earthquake at home. The Courier's list of some three hundred heirs to the crown (including the house of Wirtemberg, with that * * *, P—, of disreputable memory, whom I remember seeing at various balls during the visit of the

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LETTER CCCII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, December 15th, 1817.

A Venetian lady, learned and somewhat stricken in years, having, in her intervals of love and devotion, taken upon her to translate the Letters and write the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—to which undertaking there are two obstacles, firstly, ignorance of English, and, secondly, a total dearth of information on the subject of her projected biography,—has applied to me for facts or falsities upon this promising project. Lady Montague lived the last twenty or more years of her life in or near Venice, I believe; but here they know nothing, and remember nothing, for the story of to-day is succeeded by the scandal of to-morrow; and the wit, and beauty, and gallantry, which might render your countrywoman notorious in her own country, must have been here no great distinction—because the first is in no request, and the two latter are common to all women, or at least the last of them. If you can therefore tell me any thing, or get any thing told, of Lady Wortley Montague, I shall take it as a favour, and will transfer and translate it to the 'Dama' in question. And I pray you besides to send me, by some quick and safe voyager, the edition of her Letters, and the stupid Life, by Dr Dallaway, published by her proud and foolish family.

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"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, December 15th, 1817.

Muscovites, &c. in 1814) must be very consolatory to all true lieges, as well as foreigners, except Signor Travis, a rich Jew merchant of this city, who complains grievously of the length of British mourning, which has countermanded all the silks which he was on the point of transmitting, for a year to come. The death of this poor girl is melancholy in every respect, dying at twenty or so, in childbed—of a boy too, a present princess and future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself and the hopes which she inspired. * * * * *

"I think, as far as I can recollect, she is the first royal defunct in childbed upon record in our history. I feel sorry in every respect—for the loss of a female reign, and a woman hitherto harmless; and all the lost rejoicings, and addresses, and drunkenness, and disbursements, of John Bull on the occasion. * * *

"The Prince will marry again, after divorcing his wife, and Mr Southey will write an elegy now, and an ode then; the Quarterly will have an article against the press, and the Edinburgh an article, *half* and *half*, about reform and right of divorce; * * the British will give you Dr Chalmers's funeral sermon much commended, with a place in the stars for deceased royalty; and the Morning Post will have already yelled forth its 'syllables of dolour.'

'Woe, woe, Nealliny!—the young Nealliny!'

"It is some time since I have heard from you: are you in bad humour? I suppose so. I have been so myself, and it is your turn now, and by and by mine will come round again.

"Yours truly,

"B.

"P.S. Countess Albrizzi, come back from Paris, has brought me a medal of Denon, a present from himself to me, and a likeness of Mr Rogers (belonging to her), by Denon also."

LETTER CCCIII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

"Venice, December 15th, 1817.

"I should have thanked you before, for your favour a few days ago, had I not been in the intention of paying my respects, personally, this evening, from which I am deterred by the recollection that you will probably be at the Count Gocas's this evening, which has made me postpone my intrusion.

"I think your Elegy a remarkably good one, not only as a composition, but both the politics and poetry contain a far greater portion of truth and generosity than belongs to the times, or to the professors of these opposite pursuits, which usually agree only in one point, as extremes meet. I do not know whether you wished me to retain the copy, but I shall retain it till you tell me otherwise; and am very much obliged by the perusal.

"My own sentiments on Venice, &c. such as they are, I had already thrown into verse last summer, in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, now in preparation for the press; and I think much more highly of them, for being in coincidence with yours.

"Believe me yours, &c."

LETTER CCCIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, January 22, 1818.

"My dear Mr Murray,
You're in a damn'd hurry
To set up this ultimate Canto;
But (if they don't rob us)
You'll see Mr Hobhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

2.

"For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to command it;
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
Our 'Boppo';—when copied, I'll say

4.

"Then you've * * * Tour,—
No great things, to be sure,—
You could hardly begin with a lawsuit
For the pompous rascalion,
Who don't speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbledly gawed

7.

"You can make any loss up
With 'Spence' and his *gosh*,
A work which must surely must:
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-cra,
With the new 'Fyttie' of 'Whisker'
Must make people purchase and so

8.

"Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master.
And help him to pollah
A nation so owlsh,
They thought shaving their beards: *not*

9.

"For the man, '*poor and shrewd*,'
With whom you'd conclude
A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice;
But please, sir, to mention your pay"

LETTER CCCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, January 19th, 1818.

"I send you the Story† in three other *up* covers. It won't do for your Journal, being political allusions. *Print alone*, without *us* alter nothing; get a scholar to see that the *in* phrases are correctly published (your *print* the way, always makes me ill with its eternal *in* ders, which are incessant), and God speed Hobhouse left Venice a fortnight ago, *over* days. I have heard nothing of or from him.

"Yours, &c.

"He has the whole of the MSS.; so put up *in* in your back shop, or in the printer's 'Chapel.'

"Vide your letter."

† Boppo.

LETTER CCCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, January 27th, 1818.

Father—that is, my Armenian father. Padre—in the name of all the other fathers of our kind, sends you the enclosed, greeting.

As it has pleased the translators of the most lately-found portions of the text of Euclid to put forth the enclosed prospectus, of which I enclose copies, you are hereby implored to obtain them in the two Universities, and among the teachers and the unlearned who would unlearn their lessons.—This *they* (the Convent) request, I repeat *do you request*.

But you Beppo some weeks ago. You must do it alone; it has politics and ferocity, and do for your isthmus of a Journal.

Hobhouse, if the Alps have not broken his back, or ought to be, swimming with my commendation his own coat of mail in his teeth and right arm in a cork jacket, between Calais and Dover.

At the height of the Carnival, and I am in the midst of the agonies of a new intrigue with I don't know whom or what, except that she is insatiable love, and won't take money, and has light blue eyes, which are not common here, and I met her at the Masque, and that when her head was off, I am as wise as ever. I shall make what I can of the remainder of my youth." * * *

LETTER CCCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Venice, February 2d, 1818.

Your letter of Dec. 8th arrived but this day, by delay, common but inexplicable. Your domesticity is very grievous, and I feel with you as you do I dare feel at all. Throughout life, your loss is my loss, and your gain my gain; and, if my heart may ebb, there will always be a flow to you among the dregs.

I know how to feel with you, because (selfishness always the substratum of our damnable clay) I am wrapt up in my own children. Besides my legitimate, I have made unto myself an illegitimate (to say nothing of one before"), and I forward to one of these as the pillar of my old supposing that I ever reach—which I hope I shall—that desolating period. I have a great deal for my little Ada, though perhaps she may torture me like

Your offered address will be as acceptable as you wish. I don't much care what the wretches of the world think of me—all that's past. But I care a deal what you think of me, and, so, say what you like. You know that I am not sullen; and, as I am a savage, such things depend on circumstances. However, as to being in good-humour in society, there is no great merit in that, because

The possibly may have been the subject of the Poem on page 11 of the First Part.

it would be an effort, or an insanity, to be otherwise.

"I don't know what Murray may have been saying or quoting." I called Crabbe and Sam the fathers of present Poesy; and said that I thought—except them—all of 'us youth' were on a wrong tack. But I never said that we did not snail well. Our fame will be hurt by *admiration* and *imitation*. When I say *our*, I mean *all* (Lakers included), except the postscript of the Augustans. The next generation (from the quantity and facility of imitation) will tumble and break their necks off our Pegasus, who runs away with us; but we keep the *saddle*, because we broke the rascal and can ride. But though easy to mount, he is the devil to guide; and the next fellows must go back to the riding-school and the manege, and learn to ride the 'great horse.'

"Talking of horses, by the way, I have transported my own, four in number, to the Lido (*baia*, in English), a strip of some ten miles along the Adriatic, a mile or two from the city; so that I not only get a row in my gondola, but a spanking gallop of some miles daily along a firm and solitary beach, from the fortress to Malamocco, the which contributes considerably to my health and spirits.

"I have hardly had a wink of sleep this week past. We are in the agonies of the Carnival's last days, and I must be up all night again, as well as to-morrow. I have had some curious masking adventures this Carnival, but, as they are not yet over, I shall not say on. I will work the mine of my youth to the last veins of the ore, and then—good night. I have lived, and am content.

"Hobhouse went away before the Carnival began, so that he had little or no fun. Besides, it requires some time to be thoroughgoing with the Venetians; but of all this anon, in some other letter." * * *

"I must dress for the evening. There is an opera and ridotto, and I know not what, besides balls; and so, ever and ever yours,

B.

"P.S. I send this without revision, so excuse errors. I delight in the fame and fortune of Lalla, and again congratulate you on your well-merited success."

Of his daily rides on the Lido, which he mentions in this letter, the following account, by a gentleman who lived a good deal with him at Venice, will be found not a little interesting:—

"Almost immediately after Mr Hobhouse's departure, Lord Byron proposed to me to accompany him in his rides on the Lido. One of the long narrow islands which separate the Lagune, in the midst of which Venice stands, from the Adriatic, is more par-

* Having seen by accident the passage in one of his letters to Mr Murray, in which he denounces, as false and worthless, the poetical system on which the greater number of his contemporaries, as well as himself, founded their reputation, I took an opportunity, in the next letter I wrote to him, of jesting a little on this opinion and his motives for it. It was, no doubt (I ventured to say), excellent policy in him, who had made sure of his own immortality in this style of writing, thus to throw overboard all us poor devils, who were embarked with him. He was in fact, I added, behaving towards us much in the manner of the methodist preacher who said to his congregation, "You may think, at the Last Day, to get to heaven by laying hold on my skirts, but I'll cheat you all, for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer!"

ticularly distinguished by this name. At one extremity is a fortification, which, with the Castle of St Andrea on an island on the opposite side, defends the nearest entrance to the city from the sea. In times of peace this fortification is almost dismantled, and Lord Byron had hired here of the Commandant an unoccupied stable, where he kept his horses. The distance from the city was not very considerable; it was much less than to the Terra Firma, and, as far as it went, the spot was not ineligible for riding.

"Every day that the weather would permit, Lord Byron called for me in his gondola, and we found the horses waiting for us outside of the fort. We rode as far as we could along the seashore, and then on a kind of dyke, or embankment, which had been raised where the island was very narrow, as far as another small fort about half way between the principal one which I have already mentioned, and the town or village of Malamocco, which is near the other extremity of the island,—the distance between the two forts being about three miles.

"On the land side of the embankment, not far from the smaller fort, was a boundary stone, which probably marked some division of property,—all the side of the island nearest the Lagoon being divided into gardens for the cultivation of vegetables for the Venetian markets. At the foot of this stone Lord Byron repeatedly told me that I should cause him to be interred, if he should die in Venice, or its neighbourhood, during my residence there; and he appeared to think, as he was not a Catholic, that, on the part of the government, there could be no obstacle to his interment in an unhallowed spot of ground by the seaside. At all events, I was to overcome whatever difficulties might be raised on this account. I was, by no means, he repeatedly told me, to allow his body to be removed to England, nor permit any of his family to interfere with his funeral.

"Nothing could be more delightful than these rides on the Lido were to me. We were from half to three-quarters of an hour crossing the water, during which, his conversation was always most amusing and interesting. Sometimes he would bring with him any new book he had received, and read to me the passages which most struck him. Often he would repeat to me whole stanzas of the Poems he was engaged in writing, as he had composed them on the preceding evening; and this was the more interesting to me, because I could frequently trace in them some idea which he had started in our conversation of the preceding day, or some remark, the effect of which he had been evidently trying upon me. Occasionally too, he spoke of his own affairs, making me repeat all I had heard with regard to him, and desiring that I would not spare him, but let him know the worst that was said."

LETTER CCCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, Feb. 20th, 1818.

"I have to thank Mr Croker for the arrival, and you for the contents, of the parcel which came last week, much quicker than any before, owing to Mr Croker's kind attention and the official exterior of the

bags; and all safe, except much friction among the magnesia, of which only two bottles came a tire; but it is all very well, and I am exceedingly obliged to you.

"The books I have read, or rather am reading Pray, who may be the Sexagenarian, whose pen is very amusing? Many of his sketches I recollect, particularly Gifford, Mackintosh, Drummond, Dens, H. Walpole, Mrs Inchbald, Opie, &c. was Scott's Loughborough, and most of the dramatic lawyers, besides a few shorter hints of authors a few lines about a certain 'noble author' characterised as malignant and sceptical, according to good old story, 'as it was in the beginning, it will not always shall be:' do you know such a one Master Murray? oh?—And pray, of the books which be *you*? the dry, the dirty, the homely, the opulent, the finical, the splendid, or the rascally bookseller? Stap my vitals, but the author is scurrilous in his grand climacteric!

"I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge the hall of our college, and in private parties, he frequently; and I never can recollect him *any* drunk or brutal, and generally both: I saw him one evening, for in the hall, he dined at the Dining and I at the Vicemaster's, so that I was near him; and he then and there appeared *as a* meanour, nor did I ever hear of excess *except* his part in public,—commons, college, &c. &c. I have seen him in a private party of *excess* duates, many of them freshmen and *any* up a poker to one of them, and heard him *as* guage as blackguard as his action. I saw Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; *as* intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's Silenus.—Of all the disgusting brutes, *as* and intolerable, Porson was the most *as* the few times that I saw him went, *as* at William Bankes's (the Nubian discoverer) I saw him once go away in a rage, because he knew the name of the 'Cobbler of Messina' and their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of *as* bation. He was tolerated in this state *as* young men for his talents, as the Turks *as* a man inspired, and bear with him. He used *as* or rather vomit pages of all languages, and *as* hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly *as* never shocked her children with a *as* grosser *as* than this man's intoxication.

"I perceive, in the book you sent me, a *as* count of him, which is very savage. I cannot *as* as I never saw him sober, except in *as* a *as* nation-room; and then I was never near *as* hear, and hardly to see him. Of his drunken *as* ment, I can be sure, because I saw it.

"With the Reviews, I have been much *as* ed. It requires to be as far from England *as* I *as* relish a periodical paper properly: it is like *as* water in an Italian summer. But what *as* *as* you make with Lady ****: You should *as* that she is a woman; though, to be sure, *as* now and then very provoking; still, *as* *as* they can do no great harm; and I think *as* *as* much good invective should have been *as* *as* her, when there is such a fine field of us *as* *as* tlemen, for you to work upon. It is perhaps *as*

as ever was written, and enough to make for Dr . . . , both as husband and apothecary she should say, as Pope did of some poem, "That it is as good for her as a dose of horn."

and from Moore lately, and was sorry to be one of his domestic loss. Thus it is—"medicamentum"—in the acmé of his fame and his comes a drawback as usual.

Hoppner, whom I saw this morning, has been father of a very fine boy.*—Mother and is very well indeed. By this time Hobhouse is with you, and also certain packets, let of mine, sent since his departure.—I am well in health within this last eight days. assurances to Gifford and all friends.

"Yours, &c.

"B.

In the course of a month or two, Hanson probably to send off a clerk with consigna (Newstead being sold in November last—four thousand five hundred pounds), case I supplicate supplies of articles as which, desire Mr Kinnaird to settle from their bank, and deduct from my account

"to-morrow night I am going to see 'Otello,' our 'Othello,' and one of Rossini's best. It will be curious to see in Venice the story itself represented, besides to discover will make of Shakespeare in music."

LETTER CCCIX.

TO MR HOPPNER.

"Venice, February 28, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

and, il Conte M., threw me into a cold night, by telling me of a menaced version (in Venetian, I hope, to complete the one Italian, who had sent it to you for which is the reason why I take the liberty you on the subject. If you have any communication with the man, would you convey to him the offer of any price he or think to obtain for his project, provided his translation into the fire, † and pro-

birth of this child, who was christened John so, Lord Byron wrote the four following lines, no other respect remarkable than that they worthy of being metrically translated into no different languages; namely, Greek, Latin, in the Venetian dialect, German, French, inn, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan.—

Be father's grace, his mother's grace

In him, I hope, will always sit so;

Path (and to keep him in good case)

The health and appetite of Rizzo."

lines, with the different versions just mentioned, in a small neat volume (which now, in the Seminary of Padua,

certainly that the utmost this translator to make by his manuscript was 200 francs, forced him that sum, if he would desist from his Italian, however, bid out for more, nor sought to terms, till it was intimated to him

mise not to undertake any other of that or any other of my things: I will send him his money immediately on this condition.

"As I did not write to the Italians, nor for the Italians, nor of the Italians (except in a poem not yet published, where I have said all the good I know or do not know of them, and none of the harm), I confess I wish that they would let me alone, and not drag me into their arena as one of the gladiators, in a silly contest which I neither understand nor have ever interfered with, having kept clear of all their literary parties, both here and at Milan, and elsewhere.—I came into Italy to feel the climate and be quiet, if possible. Mosca's translation I would have prevented if I had known it, or could have done so; and I trust that I shall yet be in time to stop this new gentleman, of whom I heard yesterday for the first time. He will only hurt himself, and do no good to his party, for in party the whole thing originates. Our modes of thinking and writing are so unutterably different, that I can conceive no greater absurdity than attempting to make any approach between the English and Italian poetry of the present day. I like the people very much, and their literature very much, but I am not the least ambitious of being the subject of their discussions literary and personal (which appear to be pretty much the same thing, as is the case in most countries); and if you can aid me in impeding this publication, you will add to much kindness already received from you by yours,

"Ever and truly,

"BYRON.

"P.S. How is the son, and mamma? Well, I dare say."

LETTER CCCX.

TO MR ROGERS.

"Venice, March 34, 1818.

"I have not, as you say, 'taken to wife the Adriatic.' I heard of Moore's loss from himself in a letter which was delayed upon the road three months. I was sincerely sorry for it, but in such cases what are words?

"The villa you speak of is one at Este, which Mr Hoppner (Consul-general here) has transferred to me. I have taken it for two years as a place of villeggiatura. The situation is very beautiful indeed, among the Euganean hills, and the house very fair. The vines are luxuriant to a great degree, and all the fruits of the earth abundant. It is close to the old castle of the Estes, or Guelphs, and within a

pretty plainly from Lord Byron that, should the publication be persisted in, he would horse-whip him the very first time they met. Being but little inclined to suffer martyrdom in the cause, the translator accepted the 200 francs and delivered up his manuscript, entering at the same time into a written engagement never to translate any other of the noble poet's works.

Of the qualifications of this person as a translator of English poetry, some idea may be formed from the difficulty he found himself under respecting the meaning of a line in the Incantation in Manfred.—"And the wisp on the moor,"—which he requested of Mr Hoppner to expound to him, not having been able to find in the dictionaries to which he had access any other signification of the word "wisp" than "a bundle of straw."

few miles of Arqua, which I have visited twice, and hope to visit often.

"Last summer (except an excursion to Rome) I passed upon the Brenta. In Venice I winter, transporting my horses to the Lido, bordering the Adriatic (where the fort is), so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco, when in health; but within these few weeks I have been unwell. At present I am getting better. The Carnival was short, but a good one. I don't go out much, except during the time of masques; but there are one or two conversazioni, where I go regularly, just to keep up the system; as I had letters to their givers; and they are particular on such points; and now and then, though very rarely, to the Governor's.

"It is a very good place for women. I like the dialect and their manner very much. There is a *nairoté* about them which is very winning, and the romance of the place is a mighty adjunct; the *bel sangue* is not, however, now amongst the *dame* or higher orders; but all under *i fazzoletti*, or kerchiefs (a white kind of veil which the lower orders wear upon their heads);—the *vesta senale*, or old national female costume is no more. The city, however, is decaying daily, and does not gain in population. However, I prefer it to any other in Italy; and here have I pitched my staff, and here do I purpose to reside for the remainder of my life, unless events, connected with business not to be transacted out of England, compel me to return for that purpose; otherwise I have few regrets, and no desires to visit it again for its own sake. I shall probably be obliged to do so, to sign papers for my affairs and a proxy for the Whigs, and to see Mr Waite, for I can't find a good dentist here, and every two or three years one ought to consult one. About seeing my children I must take my chance. One I shall have sent here; and I shall be very happy to see the legitimate one, when God pleases, which he perhaps will some day or other. As for my mathematical * * *, I am as well without her.

"Your account of your visit to Fonthill is very striking: could you beg of *him* for *me* a copy in MS. of the remaining *Tales*?* I think I deserve them, as a strenuous and public admirer of the first one. I will return it when read, and make no ill use of the copy, if granted. Murray would send me out any thing safely. If ever I return to England, I should like very much to see the author, with his permission. In the mean time, you could not oblige me more than by obtaining me the perusal I request, in French or English,—all 's one for that, though I prefer Italian to either. I have a French copy of *Vathek*, which I bought at Lau-anne. I can read French with great pleasure and facility, though I neither speak nor write it. Now Italian I can speak with some fluency, and write sufficiently for my purposes, but I don't like their modern prose at all; it is very heavy, and so different from Machiavelli.

* They say Francis is Junius;—I think it looks like

* A continuation of *Vathek*, by the author of that very striking and powerful production. The "*Tales*" of which this is a published sequel consists are, I understand, those supposed to have been related by the Princess in the Hall of Elders.

it. I remember meeting him at Earl (Has not he lately married a young woman not be Madame Talleyrand's *cavalier* India years ago?

"I read my death in the papers, true. I see they are marrying the niece of the royal family. They have Fazio with great and deserved success: that's a good sign. I tried rector, to have it done at Drury-lane ruled. If you think of coming into it will let me know perhaps beforehand Moore won't move. Rose is here. other night at Madame Albrizzi's; he ing in May. My love to the Hollands

"P.S. They have been crucifying opera (*Otello*, by Rossini); the music gubrious; but as for the words, all with Iago cut out, and the greatest no the handkerchief turned into a *bill*; first singer would not black his face for reasons assigned in the preface. Si and music very good."

LETTER CCCXI

TO MR MOORE.

"Venice, M.

"MY DEAR TOM,

"Since my last, which I hope that received, I have had a letter from our (He talks of Italy this summer—won't him? I don't know whether you w Italian way of life or not * * *

"They are an odd people. The of telling a girl, 'you must not come to me. Marguerita is coming at such a time,'—about five feet ten inches high, with good and fine figures—fit to breed gladiators had some difficulty to prevent a battle (contre once before),—'unless you promise and'—the answer was an interruption, tion of war against the other, which should be a 'Guerra di Candia.' Is it not lower order of Venetians should st verbally to that famous contest, so g fatal to the Republic?

"They have singular expressions. U lians. For example, '*Vascere*'—as w 'my love,' or 'my heart,' as an expression. Also, 'I would go for you into the *macie knives*.'—'*Malazza ben*,' excessive literally, 'I wish you well even as they say (instead of our way, 'do you do you so much harm?') 'do you then *sassinate* you in such a manner.'—'Te bad weather; '*Strade perale*,' but thousand other allusions and metaphors the state of society and habits in the m

"I am not so sure about *massa*. It mean *massa*. i. e. a great deal, a great

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CXVII.

[P.R.]

Mocenigo, Canal Grande,
Venice, June 1st, 1818.

the only news, as yet, of
by no means settled its fate,—
me how the 'Pocshie' has been
public. But I suspect, no great
from Murray's 'horrid stillness'; ne-
that you say about the stanza running
† which I take *not* to be *yours*, but
ve been din'd with among the Blues.
at the terza rima of the Italians, which
and in, may have led me into expec-
carelessness into conceit—or conceit
—in either of which events failure
de, and my fair woman, 'superne,' end
at Childe Harold will be like the mer-
ily crest, with the Fourth Canto for a
I won't quarrel with the public,
the 'Bulgars' are generally right; and
I may hit another time:—and so, the
joy.'

Beppo, that's right. * * * I have
judges yet, but live in hopes. I need
our successes are mine. By the way,
'here, and has just borrowed my copy
kh.'

ter is probably the exact piece of vulgar
might expect from his situation. He
, with some poetical elements in his
ilt by the Christ-Church Hospital and
spaper,—to say nothing of the Surry
needed him into a martyr. But he is a
hen I saw 'Rimini' in MS., I told him
it good poetry at bottom, disfigured only
yle. His answer was, that his style was
pon system, or some such cant; and,
alks of system, his case is hopeless: so
to him, and very little to any one else.
his trash of vulgar phrases tortured
barbarisms to be *old* English; and
f it as Aimwell says of Captain Gib-
t, when the Captain calls it an 'old
oldest in Europe, if I may judge by
He sent out his 'Foliage' by Percy
and, of all the ineffable Centaurs that
tten by Self-love upon a Night-mare, I
stuous Sagittary the most prodigious.
) is an honest Charlatan, who has per-
f into a belief of his own impostures,
in pure simplicity of heart, taking
or Fitzgerald said of *himself* in the
for *Vates* in both senses, or nonsenses.
Did you look at the translations of his
prefers to Pope and Cowper, and says
read his skumble-skumble about * *
ead of his own *profession*, in the *eyes*
ollowed it? I thought that poetry was
attribute, and not a *profession*:—but

think, in my letter to him, that this pro-
one stanza into another was "something
cross another stage without balking."

be it one, is that * * * * * at the head of
your profession in *your* eyes? I 'll be curst if he is
of *mine*, or ever shall be. He is the only one of us
(but of us he is not) whose coronation I would oppose.
Let them take Scott, Campbell, Crabbe, or you, or
me, or any of the living, and throne him;—but not
this new Jacob Behmen, this * * * *

* * * * * whose pride might
have kept him true, even had his principles turned as
perverted as his *soi-disant* poetry.

"But Leigh Hunt is a good man, and a good fa-
ther—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt;—a good
husband—see his Sonnet to Mrs Hunt;—a good friend
—see his Epistles to different people;—and a great
coxcomb, and a very vulgar person in every thing
about him. But that's not his fault, but of circum-
stances.†

* * * * *

"I do not know any good model for a life of Sheri-
dan but that of *Savage*. Recollect, however, that
the life of such a man may be made far more amusing
than if he had been a Wilberforce;—and this with-
out offending the living, or insulting the dead. The
whigs abuse him; however, he never left them, and
such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compas-
sion. As for his creditors,—remember, Sheridan
never had a shilling, and was thrown, with great
powers and passions, into the thick of the world, and
placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no other
external means to support him in his elevation. Did
Fox * * * *pay* his debts?—or did Sheridan take
a subscription? Was the Duke of Norfolk's drunk-
enness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues
more notorious than those of all his contemporaries?
and is his memory to be blasted, and theirs respect-
ed? Don't let yourself be led away by clamour, but
compare him with the coalitioner Fox, and the pen-
sioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hun-
dred thousand in personal views, and with none in
talent, for he beat them all *out* and *out*. Without
means, without connexion, without character (which
might be false at first, and make him mad afterwards
from desperation), he beat them all, in all he ever
attempted. But alas poor human nature! Good night
or, rather, morning. It is four,—and the dawn gleams
over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto.
I must to bed; up all night—but, as George Philpot
says, 'it's life, though; damme, it's life!'

"Ever yours,

"B.

"Excuse errors—no time for revision. The post
goes out at noon, and I sha'n't be up then. I will
write again soon about your *plan* for a publication."

During the greater part of the period which this
last series of letters comprises, he had continued to
occupy the same lodgings in an extremely narrow street
called the Spezzeria, at the house of the linen-draper,

* I had, in first transcribing the above letter for the
press, omitted the whole of this caustic and, perhaps, over-
severe character of Mr Hunt; but the tone of that gentle-
man's book having, as far as himself is concerned, released
me from all those scruples which prompted the suppres-
sion, I have considered myself at liberty to restore the
passage.

to whose lady he devoted so much of his thoughts. That he was, for the time, attached to this person,—as far as a passion so transient can deserve the name of attachment,—is evident from his whole conduct. The language of his letters shows sufficiently how much the novelty of this foreign tie had caught his fancy; and to the Venitians, among whom such arrangements are mere matters of course, the assiduity with which he attended his Signora to the theatre, and the Ridottos was a subject of much amusement. It was with difficulty, indeed, that he could be prevailed upon to absent himself from her so long as to admit of that hasty visit to the Immortal City, out of which one of his own noblest titles to immortality sprung; and having, in the space of a few weeks, drunk in more inspiration from all he saw than, in a less excited state, possibly, he might have imbibed in years, he again hurried back, without extending his journey to Naples,—having written to the fair Marianna to meet him at some distance from Venice.

Besides some seasonable acts of liberality to the husband, who had, it seems, failed in trade, he also presented to the lady herself a handsome set of diamonds; and there is an anecdote related, in reference to this gift, which shows the exceeding easiness and forbearance of his disposition towards those who had acquired any hold on his heart. A casket, which was for sale, being one day offered to him, he was not a little surprised on discovering them to be the same jewels which he had, not long before, presented to his fair favourite, and which had, by some unromantic means, found their way back into the market. Without inquiring, however, any further into the circumstances, he generously repurchased the casket, and presented it to the lady once more, good-humouredly taxing her with the little estimation in which, as it appeared, she held his presents.

To whatever extent this unsentimental incident may have had a share in dispelling the romance of his passion, it is certain that, before the expiration of the first twelvemonth, he began to find his lodgings in the Spezieria inconvenient, and accordingly entered into treaty with Count Gritti for his Palace on the Grand Canal,—engaging to give for it, what is considered, I believe, a large rent in Venice, 200 louis a year. On finding, however, that, in the counterpart of the lease brought for his signature, a new clause had been introduced, prohibiting him not only from underletting the house, in case he should leave Venice, but from even allowing any of his own friends to occupy it during his occasional absence, he declined closing on such terms; and resenting so material a departure from the original engagement, declared in society, that he would have no objection to give the same rent, though acknowledged to be exorbitant, for any other Palace in Venice, however inferior, in all respects, to this. After such an announcement, he was not likely to remain long unhoused; and the Countess Mocenigo having offered him one of her three Palazzi, on the Grand Canal, he removed to this house in the summer of the present year, and continued to occupy it during the remainder of his stay in Venice.

Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame*, it was (with pain I am forced to confess)

venial in comparison with the strange, headstrongness of licence to which, when wearied from any connexion, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be said, defiantly abandoned himself. Of the state of mind on leaving England I have already endeavoured to convey some idea, and, among the things he went to make up that self-centred spirit, which he then opposed to his fate, was a score of his own countrymen for the wrong they had done him. For a time these sentiments which he still harboured towards Byron, and a sort of vague hope, perhaps, would yet come right again, kept his mind somewhat more softened and docile, as was sufficiently under the influence still of English to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion, as he unluckily did afterwards.

By the failure of the attempted marriage with Lady Byron, his last link with home was broken, notwithstanding the quiet and comfort which he had led at Geneva, there was no found, no cessation whatever of the domestic fare against his character,—the more misrepresenting spirit which had taken a step at home having, with no less success, followed him into exile. To deprive him of all that an imagination like his could find in all that he was left to interpret, as he was the absent and the silent,—till, even against himself against fancied enemies, and with the condition (as it seemed to him) assuming also the desperation, he thought his countrymen would not do justice to the fact of his nature, to have, at least, the satisfaction of braving and shocking them. It is to this feeling, I am convinced, he owed to any depraved taste for such a course, the extravagances to which he now, in some degree, gave loose are to be attributed. The result, indeed, of this mode of existence was felt both upon his spirits and his genius,—as he himself tells us, was always rendered by a state of content and defiance. How much of this latter feeling must have been his excesses. The altered character, in his letters in this respect cannot fail, I think, to be marked by the reader,—there being, with an increase of intellectual vigour, a tone of bravado breaking out in them, and which marks the high pitch of reaction to what wound up his temper.

In fact, so far from the powers of his mind being at all weakened or dissipated by his vagaries, he was, perhaps, at no time of his life actively in the full possession of all his faculties. His friend Shelley, who went to Venice in the period, to see him, used to say, that all his

* The following are extracts from a letter of Shelley to a friend at this time.

"We came from Padua hither in a gondola, among other things, without any part, began telling of Lord Byron. He said 'Giovannetto Lucio' with a 'poco' of luxury, lived very luxuriously, and spent great sums of money. At three o'clock I called on Lord Byron."

king of Byron's mind, during his visit, far higher idea of its powers than he had entertained. It was, indeed, then that he cut, and chiefly wrote, his poem of "Maddalo," in the latter of which picturesquely shadowed forth his and the allusions to "the Swan of the Lines" written among the Euganean also, I understand, the result of the admiration and enthusiasm.

the Venetian women, in one of the Lord Byron, it will be recollected, beauty for which they were once no longer now to be found among the higher orders, but all under the "fascination of the lower. It was, unluckily, after specimens of the "bel sangue" of the now, by a suddenness of descent in refinement, for which nothing but the hard state of his mind can account, chose companions of his disengaged hours;—a total proof that, in this short, daring artinian, he was but desperately seeking a longed and mortified spirit, and

as seem'd guilt might be but woe,"—

than once, of an evening, when his house possession of such visitants, he has to hurry away in his gondola, and pass part of the night upon the water, as if to his home. It is, indeed, certain, least defensible portion of his whole life looked back, during the short remainder painful self-reproach; and among the

me, and our first conversation of course the object of our visit. . . . He took me in across the Laguna, to a long, strandy sand, Venice from the Adriatic. When we dismounted, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode on, talking. Our conversation consisted in his own wounded feelings, and questions as to the great professions of friendship and regard he said that if he had been in England, at the time of the French Revolution, he would have moved heaven to have presented such a decision. He talked of his Fourth Canto, which he says is very finely repeated some stanzas, of great energy. Then we returned to his palace, which is one of the most magnificent in Venice, &c. &c."

preface also to this poem, under the fictitious name of Maddalo, the following just and striking portrait of Lord Byron is drawn—

"A person of the most consummate genius, and who would direct his energies to such an end, of the exuberance of his degraded country. But it is to be proud, he derives, from a comparison of his extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects of his countrymen, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of his life. His passions and his powers are infinitely greater than those of other men, and instead of having been employed in curbing the former, he has been continually lent each other strength. His ambition is upon itself for want of objects which it can exert its energy upon. I say that Maddalo is proud, and find an other word to express the contemptible feelings which consume him, but which are hopes and affections only that he seems to have in social life no human being can be more generous, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is a man of wit and wit. His more serious conversation is a revelation. He has travelled much, and there is a charm in his relation of his adventures in foreign countries."

causes of the detestation which he afterwards felt for Venice, this recollection of the excesses to which he had there abandoned himself was not the least prominent.

The most distinguished and, at last, the reigning favourite of all this unworthy Haram was a woman named Margarita Cogni, who has been already mentioned in one of these letters, and who, from the trade of her husband, was known by the title of the Fornarina. A portrait of this handsome virago, drawn by Harlowe when at Venice, having fallen into the hands of one of Lord Byron's friends after the death of that artist, the noble poet, on being applied to for some particulars of his heroine, wrote a long letter on the subject, from which the following are extracts:—

"Since you desire the story of Margarita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

"Her face is the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine—and taken altogether in the national dress.

"In the summer of 1817, . . . and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, amongst a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About this period, there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or no, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why do not you, who relieve others, think of us also?' I turned round and answered her—'Cara, tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver bisogno del soccorso mio.' She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days.

"A few evenings after, we met with these two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins; Margarita married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light, and made an appointment with them for the next evening.

In short, in a few evenings we arranged our affairs, and for a long space of time she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendancy which was often disputed, and never impaired.

"The reasons of this were, firstly, her person;—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two-and-twenty years old, . . . She was besides a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters,—except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazza, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"When I first knew her, I was in 'relazione' (liaison) with la Signora * *, who was silly enough one evening at Dolo, accompanied by some of her female friends, to threaten her; for the gossips of the Villeggiatura had already found out, by the neighing of my horse one evening, that I used to 'ride late in the night' to meet the Fornarina. Margarita threw back her veil (fazzuolo), and replied in very explicit Venetian: 'You are not his wife: I am not his wife: you are his Donna, and I am his Donna: your husband is a becco, and mine is another. For the rest, what right have you to reproach me? If he prefers me to you, is it my fault? If you wish to secure him, tie him to your petticoat-string.—But do not think to speak to me without a reply, because you happen to be richer than I am.' Having delivered this pretty piece of eloquence (which I translate as it was related to me by a bystander), she went on her way, leaving a numerous audience, with Madame * *, to powder at her leisure on the dialogue between them.

"When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed; and as she found herself out to be a favourite, she came to me pretty often. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the 'Cavalcina,' the masqued ball on the last night of the Carnival, where all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth, and decent in conduct, for no other reason but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

"At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do: she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her, (the gentle tigress!) spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As it was midnight, I let her stay, and next day, there was no moving her at all. Her husband came, roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back:—not she! He then applied to the police, and they applied to me: I told them and her husband to take her; I did not want her; she had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they might conduct her through that or the door if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with that 'becco etico,' as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but, owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep my countenance—for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloonery or another; and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things;—high and low, they are all alike for that.

"Madame Beazoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. I was the only person that could at all keep her in any order, and

when she saw me really angry (which they call a savage night), she subsided. But she had no sense but fooleries. In her fazzuolo, the dress of orders, she looked beautiful; but, alas! she was for a hat and feathers; and all I could say (as I said much) could not prevent this travesty. The first into the fire; but I got tired of them before she did of buying them, so that she herself a figure—for they did not at all become her.

"Then she would have her gowas with like a lady, forsooth; nothing would serve but 'l'abita colla coda,' or *cua*, (that is the tail for 'la cola,' the tail or train), and as her pronunciation of the word made me laugh, it was an end of all controversy, and she dragged a bolical tail after her every where.

"In the mean time, she beat the stopped my letters. I found her one day over one. She used to try to find out by whether they were feminine or no; and lament her ignorance, and actually in alphabet, on purpose (as she declared) letters addressed to me and read their contents.

"I must not omit to do justice to her other qualities. After she came into my house, 'di governo,' the expenses were reduced half, and every body did their duty; apartments were kept in order, and every body else, except herself.

"That she had a sufficient regard for my wild way, I had many reasons to believe; but I mention one. In the autumn, one day, going to Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—fast away, boat filling, oars lost, tumbling; rain in torrents, night coming, and wind rising. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through tears, and the long dark hair, which was already drenched with rain, over her brows and beard, was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the blowing her hair and dress about her thus, and the lightning flashing round her, and the rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea from her chariot, or the Sibyl of the tempest rolling around her, the only living thing visible at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me—'Ah, cara donna, xe esto il tempo per andar' af Lido! The dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido!—' she ran into the house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the 'tempests.' I was told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out in the harbour in such a moment; and that then she lay down on the steps in all the thickest of the rain, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress with recovered cubs.

"But her reign drew near a close. She was quite ungovernable some months after, and a succession of complaints, some true, and many false,

no friends'—determined me to part with her quietly that she must return home, and that I should provide for herself a sufficient provision for herself (in my service), and she refused to

I was firm, and she went threatening revenge. I told her that I had seen her before her time, and that if she chose to

as a knife, and fork also, at her service, and that intimidation would not do. While I was at dinner, she walked in

open a glass-door that led from the staircase, by way of prologue), and

light up to the table, snatched the my hand, cutting me slightly in the operation. Whether she meant to

most herself or me, I know not—probably neither—but Fletcher seized her by the wrist, and I then called my boatmen to get the gondola ready, and

to her own house again, seeing carefully herself no mischief by the way. She was quiet, and walked down stairs. I

heard a great noise, and went out, and met her on the staircase, carrying her up stairs. She

herself into the canal. That she intended to herself, I do not believe: but when we

the fear women and men who can't swim deep or even of shallow water (and the

in particular, though they live on the and that it was also night, and dark, and

it shows that she had a devilish spirit of within her. They had got her out without

difficulty or damage, excepting the salt water swallowed, and the wetting she had under-

her intention to refix herself, and sent her down, inquiring how many hours it would

to restore her from her agitation; and he the time. I then said, 'I give you that time,

if you require it; but at the expiration of the period, if she does not leave the house,

my people were consternated. They had been frightened at her, and were now paraly-

wanted me to apply to the police, to guard her like a pack of snivelling servile

they were. I did nothing of the kind, that I might as well end that way as an-

is a sad affront). I called her 'Vacca.' She turned round, curtsied, and answered, 'Vacca tua, eccellenza, (i. e. eccellenza). 'Your cow, please your Excellency.' In short, she was, as I said before, a very fine animal, of considerable beauty and energy, with many good and several amusing qualities, but wild as a witch and fierce as a demon. She used to boast publicly of her ascendancy over me, contrasting it with that of other women, and assigning for it sundry reasons, * * *. True it was, that they all tried to get her away, and no one succeeded till her own absurdity helped them.

"I omitted to tell you her answer, when I reproached her for snatching Madame Contarini's mask, at the Cavalcina. I represented to her that she was a lady of high birth, 'una Dama,' &c. She answered, 'Se ella è dama, mi (io) son Veneziana;—' if she is a lady, I am a Venetian.' This would have been fine a hundred years ago, the pride of the nation rising up against the pride of aristocracy: but, alas! Venice, and her people, and her nobles, are alike returning fast to the ocean; and where there is no independence, there can be no real self-respect. I believe that I mistook or mis-stated one of her phrases in my letter; it should have been—'Can' della Madonna, cosa vui tu? esto non è tempo per andar' a Lido?'"

It was at this time, as we shall see by the letters I am about to produce, and as the features, indeed, of the progeny itself would but too plainly indicate, that he conceived, and wrote some part of, his Poem of "Don Juan;"—and never did pages more faithfully and, in many respects, lamentably reflect every variety of feeling, and whim, and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them. Nothing less, indeed, than that singular combination of attributes, which existed and were in full activity in his mind at this moment, could have suggested, or been capable of, the execution of such a work. The cool shrewdness of age with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth,—the wit of a Voltaire, with the sensibility of a Rousseau,—the minute, practical knowledge of the man of society, with the abstract and self-contemplative spirit of the poet,—a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human virtue, with a deep, withering experience of all that is most fatal to it,—the two extremes, in short, of man's mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now brenting of heaven,—such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have sprung this extraordinary Poem,—the most powerful and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore.

I shall now proceed with his correspondence,—having thought some of the preceding observations necessary, not only to explain to the reader much of what he will find in these letters, but to account to him for much that has been necessarily omitted.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Venice, June 18th, 1818.

"Business and the utter and inexplicable silence of all my correspondents renders me impatient and troublesome. I wrote to Mr. Hanson for a balance which is (or ought to be) in his hands;—no answer. I expected the messenger with the *Newstead* papers two months ago, and instead of him, I received a requisition to proceed to Geneva, which (from * *, who knows my wishes and opinions about approaching England) could only be irony or insult.

"I must, therefore, trouble *you* to pay into my bankers' *immediately* whatever sum or sums you can make it convenient to do on our agreement otherwise, I shall be put to the *severest* and most immediate inconvenience; and this at a time when, by every rational prospect and calculation, I ought to be in the receipt of considerable sums. Pray do not neglect this; you have no idea to what inconvenience you will otherwise put me. * * had some absurd notion about the disposal of this money in annuity (or God knows what), which I merely listened to when he was here to avoid squabbles and sermons but I have occasion for the principal, and had never any serious idea of appropriating it otherwise than to answer my personal expenses. Hobhouse's wish is, if possible, to force me back to England; * he will not succeed and if he did, I would not stay. I hate the country, and like this and all foolish opposition, of course, merely adds to the feeling. *Your* silence makes me doubt the success of Canto Fourth. If it has failed, will make such deduction as you think proper and fair from the original agreement; but I could wish whatever is to be paid were remitted to me, without delay, through the usual channel, by course of post.

"When I tell you that I have not heard a word from England since very early in May, I have made the eulogium of my friends, or the persons who call themselves so, since I have written so often and in the greatest anxiety. Thank God, the longer I am absent, the less cause I see for regretting the country or its living contents.

* I am yours, &c.

* P.S. Tell Mr * * * that * * * and that I will never forgive him (or any body) the atrocity of their late silence, at a time when I wished particularly to hear, for every reason, from my friends."

LETTER CCCXIX.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Venice, July 10th, 1818.

"I have received your letter and the credit from Morlanda, &c. for whom I have also drawn upon you at sixty days' sight for the remainder, according to your proposition.

* Deeply is it, for many reasons, to be regretted that this friendly purpose did not succeed.

"I am still waiting in Venice, arrival of Hanson's clerk. Who do not know; but I trust that Mr Kinnaird, when their politics take the trouble to inquire and have nearly a hundred thousand upon the completion of the sale of the papers.

"The draft on you is drawn to halm. I hope that the form is correct two or three days ago, desiring of Messrs. Morland and Ransom.

"Your projected editions for N be postponed, as I have some preparation, that may be of use very important in themselves. I Ode on Venice, and have two and one ludicrous (*à la Beppo*), in no hurry to be so.

"You talk of the letter to Ho admired, and speak of prose. (for your full edition) some Men prefix to them, upon the same enough, I fear, from reaching it &c.; and this without any inter closures, or remarks upon living be unpleasant to them: but I thin and well done. However, this I have materials in plenty, but them could not be used by me, no years to come. However, there here, and merely as a literary m face for such an edition as you me by the way: I have not made up

"I enclose you a note on the *sina*,' which Hobhouse can draw extract of particulars from a histo

"I trust you have been attentiv the English have the character Italians at present, which I hope

* }

LETTER CCC

TO MR. MURRAY

* Ven

"I suppose that Aglietti will offer, but till his return from Vien no proposal; nor, indeed, have yo do so. The three French notes an also another half-English-French, very pretty and passionate; it is of one of them is lost. Algarotti m ed her ill; but she was much I women are used ill—or say so, or not.

* * * *

"I shall be glad of your book am still in waiting for Hanson's cler at Geneva. All my good friend hasten *there* to meet him, but not sense, or the good nature, to writ me that it would be time and a jou as he could not set off for some

appointed. If I had taken the journey on the suggestion, I never would have spoken again to you as long as I existed. I have written Mr Kinnaird, when the foam of his politics was away, to extract a positive answer from him, and not to keep me in a state of suspense upon the subject. I hope that Kinnaird, by my power of attorney, keeps a look-out for a gentleman, which is the more necessary, as I have a great dislike to the idea of coming over to see him myself.

I have several things begun, verse and prose, and in much forwardness. I have written some seven sheets of a life, which I mean to conclude and send you when finished. It may perhaps be your projected editions. If you would tell me (for I know nothing, and have no correspondence, except on business) the state of the reception of late publications, and the feeling upon without consulting any delicacies (I am too much to require them), I should know how and in what manner to proceed. I should not like to seem too much, which may probably have been already; but, as I tell you, I know nothing. I have wrote from the fulness of my mind and sense of fame (not as an end, but as a means, to that influence over men's minds which is in itself and in its consequences), and now I am about and from avarice; so that the effect may be as different as the inspiration. I have no facility, and indeed necessity, of composition, and avoid idleness (though idleness in a hot climate is a pleasure), but a much greater indifference to what is to become of it, after it has served its immediate purpose. However, I should on no account like to— but I won't go on, like the archbishop of Granada, as I am very sure that you dread Gil Blas, and with good reason.

Yours, &c.

I have written some very savage letters to Kinnaird, to you, and to Hanson, because of so long a time made me tear off the rags of patience. I have seen one or two English publications, which are no great improvement except Rob Roy. I shall be glad of Whistle-

LETTER CCCXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

Venice, August 30th, 1818.

I may go on with your edition, without calling on the Memoir, which I shall not publish at all. It is nearly finished, but will be too long; there are so many things, which, out of regard to living, cannot be mentioned, that I have written too much detail of that which interested me; so that my autobiographical Essay would be the tragedy of Hamlet at the country theatre, with the part of Hamlet left out by the desire. I shall keep it among my papers; it is a kind of guide-post in case of death, and some of the lies which would otherwise be destroyed some which have been told already. The Tales also are in an unfinished state, and I have no time for their completion: they are also

not in the best manner. You must not, therefore, calculate upon any thing in time for this edition. The Memoir is already above forty-four sheets of very large, long paper, and will be about fifty or sixty; but I wish to go on leisurely; and when finished, although it might do a good deal for you at the time, I am not sure that it would serve any good purpose in the end either, as it is full of many passions and prejudices, of which it has been impossible for me to keep clear:—I have not the patience.

Enclosed is a list of books which Dr Aglietti would be glad to receive by way of price for his MS. letters, if you are disposed to purchase at the rate of fifty pounds sterling. These he will be glad to have as part, and the rest I will give him in money, and you may carry it to the account of books, &c. which is in balance against me, deducting it accordingly. So that the letters are yours, if you like them, at this rate; and he and I are going to hunt for more Lady Montague letters, which he thinks of finding. I write in haste. Thanks for the article, and believe me,

Yours, &c."

To the charge brought against Lord Byron by some English travellers of being, in general, repulsive and inhospitable to his own countrymen, I have already made allusion; and shall now add to the testimony then cited in disproof of such a charge some particulars, communicated to me by Captain Basil Hall, which exhibit the courtesy and kindness of the noble poet's disposition in their true, natural light.

On the last day of August, 1818 (says this distinguished writer and traveller), I was taken ill with an ague at Venice, and having heard enough of the low state of the medical art in that country, I was not a little anxious as to the advice I should take. I was not acquainted with any person in Venice to whom I could refer, and had only one letter of introduction, which was to Lord Byron; but as there were many stories floating about of his lordship's unwillingness to be pestered with tourists, I had felt unwilling, before this moment, to intrude myself in that shape. Now, however, that I was seriously unwell, I felt sure that this offensive character would merge in that of a countryman in distress, and I sent the letter by one of my travelling companions to Lord Byron's lodgings with a note, excusing the liberty I was taking, explaining that I was in want of medical assistance, and saying I should not send to any one till I heard the name of the person who, in his lordship's opinion, was the best practitioner in Venice.

Unfortunately for me, Lord Byron was still in bed, though it was near noon, and still more unfortunately, the bearer of my message scrupled to awake him, without first coming back to consult me. By this time I was in all the agonies of a cold ague fit, and, therefore, not at all in a condition to be consulted upon any thing—so I replied pettishly, 'Oh, by no means disturb Lord Byron on my account—ring for the landlord, and send for any one he recommends.' This absurd injunction being forthwith and literally attended to, in the course of an hour I was under the discipline of mine host's friend, whose skill and success it is no part of my present purpose to descend upon:—it is sufficient to mention that I was irrevocably in

their being published separately. *Print Don Juan entire*, omitting, of course, the lines on Castlereagh, as I am not on the spot to meet him. I have a Second Canto ready, which will be sent by and by. By this post, I have written to Mr Hobhouse, addressed to your care.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. I have acquiesced in the request and representation; and having done so, it is idle to detail my arguments in favour of my own self-love and 'Poesie'; but I *protest*. If the poem has poetry, it would stand; if not, fall; the rest is 'leather and prunello,' and has never yet affected any human production 'pro or con.' Dulness is the only annihilator in such cases. As to the cant of the day, I despise it, as I have ever done all its other finical fashions, which become you as paint became the ancient Britons. If you admit this prudery, you must omit half Ariosto, La Fontaine, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, all the Charles Second writers; in short, *something* of most who have written before Pope and are worth reading, and much of Pope himself. *Read him*—most of you *don't*—but *do*—and I will forgive you; though the inevitable consequence would be that you would burn all I have ever written, and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except Scott and Crabbe) into the bargain. I wrong Claudian, who *was* a poet, by naming him with such fellows; but he was the 'ultimus Romanorum,' the tail of the comet, and these persons are the tail of an old gown cut into a waistcoat for Jackey; but being both *tails*, I have compared the one with the other, though very unlike, like all similes. I write in a passion and a sirocco, and I was up till six this morning at the Carnival: but I *protest*, as I did in my former letter."

LETTER CCCXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, February 1st, 1819.

"After one of the concluding stanzas of the First Canto of 'Don Juan,' which ends with (I forget the number)—

"To have, . . . when the original is dust.
A book, a &—a bad picture, and worse bust,

insert the following stanza:—

* What are the hopes of man, &c.

"I have written to you several letters, some with additions, and some upon the subject of the poem itself, which my cursed puritanical committee have protested against publishing. But we will circumvent them on that point. I have not yet begun to copy out the Second Canto, which is finished, from natural laziness, and the discouragement of the milk and water they have thrown upon the First. I say all this to them as to you, that is, for *you* to say to *them*, for I will have nothing underhand. If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then talk to me about morality—the first time I ever heard the word from any body who was not a rascal that used it for a purpose. I maintain that it is the most moral

of poems; but if people won't discover *deus* that is their fault, not mine. I have already said to beg that in any case you will *print off*, to me distribution. I will send you the list of persons to whom it is to be sent afterwards.

"Within this last fortnight I have been indisposed with a rebellion of stomach, and retain nothing (liver, I suppose), and naturally phantasy, not to be able to eat of any thing but a kind of Adriatic fish called *staccato*, which happens to be the most indigenous viands. However, within these last two days I am better, and very truly yours."

LETTER CCCXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, April.

"The Second Canto of Don Juan was sent Saturday last, by post, in four packets, each of two and three sheets each, containing one hundred and seventeen stanzas, &c. &c. But I will permit no curtailments, except those mentioned about Castlereagh and

You sha'n't make *canticules* of my name. That will please, if it is lively; if it is not, I will but I will have none of your *dance* with slashing. If you please, you may *cut* *mouse*; it will perhaps be better; but I will make way against them all, like a porcupine.

"So you and Mr Foscolo, &c. and I will take what you call a 'great work' as I suppose, or some such pyramid. I don't like it; I hate tasks. And then 'seven years'—God send us all well this day three months years. If one's years can't be better made in sweating poetry, a man had better be a poet. And works, too!—is Childe Harold good? It has so many 'divine' poems, is it a *divine* poem? written a *human* one? without any of your machinery. Why, man, I could take the thoughts of the Four Cantos of that poem, and had I wanted to book-make, and to publish many modern tragedies. Since you say you shall have enough of *Juan*, for 12 Cantos.

"And Foscolo, too! Why does he do nothing more than the Letters of *Ortis*, and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years of his command than I have: what has he done in time!—proved his genius, doubtless, but not its fame, nor done his utmost.

"Besides, I mean to write my best work, and it will take me nine years more to master the language; and then if my best work and I exist too, I will try what I can do. As to the estimation of the English, let them of, let them calculate what it is worth, let them insult me with their insolent condescension.

"I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they choose to be so. I never flattered their opinions, nor their *will*. Neither will I make 'Ladies' *dilettante le femine e la pitié*.' I have written the fulness of my mind, from passion, from

LIFE OF L

... many motives, but not for their 'sweet voices.' I know the precise worth of popular applause, for ten scribbles have laid more of it; and if I chose to convert into their paths, I could retain it, or rather I buy with ye and sell with ye, I will neither eat with ye, drink with ye, nor pray with ye. They are, they, without my search, a species of popular opinion, their good pleasure, threw down the image from its pedestal: it was not broken with the fall, and they would, it seems, again replace it,—

... ask about ...

"I ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it; and I was obliged to reform my way of life, which was conducting me from my yellow leaf to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much more, &c.

"I have read that

"I have read Hodgson's 'Friends.' * * * *
He is right in defending Pope against the bastard
poetasters of the poetical winter day, who add insult
to their patriicide, by sucking the blood of the parent
of English real poetry—poetry without fault—and
then spurning the bosom which fed them."

It was about the time when the foregoing letter was written, and when, as we perceive, like the first reason of reason after intoxication, a full consciousness had broken upon him, that an attachment differing from all others, both in duration and devotion, formed itself in his mind. This attachment acquired him, gained the dream of his boyhood, which lasted through his few remaining years; and, although it was undoubtedly wrong and immoral (even allowing for the mistaken estimate of such frailties) as was the nature of the connexion to which this attachment led, we cannot but regard it as hardly perhaps,—taking into account the far more wrong from which it rescued and preserved him,—as one of the wisest and most fortunate considerations he ever made. It was thus that he saved his reputation and happiness.

The last object of this last, and (with one signal exception) only real love of his whole life, was a young Florentine lady, the daughter of Count Gambi, an illustrious and married, but a short time before his death, first met with her, to an old and wealthy nobleman of the same city, Count Guiccioli. Her father had in early life been the friend of Alfieri, and distinguished himself by his zeal in promoting the establishment of a National Theatre, in which Alfieri's plays were acted, and in which Alfieri himself acted. Notwithstanding his age, in which he appeared, by no means reputable, his character rendered him an object of ambition among the nobles of Ravenna, who, according to the too common aristocratic practice, were seen vying with each other in attracting so rich a purchaser for their daughters, and the young Teresa Gambi, then only sixteen, and just emancipated from a convent, was

the autumn of 1818, when she made her appearance after her marriage, at the house of

the Countess Albrizzi, in all the gaiety of array, and the first delight of exchanging a glance for the world. At this time, however, no acquaintance ensued between them;—it was not till the spring of the present year that, at an evening of Madame Benzoni's, they were introduced to each other. The love that sprang out of this meeting was instantaneous and mutual,—though with the disproportion of sacrifice between the parties;—an event being, to the man, but one of the scenes of life, while, to the woman, it constituted the whole drama. The young Italian found herself suddenly inspired with a passion, of which till that moment, her mind could not have formed the least idea;—she had thought of love but as an amusement, and now became its slave. If at the outset, too, less slow to be won than an Englishwoman, sooner did she begin to understand the full despotism of the passion than her heart shrank from it as something terrible, and she would have escaped, but that the chain was already around her.

No words, however, were exchanged.

No words, however, can describe so simply and feelingly as her own, the strong impression which their first meeting left upon her mind:—

"I became acquainted (says Madame Guiccioli) with Lord Byron in the April of 1819:—he was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzon, at one of that lady's parties. This introduction, which had so much influence over the lives of us both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only from courtesy. For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening on account of the late hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances,—alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences,—on being requested by the Countess Benzon to allow himself to be presented to me, refused, and, at last, only assented from a desire to oblige her.

"His noble and

"His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day."

« Nell'Aprile del 1810, io feci la conoscenza di Lord Byron, e mi fu presentato a Venezia dalla Contessa Bentham coneguerne per tutti e due fu fatta con una volontà messa. Io stappa più che mai quella sera per la sua tarda ora, fu costuma fare in Venezia amici con molta ripugnanza Lord Byron che mandava di fare nuove e conoscenze, disquisi e che non voleva esporsi più alle loro conseguenze, parlate a me dell'amicizia, io prego di volere per presentarmi. La nobile e bellissima sua simpatia, il senso della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti che lo circondavano lo rendevano un essere così differente, che io, circondato a tutti quelli che io aveva visto avanti veduti che non potevano a meno di non provare la più profonda impressione. Da quella sera io più in tutti i giorni che mi fermavi in Venezia ci siamo sempre veduti. » — *Ms.*

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Venice, May 15th, 1819.

* * * * *

"I have got your extract, and the 'Vampire.' I need not say it is *not mine*. There is a rule to go by: you are my publisher (till we quarrel), and what is not published by you is not written by me.

* * * * *

"Next week I set out for Romagna—at least, in all probability. You had better go on with the publications without waiting to hear farther, for I have other things in my head. 'Mazeppa' and the 'Ode' separate?—what think you? *Juan anonymous, without the Dedication*; for I won't be shabby, and attack Southey under cloud of night.

"Yours, &c."

In another letter on the subject of the Vampire, I find the following interesting particulars.

TO MR ———.

"The story of Shelley's agitation is true.* I can't tell what seized him, for he don't want courage. He was once with me in a gale of wind, in a small boat, right under the rocks between Meillerie and St Gingo. We were five in the boat—a servant, two boatmen, and ourselves. The sail was mismanaged, and the boat was filling fast. He can't swim. I stripped off my coat, made him strip off his, and take hold of an oar, telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him, if he would not struggle when I took hold of him—unless we got smashed against the rocks, which were high and sharp, with an awkward surf on them at that minute. We wore then about a hundred yards from shore, and the boat in peril. He answered me with the greatest coolness 'that he had no notion of being saved, and that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me.' Luckily, the boat righted, and, baling, we got round a point into St Gingo, where the inhabitants came down and embraced the boatmen on their escape, the wind having been high enough to tear up some huge trees from the Alps above us, as we saw next day.

"And yet the same Shelley, who was as cool as it was possible to be in such circumstances (of which I am no judge myself, as the chance of swimming naturally gives self-possession when near shore), certainly had the fit of phantasy which Polidori describes, though *not exactly* as he describes it.

* This story, as given in the Preface to the 'Vampire,' is as follows:—

"It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr P. B. Shelley, two ladies, and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work called Phantasmagoria, began relating ghost stories, when his lordship having recited the beginning of Christabel, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr Shelley's mind, that he suddenly started up, and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon inquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived), he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression."

"The story of the agreement to write the gh books is true; but the ladies are *not sisters*. *

* * * * *

Mary Godwin (now Mrs Shelley) wrote Frankens which you have reviewed, thinking it Shelley's. thinks it is a wonderful book for a girl of nineteen not nineteen, indeed, at that time. I enclose you beginning of mine, by which you will see how it resembles Mr Colburn's publication. If you ch to publish it, you may, *stating why*, and with an explanatory poem as you please. I never wear with it, as you will perceive by the date. I beg in an old account-book of Miss Milbanke's, wh kept because it contains the word 'Hemlock' written by her twice on the inside blank page of covers, being the only two scraps I have in the w in her writing, except her name to the Deed of separation. Her letters I sent back, except those the quarrelling correspondence, and those, being documents, are placed in the hands of a third person with copies of several of my own; so that I have kind of memorial whatever of her, but these words,—and her actions. I have torn the leaf containing the part of the Tale out of the book, and enclose them with this sheet.

* * * * *

"What do you mean? First you seem hurt by a letter, and then, in your next, you talk of its 'power' and so forth. 'This is a d—d blind story, Jack but never mind, go on.' You may be sure I am nothing *on purpose* to plague you, but if you will put me 'in a frenzy, I will never call you Jack again. I remember nothing of the epistle at present.

"What do you mean by Polidori's *Diary*? Why I defy him to say any thing about me but he is wrong. I have nothing to reproach me with on his score, and I am much mistaken if that is not his opinion. But why publish the names of the two girls? and in such a manner?—what a blunderer piece of exculpation! He asked Pictet, &c. to dinner, and of course was left to entertain them. I went into society *solely* to prevent him (as I told him), so he might return into good company if he chose; was the best thing for his youth and circumstances for myself. I had done with society, and, having presented him, withdrew to my own 'way of life.' It is true that I returned without entering Lady Darnley's parlour, because I saw it full. It is true that Mrs Hervey (she writes novels) fainted at my entrance into Coppet, and then came back again. On her fainting, the Duchesse de Broglie exclaimed 'This is too much—at sixty-five years of age.'—never gave 'the English' an opportunity of availing me; but I trust that, if ever I do, they will seize it. With regard to Mazeppa and the Ode, you may join or separate them, as you please, from the two Cantos.

"Don't suppose I want to put you out of humour. I have a great respect for your good and gentlemanly qualities, and return your personal friendship toward me; and although I think you a little spoilt by villainous company,—with, persons of honour about towns, authors, and fashionables, together with your 'I am just going to call at Carlton House, are you walking that way?'—I say, notwithstanding 'pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses,' you deserve and possess the esteem of those whose esteem is

worth having, and of none more (however useless it may be) than yours very truly, &c.

- P.S. Make my respects to Mr Gifford. I am perfectly aware that 'Don Juan' must set us all by the ears, but that is my concern, and my beginning. There will be the 'Edinburgh,' and all, too, against it, so that, like 'Rob Roy,' I shall have my hands full."

LETTER CCCXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

• Venice, May 25th, 1819.

"I have received no proofs by the last post, and shall probably have quitted Venice before the arrival of the next. There wanted a few stanzas to the continuation of Canto First in the last proof; the next will, I presume, contain them, and the whole or a portion of Canto Second; but it will be idle to wait for further answers from me, as I have directed that my letters wait for my return (perhaps in a month, and probably so); therefore do not wait for further answer from me. You may as well talk to the wind, and better—for it will at least convey your accents a little farther than they would otherwise have gone; whereas I shall neither echo nor acquiesce in your 'etiquette reasons.' You may omit the note of reference to Hobhouse's travels, in Canto Second, and you will put as motto to the whole—

Delibet est proprio communia dicere.—HORACE.

"A few days ago I sent you all I know of Polidori's *Novel*. He may do, say, or write, what he pleases, but I wish he would not attribute to me his own composition. If he has any thing of mine in his possession, the MS. will put it beyond controversy; but I already think that any one who knows me would believe the thing in the Magazine to be mine, even if they saw it in my own hieroglyphics.

"I wrote to you in the agonies of a *sirocco*, which *exasperates me*; and I have been fool enough to do four things since dinner, which are as well omitted in any hot weather: 1stly, * * * *; 2dly, to play at *chiffards* from 10 to 12, under the influence of lighted lamps, that doubled the heat; 3dly, to go afterwards into a *res-hut* conversation of the Countess Benicci's; and 4thly, to begin this letter at three in the morning: but being begun, it must be finished.

"Ever very truly and affectionately yours,

"B.

"P.S. I petition for tooth-brushes, powder, *magnesian*, *Maccassar* oil (or Russia), the sashes, and Sir Nl. Wrennall's *Memoirs* of his own Times. I want, besides, a bull-dog, a terrier, and two Newfoundland dogs; and I want (is it Buck's?) a life of *Richard 3d*, advertised by Longman long, long ago; I asked for it at least three years since. See Longman's advertisements."

About the middle of April, Madame Guiccioli had been obliged to quit Venice with her husband. Having several houses on the road from Venice to Ravenna, it was his habit to stop at these mansions, one after the other, in his journeys between the two

cities; and from all these places the enamoured young Countess now wrote to her lover, expressing, in the most passionate and pathetic terms, her despair at leaving him. So utterly, indeed, did this feeling overpower her, that three times, in the course of her first day's journey, she was seized with fainting-fits. In one of her letters, which I saw when at Venice, dated, if I recollect right, from "Cà Zen, Cavanello di Po," she tells him that the solitude of this place, which she had before found irksome, was, now that one sole idea occupied her mind, become dear and welcome to her, and promises that, as soon as she arrives at Ravenna, "she will, according to his wish, avoid all general society, and devote herself to reading, music, domestic occupations, riding on horseback,—every thing, in short, that she knew he would most like." What a change for a young and simple girl, who, but a few weeks before, had thought only of society and the world, but who now saw no other happiness but in the hope of becoming worthy, by seclusion and self-instruction, of the illustrious object of her love!

On leaving this place, she was attacked with a dangerous illness on the road, and arrived half dead at Ravenna; nor was it found possible to revive or comfort her till an assurance was received from Lord Byron, expressed with all the fervour of real passion, that, in the course of the ensuing month, he would pay her a visit. Symptoms of consumption, brought on by her state of mind, had already shown themselves; and, in addition to the pain which this separation had caused her, she was also suffering much grief from the loss of her mother, who, at this time, died in giving birth to her twentieth child. Towards the latter end of May she wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that, having prepared all her relatives and friends to expect him, he might now, she thought, venture to make his appearance at Ravenna. Though, on the lady's account, hesitating as to the prudence of such a step, he, in obedience to her wishes, on the 2d of June, set out from La Mira (at which place he had again taken a villa for the summer), and proceeded towards Romagna.

From Padua he addressed a letter to Mr Hoppner, chiefly occupied with matters of household concern, which that gentleman had undertaken to manage for him at Venice, but, on the immediate object of his journey, expressing himself in a tone so light and jesting, as it would be difficult for those not versed in his character to conceive that he could ever bring himself, while under the influence of a passion so sincere, to assume. But such is ever the wantonness of the mocking spirit, from which nothing,—not even love,—remains sacred; and which at last, for want of other food, turns upon self. The same horror, too, of hypocrisy that led Lord Byron to exaggerate his own errors, led him also to disguise, under a seemingly heartless ridicule, all those natural and kindly qualities by which they were redeemed.

This letter from Padua concludes thus:—

"A journey in an Italian June is a conscription; and if I was not the most constant of men, I should now be swimming from the Lido, instead of smoking in the dust of Padua. Should there be letters from England, let them wait my return. And do look at my house

and (not lands, but) waters, and scold;—and deal out the monies to Edgcombe* with an air of reluctance and a shake of the head—and put queer questions to him—and turn up your nose when he answers.

“ Make my respects to the Consul— and to the Chevalier—and to Scotin—and to all the counts and countesses of our acquaintance.

“ And believe me ever

“ Your disconsolate and affectionate, &c.”

As a contrast to the strange levity of this letter, as well as in justice to the real earnestness of the passion, however censurable in all other respects, that now engrossed him, I shall here transcribe some stanzas which he wrote in the course of this journey to Romagna, and which, though already published, are not comprised in the regular collection of his works.

“ River,† that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

“ What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

“ What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

“ Time may have somewhat tamed them,—not for ever;
Thou overflow’st at thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away,

“ But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendent wildly onward to the main,
And I—to loving one I should not love.

“ The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm’d by summer’s heat.

“ She will look on thee,—I have look’d on thee,
Full of that thought: and, from that moment, ne’er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

“ Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

“ The wave that bears my tears returns no more.
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?—
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

“ But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

“ A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann’d
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

“ My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures, ne’er to be forgot,
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

* A clerk of the English Consulate, whom he at this time employed to control his accounts.

† The Po.

‘Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved:
To dust if I return, from dust I sprang,
And then, at least, my heart can ne’er be moved.

On arriving at Bologna and receiving no farther intelligence from the Contessa, he began to be of opinion, as we shall perceive in the annexed interesting letters, that he should act most prudently, for all parties, by returning to Venice.

LETTER CCCXXX.

TO MR HOPFNER.

“ Bologna, June 6th, 1831.

“ I am at length joined to Bologna, where I am settled like a sausage, and shall be broiled like one if this weather continues. Will you thank Mengaldo on my part for the Ferrara acquaintance, which was a very agreeable one. I staid two days at Ferrara and was much pleased with the Count Mosti, and a little the shortness of the time permitted me to see his family. I went to his conversazione, which is far superior to any thing of the kind at Venice—the women almost all young—several pretty—and the men courteous and cleanly.—The lady of the mansion, who is young, lately married, and with child, appears very pretty by candlelight (I did not see her by day), pleasing in her manners, and very lady-like, or thorough-bred, as we call it in England,—a kind of thing which reminds one of a racer, an antelope, or an Italian greyhound. She seems very fond of her husband, who is amiable and accomplished; he has been in England two or three times, and is young. The sister, a Countess somebody—I forget what—(they are both Maffei by birth, and Veronese of course)—is a lady of more display; she sings and plays divinely; but I thought she was a d—d long time about it. Her likeness to Madame Flaubert (Miss Mercer that was) is something quite extraordinary.

“ I had but a bird’s-eye view of these people, and shall not probably see them again; but I am very much obliged to Mengaldo for letting me see them at all. Whenever I meet with any thing agreeable in this world, it surprises me so much and pleases me so much (when my passions are not interested one way or the other), that I go on wondering for a week to come. I feel, too, in great admiration of the Cardinal Legate’s red stockings.

“ I found, too, such a pretty epitaph in the Certosa cemetery, or rather two: one was

“ Martini Luigi
Implora pace;

the other,

“ Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.”

That was all; but it appears to me that these two and three words comprise and compress all that can be said on the subject,—and then, in Italian, they are absolute music. They contain doubt, hope, and humility; nothing can be more pathetic than the ‘implora’ and the modesty of the request;—they have had enough of life—they want nothing but rest—they implore it, and ‘eterna quiete.’ It is like a Greek inscription in some good old heathen ‘City of the Dead

I am shovelled into the Lido churchyard in *me*, let me have the 'implora pace,' and none, for my epitaph. I never met with any, any modern, that pleased me a tenth part so much about a day or two after you receive this letter, thank you to desire Edgcombe to prepare for me. I shall go back to Venice before I village Brenna. I shall stay but a few days in Bologna, not going out to see sights, but shall not present redactory letters for a day or two, till I have again the place and pictures; nor perhaps at I find that I have books and sights enough to do the inhabitants. After that, I shall return to *me*, where you may expect me about the eleventh, *as* sooner. Pray make my thanks acceptable *galds*; my respects to the Consules, and to *it*.
 ope my daughter is well.

"Ever yours, and truly.

I. I went over the Ariosto MS. &c. &c. again *ura*, with the castle, and cell, and house, &c. &c. *e* of the Ferrarese asked me if I knew 'Lord' an acquaintance of his, *now* at Naples. I *am* 'No!' which was true both ways; for I not the impostor, and in the other, no one himself. He stared when told that I was 'the *mon* Pure.'—Another asked me if I had *not* *ated* 'Tasso.' You see what *Fame* is! how *ste*! how *boundless*! I don't know how others at I am always the lighter and the better on when I have got rid of mine; it sits on me *moor* on the Lord Mayor's champion; and I of all the husk of literature, and the attendant, by answering, that I had not translated, but a namesake had; and by the blessing of *a*, I looked so little like a poet, that every body *nd* me."

LETTER CCCXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, June 7th, 1819.

!! Mr. Hobhouse that I wrote to him a few go from Ferrara. It will therefore be idle in you to wait for any further answers or returns *off* from Venice, as I have directed that no *b* letters be sent after me. The publication proceeded in without, and I am already sick *r* remarks, to which I think not the least on ought to be paid.

!! Mr. Hobhouse that, since I wrote to him, I *ailed* myself of my Ferrara letters, and found *cisty* much younger and better there than at *. I* am very much pleased with the little *me* of my stay permitted me to see of the *oniere* Count Mosti, and his family and friends *ral*.

ave been picture-gazing this morning at the *Domesticchino* and Guido, both of which are *utive*. I afterwards went to the beautiful *ry* of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, *the* superb burial-ground, an original of a *e*, who reminded one of the grave-digger in *l*. He has a collection of capuchins' skulls, *i* on the forehead, and taking down one of

them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty—one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy; and whenever any one was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer—he joked—he laughed—oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again!'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a princess Barlorini, dead two centuries ago: he said that, on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

'Martini Luigi

'Implora pace;'

'Lucrezia Picini

'Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*! There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pace.'* I hope whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more, put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbus Hall.' I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my deathbed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil.—I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.

"So, as Shakspeare says of Mowbray, the banished Duke of Norfolk, who died at Venice (see Richard 2d), that he, after fighting

'Against black Pagans, Turks and Saracens,
 And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
 To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.'

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you your late, and Mr Hobhouse's sheets of Juan. Don't wait for further answers from me, but address yours to

* Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was sometimes led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind, much less of such repetition in his correspondence than in that, perhaps, of any other multifarious letter writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting;—what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr Hoppner very well. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, M. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features: she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady.

"I have never heard any thing of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycene. * * * But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen * * * shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainers, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my earth and destruction on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe, domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary * * *) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave, and * * * What a long letter I have scribbled!

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. Here, as in Greece, they strew flowers on the tombs. I saw a quantity of rose-leaves, and entire roses, scattered over the graves at Ferrara. It has the most pleasing effect you can imagine."

While he was thus lingering irresolute at Bologna, the countess Guiccioli had been attacked with an intermittent fever, the violence of which, combining with the absence of a confidential person to whom she had been in the habit of intrusting her letters, prevented her from communicating with him. At length, anxious to spare him the disappointment of finding her so ill on his arrival, she had begun a letter, requesting that he would remain at Bologna till the visit to which she looked forward should bring her there also; and was in the act of writing, when a friend came in to announce the arrival of an English lord in Ravenna. She could not doubt for an instant that it was her noble lover; and he had in fact, notwithstanding his declaration to Mr Hoppner that it was his intention to return to Venice immediately, wholly altered this resolution before the letter announcing it was despatched,—the following words being written on the outside cover:—"I am just setting off for Ravenna, June 8, 1819.—I changed my mind this morning, and decided to go on."

The reader, however, shall have Madame Guiccioli's own account of these events, which, fortunately for the interest of my narration, I am enabled to communicate.

"On my departure from Venice, he had pro-

mised to come and see me at Ravenna. Under the classical pine wood,* the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came, in fact, in a month of June, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini; while I, attacked by a consumptive complaint, which had its origin in the moment of my quitting Venice, appeared on the point of death. The arrival of a distinguished ruler at Ravenna, a town so remote from the routes ordinarily followed by travellers, was an event which gave rise to a good deal of conjecture. The motives for such a visit became the subject of discussion, and these he himself afterwards candidly divulged; for having made some inquiries with a view to paying me a visit, and being told that it was unlikely that he would ever see me again, and that at the point of death, he replied, if such were the case, he hoped that he should die also; which circumstance, being repeated, revealed the object of his journey. Count Guiccioli, having been acquainted with Lord Byron at Venice, went to visit him, and in the hope that his presence might amuse, and be of some use to me in the state in which I found myself, invited him to call upon me. He did so the day following. It is impossible to describe the anxiety he showed,—the delicate attentions that he paid me. For a long time he had perpetually books in his hands; and not trusting my physician, he obtained permission from Count Guiccioli to call for a very clever physician, a friend of his, in whom he placed great confidence. The attention of Professor Aglietti (for so this celebrated Italian is called), together with tranquillity, and the inexpressible happiness which I experienced in Lord Byron's society, had so good an effect on my health, that only two months afterwards I was able to accompany my husband in a tour he was obliged to make at his various estates." †

* "Tal qual di ramo in ramo di raccolta
Per la piana nudi filo di cipressi,
Quando Eolo strucco fuor frangibile."

DANTE, *PURG.* CANTO XXIII.

Dante himself (says Mr Carey, in one of the most admirable translations of this poet) "perhaps was shot this wood during his shot with Guido Novello de' Montefeltro."

† "Partendo io da Venezia egli promise di venir a vedermi a Ravenna. La Tomba di Dante, il classico bosco, gli avanzi di antichità che a Ravenna si trovavano a me ragioni plausibili per invitare a venire, ed io per accettare l'invito. Egli venne infatti nel mese di Giugno e giunse a Ravenna nel giorno della Solennità del Corpus Domini, mentre io attaccata da una malattia, decemazione ch'ebbe principio dalla mia partenza da Venezia, vicina a morire. L'arrivo in Ravenna d'un personaggio distinto, in un paese così lontano dalle strade che ordinariamente tengono i viaggiatori era un avvenimento al quale molto si parlava indulgendone i motivi, che ben lentamente per egli fece conoscere. Perchè aveva domandato di me per venire a vedermi ed essendogli in posto che non potrebbe vedermi più perché non restavo in vita—egli rispose che in quel caso vedeva morire la pure. In qual cosa essendosi poi ripetuta al contempo la l'oggetto del suo viaggio.

"Il Conte Guiccioli visitò Lord Byron, essendo conosciuto in Venezia, e nella speranza che se di lui mi compagna potesse distrarmi ed essermi di qualche giovamento nello stato in cui mi trovavo egli lo invitò a venire a trovarmi. Il giorno appresso egli venne. Non si potendo deservire le cure, i pensieri delicati, quanto egli fece in

LETTER CCCXXXII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

Ravenna, June 20, 1819.

... from Padua, and from Bologna, ... from Ravenna. I find my situation very ... but want my horses very much, there ... riding in the environs. I can fix no time ... to Venice—it may be soon or late—or ... it all depends on the Donna, whom I ... all in bed with a cough and spitting ... all of which has subsided.

... I found all the ... firmly persuaded that she would never ... they were mistaken, however.

... were useful as far as I employed them; ... both the place and people, though I don't ... the latter more than I can help. She manages ...

... but if I come away with a stiletto in ... some fine afternoon, I shall not be asto- ... I can't make him out at all—he visits me ... and takes me out (like Whittington, the ... in a coach and six horses. The fact ... be, that he is completely governed by her ... matter, so am I. The people here don't ... to make of us, as he had the character of ... each all his wives—this is the third. He is ... of the Hovenese, by their own account, ... popular among them.

... pray, send off Augustine, and carriage and ... to Bologna, without fail or delay, or I shall lose ... hired of senses. Don't forget this. My ... young, and every thing, depend upon HEA ... post as Mrs Hopfner (to whom I remit my ... said in the true spirit of female prophecy. ... are but a shabby fellow not to have written

And I am truly yours, &c.

... tempo egli non ebbe per le mani che de- ... "Miseria e poco confidandosi ne' suoi medici ... Conte Guiccioli il permesso di far venire un ... di lui amico nel quale egli aveva molta ... Le cure del Professore Aglietti (così si chiama ... Bologna, la tranquillità, anzi la felicità ... che mi cacciava la presenza di Lord Byron ... così rapidamente lo mio salute che entro lo ... così potrei seguire mio marito in un giro che ... fare per le sue terre."—M.S.

... task of "governing" him was one of more ... from the ordinary view of his character, might ... I have more than once, in these papers, ex- ... opinion, and shall here quote, in corroboration ... of his own servant (founded on an obser- ... more than twenty years) in speaking of his mas- ... fate—"It is a very odd, but I never yet ... that could not manage my Lord, except my

... knowledge," says Johnson, "may be gained of a ... character by a short conversation with one of ... than from the most formal and studied nar-

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Ravenna, June 20th, 1819.

"The letters have been forwarded from Venice, but I trust that you will not have waited for further alterations—I will make none. You ask me to spare * * *—ask the worms. His dust can suffer nothing from the truth being spoken—and if it *could*, how did he behave to *me*? You may talk to the wind, which will carry the sound—and to the caves, which will echo you—but *not* to me, on the subject of a * * * who wronged me—whether dead or alive.

"I have no time to return you the proofs—publish without them. I am glad you think the poetry good; and as to 'thinking of the effect,' think *you* of the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you.

"I have been here (at Ravenna) these four weeks, having left Venice a month ago;—I came to see my 'Amica,' the Countess Guiccioli, who has been, and still continues, very unwell.

... She is only twenty years old, but not of a strong constitution.

... She has a perpetual cough and an intermittent fever, but bears up most gallantly in every sense of the word. Her husband (this is his third wife) is the richest noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna; he is also *not* the youngest, being upwards of three-score, but in good preservation. All this will appear strange to you, who do not understand the meridian morality, nor our way of life in such respects, and I cannot at present expound the difference;—but you would find it much the same in these parts. At Fuenza there is Lord * * * with an opera girl; and at the inn in the same town is a Neapolitan Prince, who serves the wife of the Gonfaloniere of that city. I am on duty here—so you see 'Così fan tutti e tutte.'

"I have my horses here, *saddle* as well as carriage, and ride or drive every day in the forest, the *Pneta*, the scene of Boccaccio's novel, and Dryden's fable of *Honorin*, &c. &c.; and I see my *Dama* every day * * * but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her, I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account, and whom I have every reason to love—but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I *should* do if she died, but I ought to blow my brains out—and I hope that I should. Her husband is a very polite personage, but I wish he would not carry me out in his coach and six, like Whittington and his cat.

"You ask me if I mean to continue D. J. &c. How should I know? What encouragement do you give me, all of you, with your consensual prudery?—publish the two Cantos, and then you will see. I desired Mr. Kinnaird to speak to you on a little matter of business; either he has not spoken, or you have not answered. You are a pretty pair, but I will be even with you both. I perceive that Mr. Holthouse has been challenged by Major Cartwright—Is the Major 'so cunning of fence?'—why did not they fight?—they ought.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

TO MR HOPPNER.

* Ravenna, July 2d, 1819.

"Thanks for your letter and for Madame's. I will answer it directly. Will you recollect whether I did not consign to you one or two receipts of Madame Mocenigo's for house rent—(I am not sure of this, but think I did—if not, they will be in my drawers)—and will you desire Mr Dorville* to have the goodness to see if Edgecombe has receipts to all payments hitherto made by him on my account, and that there are no debts at Venice? On your answer, I shall send order of further remittance to carry on my household expenses, as my present return to Venice is very problematical; and it may happen—but I can say nothing positive—every thing with me being indecisive and undecided, except the disgust which Venice excites when fairly compared with any other city in this part of Italy. When I say Venice, I mean the Venetians—the city itself is superb as its history—but the people are what I never thought them till they taught me to think so.

"The best way will be to leave Allegra with Antonio's spouse till I can decide something about her and myself—but I thought that you would have had an answer from Mrs V——r.† You have had bore enough with me and mine already.

"I greatly fear that the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution tends. Thus it is with every thing and every body for whom I feel any thing like a real attachment;—'War, death, or discord, doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked or that liked me. Her symptoms are obstinate cough of the lungs, and occasional fever, &c. &c., and there are latent causes of an eruption in the skin, which she foolishly repelled into the system two years ago; but I have made them send her case to Aglietti; and have begged him to come—if only for a day or two—to consult upon her state.

• • • • •

If it would not bore Mr Dorville, I wish he would keep an eye on E—— and on my other ragamuffins. I might have more to say, but I am absorbed about La Gui, and her illness. I cannot tell you the effect it has upon me.

"The horses came, &c. &c., and I have been galloping through the pine forest daily.

"Believe me, &c.

"P.S. My benediction on Mrs Hoppner, a pleasant journey among the Bernese tyrants, and safe return. You ought to bring back a Platonic Bernese for my

* The Vice Consul of Mr Hoppner.

† An English widow lady, of considerable property in the north of England, who, having seen the little Allegra at Mr Hoppner's, took an interest in the poor child's fate, and having no family of her own, offered to adopt and provide for this little girl, if Lord Byron would consent to renounce all claim to her. At first he seemed not disinclined to enter into her views; so far, at least, as giving permission that she should take the child with her to England and educate it, but the entire surrender of his paternal authority he would by no means consent to. The proposed arrangement accordingly was never carried into effect.

reformation. If any thing happens to my poor Amica, I have done with the passion for ever—my last love. As to libertinism, I have seen myself of that, as was natural in the way I went, and I have at least derived that advantage from it to love in the better sense of the word. This will be my last adventure—I can hope no more to see attachment, and I trust never again to feel it."

The impression which, I think, cannot be entertained, from some passages of these letters, a real fervour and sincerity of his attachment to Madame Guiccioli,* would be still further confirmed by the perusal of his letters to that lady, which he wrote from Venice and during his present stay there—all bearing, throughout, the true marks of affection and passion. Such effusions, however, but little suited to the general eye. It is one of all strong feeling, from dwelling constantly on the same idea, to be monotonous; and those repeated vows and verbal endearments, which are the charm of true love-letters to the parties in them, must for ever render even the best of them cloying to others. Those of Lord Byron to Madame Guiccioli, which are for the most part original and written with a degree of ease and freedom attained rarely by foreigners, refer chiefly to the difficulties thrown in the way of their union—much by the husband himself, who appears to have liked and courted Lord Byron's acquaintance, and the watchfulness of other relatives, and the uneasiness felt by the lovers themselves lest their union should give uneasiness to the father-in-law, Count Gamba, a gentleman to whose politeness and amiableness of character all who have known him bear testimony.

In the near approaching departure of the Countess for Bologna, Lord Byron forebore their being again separated; and the tenderness of this prospect, though throughout his preceding letters the fear of committing any imprudence seems to have been in his thought, he now, with that wilfulness which has so often sealed the destiny of his life, proposed that she should, at once, abandon her husband and fly with him:—"c'è un solo mezzo," he says,—"cioè d'andar via con me." "an Italian wife, almost every thing but impossible. The same system which allows her a lover, as one of the regular articles of her matrimonial establishment, takes her

* "During my illness," says Madame Guiccioli, "he was paying me the most amiable attentions, and when I was convalescent he was constantly at my side. In the theatre, riding, walking, he never was absent from me. Being deprived at that time of his books, he occupied him at Venice. I begged him to write something on the subject of Dante, and, with his usual facility and rapidity, he composed a sonnet." "Durante la mia malattia L. B. era sempre presso di me, e quando cominciai a convalescere egli era sempre al mio fianco, al teatro, e cavalcando, e passeggiando, e allontanava mai da me. In quel tempo egli mi chiese di scrivere qualche cosa sul Dante, ed egli colla sua usata rapidità scrisse la sua Profazia."

seemly consequences of this privilege for such convenient facilities of daily observance of all the ap-
Accordingly, the open step of and for the lover, instead of being England, but a sign and sequel of rank, in Italian morality, as the itself; and being an offence, too necessary by the latitude otherwise, from its rare occurrence no odious.

therefore, of her noble lover seem-
at least a little less than sacrilege, and
er mind, between the horrors of
eager readiness to give up all and
the loved, was depicted most
wer to the proposal. In a subse-
the romantic girl even proposed,
ping the ignominy of an elopement,
re another Juliet, "pass for dead,"
at there were many easy ways of
ception.

LETTER CCCXXXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, August 1st, 1819.

your answer to Venice, however.)
head. You will see me defend my-
If I happen to be in spirits; and
main your meaning of the word,
bull-dog when pinched, or a bull
then that they make best sport;
ons under an attack are probably
d of the united energies of these
you may perhaps see what Mar-
and some good teasing and go-
n controversy. But I must be in
and I doubt I am almost too far
cient fury for the purpose. And
rated and euerated myself with
or in these last two months.
Hobhouse the other day, and fore-
old either fall entirely or succeed
will be no medium. Appearances
; but as you write the day after
hardly be decided what opinion
You seem in a fright, and doubtless
what may. I never will flatter the
any shape. Circumstances may
laced me at times in a situation to
sion, but the public opinion never
I lead, me. I will not sit on a
no pray put Messrs * * or * *, or
upon it; they will all of them be
air coronation.

ness Guiccioli is much better than
ou, before leaving Venice, the real
h gave rise to the 'Vampire,' &c.—

of course, (like most of those he
and at this time) intended to be
been, among others, permitted

to see it, I took occasion, in my very next communi-
cation to Lord Byron, to twit him a little with the
passage in it relating to myself,—the only one, as far
as I can learn, that ever fell from my noble friend's
pen during our intimacy, in which he has spoken of
me otherwise than in terms of kindness and the most
undeserved praise. Transcribing his own words, as
well as I could recollect them, at the top of my letter,
I added, underneath, "Is *this* the way you speak of
your friends?" Not long after, too, when visiting
him at Venice, I remember making the same harmless
little sneer a subject of raillery with him; but he
declared boldly that he had no recollection of having
ever written such words, and that, if they existed,
"he must have been half asleep when he wrote them."

I have mentioned this circumstance merely for the
purpose of remarking, that with a sensibility vulne-
rable at so many points as his was, and acted upon
by an imagination so long practised in self-tormenting,
it is only wonderful that, thinking constantly, as his
letters prove him to have been, of distant friends, and
receiving from few or none equal proofs of thought-
fulness in return, he should not more frequently have
broken out into such sallies against the absent and
"unreplying." For myself, I can only say that,
from the moment I began to unravel his character,
the most slighting and even acrimonious expressions
that I could have heard he had, in a fit of spleen,
uttered against me, would have no more altered my
opinion of his disposition, nor disturbed my affection
for him, than the momentary clouding over of a bright
sky could leave an impression on the mind of gloom,
after its shadow had passed away.

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, August 9th, 1819.

"Talking of blunders reminds me of Ireland—
Ireland of Moore. What is this I see in Galiganni
about 'Bermuda—agent—deputy—appeal—attach-
ment,' &c.? What is the matter? Is it any thing in
which his friends can be of use to him? Pray in-
form me.

"Of Don Juan I hear nothing further from you;
* * *, but the papers don't seem so fierce as the letter
you sent me seemed to anticipate, by their extracts
at least in Galiganni's Messenger. I never saw such
a set of fellows as you are! And then the pains
taken to exculpate the modest publisher—he re-
monstrated, forsooth! I will write a preface that
shall exculpate you and * * *, &c., completely, on
that point; but, at the same time, I will cut you up,
like gourds. You have no more soul than the Count
de Caylus (who assured his friends, on his death bed,
that he had none, and that *he* must know better than
they whether he had one or no), and no more blood
than a water-melon! And I see there hath been
asterisks, and what Perry used to call 'damned cutting
and slashing'—but, never mind.

"I write in haste. To-morrow I set off for Bolo-
gna. I write to you with thunder, lightning, &c.
and all the winds of heaven whistling through my
hair, and the racket of preparation to boot. My

mistress dear, who hath fed my heart upon smiles and wine for the last two months, set off with her husband for Bologna this morning and it seems that I follow him at three to-morrow morning. I cannot tell how our romance will end, but it hath gone on hitherto most erotically. Such perils and escapes! Juan's are as child's play in comparison. The fools think that all my *poesie* is always allusive to my own adventures: I have had at one time or another better and more extraordinary and perilous and pleasant than these, every day of the week, if I might tell them; but that must never be.

"I hope Mrs M. has accouched."

"Yours ever."

LETTER CXXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 12th, 1819.

"I do not know how far I may be able to reply to your letter, for I am not very well to-day. Last night I went to the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra*, the two last acts of which threw me into convulsions. I do not mean by that word a lady's hysterics, but the agony of reluctant tears, and the choking shudder, which I do not often undergo for fiction. This is but the second time for any thing under reality: the first was on seeing Kean's Sir Giles Overreach. The worst was, that the 'Dama' in whose box I was went off in the same way. I really believe more from fright than any other sympathy—at least with the players: but she has been ill, and I have been ill, and we are languid and pathetic this morning, with great expenditure of *sai volatile*.* But, to return to your letter of the 23d of July.

"You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right, Hobhouse is right—you are all right, and I am all wrong; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my 'disjecti membra poetæ,' like those of the Levite's concubine make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels: but don't ask me to alter, for I won't—I am obstinate and lazy—and there's the truth.

"But, nevertheless, I will answer your friend P + +, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gra-

vity, as if in that case the gravity did not (a intension, at least,) heighten the fun. His metaphor is that we are never scorched and drenched at the same time. Blessings on his experience. Ask him the questions about scorching and drenching. Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot water? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in taking the cup to his chamber, to the great scandal in nankin breeches? Did he never swim in the sea noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, drench his eyes and his valet's? Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and with wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, after 'scorched and drenched,' like a true sinner 'Oh for breath to utter!'—but make him compliments; he is a clever fellow for all that—clever fellow.

"You ask me for the plan of Doomy John: I have no plan; I *had* no plan; but I had or have more than enough if, like Tony Lumpkin, 'I am a braggart so when I am in spirits,' the poem will be at an end and the poet turn serious again. If it does, I will leave it off where it is, with all due respect to the public but if continued it must be improved. You might as well make Hamlet (or *Dona* a mad' in a strait waistcoat as trammelled with a corset if I am to be a buffoon; their poems and thoughts would only be pitifully abundant when constrained. Why, man, the soul deserves its licence; at least the *liberty* of that licence—*not* that one should abuse it. Look by *Jury and Peesage* and the *Habeas Corpus*—a fine thing, but chiefly in the *recesses*; no one wishes to be tried for the mere pleasure of his possession of the privilege.

"But a truce with these reflections. You are earnest and eager about a work never before serious. Do you suppose that I could do anything but to giggle and make giggle—satire, with a little poetry as could be got out of what I meant. And as to the indecency, I read in Boswell what *Johnson*, the sage, says of *Prior* and *Paulo Purgante*.

"Will you get a favour done for me? From your government friends, Croker, Canina, my schoolfellow Peel, and can't. I want to ask them to appoint *(without salary or emolument)* a noble Italian (whom I will name *afterwards*) as vice-consul for Ravenna. He is a man of large property—noble, too—but he wishes to have British protection, in case of changes. He is near the sea. He wants *no emolument*. That his office might be useful, I know: I sent off from Ravenna to Trieste a poor English sailor, who had remained there penniless (having been set ashore in the want of any accredited agent able to help him homewards. Will you get this done, I will then send his name as subject, of course, to rejection, if not approved known.

"I know that in the Levant you make vice-consuls, perpetually, of foreigners. There is a patrician, and has twelve thousand a year

* The "Dama," in whose company he witnessed this representation thus describes its effect upon him:—"The play, but of *Mirra*, the actress who performed the part of *Mirra* seconded with much the intentions of our great dramatist. Lord Byron took a strong interest in the representation, and it was evident that he was deeply affected. A long time there came a point of the performance at which he could no longer restrain his emotion: he burst into a flood of tears, and, his sobs preventing him from remaining any longer in the box, he rose and left the theatre. I saw him similarly affected another time during the presentation of Alfieri's 'Philip' at Ravenna. —"Gli attori (specie)mente l'attrice che rappresentava *Mirra* secondava assai bene la mente del nostro grande Tragico. L. H. prese molto interesse alla rappresentazione, e si era molto. V. punt. poi della Tragedia in cui non pote più frenare la sua emozione, diede in dirotto pianto e i singhiozzi gli impedirono di stare nel palco, onde si levò, e partì dal teatro. In uno stato simile lo vidi un'altra volta a Ravenna ad una rappresentazione del Filippo d'Alfieri."

British protection in case of new invasions. think Croker would do it for us? 'To be interest in rare!! but perhaps a brother Tory line might do a good turn at the re- harmless and long absent a Whig, parti- there is no salary or burthen of any sort axed to the office.

Assure you, I should look upon it as a great but, alas! that very circumstance may, laby, operate to the contrary—indeed, it I have, at least, been an honest and an my. Amongst your many splendid govern- reasons, could not you, think you, get our ade a Consul? or make me one, that I may my Vice. You may be assured that, in dents in Italy, he would be no feeble adjunct would think, if you knew his patrimony.

is all this about Tom Moore? but why since the state of my own affairs would not to be of use to him, though they are greatly since 1816, and may, with some more luck to prudence, become quite clear. It seems nance American merchants? There goes Moore abused America. It is always long run.—Time, the Avenger. You have a trampler down, in turn, from Buonaparte lest individuals. You saw how some were ten upon my insignificance, and how in a paid for his atrocity. It is an odd world; nce's has its mainspring, after all. Primer has been repealing Lord Edward's forfeiture? Ecco un sonetto!

no father of the fatherless,
tish the hand from the throne's height, and raise
aring, who expired in other days
thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—
be a monarch, and repress
the unutterable praise
/ thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
would lift a hand, except to bless?
(not easy). Sir, and is 't not sweet
like thyself beloved? and to be
dependent by Mercy's means? for thus
overgrowth would grow but more complete,
lost thou, and yet thy people free,
by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you such as that in a hurry from Mr Fitz- You may publish it with my name, an' ye deserves all praise, bad and good; it was able piece of principality. Would you like a translation?

for silver, or for gold,
can could melt ten thousand pimples
like half a dozen dimples,
in your face we might behold,
looking, doubtless, much more anugly,
all ex a then 't would be d—d ugly.

was written on some Frenchwoman, by I believe.

"Yours."

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 2d, 1819.

"I send you a letter to R * * * rs, signed 'Wortley Clutterbuck,' which you may publish in what form you please, in answer to his article. I have had many proofs of men's absurdity, but he beats all in folly. Why, the wolf in sheep's clothing has tumbled into the very trap! We'll strip him. The letter is written in great haste, and amidst a thousand vexations. Your letter only came yesterday, so that there is no time to polish: the post goes out to-morrow. The date is 'Little Piddington.' Let * * * correct the press: he knows and can read the handwriting. Continue to keep the *anonymous* about 'Juan'; it helps us to fight against overwhelming numbers. I have a thousand distractions at present; so excuse haste, and wonder I can act or write at all. Answer by post, as usual.

"Yours.

"P.S. If I had had time, and been quieter and nearer, I would have cut him to hash; but as it is, you can judge for yourselves."

The letter to the Reviewer, here mentioned, had its origin in rather an amusing circumstance. In the First Canto of *Don Juan* appeared the following passage:—

* For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed My Grandmother's Review,—the British

* I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor:
Yet if my gentle Muse be please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money *

On the appearance of the Poem, the learned editor of the Review in question allowed himself to be decoyed into the ineffable absurdity of taking the charge as serious, and, in his succeeding number, came forth with an indignant contradiction of it. To this tempting subject the letter, written so hastily off at Bologna, related; but, though printed for Mr Murray, in a pamphlet consisting of twenty-three pages, it was never published. * Being valuable, however, as one of the best specimens we have of Lord Byron's simple and thoroughly English prose, I shall here preserve some extracts from it.

* TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH REVIEW.

"MY DEAR H—TS,

"As a believer in the Church of England—to say nothing of the State—I have been an occasional reader, and great admirer, though not a subscriber to your Review. But I do not know that any arti

* It has appeared, however, I understand, in some of the foreign editions of his lordship's works.

cle of its contents ever gave me much surprise till the eleventh of your late twenty-seventh number made its appearance. You have there most manfully refuted a calumnious accusation of bribery and corruption, the credence of which in the public mind might not only have damaged your reputation as a clergyman and an editor, but, what would have been still worse, have injured the circulation of your journal; which, I regret to hear, is not so extensive as the 'purity (as you well observe) of its, &c. &c.' and the present taste for propriety, would induce us to expect. The charge itself is of a solemn nature, and, although in verse, is couched in terms of such circumstantial gravity as to induce a belief little short of that generally accorded to the thirty-nine articles, to which you so generously subscribed on taking your degrees. It is a charge the most revolting to the heart of man from its frequent occurrence; to the mind of a statesman from its occasional truth; and to the soul of an editor from its moral impossibility. You are charged then in the last line of one octave stanza, and the whole eight lines of the next, viz. 209th and 210th of the First Canto of that 'pestilent poem,' Don Juan, with receiving, and still more foolishly acknowledging, the receipt of certain monies to eulogise the unknown author, who by this account must be known to you, if to nobody else. An impeachment of this nature, so seriously made, there is but one way of refuting; and it is my firm persuasion, that whether you did or did not (and I believe that you did not) receive the said monies, of which I wish that he had specified the sum, you are quite right in denying all knowledge of the transaction. If charges of this nefarious description are to go forth, sanctioned by all the solemnity of circumstance, and guaranteed by the veracity of verse (as Counsellor Phillips would say), what is to become of readers hitherto implicitly confident in the not less veracious prose of our critical journals? what is to become of the reviews? and, if the reviews fail, what is to become of the editors? It is common cause, and you have done well to sound the alarm. I myself, in my humble sphere, will be one of your echoes. In the words of the tragedian Liston, 'I love a row,' and you seem justly determined to make one.

"It is barely possible, certainly improbable, that the writer might have been in jest; but this only aggravates his crime. A joke, the proverb says, 'breaks no bones;' but it may break a bookseller, or it may be the cause of bones being broken. The jest is but a bad one at the best for the author, and might have been a still worse one for you, if your copious contradiction did not certify to all whom it may concern your own indignant innocence, and the immaculate purity of the British Review. I do not doubt your word, my dear R—ts; yet I cannot help wishing that, in a case of such vital importance, it had assumed the more substantial shape of an affidavit sworn before the Lord Mayor Atkins, who readily receives any deposition; and doubtless would have brought it in some way as evidence of the designs of the Reformers to set fire to London, at the same time that he himself meditates the same good office towards the river Thames.

"I recollect hearing, soon after the publication,

this subject discussed at the ten-table of Mr * poet,—and Mrs and the Misses * * * being corner of the room perusing the proof sheet Mr ***'s poems, the male part of the *conversers* were at liberty to make some observations on poem and passage in question, and there was difference of opinion. Some thought the allusion to the 'British Critic;' others, that by the expressive 'My Grandmother's Review,' it was intimated 'my grandmother' was not the reader of the *Review*; but actually the writer; thereby insinuating, as Mr R—ts, that you were an old woman; but as people often say, 'Jeffrey's Review,' 'Cobbett's Review,' in lieu of Edinburgh and Quarterly, so Grandmother's Review' and R—ts' might be synonymous. Now, whatever colour this insinuation might derive from the circumstance of your wearing a gown, as well as from your time of life, your style, and various passages of your writings, I will take upon myself to exculpate you from all view of the kind, and assert, without calling Mrs. R. in testimony, that if ever you should be charged with you will pass through all the previous ceremonies with as much credit as any pontiff since the coronation of Joan. It is very unfair to judge of your writings, particularly from those of the British Review. We are all liable to be deceived, and it is an indisputable fact that many of the best articles in your journal, which were attributed to a veteran, were actually written by you yourself, and every day there are people who could never find a difference. But let us return to the more important question.

"I agree with you that it is impossible I should be the author, not only because, as a peer and a British poet, it would be impracticable for him to have recourse to such facetious fiction for some other reasons which you have enumerated. In the first place, his lordship has no mother. Now the author—and we may believe in this—doth expressly state that the 'British Grandmother's Review;' and if, as I think, I distinctly proved, this was not a mere figuration to your supposed intellectual age and my dear friend, it follows, whether you be she or that there is such an elderly lady still extant.

"Shall I give you what I think a prudent opinion? I don't mean to insinuate, God forbid! but if, by accident, there should have been such a correspondence between you and the unknown author, I ever he may be, send him back his money; I don't think he will be very glad to have it again; it costs much, considering the value of the article and the circulation of the journal; and you are too modest to give your praise beyond its real worth:—don't be in a hurry to know you won't, at this appraisalment of powers of eulogy; for, on the other hand, my fellow, depend upon it your abuse is worth, on its own weight, that's a feather, but your words are gold. So don't spare it; if he has bargained for it, give it handsomely, and depend upon your doing a friendly office.

"What the motives of this writer may have been for (as you magnificently translate his quizzing)

with the particularity which belongs to fact, y of a groundless fiction,' (do, pray, my dear a little less 'in King Cambyzes' vein) I cannot to say; perhaps to laugh at you, but that soon for your benevolently making all the also. I approve of your being angry; I tell angry too, but you should not have shown agnosity. Your solemn 'if somebody per- the Editor of the, &c. &c. has received from or from any other person,' reminds me of Jackson's usual exordium when people came inners to hear him sing without paying their the reckoning—'if a maun, or *ony* maun, or r maun,' &c. &c.; you have both the same t eloquence. But, why should you think would personate you? Nobody would such a prank who ever read your compo- and perhaps not many who have heard your ion. But I have been inoculated with a our prolixity. The fact is, my dear R——is, rbody has tried to make a fool of you, and did not succeed in doing, you have done for or yourself."

In the latter end of August, Count Guiccioli, sired by his lady, went for a short time to e of his Romagnese estates, while Lord mained at Bologna alone. And here, with a tened and excited by the new feeling that a possession of him, he appears to have given p, during this interval of solitude, to a train shy and impassioned thought such as, for a night back all the romance of his youthful hat spring of natural tenderness within his ith neither the world's efforts nor his own a able to chill or choke up, was now, with g of its first freshness, set flowing once more. knew what it was to love and be loved,— it is true, for happiness, and too wrongly for et with devotion enough, on the part of the to satisfy even his thirst for affection, and d earnestness, on his own, a foreboding fide- ch made him cling but the more passionately tachment from feeling that it would be his

unstance which he himself used to mention g occurred at this period will show how ering, at times, was the rush of melancholy heart. It was his fancy, during Madame i's absence from Bologna, to go daily to her t his usual hour of visiting her, and there, her apartments to be opened, to sit turning r books, and writing in them." He would ead into her garden, where he passed hours g; and it was on an occasion of this kind, as

(These notes, written at the end of the 5th chapter, of *Corinne* ("Fragments des Pensées de Corinne")

was:—

"Madame de Stael well,—better than she knew at I little thought that, one day, I should think thoughts, in the country where she has laid the her most attractive productions. She is some- et, and often wrong, about Italy and England; at always true in delineating the heart, which is of nation, and of no country,—or, rather, of all.

"BYRON.

"Bologna, August 23, 1819.

he stood looking, in a state of unconscious reverie, into one of those fountains so common in the gardens of Italy, that there came suddenly into his mind such desolate fancies, such bodings of the misery he might bring on her he loved, by that doom which (as he has himself written) "makes it fatal to be loved,"²² that, overwhelmed with his own thoughts, he burst into an agony of tears.

During the same few days it was that he wrote in the last page of Madame Guiccioli's copy of "*Corinne*" the following remarkable note:—

"My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and *others* will not understand them,—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognize the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to *what* purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had staid there, with all my heart,—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

"But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me,—at least, you *say so*, and *act* as if you *did so*, which last is a great consolation in all events. But I more than love you, and cannot cease to love you.

"Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us,—but they never will, unless you *wish* it.

"BYRON.

"Bologna, August 25, 1819."

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 31, 1819.

"I wrote to you by last post, enclosing a buffooning letter for publication, addressed to the buffoon R——is, who has thought proper to tie a canister to his own tail. It was written off-hand, and in the midst of circumstances not very favourable to facetiousness, so that there may, perhaps, be more bitterness than enough for that sort of small acid punch:—you will tell me.

"Keep the *anonymous*, in any case: it helps what fun there may be. But if the matter grows serious about *Don Juan*, and you feel *yourself* in a scrape, or *me* either, *own that I am the author*. I will never *shrink*; and if you do, I can always answer

"Oh Love! what is it, in this world of ours,

Which makes it fatal to be loved? ah, why

With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers,

And made thy best intertoter a sigh?

As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,

And place them on their breasts—but place to die—

Thus the frail brings we would fondly cherish

Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

you in the question of Guatimozin to his minister—each being on his own coals.*

"I wish that I had been in better spirits; but I am out of sorts, out of nerves, and now and then (I begin to fear) out of my senses. All this Italy has done for me, and not England: I defy all you, and your climate to bout, to make me mad. But if ever I do really become a bedlamite, and wear a strait waistcoat, let me be brought back among you; your people will then be proper company.

"I assure you what I here say and feel has nothing to do with England, either in a literary or personal point of view. All my present pleasures or plagues are as Italian as the opera. And after all, they are but trifles; for all this arises from my 'Dama's' being in the country for three days (at Capo-fiume). But as I could never live but for one human being at a time (and I assure you, *that one* has never been *myself*, as you may know by the consequences, for the *selfish* are *successful* in life), I feel alone and unhappy.

"I have sent for my daughter from Venice, and I ride daily, and walk in a garden, under a purple canopy of grapes, and sit by a fountain, and talk with the gardener of his tools, which seem greater than Adam's, and with his wife, and with his son's wife, who is the youngest of the party, and, I think, talks best of the three. Then I revisit the Campo Santo, and my old friend, the sexton, has two—but *one* the prettiest daughter imaginable; and I amuse myself with contrasting her beautiful and innocent face of fifteen with the skulls with which he has peopled several cells, and particularly with that of one skulldated 1766, which was once covered (the tradition goes) by the most lovely features of Bologna—noble and rich. When I look at these, and at this girl—when I think of what *they were*, and what she must be—why, then, my dear Murray, I won't shock you by saying what I think. It is little matter what becomes of us 'bearded men,' but I don't like the notion of a beautiful woman's lasting less than a beautiful tree—than her own picture—her own shadow, which won't change so to the sun as her face to the mirror.—I must leave off, for my head aches consumedly. I have never been quite well since the night of the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra*, a fortnight ago.

"Yours ever."

LETTER CCCXL.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 29, 1819.

"I have been in a rage these two days, and am still bitious therefrom. You shall hear. A captain of dragoons, **, Hanoverian by birth, in the Papal troops at present, whom I had obliged by a loan when nobody would lend him a paul, recommended a horse to me, on sale by a Lieutenant **, an officer who unites the sale of cattle to the purchase of men. I bought it. The next day, on shoeing the horse, we discovered the *thrush*,—the animal being warranted sound. I went to reclaim the contract and the money. The lieutenant desired to speak with me in person.

* "Am I now reposing on a bed of flowers?"—See ROBERTSON.

I consented. He came. It was his own request. He began a story. I asked him if I return the money. He said no—but he would change. He asked an exorbitant price for horses. I told him that he was a thief. He was an *officer* and a man of honour, and had a Parmesan passport signed by General Cordero. I answered, that as he was an officer, I should treat him as such; and that as to his being a man, he might prove it by returning the money for his Parmesan passport, I should have more if it had been a Parmesan cheese. He answered in high terms, and said that if it was *morning* (it was about eight o'clock in the evening) he would have *satisfaction*. I then lost my temper. 'As for THAT,' I replied, 'you shall have it—it will be *mutual satisfaction*, I can assure you. You are a thief, and, as you say, an officer. Your tools are in the next room loaded; take your candles, examine, and make your choice of them.' He replied that *pistols were English weapons*, and that he always fought with the *sword*. I told him I was not able to accommodate him, having three rapier-swords in a drawer near us; and he might as well have put himself on guard.

"All this passed in presence of a third person, who then said *No*, but to-morrow morning he would come to me the meeting at any time or place. I thought that it was not usual to appoint meetings in the presence of witnesses, and that we had best appoint a man, and appoint time and instruments. The man present was leaving the room, the Lieutenant **, before he could shut the door after him, was roaring 'help and murder' most lustily, as a sort of hysteric in the arms of about fifty who all saw that I had no weapon of any kind about me, and followed him, asking 'where the devil was the matter with him. Nothing to do: he ran away without his hat, and went to the devil of the fright. He then tried his complaint as a lie, which dismissed it as frivolous. He is, I suppose, gone away, or going.

"The horse was warranted, but, I believed worded that the villain will not be obliged to return it according to law. He endeavoured to raise an indictment of assault and battery, but as it was a public inn, in a frequented street, there were too many witnesses to the contrary; and, as a military man, he has not cut a martial figure, even in the eyes of the priests. He ran off in such a hurry that he lost his hat, and never missed it till he got to his inn. The facts are as I tell you, I can assure you. He began by 'coming Captain Grand over me, and should never have thought of trying his 'cavalry fence.' But what could I do? He talked of *satisfaction*, and his commission; he produced a military passport; there are severe punishments for *regular duels* on the continent, and trifling for *rencontres*, so that it is best to fight it out: he had robbed, and then wanted to insult me. What could I do? My patience was gone, and the matter at hand, fair and equal. Besides, it was just dinner-time, when my digestion was bad, and I did not wish to be disturbed. His friend ** is at Forlì; I met on my way back to Ravenna. The latter seems the greater rogue of the two; and if my

away like Acres's—'Odds flints and if it should be a rainy morning, and my disorder, there may be something for the

say. 'Sir Lucius, do not you look upon me as a used gentleman?' I send my Lieutenant Mr. Hobhouse's Major Cartwright: and so now to you, good master Lieutenant.' And to other things, I will write soon, but I am quarrelling and fooling till I can scribble no

month of September, Count Guiccioli, being by business to Ravenna, left his young and her lover to the free enjoyment of each other at Bologna. The lady's ill health, which had been the cause of her thus remaining behind, was thought soon after to require the still furtherance of a removal to Venice, and the Count, being written to on the subject, with the most complaisant readiness, that she should thither in company with Lord Byron. "I was," says the lady's own Memoir, "called Count Guiccioli to Ravenna, I was in the state of my health, instead of accompanying him to return to Venice, and he consented that Byron should be the companion of my journey. We left Bologna on the fifteenth of September, visited the Euganean Hills and Arquà, and our names in the book which is presented to make this pilgrimage. But I cannot recollect these recollections of happiness;—the contrast of the present is too dreadful. If a blessed moment in the full enjoyment of heavenly happiness sent down to this earth to suffer all its pains, the contrast could not be more dreadful between the past and the present, than what I have known the moment when that terrible word was said, and I for ever lost the hope of again seeing him, one look from whom I valued beyond all happiness. When I arrived at Venice, Count Guiccioli ordered that I should try the country house of Lord Byron having a villa at La Mira, gave me, and came to reside there with me. At the end of the autumn, and there I had the pleasure of forming your acquaintance." "My good fortune, at this period, in the course of my long and hasty tour through the north of Italy,

Count Guiccioli doveva per affari ritornare a Ravenna, e la mia salute esigeva che io ritornassi in Italia. Egli accettò dunque che Lord Byron, compagno di viaggio, partisse da Bologna all'indomani insieme a Colla Euganea ed Arquà: e io restai nella villa che si presenta a quelli che vengono a visitarla. Ma sopra tali rimembranze non posso fermarmi, con Signor Moore: l'impresione è troppo forte, e se un'anima benedetta è condannata a tutte le felicità celesti, forse non può a sopportare tutte le miserie della terra, non potrebbe sentire più terribile cosa il passato il presente di quello che io sento nella terribile parola è giunta alle mie orecchie, e quando la speranza di più vedere quello di cui ho avuto per me più di tutte le felicità della vita a Venezia i miei mi ordinavano di respirare compagnia. Egli aveva una villa alla Mira,—la villa, e restò meco. La passammo l'autunno, e non di fare la vostra conoscenza."—MS.

to pass five or six days with Lord Byron at Venice. I had written to him on my way thither to announce my coming, and to say how happy it would make me could I tempt him to accompany me as far as Rome.

During my stay at Geneva, an opportunity had been afforded me of observing the exceeding readiness with which even persons the least disposed to be prejudiced gave an ear to any story relating to Lord Byron, in which the proper portions of odium and romance were but plausibly mingled. In the course of conversation, one day, with the late, amiable and enlightened Monsieur D * *, that gentleman related, with much feeling, to my fellow-traveller and myself, the details of a late act of seduction of which Lord Byron had, he said, been guilty, and which was made to comprise within itself all the worst features of such unmanly frauds upon innocence;—the victim, a young unmarried lady, of one of the first families of Venice, whom the noble seducer had lured from her father's house to his own, and, after a few weeks, most inhumanly turned her out of doors. In vain, said the relater, did she entreat to become his servant, his slave:—in vain did she ask to remain in some dark corner of his mansion, from which she might be able to catch a glimpse of his form as he passed. Her betrayer was obdurate, and the unfortunate young lady, in despair at being thus abandoned by him, threw herself into the canal, from which she was taken out but to be consigned to a mad-house. Though convinced that there must be considerable exaggeration in this story, it was only on my arrival at Venice I ascertained that the whole was a romance; and that out of the circumstances (already laid before the reader) connected with Lord Byron's fantastic and, it must be owned, discreditable fancy for the Fornarina, this pathetic tale, so implicitly believed at Geneva, was fabricated.

Having parted, at Milan, with Lord John Russell, whom I had accompanied from England, and whom I was to rejoin, after a short visit to Rome, at Genoa, I made purchase of a small and (as it soon proved) crazy travelling carriage, and proceeded alone on my way to Venice. My time being limited, I stopped no longer at the interesting places than was sufficient to hurry over their respective wonders, and, leaving Padua at noon on the 8th of October, I found myself, about two o'clock, at the door of my friend's villa, at La Mira. He was but just up, and in his bath; but the servant having announced my arrival, he returned a message that, if I would wait till he was dressed, he would accompany me to Venice. The interval I employed in conversing with my old acquaintance, Fletcher, and in viewing, under his guidance, some of the apartments of the villa.

It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance, and the delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, any idea of what it could be when under the influence of such pleasurable excitement

as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change,—having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a "faccia di musico," as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap,—all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humour, which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvedere Apollo had become still more striking.

His breakfast, which I found he rarely took before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily despatched,—his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time, as my readers already know, living under the same roof with him at La Mira; and who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first short interview, of intelligence and amiableness, such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm.

We now started together, Lord Byron and myself, in my little Milanesè vehicle, for Fusina,—his portly gondolier Tita, in a rich livery and most redundant mustachios, having seated himself on the front of the carriage, to the no small trial of its strength, which had already once given way, even under my own weight, between Verona and Vicenza. On our arrival at Fusina, my noble friend, from his familiarity with all the details of the place, had it in his power to save me both trouble and expense in the different arrangements relative to the custom house, remise, &c.; and the good natured assiduity with which he bustled about in despatching these matters gave me an opportunity of observing, in his use of the infirm limb, a much greater degree of activity than I had ever before, except in sparring, witnessed.

As we proceeded across the Lagoon in his gondola, the sun was just setting, and it was an evening such as Romance would have chosen for a first sight of Venice, rising "with her tiara of bright towers" above the wave; while, to complete, as my be imagined, the solemn interest of the scene, I beheld it in company with him who had lately given a new life to its glories, and sung of that fair City of the Sea thus gradually:

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs.
A palace and a prison on each hand.
I saw from out the many bar structures rise
As from the stroke of the executioner's sword
A thousand years their cloudy windows opened
Around me, and a dying glory smiled
O'er the fair times, when many a captive had
Look'd to the winged lion's marble eyes.
Where Venice sat in state, throng'd on her benches.

But, whatever emotions the first sight of the scene might, under other circumstances, have mingled with, the mood of mind in which I saw it was altogether the very reverse of what might have been expected. The exuberant gaiety of conversation, and the recollections,—any thing not too painful into which our conversation wandered, so far from completely to flight all poetical and sentimental associations; and our course was, I am almost tempted to say, one of uninterrupted merriment, until we found ourselves at the steps of my hotel, under the lazzo on the Grand Canal. All that had happened, of gay or ridiculous, during our journey together,—his scrapes and my levities,—our adventures with the Borea and Rocco, his great enemies, as he always called them, his happiness,—our joyous nights together at Kinnaird's, &c. and "that d—d dinner" which ought to have been a dinner,—all came rapidly in review between us, and with a mixture of merriment and hilarity, on his side, of which I have been difficult, even for persons to whom I can pretend to be, not to have caught the spirit.

He had all along expressed his desire, that I should not go to any hotel, but to remain at his house during the period of my visit. He had been residing there himself, and he thought it would have been all that I most desired, but not being the case, a common hotel would have been a far readier resource; and I thought that he would allow me to order an apartment in Gran Bretagna, which had the reputation of being a comfortable hotel. To this he would not hear of; and, as an alternative, to agree to his plan, said that, as long as I stayed, though he should be obliged to come to Mira in the evenings, he would not fail to come to Venice every day and dine with me. He now turned into the dismal canal, and, leaving his damp-looking mansion, my friend Gran Bretagna returned in full force, and he ventured to hint that it would save an amount of trouble to let me proceed thither. He answered,—“I see you think you’d be comfortable here; but you’ll find that it will be so bad as you expect.”

As I groped my way after him through the hall, he cried out, “Keep clear of the dog, for we had proceeded many paces before he came, or that monkey will fly at you,” as a proof, among many others, of his being a taste of his youth, as it agrees perfectly with the description of his life at Newstead, in the sort of menagerie which his enemies had encountered in their progress through his life. He escaped these dangers, I followed him to the case to the apartment destined for me. As he had been despatching servants to remove

to procure me a *laquais de place*; and I requested Mr Alexander Scott, to whom I gave me in charge; while a third was his Segretario to come to him. "So, my Segretario?" I said. "Yes," he said, "a fellow who *can't write*—but such as those pompous people give to things." I had reached the door of the apartment and was to be locked, and, to all appearance, so for some time, as the key could not be turned in a circumstance which, to my English mind, naturally connected itself with notions of desolation, and I again sighed inwardly at the delay in Bretagne. Impatient at the delay of my noble host, with one of his humorous sallies, gave a vigorous kick to the door and in an instant we at once entered into an apartment only spacious and elegant, but wanting all comfort and habitableness which to a stranger is as welcome as it is rare. "Here," he said, "these are the rooms I use myself, and I mean to establish you."

I ordered dinner from some Trattoria, and my arrival—as well as that of Mr Alexander, whom he had invited to join us—we went on the balcony, in order that, before the day was quite gone, I might have some glimpses of the Canal presented. Happening to look up at the clouds, which were of a deep red, that "what had struck me in the way of that peculiar rosy hue—" I pronounced the word "*rosy*," when Lord Byron, putting his hand on my mouth, said, with a smile, "don't do it, Tom, *don't* be poetical." A few gondolas passing at the time, there was some distance, in which sat two gentlemen, the appearance of being English; and, as we looked our way, Lord Byron, putting his hand to his eye, said with a sort of comic swagger, "John Bull, knew who the two fellows were sitting up here, I think you *would stare*!" Assuming these things, though aware how they turned against myself, for the sake of the indescribable traits of manner and which they convey. After a very agreeable conversation, through which the jest, the story, and were almost uninterruptedly carried on, he took leave of us to return to La Mira, and I went to one of the theatres, to see of Alfieri.

My evenings, during my stay, were passed in the same manner,—my mornings being devoted to the kind superintendence of Mr Scott, and, I fear, unprofitable view of the treasures with which Venice abounds. On the painting and sculpture Lord Byron has, in his letters, expressed strongly and, as to me, will appear, heretofore his opinions. However, of a due appreciation of these, resembled some of his great predecessors of poetry,—both Tasso and Milton, for they evinced so little tendency to such

tastes,* that, throughout the whole of their pages, there is not, I fear, one single allusion to any of those great masters of the pencil and chisel, whose works, nevertheless, both had seen. That Lord Byron, though despising the imposture and jargon with which the worship of the Arts is, like other worships, clogged and mystified, felt deeply, more especially in sculpture, whatever imaged forth true grace and energy, appears from passages of his poetry which are in every body's memory, and not a line of which but thrills alive with a sense of grandeur and beauty such as it never entered into the capacity of a mere connoisseur even to conceive.

In reference to this subject, as we were conversing one day after dinner about the various collections I had visited that morning, on my saying that fearful as I was, at all times, of praising any picture, lest I should draw upon myself the connoisseur's sneer for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan which—"The Hagar!" he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was in fact this very picture I was about to mention as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the chefs-d'œuvre of Venice. It was with no small degree of pride and pleasure I now discovered that my noble friend had felt equally with myself the affecting mixture of sorrow and reproach with which the woman's eyes tell the whole story in that picture.

On the second evening of my stay, Lord Byron having, as before, left us for La Mira, I most willingly accepted the offer of Mr Scott to introduce me to the conversazioni of the two celebrated ladies, with whose names, as leaders of Venetian fashion, the tourists to Italy have made every body acquainted. To the Countess A's parties Lord Byron had chiefly confined himself during the first winter he passed at Venice; but the tone of conversation at these small meetings being much too learned for his tastes, he was induced, the following year, to discontinue his attendance at them, and chose, in preference, the less erudite, but more easy, society of the Countess B's. Of the sort of learning sometimes displayed by the "blue" visitants at Madame A's, a circumstance mentioned by the noble poet himself may afford some idea. The conversation happening to turn, one evening, upon the statue of Washington, by Canova, which had been just shipped off for the United States, Madame A, who was then engaged in compiling a Description raisonnée of Canova's works, and was anxious for in-

* That this was the case with Milton is acknowledged by Richardson, who admired both Milton and the Arts too warmly to make such an admission upon any but solid grounds. "He does not appear," says this writer, "to have much regarded what was done with the pencil, not even when in Italy, in Rome, in the Vatican. Neither does it seem Sculpture was much esteemed by him." After an authority like this, the theories of Hayley and others, with respect to the impressions left upon Milton's mind by the works of art he had seen in Italy, are hardly worth a thought.

Though it may be conceded that Dante was an admirer of the arts, his recommendation of the Apocryphal to Giotto, as a source of subjects for the pencil, shows, at least, what indifferent judges poets are, in general, of the sort of fancies fitted to be embodied by the painter.

Segretario is sometimes given, as in this instance, to a house steward.

formation respecting the subject of this statue, requested that some of her learned guests would detail to her all they knew of him. This task a Signor * * (author of a book on Geography and Statistics) undertook to perform, and, after some other equally sage and authentic details, concluded by informing her that "Washington was killed in a duel by Burke."—"What," exclaimed Lord Byron, as he stood biting his lips with impatience during this conversation, "what, in the name of folly, are you all thinking of?"—for he now recollected the famous duel between Hamilton and Colonel Burr, whom, it was evident, this learned worthy had confounded with Washington and Burke!

In addition to the motives easily conceivable for exchanging such a society for one that offered, at least, repose from such erudite efforts, there was also another cause more immediately leading to the discontinuance of his visits to Madame A * *. This lady, who has been sometimes honoured with the title of "the De Stael of Italy," had written a book called "Portraits," containing sketches of the characters of various persons of note; and it being her intention to introduce Lord Byron into this assemblage, she had it intimated to his lordship that an article in which his portraiture had been attempted was to appear in a new edition she was about to publish of her work. It was expected, of course, that this intimation would awaken in him some desire to see the sketch; but, on the contrary, he was provoking enough not to manifest the least symptoms of curiosity. Again and again was the same hint, with as little success, conveyed; till, at length, on finding that no impression could be produced in this manner, a direct offer was made, in Madame A * *'s own name, to submit the article to his perusal. He could now contain himself no longer. With more sincerity than politeness, he returned for answer to the lady, that he was by no means ambitious of appearing in her work; that, from the shortness, as well as the distant nature of their acquaintance, it was impossible she could have qualified herself to be his portrait-painter, and that, in short, she could not oblige him more than by committing the article to the flames.

Whether the tribute thus unceremoniously treated ever met the eyes of Lord Byron, I know not; but he could hardly, I think, had he seen it, have escaped a slight touch of remorse at having thus spurned from him a portrait drawn in no unfriendly spirit, and, though affectedly expressed, seizing some of the less obvious features of his character,—as, for instance, that diffidence so little to be expected from a career like his,—with the discriminating meanness of a female hand. The following are extracts from this Portrait:—

* * Tot, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,
Esprit mystérieux, Mortel, Ange, ou Démon,
Qui que tu sois, Byron, bon ou fatal génie,
J'anne de tes concerts la sauvage harmonie.

LAMARTINE.

"It would be to little purpose to dwell upon the mere beauty of a countenance in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was so conspicuous. What serenity was seated on the forehead, adorned with the finest chestnut hair, light, curling, and disposed with such art, that the art was hidden in the imita-

tion of most pleasing nature! What vision in his eyes! They were of the heavens, from which they seemed to originate. His teeth, in form, in transparency, resembled pearls; but his lips were delicately tinged with the hue of the rose, which he was in the habit of covering as much as the usages of society seemed to have been formed in a very white. His hands were as beautiful as the works of art. His figure was desired, particularly by those who valued grace than a defect in a certain light dulcation of the person when he entered of which you hardly felt tempted to imitate. Indeed it was scarcely perceptible,—were were so long.

"He was never seen to walk through Venice, nor along the pleasant banks where he spent some weeks of the summer; some who assert that he has never, from a window, the wonders of San Marco;—so powerful in him was not showing himself to be deformed in person. I, however, believe that he was on those wonders, but in the late autumn when the stupendous edifices which were illuminated by the soft and placid light appeared a thousand times more lovely.

"His face appeared tranquil like a fine spring morning; but, like it, in an instant changed into the tempestuous and passion, (a passion did I say?) a thought occurred to disturb his mind. His eyes, in their sweetness, and sparkled so that he felt to look on them. So rapid a change have been thought possible; but it is to avoid acknowledging that the nature of his mind was the tempestuous.

"What delighted him greatly one day the next; and whenever he appeared in practice of any habits, it arose merely from difference, not to say contempt, in them all: whatever they might be, it was worthy that he should occupy his thoughts. His heart was highly sensitive, and he was governed in an extraordinary degree; but his imagination carried him away, spoiled every thing. He believed in the power of the resolution that he had in common with Napoleon. It appeared in proportion as his intellectual education was neglected, his moral education was neglected; he never suffered himself to know of any restraints than those imposed by his intellect; nevertheless, who could believe that he had and almost infantine timidity, of which were so apparent as to render his conduct, notwithstanding the difficulty of associating with Lord Byron a sentiment of the appearance of modesty. Conscious that, wherever he presented himself, he was fixed on him, and all lips, particularly the lips of men, were opened to say 'There he is, Byron,'—he necessarily found himself in the position of an actor obliged to sustain a char-

under an account, not to others (for about them he gave himself no concern), but to himself, of his every action and word. This occasioned him a feeling of consciousness which was obvious to every one.

"He remarked on a certain subject (which in 1814 was the topic of universal discourse) that 'the world was now under the trouble taken in its conquest, and the spot felt at its loss,' which saying (if the worth of an expression could ever equal that of many and great ones) would almost show the thoughts and feelings of Lord Byron to be more stupendous and momentous than those of him respecting whom he spoke.

"His gymnastic exercises were sometimes violent, and at others almost nothing. His body, like his spirit, readily accommodated itself to all his inclinations. During an entire winter, he went out every morning alone to row himself to the island of Armentera, a small island situated in the midst of a tranquil lake, and distant from Venice about half a league). He enjoyed the society of those learned and hospitable monks, and to learn their difficult language; and, in the evening, entering again into his gondola, he went, but only for a couple of hours, into company. A cold winter, whenever the water of the lake was slightly agitated, he was observed to cross it, and landing in the nearest *terra firma*, to fatigue at least two horses with riding.

"No one ever heard him utter a word of French, although he was perfectly conversant with that language. He hated the nation and its modern literature; in this manner, he held the modern Italian literature in contempt, and said it possessed but one living colour,—a restriction which I know not whether to deem infamous, or false and injurious. His voice was extremely sweet and flexible. He spoke with authority, if not contradicted, but rather addressed himself to his neighbour than to the entire company.

"Very little food sufficed him; and he preferred fish to flesh for this extraordinary reason, that the latter, he said, rendered him ferocious. He disliked seeing women eat; and the cause of this extraordinary antipathy must be sought in the dread he always had, that the notion he loved to cherish of their perfection and almost divine nature might be disturbed. Being always governed by them, it would seem that his very self-love was pleased to take refuge in the idea of their excellence,—a sentiment which he now how (God knows how) to reconcile with the contempt in which, shortly afterwards, almost with a appearance of satisfaction, he seemed to hold them. But contradictions ought not to surprise us in men like Lord Byron's; and then, who does not know that the slave holds in detestation his ruler?

"Lord Byron disliked his countrymen, but only used he knew that his morals were held in contempt by them. The English, themselves rigid observers of family duties, could not pardon him the rect of his, nor his trampling on principles; therefore neither did he like being presented to them, nor they, especially when they had their wives with them, like to cultivate his acquaintance. Still there was a strong desire in all of them to see him, and the

women in particular, who did not dare to look at him but by stealth, said in an under voice, 'What a pity it is!' If, however, any of his compatriots of exalted rank and of high reputation came forward to treat him with courtesy, he showed himself obviously flattered by it, and was greatly pleased with such association. It seemed that to the wound which remained always open in his ulcerated heart, such soothing attentions were as drops of healing balm, which comforted him.

"Speaking of his marriage,—a delicate subject, but one still agreeable to him, if it was treated in a friendly voice,—he was greatly moved, and said it had been the innocent cause of all his errors and all his griefs. Of his wife he spoke with much respect and affection. He said she was an illustrious lady, distinguished for the qualities of her heart and understanding, and that all the fault of their cruel separation lay with himself. Now, was such language dictated by justice or by vanity? Does it not bring to mind the saying of Julius, that the wife of Cæsar must not even be suspected? What vanity in that saying of Cæsar! In fact, if it had not been from vanity, Lord Byron would have admitted this to no one. Of his young daughter, his dear Ada, he spoke with great tenderness, and seemed to be pleased at the great sacrifice he had made in leaving her to comfort her mother. The intense hatred he bore his mother-in-law, and a sort of Euryclæa of Lady Byron, —(two women, to whose influence he, in a great measure, attributed her estrangement from him,—demonstrated clearly how painful the separation was to him, notwithstanding some bitter pleasantries which occasionally occur in his writings against her also, dictated rather by rancour than by indifference."

From the time of his misunderstanding with Madame A * * *, the visits of the noble poet were transferred to the house of the other great rallying point of Venetian society, Madame B * * *,—a lady in whose manners, though she had long ceased to be young, there still lingered much of that attaching charm, which a youth passed in successful efforts to please seldom fails to leave behind. That those powers of pleasing, too, were not yet gone, the fidelity of, at least, one devoted admirer testified; nor is she supposed to have thought it impossible that Lord Byron himself might yet be linked on at the end of that long chain of lovers, which had, through so many years, graced the triumphs of her beauty. If, however, there could have been, in any case, the slightest chance of such a conquest, she had herself completely frustrated it by introducing her distinguished visitor to Madame Guiccioli,—a step by which she at last lost, too, even the ornament of his presence at her parties, as in consequence of some slighting conduct, on her part, towards his "Dama," he discontinued his attendance at her evening assemblies, and at the time of my visit to Venice had given up society altogether.

I could soon make a fair tone held respecting his conduct at Madame B * * *, how subversive of all the morality of intrigue they considered the late step of which he had been guilty in withdrawing his acknowledged "Amant" from the protection of her husband, and placing her, at once, under the same

roof with himself. "You must really scold the hostess herself to me; scold your friend;—all this unfortunate affair, he conducted himself so well."—a eulogy on his previous moral conduct, which, when I reported it the following day to my noble host, provoked at once a smile and sigh from his lips.

The chief subject of our conversation, when alone, was his marriage, and the load of obloquy which it had brought upon him. He was most anxious to know the worst that had been alleged of his conduct, and as this was our first opportunity of speaking together on the subject, I did not hesitate to put his candour most searchingly to the proof, not only by enumerating the various charges I had heard brought against him by others, but by specifying such portions of these charges as I had been inclined to think not incredible myself. To all this he listened with patience, and answered with the most unhesitating frankness, laughing to scorn the tales of villainy outrage related of him, but, at the same time, acknowledging that there had been in his conduct but too much to blame and regret, and stating one or two occasions, during his domestic life, when he had been irritated into letting "the breath of bitter words" escape him,—words, rather those of the unquiet spirit that possessed him than his own, and which he now evidently remembered with a degree of remorse and pain which might well have entitled them to be forgotten by others.

It was, at the same time, manifest, that whatever admissions he might be inclined to make respecting his own delinquencies, the inordinate measure of the punishment dealt out to him had sunk deeply into his mind, and, with the usual effect of such injustice, drove him also to be unjust himself;—so much so, indeed, as to impute to the quarter, to which he now traced all his ill fate, a feeling of fixed hostility to himself, which would not rest, he thought, even at his grave, but continue to persecute his memory as it was now embittering his life. So strong was this impression upon him, that during one of our few intervals of serenity, he conjured me, by our friendship, if, as he both felt and hoped, I should survive him, not to let unmerited censure settle upon his name, but, while I surrendered him up to condemnation, where he deserved it, to vindicate him where aspersed.

How groundless and wrongful were these apprehensions, the early death which he so often predicted and sighed for has enabled us, unfortunately but too soon, to testify. So far from having to defend him against any such assailants, an unworthy voice or two, from persons more injurious as friends than as enemies, is all that I find raised in hostility to his name; while by none, I am inclined to think, would a generous amnesty over his grave be more readily and cordially concurred in than by her, among whose numerous virtues a forgiving charity towards himself was the only one to which she had not yet taught him to render justice.

I have already had occasion to remark, in another part of this work, that with persons who, like Lord Byron, live centred in their own tremulous web of sensitiveness, those friends of whom they see least, and who, therefore, least frequently come in collision with them in those every day realities from which such natures shrink so morbidly, have proportionately a greater chance of retaining a hold on their affec-

tions. There is, however, in long absence one of this temperament, another danger hardly less, perhaps, to be dreaded. If friend holds in their hearts in, in near in them, in danger from their sensitiveness equally, perhaps, at the mercy of the imaginations during absence. On this I recollect once expressing my apprehension Byron, in a passage of a letter addressed short time before his death, of which is, as nearly as I can recall it, the "When with you, I feel sure of you; hence, one is often a little afraid of the victim, all of a sudden, of some of those pious, which, like meteoric stones, go selves (God knows how) in the upper imagination, and come clattering down heads, some fine sunny day, when we expecting such an invasion."

In writing thus to him, I had more recollection a fancy of this kind respect which he had, not long before my presence at Venice, taken into his head. In a I now, perhaps, forgotten publication of an account of the adventures of an Eng Paris, there had occurred the following the chief hero of the tale.

"A fine, mellow, sublime sort of Werter-ism With neustachios which gave (what we n The dear Cornair expression, half savage As hymns in love may be fancied to look A something between Abolard and old B"

On seeing this doggerel, my noble I might, indeed, with a little more thought cipated,—conceived the notion that I me ridicule on his whole race of poetic he cordingly, as I learned from persons the intercourse with him, flew out into one half humorous rage against me. This fensed himself, and, in laughing over the with me, owned that he had even gone his first moments of wrath, to contemplate retaliation for this perfidious bit at his be when I recollected," said he, "what plea give the whole tribe of blockheads and you and me turning out against each o up the idea." He was, indeed, a stril of what may be almost invariably observ who best know how to wield the weapo themselves, are the most alive to its p hands of others. I remember, one day 1813, I think,—as we were conversing to critics and their influence on the publi part," he exclaimed, "I don't care what me, so they don't quiz me." "Oh, y fear that,"—I answered, with somethin of a half suppressed smile on my featur could quiz you." You could, you vil plied, clenching his hand at me, and loo same time, with comic earnestness into n

Before I proceed any farther with m lections, I shall here take the opportunit ing some curious particulars respecting and mode of life of my friend while at an account obligingly furnished me by

ded in that city, and who, during the of Lord Byron's stay, lived on terms of intimacy with him.

He lamented that I kept no notes of his during our rides and aquatic excursions. I exceeded the vivacity and variety of his or the cheerfulness of his manner. His surrounding objects were always original, particularly striking was the quickness he availed himself of every circumstance, big in itself, and such as would have notice of almost any other person, to it in such arguments as we might chance in. He was feelingly alive to the nature, and took great interest in any which, as a dabbler in the arts, I vent upon the effects of light and shadow, produced in the colour of objects by in the atmosphere.

where we usually mounted our horses in the cemetery: but the French, during of Venice, had thrown down the and levelled all the tombstones with the that they might not interfere with upon the Lido, under the guns of situated. To this place, as it was that where he alighted from his gondola horses, the curious amongst our country were anxious to obtain a glimpse of resort; and it was amusing in the excess the excessive coolness with which it as gentlemen, would advance within of him, eyeing him, some with their they would have done a statue in a mud-brained beast at Exeter Change. However might be to a man's vanity, Lord Byron bore it very patiently, expressed believe he really was, excessively an-

and that our usual ride was along the that the spot where we took horse, and mounted, had been a cemetery. It will be remembered, that some caution was necessary of the broken tombstones, and that it was an awkward place for horses to pass. of our ride was not very great, scarcely miles in all, we seldom rode fast, that least prolong its duration, and enjoy as the refreshing air of the Adriatic. we were leisurely returning homewards, all at once, and without saying any set spurs to his horse and started off at taking the greatest haste he could get. I could not conceive what fit had and had some difficulty in keeping even a small distance of him, while I looked to discover, if I were able, what could be his unusual precipitation. At length I some distance two or three gentlemen, riding along the opposite side of the the Lagoon, parallel with him, towards hoping to get there in time to see him race actually took place between them, to out strip them. In this he, in fact, did, throwing himself quickly from his into his gondola, of which he hastily

closed the blinds, ensconcing himself in a corner so as not to be seen. For my own part, not choosing to risk my neck over the ground I have spoken of, I followed more leisurely as soon as I came amongst the gravestones, but got to the place of embarkation just at the same moment with my curious countrymen, and in time to witness their disappointment at having had their run for nothing. I found him exulting in his success in outstripping them. He expressed in strong terms his annoyance at what he called their impertinence, whilst I could not but laugh at his impatience, as well as at the mortification of the unfortunate pedestrians, whose eagerness to see him, I said, was, in my opinion, highly flattering to him. That, he replied, depended on the feeling with which they came, and he had not the vanity to believe that they were influenced by any admiration of his character or of his abilities, but that they were impelled merely by idle curiosity. Whether it was so or not, I cannot help thinking that if they had been of the other sex, he would not have been so eager to escape from their observation, as in that case he would have repaid them glance for glance.

"The curiosity that was expressed by all classes of travellers to see him, and the eagerness with which they endeavoured to pick up any anecdotes of his mode of life, were carried to a length which will hardly be credited. It formed the chief subject of their inquiries of the gondoliers who conveyed them from terra firma to the floating city; and these people, who are generally loquacious, were not at all backward in administering to the taste and humours of their passengers, relating to them the most extravagant and often unfounded stories. They took care to point out the house where he lived, and to give such hints of his movements as might afford them an opportunity of seeing him. Many of the English visitors, under pretext of seeing his house, in which there were no paintings of any consequence, nor, besides himself, any thing worthy of notice, contrived to obtain admittance through the cupidity of his servants, and with the most barefaced impudence forced their way even into his bedroom, in the hopes of seeing him. Hence arose, in a great measure, his bitterness towards them, which he has expressed in a note to one of his poems, on the occasion of some unfounded remark made upon him by an anonymous traveller in Italy; and it certainly appears well calculated to foster that cynicism which prevails in his latter works more particularly, and which, as well as the misanthropical expressions that occur in those which first raised his reputation, I do not believe to have been his natural feeling. Of this I am certain, that I never witnessed greater kindness than in Lord Byron.

"The inmates of his family were all extremely attached to him, and would have endured any thing on his account. He was indeed culpably lenient to them; for even when instances occurred of their neglecting their duty, or taking an undue advantage of his good-nature, he rather bantered than spoke seriously to them upon it, and could not bring himself to discharge them, even when he had threatened to do so. An instance occurred within my knowledge of his unwillingness to act harshly towards a tradesman whom he had materially assisted, not only by lending

him money, but by forwarding his interest in every way that he could. Notwithstanding repeated acts of kindness on Lord Byron's part, this man robbed and cheated him in the most barefaced manner, and when at length Lord Byron was induced to sue him at law for the recovery of his money, the only punishment he inflicted upon him, when sentence against him was passed, was to put him in prison for one week, and then to let him out again, although his debtor had subjected him to a considerable additional expense, by dragging him into all the different courts of appeal, and that he never at last recovered one halfpenny of the money owed to him. Upon this subject he writes to me from Ravenna. "If * * is in (prison), let him out; if out, put him in for a week, merely for a lesson, and give him a good lecture."

"He was also ever ready to assist the distressed, and he was most unostentatious in his charities: for besides considerable sums which he gave away to applicants at his own house, he contributed largely by weekly and monthly allowances to persons whom he had never seen, and who, as the money reached them by other hands, did not even know who was their benefactor. One or two instances might be adduced where his charity certainly bore an appearance of ostentation; one particularly when he sent fifty louis-d'or to a poor printer whose house had been burnt to the ground, and all his property destroyed; but even this was not unattended with advantage; for it in a manner compelled the Austrian authorities to do something for the poor sufferer, which I have no hesitation in saying they would not have done otherwise; and I attribute it entirely to the publicity of his donation, that they allowed the man the use of an unoccupied house belonging to the government until he could rebuild his own, or re-establish his business elsewhere. Other instances might be perhaps discovered where his liberalities proceeded from selfish, and not very worthy motives; * but these are rare, and it would be unjust in the extreme to assume them as proofs of his character."

It has been already mentioned that, in writing to my noble friend to announce my coming, I had expressed a hope that he would be able to go on with me to Rome; and I had the gratification of finding, on my arrival, that he was fully prepared to enter into this plan. On becoming acquainted, however, with all the details of his present situation, I so far sacrificed my own wishes and pleasure as to advise strongly that he should remain at La Mira. In the first place, I saw reason to apprehend that his leaving Madame Guiccioli at this crisis might be the means of drawing upon him the suspicion of neglecting, if not actually deserting, a young person who had just sacrificed so much to her love for him, and whose position, at this moment, between husband and lover, it required all the generous prudence of the latter to shield from further shame or fall. There had just occurred too, as it appeared to me, a most favourable opening for the retrieval of, at least, the imprudent part of the transaction, by replacing the lady instantly under her husband's protection, and thus enabling her still to

retain that station in society which, in nothing but such imprudence could have

This latter hope had been suggested to me one day showed me (as we were dining alone, at the well-known Pellegrino), who the morning been received by the Count's husband, and the chief object of which was to express any censure of her conduct, but that she should prevail upon her noble husband to transfer into his keeping a sum of £1000, then lying, if I remember right, in the hands of Byron's banker at Ravenna, but which the Count professed to think would be more safely placed in his own. Security, the Count would be given, and five per cent. interest to accept of the sum on any other terms but to be an "avvilimento" to him. The Count regarded the lady herself, who has since made the most noble sacrifice, how perfectly dissimilar her feelings throughout, this trait of so dissimilar a character in her lord must have increased her disgust at returning to him. Important did it seem, as well for her father as her own, to retrace, while there was yet time, the last imprudent step, that even the small sum, which I saw would materially facilitate the arrangement, did not appear to me by any means high a price to pay for it. On this point, my noble friend entirely differed with me; he could be more humorous and amusing than I, and in which, in his newly assumed character of lover of money, he dilated on the three thousand pounds, and his determination to purchase with a single one of them to Count Guiccioli's confidence, too, in his own power of extricating from this difficulty he spoke with equal confidence and humour; and Mr Scott, who joined me at dinner, having taken the same view of the matter, did, he laid a wager of two sequins with me, that, without any such disbursement, he would yet bring all right again, and "save the money too."

It is, indeed, certain, that he had taken up the whim (for it hardly deserves the serious name) of minute and constant watch over his expenditure; and, as most usually it was with the increase of his means that the increased sense of the value of money came, a symptom I saw of this new fancy of his was the exceeding joy which he manifested on my presenting him a rouleau of twenty Napoleons, which K * * * to whom he had, on some occasions, a sum, had intrusted me with, at Milan, to deliver into his hands. With the most joyous and demonstrative news, he tore open the paper, and, in counting the sum, stopped frequently to congratulate himself on the recovery of it.

Of his household frugalities I speak but with authority of others; but it is not difficult to see that, with a restless spirit like his, which was always in having something to contend with, which, but a short time before, "for want of" and, "of something craggy to break upon," he tired itself with the study of the Armenian alphabet, he should, in default of all better exertions, sort of stir and amusement in the task of a

* The writer here, no doubt, alludes to such questionable liberalities as those exercised towards the husbands of his two favourites, Madame B * * and the Fornarina.

every encroachment of expense, and to suppress what he himself calls

"That climax of all earthly ills,
Contention of our weekly bills."

A constant recurrence to the praise of Juan, and the humorous zest with which he dwelt on it, shows how new to him as how far from serious, was his "good old-gentlemanly vice." In 1811 he had, a short time before my arrival, established a hoarding-box, with a key which he occasionally put sequestrated, opened it to contemplate his own ascetic style of living enabled himself was concerned, to gratify this hobby in no ordinary degree,—his daily menu the Margarita was his companion, he had been assured, of but four beccafichi the Fornarina eat three, leaving even

harmony, however (if this new phasis of his character is to be called by such a name) far from being of that kind which might be termed, as "withholding men from work," is apparent from all that is known of him, at this very period,—some particulars of a most authentic source have just proving amply that while, for the indulgence, he kept one hand closed, he gave his generous nature by dispensing lavishly to other. It should be remembered, too, that money shall continue to be one of the great powers, so long will they who seek their fellow-men attach value to it as to power; and the more lowly they are inclined to the disinterestedness of the human heart, the more valuable and precious will they consider that gives such power over it. Hence, it is not among those who have thought unkind that the disposition to avarice has displayed itself. In Swift the love of money and avarice; and to Voltaire the same was also frequently imputed,—on sufficient grounds, perhaps, as to Lord

Byron preceding that of my departure from my noble host, on arriving from La Mira to me, with all the glee of a schoolboy who had earned a holiday, that, as this was my last visit, Contessa had given him leave to "make a book," and that accordingly he would not only go to the opera, but that we should sup some cafe (as in the old times) afterwards. In a volume in his gondola, with a number of letters between the leaves, I enquired of him "Only a book," he answered, "from trying to crib, as I do wherever I can; the way I get the character of an original. On taking it up and looking into it, I say, 'Ah, my old friend, Agathon!'"†

† I remind the reader of Moliere's avowal in *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*:—"C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout."

† Agathon, by Wieland.

"What!" he cried, archly, "you have been beforehand with me there, have you?"

Though in thus imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism, he was, of course, but jesting: it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite his vein by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source. In the present instance, the inspiration he sought was of no very elevating nature,—the anti-spiritual doctrines of the Sophist in this Romance being what chiefly, I suspect, attracted his attention to its pages, as not unlikely to supply him with fresh argument and sarcasm for those depreciating views of human nature and its destiny, which he was now, with all the wantonness of unbounded genius, enforcing in Don Juan.

Of this work he was, at the time of my visit to him, writing the Third Canto, and before dinner, one day, read me two or three hundred lines of it,—beginning with the stanzas "Oh Wellington, &c." which at that time formed the opening of this Third Canto, but were afterwards reserved for the commencement of the Ninth. My opinion of the Poem, both as regarded its talent and its mischief, he had already been made acquainted with, from my having been one of those,—his Committee, as he called us,—to whom, at his own desire, the manuscript of the Two First Cantos had been submitted, and who, as the reader has seen, angered him not a little by depreciating the publication of it. In a letter which I, at that time, wrote to him on the subject, after praising the exquisite beauty of the scenes between Juan and Haidée, I ventured to say, "Is it not odd that the same licence which, in your early Satire, you blamed me for being guilty of on the borders of my twentieth year, you are now yourself (with infinitely greater power, and therefore infinitely greater mischief) indulging in after thirty!"

Though I now found him, in full defiance of such remonstrances, proceeding with this work, he had yet, as his own letters prove, been so far influenced by the general outcry against his Poem, as to feel the zeal and zest with which he had commenced it

* Between Wieland, the author of this Romance, and Lord Byron, may be observed some of those generic points of resemblance which it is so interesting to trace in the characters of men of genius. The German poet, it is said, never perused any work that made a strong impression upon him, without being stimulated to commence one himself, on the same topic and plan, and in Lord Byron the imitative principle was almost equally active,—there being few of his Poems that might not, in the same manner, be traced to the strong impulse given to his imagination by the perusal of some work that had interested him. In the history, too, of their lives and feelings, there was a strange and painful coincidence,—the revolution that took place in all Wieland's opinions, from the Platonism and romance of his youthful days, to the material and Epicurean doctrines that pervaded all his maturer works, being chiefly, it is supposed, brought about by the shock his heart had received from a disappointment of its affections in early life. Speaking of the illusion of this first passion, in one of his letters, he says,—"It is one for which no joys, no honours, no gifts of fortune, not even wisdom itself can afford an equivalent, and which, when it has once vanished, returns no more."

considerably abated,—so much so, as to render, ultimately, in his own opinion, the Third and Fourth Cantos much inferior in spirit to the Two First. So sensitive, indeed,—in addition to his usual abundance of this quality,—did he, at length, grow on the subject, that when Mr W. Banks, who succeeded me as his visitor, happened to tell him, one day, that he had heard a Mr Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that, in his opinion, “Don Juan was all Grub-street,” such an effect had this disparaging speech upon his mind (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was “nothing but a d—d salt-fish seller”), that, for some time after, by his own confession to Mr Banks, he could not bring himself to write another line of the Poem; and, one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, “Look here—this is all Mr Saunders’s ‘Grub-street.’”

To return, however, to the details of our last evening together at Venice.—After a dinner with Mr Scott at the Pellegrino, we all went, rather late, to the opera, where the principal part in the *Baccauli di Roma* was represented by a female singer, whose chief claim to reputation, according to Lord Byron, lay in her having *stilettoed* one of her favourite lovers. In the intervals between the singing he pointed out to me different persons among the audience, to whom celebrity of various sorts, but, for the most part, disreputable, attached; and of one lady who sat near us, he related an anecdote, which, whether new or old, may, as creditable to Venetian facetiousness, be worth, perhaps, repeating. This lady had, it seems, been pronounced by Napoleon the finest woman in Venice; but the Venetians, not quite agreeing with this opinion of the great man, contented themselves with calling her “*La Bella per Decreti*,”—adding (as the Decrees always begin with the word “*Considerando*”), “*Ma senza il Considerando*.”

From the opera, in pursuance of our agreement to “make a night of it,” we betook ourselves to a sort of *cabaret* in the Place of St Mark, and there, within a few yards of the Palace of the Duges, sat drinking hot brandy punch, and laughing over old times, till the clock of St Mark struck the second hour of the morning. Lord Byron then took me in his gondola, and, the moon being in its fullest splendour, he made the gondoliers row us to such points of view as might enable me to see Venice, at that hour, to advantage. Nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the whole scene around, and I had, for the first time, the Venice of my dreams before me. All those manner details which so offend the eye by day were now softened down by the moonlight into a sort of visionary indistinctness; and the effect of that silent city of palaces, sleeping, as it were, upon the waters, in the bright stillness of the night, was such as could not but affect deeply even the least susceptible imagination. My companion saw that I was moved by it, and, though familiar with the scene himself, seemed to give way, for the moment, to the same strain of feeling; and, as we exchanged a few remarks suggested by that wreck of human glory before us, his voice, habitually so cheerful, sunk into a tone of mournful sweetness,

such as I had rarely before heard from him and not easily forget. This mood, however, was of the moment; some quick turn of caloric swept him off into a totally different vein, and at three o’clock in the morning, at the door of the palazzo, we parted, laughing as we had our agreement having been first made that I should have an early dinner with him next day, at the end of my road to Ferrara.

Having employed the morning of the following day in completing my round of sights at Venice, I took care to visit specially “that picture by Gainsborough to which the poet’s exclamation, “such a scene will long continue to attract all visitors of taste,” I took my departure from Venice, and at three o’clock, arrived at La Mira. I found my host waiting to receive me, and, in passing through the hall, saw his little *Allegro*, with her nursery maid, was standing there as I returned from a walk. To the person who is for falsifying his own character, and who to himself faults the most alien to his nature, I already frequently adverted, and had, in this instance, a striking instance of it. After I had said little, in passing, to the child, and made her bow on its beauty, he said to me—“the child is so—but I suppose you have—of what do you feel a rental feeling? For myself, I have not. And yet, when that child died, in a moment afterwards, he who now uttered this remark, was so overwhelmed by the event, that he died about him at the time actually said it for reason!

A short time before dinner he returned, a minute or two returned, carrying a small white leather bag. “Look here,” he said, “this would be worth seeing, though you, I dare say, would not think it.” “What is it?” I asked. “My last venture,” he answered. On handing it to my hands in a gesture of wonder, “nothing,” he continued, “that can be passed on my lifetime, but you may have it, if you do whatever you please with it.” In reply, and thanking him most warmly, I added, “I will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, to finish the latter days of the masterpiece.” He then added, “You may show it to your friends you think worthy of it;”—and, word for word, the whole of what passed before on the subject.

At dinner we were favoured with the presence of Madame Guiccioli, who was so obliging to me, at Lord Byron’s suggestion, with a short introduction to her brother, Count Guiccioli. It was probable, they both thought, I should be in Rome. This letter I never had an opportunity of presenting; and as it was left upon the table, and was, the greater part of it, I have since dictated by my noble friend, I may venture,

“THE MAN & PORTRAIT OF (himself and son,
And self; but each a woman’s friend,
Byron, daughter.”

This seems, by the way, to be an incorrect view of the picture, as, according to Vasari and others, it never was married, and died young.

nestly?—It is not my intention to continue him in my service."

LETTER CCCXLII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

"October 25th, 1819.

"You need not have made any excuses about *the* letter; I never said but that you might, could, should, or would have reason. I merely described my own state of inaptitude to listen to it at that time, and in those circumstances. Besides, you did not speak from your *own* authority—but from what you said you had heard. Now my blood boils to hear an Italian speaking ill of another Italian, because though they lie in particular, they speak truth in general by speaking ill at all—and although they know that they are trying and wishing to lie, they do not succeed, merely because they can say nothing so bad of each other, that it *may* not, and must not be true, from the atrocity of their long debased national character."

"With regard to E. you will perceive a most irregular, extravagant account, without proper documents to support it. He demanded an increase of salary, which made me suspect him; he supported an outrageous extravagance of expenditure, and did not like the dismissal of the cook; he never complained of him—as in duty bound—at the time of his robberies. I can only say, that the house expense is now under *one half* of what it then was, as he himself admits. He charged for a comb *eighteen* francs,—the real price was *sixty*. He charged a passage from Fusina for a person named Iambelli, who paid it *herself*, as she will prove, if necessary. He fancies, or asserts himself, the victim of a domestic complot against him;—accounts are accounts—prices are prices;—let him make out a fair detail. I am not prejudiced against him—on the contrary, I supported him against the complaints of his wife, and of his former master, at a time when I could have crushed him like an earwig, and if he is a scoundrel, he is the greatest of scoundrels, an ungrateful one. The truth is, probably, that he thought I was leaving Venice, and determined to make the most of it. At present he keeps bringing in *account after account*, though he had always money in hand—as I believe you know my system was never to allow longer than a week's bill to run. Pray read him this letter—I desire nothing to be concealed against which he may defend himself.

"Pray how is your little boy? and how are you?—I shall be up in Venice very soon, and we will be bi-

"* This language" (says Mr Hopfner, in some remarks upon the above letter) "is strong, but it was the language of prejudice, and he was rather apt thus to express the feelings of the moment, without troubling himself to consider how soon he might be induced to change them. He was at this time so sensitive on the subject of Malame *", that, merely because some persons had disapproved of her conduct, he declaimed in the above manner against the whole nation. I never" (continues Mr Hopfner) "was partial to Venice; but disliked it almost from the first month of my residence there. Yet I experienced more kindness in that place than I ever met with in any country, and witnessed acts of generosity and disinterestedness such as rarely are met with elsewhere."

lous together. I hate the place and all that berits.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCXLIII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

"October 26th 1819

"I have to thank you for your letter, and a compliment to Don Juan. I said nothing about it, understanding that it is a sore subject to the moral reader, and has been the cause of a row; but I am glad you like it. I will say nothing about the shipwreck, except that I hope you find it as *nautical* and *technical* as *verse* and in the octave measure.

"The poem has *not sold well*, so Mr Hopfner—but the best judges, &c., say, &c. is a most worthy man. I have never seen it in print. The Third Canto is in advance about one hundred lines, but the failure of the two first has weakened it, and it will neither be so good as the two first completed, unless I get a little more encouragement on behalf. I understand the outcry was about nothing.—Pretty cant for people who read Ariosto, and Roderick Random, and the *Ballads* of Ariosto, and Dryden, and Pope—to say nothing of Little's Poems. Of course I refer to *these* works, and not to any *poems* that compete with them in any thing but *style*. Yours is the Paris edition, and the *best* of the London price. I have seen *nothing* in the newspapers.

"Pray make my respects to Mrs H. and of your little boy. All my household have agreed, except Fletcher, Allegra, and we used to say in Nottinghamshire, and Mr and Mrs Mutz, and Moretto. In the beginning of November, perhaps sooner, I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you. To-day I got drenched by a storm, and my horse and groom too, and I benumbed up to the middle in a cross-rain—summer at noon, and at five we were beset by the lightning was sent perhaps to let us know the summer was not yet over. It is quiet for the 27th October.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCXLIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, October 28th 1819

"Yours of the 15th came yesterday. I am glad that you do not mention a large letter *from your care* for Lady Byron, from me, at *three* months ago. Pray tell me, was this letter sent and forwarded?

"You say nothing of the vice-consul at Ravenna patrician, from which it is to be inferred the thing will not be done.

"I had written about a hundred stanzas of the Canto to Don Juan, but the reception of the work is no encouragement to you nor me to proceed.

also written about 600 lines of a poem, the *Prophecy* of Dante, the subject a view of the ages down to the present—supposing to speak in his own person, previous to his embracing all topics in the way of prophecy, as Homer's *Cassandra*; but this and the other I stand still for the present.

Moore, who is gone to Rome, my *Life* in 1780 sheets, brought down to 1816. But I put his hands for his care, as he has some 100 of mine—a *Journal* kept in 1814, &c. for publication during my life, but when you may do what you please. In the mean while to read them you may, and show them to you like—I care not.

Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. But all my *loves* (except in a general way), and of the most important things (because I promise other people), so that it is like *Hamlet*—the part of *Hamlet* omitted by *Shakespeare*. But you will find many opinions, with a detailed account of my marriage sequences, as true as a party concerned in each account, for I suppose we are all

never read over this *Life* since it was that I know not exactly what it may repeat. Moore and I passed some merry days

but must return for business, or in my opinion. Pray, did you get a letter for Hobhouse? I will have told you the contents? I understand the Venezuelan commissioners had sent with emigrants: now I want to go there, to make a bad South-American planter, and take my natural daughter, *Allegria*, with me. I wrote, at length, to Hobhouse, to get in John Perry, who, I suppose, is the best and trumpeter of the new republicans.

"Yours ever,

Moore and I did nothing but laugh. He is of 'my whereabouts,' and all my proceedings present; they are as usual. You should not fellows publish false 'Don Juans,' but in my name, because I mean to cut R—to guard in the preface, if I continue the poem."

LETTER CCCXLV.

TO MR HOPPNER.

"October 29th, 1819.

Ferrara story is of a piece with all the rest of the same manufacture,—you may judge: I only know these since I wrote to you, after my time last 'Convent,' and 'carry off,' and 'girl.' I should like to know who has led off, except poor dear me. I have been shed myself than any body since the Trojan to the arrest, and its causes, one is as other, and I can account for the invention.

I suppose it is some confusion of the tale of and of *Me. Guiccioli*, and half a dozen it is useless to unravel the web, when one brush it away. I shall settle with Mas-

ter E., who looks very blue at your *in-decision*, and swears that he is the best arithmetician in Europe; and so I think also, for he makes out two and two to be five.

"You may see me next week. I have a horse or two more (five in all), and I shall repossess myself of Lido, and I will rise earlier, and we will go and shake our livers over the beach, as heretofore, if you like—and we will make the Adriatic roar again with our hatred of that now empty oyster shell, without its pearl, the city of Venice.

"Murray sent me a letter yesterday: the impostors have published two new *Third Cantos* of *Don Juan*:—the devil take the impudence of some blackguard bookseller or other thereof! Perhaps I did not make myself understood; he told me the sale had been great, 1200 out of 1500 quarto, I believe, (which is nothing after selling 13,000 of the *Corsair* in one day); but that the 'best judges, &c.' had said it was very fine, and clever, and particularly good English, and poetry, and all those consolatory things, which are not, however, worth a single copy to a bookseller: and as to the author, of course I am in a d—ned passion at the bad taste of the times, and swear there is nothing like posterity, who, of course, must know more of the matter than their grandfathers. There has been an eleventh commandment to the women not to read it, and what is still more extraordinary, they seem not to have broken it. But that can be of little import to them, poor things, for the reading or non-reading a book will never

"Count G. comes to Venice next week, and I am requested to consign his wife to him, which shall be done. * * *. What you say of the long evenings at the Mira, or Venice, reminds me of what Curran said to Moore:—'So I hear you have married a pretty woman, and a very good creature, too—an excellent creature. Pray—um!—how do you pass your evenings?' It is a devil of a question that, and perhaps as easy to answer with a wife as with a mistress.

"If you go to Milan, pray leave at least a *Vice-Consul*—the only vice that will ever be wanting in Venice. D'Orville is a good fellow. But you shall go to England in the spring with me, and plant Mrs. Hoppner at Berne with her relations for a few months. I wish you had been here (at Venice, I mean, not the Mira) when Moore was here—we were very merry and tipsy. He hated Venice, by the way, and swore it was a sad place. †

"So Madame Albrizzi's death is in danger—poor woman! * * *

"* * * Moore told me that at Geneva they had made a devil of a story of the Fornaretta:—'Young lady seduced;—subsequent abandonment!—leap into the Grand Canal!—and her being in the 'hospital of fools in consequence.' I should like to know who was nearest being made 'fool,' and be d—d to them! Don't you think me in the interesting character of a very ill-used gentleman? I hope your little boy is well. *Allegria* is flourishing like a pomegranate blossom.

"Yours, &c."

† I beg to say that this report of my opinion of Venice is coloured somewhat too deeply by the feelings of the reporter.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

" Venice, November 8th. 1819.

" Mr. Hoppner has lent me a copy of ' Don Juan,' Paris edition, which he tells me is read in Switzerland by clergymen and ladies with considerable approbation. In the Second Canto, you must alter the 49th stanza to

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters, like a veil
Which if withdrawn would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail;
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

" I have been ill these eight days with a tertian fever, caught in the country on horseback in a thunder-storm. Yesterday I had the fourth attack: the two last were very smart, the first day as well as the last being preceded by vomiting. It is the fever of the place and the season. I feel weakened, but not unwell, in the intervals, except headache and lassitude.

" Count Guiccioli has arrived in Venice, and has presented his spouse (who had preceded him two months for her health and the prescriptions of Dr Aglietti) with a paper of conditions, regulations of hours and conduct, and morals, &c. &c. &c., which he insists on her accepting, and she persists in refusing. I am expressly, it should seem, excluded by this treaty, as an indispensable preliminary; so that they are in high dissension, and what the result may be, I know not, particularly as they are consulting friends.

" To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over ' Don Juan,' she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the First Canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, ' Nothing,—but ' your husband is coming.' " As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, ' Oh, my God, is he coming?' thinking it was *her own*, who either was or ought to have been at the theatre. You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You will be amused, as I was;—it happened not three hours ago.

" I wrote to you last week, but have added nothing to the Third Canto since my fever, nor to ' The Prophecy of Dante.' Of the former there are about 100 octaves done; of the latter about 500 lines—perhaps more. Moore saw the third Juan, as far as it then went. I do not know if my fever will let me go on with either, and the tertian lasts, they say, a good while. I had it in Malta on my way home, and the malarial fever in Greece the year before that. The Venetian is not very fierce, but I was delirious one of the nights with it, for an hour or two, and, on my senses coming back, found Fletcher sobbing on one side of the bed, and La Contessa Guiccioli weeping

" The following curious particulars of his delirium are given by Madame Guiccioli:—" At the beginning of winter Count Guiccioli came from Ravenna to fetch me. When he arrived, Lord Byron was ill of a fever, occasioned by his

on the other; so that I had no want of amusement. I have not yet taken any physician, because, as I think they may relieve in chronic diseases, as gout and the like, &c. &c. &c. (though they cure them)—just as surgeons are to cure bones and tend wounds—yet I think I am out of their reach, and remediable only by diet and rest.

" I don't like the taste of bark, but I suppose I must take it soon.

" Tell Rose that somebody at Milan (as Mr Hoppner says) is answering his book. Mr Banks is in quarantine at Trieste. I have not heard from you. Excuse this paper, which is shortened for the occasion. What say you to Carlisle's trial? why let him have the martyr's martyr? it will only advertise the book.

" Yours, &c.

" P.S. As I tell you that the Countess was on the eve of exploding in one way or another, I will just add that, without attempting to influence the decision of the Contessa, a good deal has been said. If she and her husband make a voyage, perhaps see me in England sooner than I expect. If not, I shall retire with her to France, and change my name, and lead a quiet private life; this may seem odd, but I have got the poet's scrape; and as neither her birth, nor her own, I am in honour bound to support. Besides, she is a very pretty woman, and not yet one and twenty.

" If she gets over this and I get over this, we will perhaps look in at Albemarle-street these days, *en passant* to Bala."

LETTER CCCXLVII.

TO MR BANKES.

" Venice, November 10th.

" A tertian ague which has troubled me some time, and the indisposition of my wife, have prevented me from replying before to your letter. I have not been ignorant of the value of your discoveries, and I trust the

having got wet through,—a violent storm being on him while taking his usual exercise on horseback. I have been delirious the whole night, and I have been attended by his bedside. During his delirium he has said good many verses, and ordered his secretary to write down from his dictation. The verses of the night were quite correct, and the poetry itself had the appearance of being the work of a delirious mind. He grew better for some time after he got well, and then he was seized again.

" Sul cominciare dell' inverno il Conte Guiccioli si premermi per ricondurre a Ravenna. Quando Ed Byron era ammalato di febbre per un po' di tempo, e quando si era ristabilito, un forte tempesta mi aveva fatto bagnare a cavallo. Egli aveva delirato la notte, ed io aveva sempre seguitato presso a lui. Durante il suo delirio egli compose molti versi che io ho fatto mettere in scrittura. I versi della notte erano quasi corretti, e la poesia stessa aveva l'apparenza di essere stata la opera di una mente delirante. Egli si ristabilì per un po' di tempo, e poi fu nuovamente preso dalla febbre.

" I have been informed, too, that during this time, he was constantly haunted by his mother-in-law,—taking every opportunity of reproaching those about him for his room.

health from your labours. You may rely on every body in England eager to reap the fruit of them; and as you have done more than other men, you will not limit yourself to saying less than justice to the talents and time you have bestowed on your perilous researches. The first sentence of your letter will have explained to you why I was at Trieste. I was on the point of going to England (before I knew of your arrival) and illness has made her and me dependent on the Proto-Medico.

Seven years since you and I met;—you have employed better for others and more for yourself than I have done.

And you will find considerable changes, in private,—you will see some of our old enemies turned into lords of the treasury, and the like,—others become reformers—many settled in life, as it is called,—many in death; among the latter (by the fellow collegians), Sheridan, Curran, Keble, Monk Lewis, Frederick Douglass; but you will still find Mr. * * * living as usual, as also * * *

You come up this way, and I am still here, and be assured how glad I shall be to see you hear some part, from you, of that which is no long time to see. At length you will have a better fortune than any traveller of equal length (except Humboldt) in returning safe; and the state of the Browns, and the Parkes, and the Harbords, it is hardly less surprise than to get you back again.

* Believe me ever

* and very affectionately yours,

* "BYRON."

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

" Venice, Dec. 4, 1819.

Do as you please, but you are about a experiment. Ekdon will decide against you, and that my name is in the record. You will see that if the publication is pronounced on the grounds you mention, as *indecent* and *scandalous*, that I lose all right in my daughter's *friendship* and *education*, in short, all *paternity*, and every thing concerning her, * * *

* It was so decided in Shelley's case, he had written *Queen Mab*, &c. &c. How can I ask the lawyers, and do as you like: I don't you trying the question; I merely state the consequences to me. With regard to the * it is hard that you should pay for a non-suit, and therefore refund it, which I can very well have spent it, nor begun upon it; and I be quits on that score. It lies at my

Chancellor's law I am no judge; but take down, and read his Mrs Waters and Molly Prior's Hans Carvel and Paulo Purganti; Roderick Random, the chapter of Lord * and many others; Peregrine Pickle, the

scene of the Beggar Girl; Johnson's *London*, for coarse expressions; for instance, the words " * " and " * " Anstey's Bath Guide, the "Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken;"—take up, in short, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Dryden, Fielding, Smollett, and let the Counsel select passages, and what becomes of their copyright, if his Wat Tyler decision is to pass into a precedent? I have nothing more to say: you must judge for yourselves.

"I wrote to you some time ago. I have had a tertian ague; my daughter Allegra has been ill also, and I have been almost obliged to run away with a married woman; but with some difficulty, and many internal struggles, I reconciled the lady with her lord, and cured the fever of the child with bark, and my own with cold water. I think of setting out for England by the Tyrol in a few days, so that I could wish you to direct your next letter to Calais. Excuse my writing in great haste and late in the morning, or night, whichever you please to call it. The Third Canto of 'Don Juan' is completed, in about two hundred stanzas; very decent, I believe, but do not know, and it is useless to discuss until it be ascertained if it may or may not be a property.

"My present determination to quit Italy was unlooked for; but I have explained the reasons in letters to my sister and Douglas Kinnaird, a week or two ago. My progress will depend upon the snows of the Tyrol, and the health of my child, who is at present quite recovered;—but I hope to get on well, and am

"Yours ever and truly.

"P. S. Many thanks for your letters, to which you are not to consider this as an answer, but as an acknowledgment."

The struggle which, at the time of my visit to him, I had found Lord Byron so well disposed to make towards averting, as far as now lay in his power, some of the mischievous consequences which, both to the object of his attachment and himself, were likely to result from their connexion, had been brought, as the foregoing letters show, to a crisis soon after I left him. The Count Guiccioli, on his arrival at Venice, insisted, as we have seen, that his lady should return with him; and, after some conjugal negotiations, in which Lord Byron does not appear to have interfered, the young Contessa consented reluctantly to accompany her lord to Ravenna, it being first covenanted that, in future, all communication between her and her lover should cease.

"In a few days after this," says Mr Hoppner, in some notices of his noble friend with which he has favoured me, "he returned to Venice, very much out of spirits, owing to Madame Guiccioli's departure, and out of humour with every body and every thing around him. We resumed our rides at the Lido, and I did my best not only to raise his spirits, but to make him forget his absent mistress, and to keep him to his purpose of returning to England. He went into no society, and having no longer any relish for his former occupation, his time, when he was not writing, hung heavy enough on hand."

The promise given by the lovers not to correspond was, as all parties must have foreseen, soon violated; and the letters Lord Byron addressed to the lady, at

this time, though written in a language not his own, are rendered frequently even eloquent by the mere force of the feeling that governed him—a feeling which could not have owed its fuel to fancy alone, since now that reality had been so long substituted, it still burned on. From one of these letters, dated November 25th, I shall so far presume upon the discretionary power vested in me, as to lay a short extract or two before the reader—not merely as matters of curiosity, but on account of the strong evidence they afford of the struggle between passion and a sense of right that now agitated him.

"You are," he says, "and ever will be, my first thought. But, at this moment, I am in a state most dreadful, not knowing which way to decide;—on the one hand, fearing that I should compromise you for ever, by my return to Ravenna and the consequences of such a step, and, on the other, dreading that I shall lose both you and myself, and all that I have ever known or tasted of happiness, by never seeing you more. I pray of you, I implore you to be comforted, and to believe that I cannot cease to love you but with my life."* In another part he says, "I go to save you, and leave a country insupportable to me without you. Your letters to F** and myself do wrong to my motives—but you will yet see your injustice. It is not enough that I must leave you—from motives of which ere long you will be convinced—it is not enough that I must fly from Italy, with a heart deeply wounded, after having passed all my days in solitude since your departure, sick both in body and mind—but I must also have to endure your reproaches without answering and without deserving them. Farewell!—in that one word is comprised the death of my happiness."†

He had now arranged every thing for his departure for England, and had even fixed the day, when accounts reached him from Ravenna that the Contessa was alarmingly ill;—her sorrow at their separation having so much preyed upon her mind, that even her own family, fearful of the consequences, had withdrawn all opposition to her wishes, and now, with the sanction of Count Guiccioli himself, entreated her lover to hasten to Ravenna. What was he, in this dilemma, to do? Already had he announced his coming to different friends in England, and every dictate, he

* "Tu sei, e sarai sempre mio primo pensiero. Ma in questo momento sono in uno stato orribile non sapendo cosa decidere,—temendo, da una parte, comprometterti in eterno col mio ritorno a Ravenna, e colle sue conseguenze; e, dall'altra perdersi, e me stesso, e tutto quel che ho conosciuto o gustato di felicità, nel non vederti più. Ti prego, ti supplico calmarti, e credere che non posso cessare d'amarti che colla vita."

† "Io parto, per salvarvi, e lascio un paese divenuto insopportabile senza di te. Le tue lettere alla F**, ed anche a me stesso fanno torto ai miei motivi; ma col tempo vedrai la tua ingiustizia. Tu parli del dolore—in lo sento, ma mi mancano le parole. Non basta lasciarti per dei motivi dei quali tu eri persuasa (non molto tempo fa)—non basta partire dall'Italia col cuore lacerato, dopo aver passato tutti i giorni dopo la tua partenza nella solitudine, ammalato di corpo e di anima—ma ho anche a sopportare i tuoi rimproveri, senza replicarti, e senza meritarteli. Addio—in quella parola è compresa la morte di mia felicità."

The close of this last sentence exhibits one of the very few instances of incorrectness that Lord Byron falls into in these letters,—the proper construction being "*della mia felicità*."

felt, of prudence and manly fortitude in his departure. While thus balancing between inclination, the day appointed for his arrival; and the following picture, from his irresolution on the occasion, is drawn by a female friend of Madame Guiccioli present at the scene. "He was ready for the journey, his gloves and cap on, and came in his hand. Nothing was now to his coming down stairs,—his boxes being on board the gondola. At this moment, in way of pretext, declared, that if it was not o'clock before every thing was in order, being the only thing not yet quite ready, not go that day. The hour strikes, and he goes."

The writer adds, "it is evident his heart to go;" and the result proved that he judged him wrongly. The very next letter from Ravenna decided his fate, and he wrote to the Contessa, thus announcing which she had achieved. "F** will tell you, with her accustomed candour, Love has gained the victory. I could not find resolution enough to leave the country, without, at least, once more seeing yourself, perhaps, it will depend on you again shall leave you. Of the result when we meet. You ought, by the way, which is most conducive to your absence or my absence. For myself, the world—all countries are alike to me. I have never been, since our first acquaintance, the subject of my thoughts. My opinion on the best course I could adopt, both for you and that of all your family, would have been to go far, far away from you;—since near and not approach you would have been impossible. You have however decided to return to Ravenna. I shall accordingly do—and be all that you wish any more."†

On quitting Venice he took leave of her in a short but cordial letter, which I introduce than by prefixing to it the comment with which this excellent friend poet has himself accompanied it. "I leave you with what painful feeling I witnessed

* "Egli era tutto vestito da viaggio e mani, col suo bonnet, e persino colla piuma non altro aspettava che egli accendesse i bauli erano in barca. Misor fu la protesta uorà dopo il mezzodì e che non era così (poiché le armi sole non erano in pronto) e sarebbe più per quel giorno. L'ora suonò e lui partì."

† "La F** ti avrà detto, colla sua candore che l'Amor ha vinto. Io non ho potuto resistere all'anima per lasciare il paese dove tu sei, e non meno un'altra volta—forse dipenderà da te lascio più. Per il resto parleremo. Tu saprai cosa sarà più convenevole al tuo bene presenza o la mia lontananza. Tu sono città—tutti i paesi sono eguali per me. Io ho deciso (dopo che ci siamo conosciuti) l'unico oggetto aieri. Credeva che il miglior partito per la pace di tua famiglia fosse il mio partire, e che, tanto, poiché stare vicino e non avvicinarmi fosse impossibile. Ma tu hai deciso che io do Ravenna—tornerò—e farò—e sarò ciò che posso dirti di più."

The vice-legate, and all the other vices, were as polite as could be;—and I, who had acted on the reserve, was fairly obliged to take the lady under my arm, and look as much like a vicisbeo as I could on so short a notice,—to say nothing of the embarrassment of a cocked hat and sword, much more formidable to me than ever it will be to the enemy.

"I write in great haste—do you answer as hastily. I can understand nothing of all this; but it seems as if the G. had been presumed to be *planted*, and was determined to show that she was not,—*plantation*, in this hemisphere, being the greatest moral misfortune. But this is mere conjecture, for I know nothing about it—except that every body are very kind to her, and not discourteous to me. Fathers, and all relations, quite agreeable.

"Yours ever,
"B.

"P.S. Best respects to Mrs H.

"I would send the *compliments* of the season; but the season itself is so little complimentary with snow and rain that I wait for sun-shine."

LETTER CCCLII.

TO MR MOORE.

January 2d, 1820.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"To-day it is my wedding-day,
And all the folks would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

Or thus,

"Here's a happy new year! but with reason
I beg you will permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as few as you please of the *day*."

"This present writing is to direct you that, if *she chooses*, she may see the MS. Memoir in your possession. I wish her to have fair play, in all cases, even though it will not be published till after my decease. For this purpose, it were but just that Lady B. should know what is there said of her and hers, that she may have full power to remark on or respond to any part or parts, as may seem fitting to herself. This is fair dealing, I presume, in all events.

"To change the subject, are you in England? I send you an epitaph for Castlereagh.

Another for Pitt—

"With death doom'd to grapple
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lieth in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

"The gods seem to have made me poetical this day:—

"In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

Or

"You come to him on earth again,
He'll go with you to hell.

"Pray let not these versicals go forth in name, except among the initiated, because H. has loamed into a reformer, and I am will subside into Newgate; under the House, according to Galignani's Reports of Parliamentary Debates, are menancing a *poetical* pamphlet of his. I shall be very sorry to hear of anything but good for him, particularly in these squabbles; but these are the natural objects of a part in them.

"For my own part, I had a sad time of it. Count Gu. came for his wife, and those consequences which Scott predicted. There was no damages, as in England, and he lost his wager. But there was a promise he would not, at first, go back with her—*she did* go back with him; but he meant well enough, that all communication should be kept between her and me. So, finding I was not having a fever tertian, I packed up and prepared to cross the Alps; but my baggage and detained me.

"After her arrival at Ravenna, the Count came again too; and, at last, her father, who had opposed the liaison most violently, came to me to say that she was in such a *crisis*, and me to come and see her,—and that he had acquiesced, in consequence of her father's promise (her father) would guarantee that there would be no further scenes between them, and that I should be consulted in any way. I set out soon after, and have not been here ever since. I found her a great deal better getting better:—*all* this comes from my pen.

"The Carnival is about to begin, and two or three hundred people at the first of the other evening, with as much jewelry and diamonds among the women, as ever I saw like number. My appearance in Venice, Guiccioli was considered as a thing of great importance; she is her uncle, and naturally, considered her relation.

"The paper is out, and so is the book. Write. Address to Venice, whence the book is forwarded.

"Yours

LETTER CCCLIII.

TO MR HOPKINS.

"Ravenna, January 2d.

"I have not decided any thing about leaving Ravenna. I may stay a day, a week, a month, or a year; but all this depends upon what I can see or foresee. I came because I was told I would go the moment that I perceived what my departure proper. My attachment for the blindness of the beginning, nor the accuracy of the close to such latitudes, but the hour must decide upon what I do, yet say nothing, because I hardly have beyond what I have told you.

to you last post for my moveables, as getting a lodging with a chair or table here as I have already some things of the sort which I had last summer there for my I have directed them to be moved; and to be done with those of Venice, that I get out of the 'Albergo Imperiale,' which in all true sense of the epithet. Buffini for his poison. I forgot to thank you for a whole treasure of toys for Almour departure; it was very kind, and we useful.

account of the wedding of the Governor's entertaining. If you do not understand exceptions, I do; and it is right that a man, and a woman of probity, should find a place where there are not 'Ten

As to nobility—in England none are but peers, not even peers' sons, though courtesy; nor knights of the garter, unless so that Castlereagh himself through a foreign herald's ordeal till the father.

now is a foot deep here. There is a opera,—the Barber of Seville. Balls Monday next. Pay the porter for never the gate, and ship my chattels, and let me let Castelli let me know, how my law—but fee him only in proportion to his Perhaps we may meet in the spring yet, if England. I see H * * has got into a which does not please me; he should not have among those men, without calculating nuances. I used to think myself the most of all among my friends and acquaintances, to begin to doubt it.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLIV.

TO MR HOPKINS.

* Ravenna, January 31st, 1820.

would hardly have been troubled with the my furniture, but there is none to be had in Bologna, and I have been fain to have rooms which I fitted up for my daughter summer removed here. The expense almost as great of the land carriage, so that was necessity, and not choice. Here they came from Bologna, except some lighter in Forlì or Faenza.

it is returned, pray remember me to him, business the whole and sole cause of my :—dreadful is the exertion of letter the Carnival here is less boisterous, but the and a theatre. I carried Banks to be carried away, I believe, a much more impression of the society here than of that recollect that I speak of the native so-

being very hard to learn how to double a should succeed to admiration if I did not in it the wrong side out; and then I someone and bring away two, so as to put all out, besides keeping their *Servite* in the

cold till every body can get back their property. But it is a dreadfully moral place, for you must not look at any body's wife except your neighbour's,—if you go to the next door but one, you are scolded, and presumed to be perfidious. And then a *relazione* or an *amicizia* seems to be a regular affair of from five to fifteen years, at which period, if there occur a widowhood, it finishes by a *sposalizio*; and in the mean time it has so many rules of its own that it is not much better. A man actually becomes a piece of female property,—they won't let their *Serventi* marry until there is a vacancy for themselves. I know two instances of this in one family here.

"To-night there was a ———* Lottery after the opera; it is an odd ceremony. Banks and I took tickets of it, and buffooned together very merrily. He is gone to Firenze. Mrs J * * should have sent you my postscript; there was no occasion to have bored you in person. I never interfere in any body's squabbles,—she may scratch your face herself.

"The weather here has been dreadful—snow several feet—a *fiume* broke down a bridge, and flooded heaven knows how many *campi*; then rain came—and it is still thawing—so that my saddle-horses have a sinecure till the roads become more practicable. Why did Lega give away the goat? a blockhead—I must have him again.

"Will you pay Missingia and the Buffo Buffini of the Gran Bretagna. I heard from Moore, who is at Paris; I had previously written to him in London, but he has not yet got my letter, apparently.

"Believe me, &c."

LETTER CCCLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, February 7th, 1820.

"I have had no letter from you these two months; but since I came here in December, 1819, I sent you a letter for Moore, who is God knows where—in Paris or London, I presume. I have copied and cut the Third Canto of Don Juan into two, because it was too long; and I tell you this beforehand, because in case of any reckoning between you and me, these two are only to go for one, as this was the original form, and, in fact, the two together are not longer than one of the first: so remember that I have not made this division to double upon you; but merely to suppress some tediousness in the aspect of the thing. I should have served you a pretty trick if I had sent you, for example, cantos of 50 stanzas each.

"I am translating the First Canto of Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, and have half done it; but these last days of the Carnival confuse and interrupt every thing.

"I have not yet sent off the Cantos, and have some doubt whether they ought to be published, for they have not the spirit of the first. The outcry has not frightened but it has hurt me, and I have not written *con amore* this time. It is very decent, however, and as dull as 'the last new comedy.'

"I think my translations of Pulci will make you stare. It must be put by the original, stanza for

* The word here, being under the seal, is illegible.

stanza, and verse for verse; and you will see what was permitted in a catholic country and a bigoted age to a churchman, on the score of religion;—and so tell those buffoons who accuse me of attacking the Liturgy.

"I write in the greatest haste, it being the hour of the Corso, and I must go and buffoon with the rest. My daughter Allegra is just gone with the Countess G. in Count G.'s coach and six, to join the cavalcade, and I must follow with all the rest of the Ravenna world. Our old Cardinal is dead, and the new one not appointed yet; but the masquing goes on the same, the vice-legate being a good governor. We have had hideous frost and snow, but all is mild again.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLVI.

TO MR BANKES.

"Ravenna, February 19th, 1830.

"I have room for you in the house here, as I had in Venice, if you think fit to make use of it; but do not expect to find the same gorgeous suite of tapestried halls. Neither dangers nor tropical heats have ever prevented your penetrating wherever you had a mind to it, and why should the snow now?—Italian snow—sit on it!—so pray come. Tita's heart yearns for you, and mayhap for your silver broad pieces; and your playfellow, the monkey, is alone and inconsolable.

"I forget whether you admire or tolerate red hair, so that I rather dread showing you all that I have about me and around me in this city. Come, nevertheless,—you can pay Dante a morning visit, and I will undertake that Theodore and Honoria will be most happy to see you in the forest hard by. We Goths, also, of Ravenna hope you will not despise our arch-Goth, Theodoric. I must leave it to these worthies to entertain you all the fore part of the day, seeing that I have none at all myself—the lark, that rouses me from my slumbers, being an afternoon bird. But, then, all your evenings, and as much as you can give me of your nights, will be mine. Ay! and you will find me eating flesh, too, like yourself or any other cannibal, except it be upon Fridays. Then, there are more Cantos (and be d—d to them) of what the courteous reader, Mr S——, calls Grub-street, in my drawer, which I have a little scheme to commit to your charge for England; only I must first cut up (or cut down) two aforesaid Cantos into three, because I am grown base and mercenary, and it is an ill precedent to let my Mæcenæ, Murray, get too much for his money. I am busy, also, with Pulci—translating—servilely translating, stanza for stanza, and line for line—two octaves every night,—the same allowance as at Venice.

"Would you call at your banker's at Bologna, and ask him for some letters lying there for me, and burn them?—or I will—so do not burn them, but bring them,—and believe me ever and very affectionately

"Yours,

"BYRON.

"P.S. I have a particular wish to hear from yourself something about Cyprus, so pray recollect all that you can.—Good night."

LETTER CCCLVI

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna,

"The bull-dogs will be very agreeable only those of this country, who, though not the tenacity of tooth and stoicism my canine fellow-citizens: then pray the readiest conveyance—perhaps be Kinnaird will disburse for them, and amount on your application or that of

"I see the good old King is gone to I can't help being sorry, though blindness insanity, are supposed to be drawbacks felicity; but I am not at all sure that it might not render him happier than I reject.

"I have no thoughts of coming to though I should like to see it, and it right to be a puppet in it; but my divi Byron, which has drawn an equinoct me and mine in all other things, will also to prevent my being in the same p

"By Saturday's post I sent you four Cantos Third and Fourth. these two cantos reckon only as *one* being in fact the third canto cut into found it too long. Remember this, as that there could be any other motive. about 225 stanzas, more or less, and a so that they are no longer than the first but the truth is, that I made the first should have cut those down also had I Instead of saying in future for so many many stanzas or pages; it was Jacob and certainly the best; it prevents mis have sent you a dozen cantos of 40 those of 'The Minstrel' (Beattie's) and ruined you at once, if you don't But recollect that you are not *pinnet* thing you say in a letter, and that, these two cantos as *one* only (which are to be reckoned), you are not bound Act as may seem fair to all parties.

"I have finished my translation of the 'Morgante Maggiore' of Pulci transcribe and send. It is the pure Whistlecraft, but of all jocose Italian must print it side by side with the because I wish the reader to judge of is stanza for stanza, and often line for word.

"You ask me for a volume of me Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to them than most Englishmen, because among the natives, and in parts of the Englishmen never resided before (I speak and this place particularly); but the reasons why I do not choose to treat it a subject. I have lived in their household of their families, sometimes *me di casa* and sometimes as *'amico di* Dama, and in neither case do I feel my in making a book of them. Their mo

Life is not your life; you would not understand English, nor French, nor German, would all understand. The conventional cavalier servitude, the habits of thought are so entirely different, and the difference much more striking the more you live with them. that I know not how to make them a people who are at once temperate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their manners, capable of impressions and passions are at once *sudden* and *durable* (what no other nation), and who actually have what we would call so, as you may see by me; they have no real comedy, not even and that is because they have no society.

Conversation is not society at all. They are to talk, and into company to hold. The women sit in a circle, and the men in groups, or they play at dreary faro, for small sums. Their academic are their own, with better music and more elegant things are the carnival balls and when every body runs mad for six their dinners and suppers they make fun and buffoon one another: but it is such you would not enter into, ye of

course it is better. I should know something, having had a pretty general acquaintance with their women, from the fisherman's Nobile Dama, whom I serve. Their rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorum be reduced to a kind of discipline or law, which admits few deviations, unless excuse it. They are extremely tenacious of their furies, not permitting their lovers even to help it, and keeping them always in public as in private, whenever they part, they transfer marriage to adultery, the not out of that commandment. The fact that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a man, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, not at all. You hear a person's character or female, canvassed not as depending on her conduct to their husbands or wives, but to her lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don't think I could do more than amplify what I have said. It is to be observed that while they do the greatest outward respect is to be paid to men, not only by the ladies, but by their particularly if the husband serves no one which is not often the case, however; so would often suppose them relations—the making the figure of one adopted into the household the ladies run a little restive and evade, or make a scene; but this is at startingly, when they know no better, or when a love with a foreigner, or some such anecdote is always reckoned unnecessary and ex-

quire after Dante's Prophecy: I have not more than six hundred lines, but will vaticinate

"Of the bust I know nothing. No cameos or seals are to be cut here or elsewhere that I know of, in any good style. Hobhouse should write himself to Thorwaldsen: the bust was made and paid for three years ago.

"Pray tell Mrs Leigh to request Lady Byron to urge forward the transfer from the funds. I wrote to Lady Byron on business this post, addressed to the care of Mr D. Kinnaird."

LETTER CCCLVIII

TO MR BANKES.

Ravenna, February 26th, 1820.

"Pulci and I are waiting for you with impatience; but I suppose we must give way to the attraction of the Bolognese galleries for a time. I know nothing of pictures myself, and care almost as little; but to me there are none like the Venetian—above all, Giorgione. I remember well his Judgment of Solomon in the Mariscalchi in Bologna. The real mother is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful. Buy her, by all means, if you can, and take her home with you: put her in safety; for be assured there are troublous times brewing for Italy; and as I never could keep out of a row in my life, it will be my fate, I dare say, to be over head and ears in it; but no matter, these are the stronger reasons for coming to see me soon.

"I have more of Scott's novels (for surely they are Scott's) since we met, and am more and more delighted. I think that I even prefer them to his poetry, which (by the way) I redde for the first time in my life in your rooms in Trinity College.

"There are some curious commentaries on Dante preserved here, which you should see. Believe me ever, faithfully and most affectionately,

Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLIX

TO MR MURRAY.

Ravenna, March 1st, 1820.

"I sent you by last post the translation of the First Canto of the Morgante Maggiore, and wish you to ask Rose about the word 'sbergo,' i. e. 'usbergo,' which I have translated *cuirass*. I suspect that it means *helmet* also. Now, if so, which of the senses is best accordant with the text? I have adopted *cuirass*, but will be amenable to reasons. Of the natives, some say one, and some t'other; but they are no great Tuscan in Romagna. However, I will ask Sgricci (the famous improvisatore) to-morrow, who is a native of Arezzo. The Countess Guiccioli, who is reckoned a very cultivated young lady, and the dictionary, say *cuirass*. I have written *cuirass*, but *helmet* runs in my head nevertheless—and will run in verse very well, which is the principal point. I will ask the Sposa Spina Spinelli, too, the Florentine bride of Count Gabriel Ruspini, just imported from Florence, and get the sense out of somebody.

"I have just been visiting the new Cardinal, who arrived the day before yesterday in his legation. He seems a good old gentleman, pious and simple, and

not quite like his predecessor, who was a *bon-vivant*, in the worldly sense of the words.

"Enclosed is a letter which I received some time ago from Dallas. It will explain itself. I have not answered it. This comes of doing people good. At one time or another (including copyrights) this person has had about fourteen hundred pounds of my money, and he writes what he calls a posthumous work about me, and a scrubby letter accusing me of treating him ill, when I never did any such thing. It is true that I left off letter-writing, as I have done with almost every body else; but I can't see how that was misusing him.

"I look upon his epistle as the consequence of my not sending him another hundred pounds, which he wrote to me for about two years ago, and which I thought proper to withhold, he having had his share, methought, of what I could dispoise upon others.

"In your last you ask me after my articles of domestic wants: I believe they are as usual: the bulldogs, magnesia, soda-powders, tooth-powders, brushes, and every thing of the kind which are here unattainable. You still ask me to return to England: alas! to what purpose? You do not know what you are requiring. Return, I must, probably, some day or other (if I live), sooner or later; but it will not be for pleasure, nor can it end in good. You inquire after my health and *spirits* in large letters: my health can't be very bad, for I cured myself of a sharp tertian ague, in three weeks, with cold water, which had held my stoutest gondolier for months, notwithstanding all the bark of the apothecary,—a circumstance which surprised Dr Aglietti, who said it was a proof of great stamina, particularly in so epidemic a season. I did it out of dislike to the taste of bark (which I can't bear), and succeeded, contrary to the prophecies of every body, by simply taking nothing at all. As to *spirits*, they are unequal, now high, now low, like other people's, I suppose, and depending upon circumstances.

"Pray send me W. Scott's new novels. What are their names and characters? I read some of his former ones, at least once a day, for an hour or so. The last are too hurried: he forgets Ravenswood's name, and calls him *Edgar* and then *Norman*; and Girder, the cooper, is styled now *Gilbert*, and now *John*; and he don't make enough of Montrose; but Dalgetty is excellent, and so is Lucy Ashton, and the b—h her mother. What is *Ivanhoe*? and what do you call his other? are there two? Pray, make him write at least two a year: I like no reading so well.

"The editor of the Bologna Telegraph has sent me a paper with extracts from Mr Mulock's (his name always reminds me of Muley Moloch of Morocco) 'Atheism answered,' in which there is a long eulogium of my poetry, and a great 'compatimento' for my misery. I never could understand what they mean by accusing me of irreligion. However, they may have it their own way. This gentleman seems to be my great admirer, so I take what he says in good part, as he evidently intends kindness, to which I can't accuse myself of being invincible.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, March 10, 1841.

"In case, in your country, you should not lay hands on the Morgante Maggiori, I send you the original text of the First Canto, to compare with the translation which I sent you a few days ago. It is from the Naples edition in quarto of 1721,—at Florence, however, by a trick of the trade, as you, as one of the allied sovereigns of the *grandin* will perfectly understand without any further *gazzione*.

"It is strange that here nobody understands the real precise meaning of 'shergo,' or 'shergo,' an old Tuscan word, which I have rendered *helmet*. I have asked twenty people, learned and ignorant, nobles and including poets and officers civil and military. The dictionary says *cuirass*, but gives no example of a female friend of mine says positively that it is *helmet*, which makes me doubt the fact and the *gazzione* fore. Ginguéné says 'bonnet de fer' of the usual superficial decision of a Frenchman, and can't believe him: and what between him and the Italian woman, and the Frenchman, I am trusting to a word they say. The *gazzione* should decide, admits equally of *shergo*, as you will perceive. Ask Rose, H. de B., and Foscolo, and vote with the many: is he a good Tuscan? if he be, bother him a little, as you see, to be as accurate as I was in my third or fourth letter, or rather, within twenty days."

LETTER CCCLXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, March 10, 1841.

"Enclosed is Dante's *Prophesy*—Venezia, 1804. Where I have left more than one (which I have done often), you may add Gifford, Frere, Rose, and Habington, and your Utica Senate think the best, as the preface will explain all that is explanatory, but the four first cantos: if approved, I will send you the rest."

"Pray, mind in printing; and let some good scholar correct the Italian quotations."

"Four days ago I was overturned in a ring between the river and a steep bank, dashed to pieces, slight bruises, narrow scars, all that; but no harm done, though one man, horses, and vehicle, were all mangled."

"It has been suggested to me that *shergo* is the same as *hauberk*, *haubergon*, Ac. all from *haub*, *hauberg*, or covering of the neck."

"There were in this poem, originally, three remarkable strength and severity, about, as the *gazzione* against whom they were directed, was thus omitted in the publication. I shall have given the *gazzione* memory."

"The translation of his *Morgante* with both beautiful and good, as his *gazzione*. Shall call his bread and give him more of the."

It was owing to bad driving, as I remember, that a start on the part of the coachman against a post on the verge of the road, and capsize. I usually go out of the carriage, and meet the saddle horses at the door, and go there that we boggled; but on the usual, after the accident. They say now to St Antonio of Padua (serious), who does thirteen miracles a day,—not come of it. I have no objection to the fourteenth in the four-and-twenty rides over overturns and all escapes; and they dedicate pictures, &c. sailors once did to Neptune, after 'the vision.'

"Yours, in haste."

LETTER CCCLXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, March 20th, 1820.

I sent you 'The Vision of Dante,'—the enclosed you will find, *line for rhyme* (*terza rima*), of which your hard reader as yet understands nothing, &c. You know that she was born here, and slain, from Cary, Boyd, and such done it into *cramp* English, line for line for rhyme, to try the possibility.—I append it to the poems already sent by me. I shall not allow you to play the last year, with the prose you post-poned, which I sent to you *not* to be seen in a periodical paper,—and there without a word of explanation.—If this publish it *with the original*, and the *Pulci* translation, or the *Dante* suppose you have both by now, and before.

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

From the *Inferno* of Dante, Canto 6th.

For I was burnt site by the seas,
near to which the Po descends,
followed, in search of peace,
a gentle heart soon apprehends,
of the fair person which was taken
and me even yet the murder offends.
I once loved to love again
and me with wish to please, so strong,
I loved, yet, yet it doth remain,
with conducted us along,
gave for him our life who ended.
The accents utter'd by her tongue—
I heard to those could offend,
I sang and so kept it till—

Then said the bard, { when } I unbended
me, { Alas } unto such ill
sweet thoughts, what strong estimates
of evil future to fulfil!
And unto their side my eyes,
I turned, the sad destinies
of sorrow till the scars arise,
the prison of sweet sighs,
how thy Love to Passion rose,

So as his dim desires to recognise?

Then she to me: 'The greatest of all woes

Is to { recall to mind }
remind us of } our happy days

In misery, and { this } thy teacher knows.

But if to learn our passion's first tout preys

Upon thy spirit with such sympathy.

I will { relate } as he who weeps and says.—

We read one day for pasture, seated nigh,

Of Laucilot, how Love enchain'd him too

We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue

All o'er discolour'd by that reading were:

But one point only wholly { overthrew }
us o'erthrew.

When we read the { desired }
long-sighed for } smile of her,

To be thus kiss'd by such { a fervent } lover,

He who from me can be divided ne'er

Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.

Accurs'd was the book and he who wrote!

That day no further leaf we did uncover.—

While thus one Spirit told us of their lot,

The other wept, so that with pity's thralls

I swoon'd as if by death I had been smote,

And fell down even as a dead body falls."

LETTER CCCLXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, March 23d, 1820.

"I have received your letter of the 7th. Besides the four packets you have already received, I have sent the *Pulci* a few days after, and since (a few days ago) the four first Cantos of Dante's *Prophesy* (the best thing I ever wrote, if it be not *unintelligible*), and by last post a literal translation, word for word (versed like the original), of the episode of *Francesca of Rimini*. I want to hear what you think of the new Juans, and the translations, and the *Vision*. They are all things that are, or ought to be, very different from one another.

"If you choose to make a print from the Venetian, you may; but she don't correspond at all to the character you mean her to represent. On the contrary, the *Contessa G.* does (except that she is fair), and is much prettier than the *Fornarina*; but I have no picture of her except a miniature, which is very ill done; and, besides, it would not be proper, on any account whatever, to make such a use of it, even if you had a copy.

"Recollect that the two new Cantos only count with us for one. You may put the *Pulci* and *Dante* together: perhaps that were best. So you have put your name to *Juan*, after all your panic. You are a rare fellow.—I must now put myself in a passion to continue my prose.

"Yours, &c.

"I have caused write to Thorwaldsen. Pray be careful in sending my daughter's picture—I mean, that it be not hurt in the carriage, for it is a journey rather long and jolting."

* In some of the editions, it is 'dire,' in others 'furo';—an essential difference between 'saying' and 'doing,' which I know not how to decide. Ask Foscolo. The 4th editions drive me mad."

LETTER CCCLXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, March 28th, 1820.

"Enclosed is a 'Screed of Doctrine' for you, of which I will trouble you to acknowledge the receipt by next post. Mr Hobhouse must have the correction of it for the press. You may show it first to whom you please.

"I wish to know what became of my two Epistles from St Paul (translated from the Armenian three years ago and more), and of the letter to R——ts of last autumn, which you never have attended to? There are two packets with this.

"P.S. I have some thoughts of publishing the 'Hints from Horace,' written ten years ago,*—if Hobhouse can rummage them out of my papers left at his father's,—with some omissions and alterations previously to be made when I see the proofs."

LETTER CCCLXV.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, March 29th, 1820.

"Herewith you will receive a note (enclosed) on Pope, which you will find tally with a part of the text of last post. I have at last lost all patience with the atrocious cant and nonsense about Pope, with which our present *'s are overflowing, and am determined to make such head against it as an individual can, by prose or verse; and I will at least do it with good-will. There is no bearing it any longer; and if it goes on, it will destroy what little good writing or taste remains amongst us. I hope there are still a few men of taste to second me; but if not, I'll battle it alone, convinced that it is in the best cause of English literature.

"I have sent you so many packets, verse and prose, lately, that you will be tired of the postage, if not of the perusal. I want to answer some parts of your last letter, but I have not time, for I must 'boot and saddle,' as my Captain Craigengelt (an officer of the old Napoleon Italian army) is in waiting, and my groom and cattle to boot.

"You have given me a screed of metaphor and what not about *Pulci*, and manners, and 'going without clothes, like our Saxon ancestors.' Now, the Saxons did not go without clothes; and, in the next place, they are not my ancestors, nor yours either; for mine were Norman, and yours, I take it by your name, were Gael. And, in the next, I differ from you about the 'refinement' which has banished the comedies of Congreve. Are not the comedies of

* When making the observations which occur in the early part of this work, on the singular preference given by the noble author to the 'Hints from Horace,' I was not aware of the revival of this strange predilection, which it appears from the above letter, and, still more strongly, from some that follow, took place so many years after, in the full maturity of his powers and taste. Such a delusion is hardly conceivable, and can only, perhaps, be accounted for by that tenaciousness of early opinions and impressions by which his mind, in other respects so versatile, was characterized.

Sheridan acted to the thinnest brains? I have ex-committed) that 'The School for Scandal' the worst stock piece upon record. I do not think that Congreve gave up writing because Molière's halberdash drove his comedies off the stage, not decency, but stupidity, that does all the credit to Sheridan is as decent a writer as need be, and is no worse than Mrs Centlivre, of whom W. (the actor) said, not only her play was to be put off, but she too. He alluded to 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife.' But last, and most to the purpose, he is not an indecent writer—at least as far as the public as you will have perceived by this time.

"You talk of refinement—are you of one mind? are you so moral? No such thing. I know what the world is in England, by my own experience of the best of it—at least of the best, and I have described it every where it is to be found in all places.

"But to return. I should like to see the first of mine answer, because there will be some to omit or to alter. But pray let it be sent when convenient let me have an answer."

LETTER CCCLXVI.

TO MR DOPFNER.

"Ravenna, April 1st, 1820.

"Ravenna continues much the same as of old. *Conversazioni* all Lent, and more so than any at Venice. There are no public gardens, that is, *faro*, where nobody is worth more than a shilling or two;—other customs are much the same, much talk and coffee as you please, but no doing and saying what they please, and I do not expect any disagreeable events, except perhaps the falsely accused of flirtation, and who were paid six sixpences by a nobleman of the city. I did not suspect the illustrious de la Roche, Countess V*** and the Marquis L*** directly, and also that it was a way of making money when he saw it before him. I shall ask him for the cash, but contented myself with him that if he did it again, I should sue him by law.

"There is to be a theatre in April, and an opera, and another opera in June, but the weather of nature's giving, and the rest of the rest of Pina. With my best respects to Mr Dopfner, believe me ever, &c.

"P.S. Could you give me an idea of the weather remain at Venice? I don't want them, but I know whether the few that are not lost by the way. I hope you have got all your wine safe, and that it is all well. Allegra is prettier, I think, but as she is a mule, and as ravenous as a vulture, I don't judge of the complexion—temper, manners, vanity and pertinacity. She thinks herself some, and will do as she pleases."

LETTER CCCLXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, April 9th, 1820.

of all the devils in the printing-office, write to acknowledge the receipt of 1, and fourth packets, viz. the Pulei original, the *Danticles*, the *Observa*. You forget that you keep me in hot whether they are arrived, or if I am of recopying.

often the cream of translations, France, from the *Inferno*? Why, I have a house of trash within the last month, a sort of feeling about you: a pastry-bad twice the gratitude, and thanked the quantity.

the letter heavier, I enclose you the e's (our Campius) circular for his his evening. It is the anniversary of nation, and all polite christians, even a creed, must go and be civil. And circle, and a faro-table (for shillings, don't allow high play), and all the y, and sanctity of Ravenna present. himself is a very good-natured little of Muda, and legate here,—a decent the doctrines of the church. He has deeper these forty years * * * * *; a pious man and a moral liver.

quite sure that I won't be among you or I find that business don't go on—dees and lawyers—as it should do, rate speed.' They differ about invest-

when the devil and deep sea,
when the lawyer and trustee,

and so much time is lost by my not a spot, what with answers, denials, it may be I must come and look to it; and if other don't, so that I know to turn: but perhaps they can manage

"Yours, &c.

begin a tragedy on the subject of the Doge of Venice; but you sha'n't years, if you don't acknowledge my quickness and precision. *Always* a line, by return of post, when any which is not a mere letter.

sent to Ravenna; it saves a week's postage."

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, April 10th, 1820.

post arrives without bringing any from you of the different packets first, which I have sent within the last

two months, all of which ought to be arrived long ere now; and as they were announced in other letters, you ought at least to say whether they are come or not. You are not expected to write frequent, or long letters, as your time is much occupied; but when parcels that have cost some pains in the composition, and great trouble in the copying, are sent to you, I should at least be put out of suspense, by the immediate acknowledgment, per return of post, addressed *directly* to Ravenna. I am naturally—knowing what continental *posts* are—eager to hear that they are arrived; especially as I loathe the task of copying so much, that if there was a human being that could copy my blotted MSS., he should have all they can ever bring for his trouble. All I desire is two lines, to say, such a day I received such a packet. There are at least six unacknowledged. This is neither kind nor courteous.

"I have, besides, another reason for desiring you to be speedy, which is, that there is THAT brewing in Italy which will speedily cut off all security of communication, and set all your Anglo-travellers flying in every direction, with their usual fortitude in foreign tumults. The Spanish and French affairs have set the Italians in a ferment; and no wonder: they have been too long trampled on. This will make a sad scene for your exquisite traveller, but not for the resident, who naturally wishes a people to redress itself. I shall, if permitted by the natives, remain to see what will come of it, and perhaps to take a turn with them, like Dugald Dalgetty and his horse, in case of business; for I shall think it by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence, to see the Italians send the barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence. But they want union, and they want principle; and I doubt their success. However, they will try, probably, and if they do, it will be a good cause. No Italian can hate an Austrian more than I do: unless it be the English, the Austrians seem to me the most obnoxious race under the sky.

"But I doubt, if any thing be done, it won't be so quietly as in Spain. To be sure, revolutions are not to be made with rose-water, where there are foreigners as masters.

"Write while you can; for it is but the tom up of a paul that there will not be a row that will somewhat retard the mail by and by.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLXIX.

TO MR HOFFNER.

* Ravenna, April 10th, 1820.

"I have caused write to Siri and William to send with Vincenza, in a boat, the camp beds and swords left in their care when I quitted Venice. There are also several pounds of *Manton's best powder* in a japan case; but unless I felt sure of getting it away from V. without seizure, I won't have it ventured. I can get it in here, by means of an acquaintance in the customs, who has offered to get it ashore for me; but should like to be certiorated of its safety in leaving

Venice. I would not lose it for its weight in gold—there is none such in Italy, as I take it to be.

"I wrote to you a week or so ago, and hope you are in good plight and spirits. Sir Humphry Davy is here, and was last night at the Cardinal's. As I had been there last Sunday, and yesterday was warm, I did not go, which I should have done, if I had thought of meeting the man of chemistry. He called this morning, and I shall go in search of him at Corso time. I believe to-day, being Monday, there is no great conversazione, and only the family one at the Marchese Cavalli's, where I go as a *relation* sometimes, so that, unless he stays a day or two, we should hardly meet in public.

"The theatre is to open in May for the fair, if there is not a row in all Italy by that time,—the Spanish business has set them all a constituting, and what will be the end, no one knows—it is also necessary thereunto to have a beginning.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. My benediction to Mrs Hoppner. How is your little boy? Allegra is growing, and has increased in good looks and obstinacy."

LETTER CCCLXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, April 23d, 1820.

"The proofs don't contain the *last* stanzas of Canto Second, but end abruptly with the 105th stanza.

"I told you long ago that the new Cantos * were not good, and I also told you a reason. Recollect, I do not oblige you to publish them; you may suppress them, if you like, but I can alter nothing. I have erased the six stanzas about those two impostors . . . (which I suppose will give you great pleasure), but I can do no more. I can neither recast, nor replace; but I give you leave to put it all into the fire, if you like, or not to publish, and I think that's sufficient.

"I told you that I wrote on with no good-will—that I had been, not frightened, but *hurt* by the outcry, and, besides, that when I wrote last November, I was ill in body, and in very great distress of mind about some private things of my own; but *you would* have it: so I sent it to you, and to make it lighter, cut it in two—but I can't piece it together again. I can't cobble: I must 'either make a spoon or spoil a horn,'—and there's an end; for there's no remeid: but I leave you free will to suppress the whole, if you like it.

"About the *Morgante Maggiore*, I won't have a line omitted. It may circulate, or it may not; but all the criticism on earth shan't touch a line, unless it be because it is *badly* translated. Now you say, and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good one; and so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his own irreligion: I answer for the translation only.

"Pray let Mr. Hobhouse look to the *Italian* next time in the proofs: this time, while I am scribbling to you, they are corrected by one who passes for the

prettiest woman in Romagna, and even the *Man* as far as Ancona, be the other who she may.

"I am glad you like my answer to your query about Italian society. It is fit you should *know something*, and be d—d to you.

"My love to Scott. I shall thank him for his knighthood ever after for his being dubbed. In any way, he is the first poet titled for his talent: it has happened abroad before now, but in our continent titles are universal and worthless. Will you send me *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery*? I never written to Sir Walter, for I have to say a thousand things, and I a thousand nothing; but I hope to see him at Abbotsford before long, and I will sweat his claret for him. The Italian abstemiousness has made my heart a shipit concern for a Scotch sitting: *poor* poor love Scott, and Moore, and all the best men; but I hate and abhor that puddle of sin to whom you have taken into your troop.

"Yours &c.

"P.S. You say that *one-half* is too much; are wrong; for, if it were, it would not be a poem in existence. *Where* is the part? *one-half* is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it *Dryden's*? is it any one's *epic*? Goldsmith's, of which *all* is good? *last* are the poets your pond poem? But if *one-half* of the two new lines is your opinion, what the devil would it be? No—no; no poetry is *generally* good, and starts—and you are lucky, to find it and there. You might as well say that *stars* as rhyme all perfect.

"We are on the verge of a row here. They have overwritten all the *royal* with the republic! and 'Death to the king! This would be nothing in London, where we are privileged. But here it is a *disaster* are not used to such fierce political or the police is all on the alert, and the *lancet* pale through all his purple.

* April 24th, 1820.

"The police have been, all noon waiting for the insubers, but have caught none. They must have been all night about it. 'Live republics—Death to Popes and Pops' innumerable, and plastered over all the *city* has plenty. There is 'Down with the King too; they are down enough already, for ever. A very heavy rain and wind having *ruined* not go out and 'skirt the country' but to-morrow, and take a center among the *men* who are a savage, resolute race, *strong* guns in their hands. I wonder they do not the *screwders*, for they play on the gun at night, as in Spain, to their misfortune.

"Talking of politics, as *Caleb Quince* look at the conclusion of my *Italy* as written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with Duke de Berry's catastrophe in 1820, it is not as good a right to the character of *Italy* both senses of the word, as I *imagined* and *could*.

* *Crimson* tears with *blue* pen—

and have not they?

* Of Don Juan.

"I pretend to foresee what will happen to Englishmen at this distance, but I vaticinate Italy, in which case, I don't know that I have a finger in it. I dislike the Austrians, and the Italians infamously oppressed; and if you will, I will recommend 'the erection of a monument to Drumsab,' like Dugald Dalgetty."

LETTER CCCLXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, May 8th, 1830.

For your not having written again, an intention of your letter of the 7th ultimo indicated, I presume that the 'Prophecy of Dante' has been found more worthy than its predecessors of your illustrious synod. In that case, I am in some perplexity; to end which, I request, that you are not to consider yourself as pledged to publish any thing because it is always to act according to your own passions, or those of your friends; and to assure you will in no degree offend me by 'de-
caricature,' to use a technical phrase. The observations on John Wilson's attack, I do not send for publication at this time; and I send a copy to Mr. Kinnaird (they were written last evening, the 5th) which must not be published.

I mention this, because it is probable I will give you a copy. Pray recollect this, as I have verses of society, and written upon large and passionate. And, moreover, I can't say mutilations or omissions of *Pulci*: the poem has been ever free from such in Italy, the Christianity, and the translation may be so, though you will think it strange that I have allowed such freedom for many years to the Morgante, while the other day they sent the whole translation of the Fourth Canto of Harold, and have persecuted Leoni, the translator—so he writes me, and so I could have told you he consulted me before his publication. I know how much more politics interest men in Italy than religion. Half a dozen invectives against the Pope confiscate Childe Harold in a month; and twenty cantos of quizzing monks and the church government, are let loose for a copy of Leoni's account.

Quotara forse che la mia versione del 4° di Childe Harold fu confiscata in ogni parte: ed ho dovuto soffrir vessazioni altrettanto quanto illiberali, ad arte che alcuni versi esclusi dalla censura. Ma siccome il divieto ordinario che accrescere la curiosità così quel di Italia è ricreato più che mai, e penso di stampare in Inghilterra senza nulla escludere, la sagurata condizione di questa mia patria: si può chiamare una terra così avvilita dagli uomini, da se medesima.
 I will translate this to you. Has he had his intended piece of publication I shall dissuade him, or he may chance to see the inside of the book. The last sentence of his letter is the

common and pathetic sentiment of all his countrymen.

"Sir Humphry Davy was here last fortnight, and I was in his company in the house of a very pretty Italian lady of rank, who, by way of displaying her learning in presence of the great chemist, then describing his fourteenth ascension of Mount Vesuvius, asked 'if there was not a similar volcano in Ireland?' My only notion of an Irish volcano consisted of the lake of Killarney, which I naturally conceived her to mean; but on second thoughts I divined that she alluded to Iceland and to Hecla—and so it proved, though she sustained her volcanic topography for some time with all the amiable pertinacity of 'the feminine.' She soon after turned to me, and asked me various questions about Sir Humphry's philosophy, and I explained as well as an oracle his skill in gasen safety lamps, and ungluing the Pompeian MSS. 'But what do you call him?' said she. 'A great chemist,' quoth I. 'What can he do?' repeated the lady. 'Almost any thing,' said I. 'Oh, then, mio caro, do pray beg him to give me something to dye my eyebrows black. I have tried a thousand things, and the colours all come off; and besides, they don't grow: can't he invent something to make them grow?' All this with the greatest earnestness; and what you will be surprised at, she is neither ignorant nor a fool, but really well educated and clever. But they speak like children, when first out of their convents; and, after all, this is better than an English blue-stocking.

"I did not tell Sir Humphry of this last piece of philosophy, not knowing how he might take it. Davy was much taken with Ravenna, and the primitive Italianism of the people, who are unused to foreigners: but he only staid a day.

"Send me Scott's novels and some news.

"P.S. I have begun and advanced into the second act of a tragedy on the subject of the Doge's conspiracy (i. e. the story of Marino Faliero); but my present feeling is so little encouraging on such matters, that I begin to think I have mined my talent out, and proceed in no great phantasy of finding a new vein.

"P.S. I sometimes think (if the Italians don't rise) of coming over to England in the autumn after the coronation (at which I would not appear, on account of my family schism), but as yet I can decide nothing. The place must be a great deal changed since I left it, now more than four years ago."

LETTER CCCLXXII

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, May 26th, 1830.

"Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his poems: Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide Characters are taken from Smollett. 'Tis impossible—the Guide was published in 1766, and Humphrey Clinker in 1771—*dunque*, 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey. Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who 'built a church

to God, and then blasphemed his name; it was 'Deo crevit *Voltaire*' to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakespeare, 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily,' &c.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.

"Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct: for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

"Young, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXIII

TO MR MURRAY.

^a Ravenna, May 20th, 1820.

^a First and foremost, you must forward my letter to *More*, dated 2d January, which I said you might open, but desired you to forward. Now, you should really not forget these little things, because they do mischief among friends. You are an excellent man, a great man, and live among great men, but do pray recollect your absent friends and authors.

"In the first place, *your packets*; then a letter from Kinnaird, on the most urgent business; another from Moore, about a communication to Lady Byron of importance; a fourth from the mother of Allegra; and fifthly, at Ravenna, the Contessa G. is on the eve of being divorced.—But the Italian public are on our side, particularly the women,—and the men also, because they say that *he* had no business to take the business up now after a year of toleration. All her relations (who are numerous, high in rank, and powerful) are furious *against him* for his conduct. I am warned to be on my guard, as he is very capable of employing *stecchi*—this is Latin as well as Italian, so you can understand it; but I have arms, and don't mind them, thinking that I could pepper his ragamuffins, if they don't come unawares, and that, if they do, one may as well end that way as another; and it would besides serve *you* as an advertisement.

* Man may escape from force of sin. &c.

But he who takes woman, warnan, warnan, &c.

“Yours,

"P.S. I have looked over the press, but heaven knows how. Think what I have on hand, and the post going out to-morrow. Do you remember the epitaph on Voltaire?"

¹ "C'est un bonfant cûte," *ibid.*

* Here lies the spoilt child
(Of the world which he spoil'd.)

The original is in Grimm and Diderot, &c. &c. &c."

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

TO MR MOORE,

* Ravenna, May 21th, 1820.

"I wrote to you a few days ago. There is also a letter of January last for you at Murray's, which will

explain to you why I am here. Murray says
have forwarded it long ago. I enclose you a
from a countrywoman of yours at Paris, who
moved my entrails. You will have the good
perhaps, to inquire into the truth of her story,
will help her as far as I can,—though not in the
way she proposes. Her letter is evidently un-
der so natural, that the orthography is also in a
of nature.

"Here is a poor creature, ill and solitary, thinks, as a last resource, of translating you into French! Was there ever such a woman seems to me the consummation of despair. Inquire, and let me know, and, if you could pay bill on me *here* for a few hundred francs, as a banker's, I will duly honour it,—that is, if I am an imposter.* If not, let me know, that I may something remitted by my banker Louché & Co. for I have no correspondence, myself, at Paris. Tell her she must not translate,—if she does, it is the height of ingratitude.

"I had a letter (not of the same kind, however and flattery) from a Madame Sophie Gai, to whom I take to be the spouse of a Gai-Gai of the name. Who is she? and what is she? I told her she to take an interest in my *poesie* & all. If you know her, tell her, with my commission as I only read French. I have not an interest but would have done so in Italian, if I could. It would look like an affection. I was scolding my monkey for tearing the book, and spoiling a mock book, in which I was. I had a civet-cat the other day, to which I was after scratching my monkey's cheek, and was of it still. It was the fiercest beast I ever saw like * * in the face and manner.

"I have a world of things to say; but I can't come to a *dénouement*, I don't care to write history till it is wound up. After you saw a fever, but got well again without bark. Stephen Day was here the other day, and talked very much. He will tell you any thing you wish to know about the place and your visitor."

"Your apprehensions (arising from See. unfounded. There are **no damages** in the but there will probably be a separation them, as her family, which is a principle connexion, are very much against **him**, on of his conduct;—and he is old and obscure is young and a woman, determined to say a thing to her affections. I have given my advice, viz., to stay with him,—pointing of a separated woman (for the priests to live openly together, unless the husband a and making the most exquisite moral but to no purpose. She says, "I will stay

* According to his desire, I waited upon the Emperor, having provided myself with a rouleau of five hundred francs. Napoleon, to present to her from his brother, a very creditable spirit, my young countryman, gave me the gift, saying that Lord Byron had mistaken her application to him, which was to request of him that he would enable her to prepare a translation of the French book-sellers, and thus afford her the means of acquiring something towards a livelihood.

let you remain with me. It is hard that I be the only woman in Romagna who is not to be married; but, if not, I will not live with him; the consequences, love, &c. &c. &c.—you females reason on such occasions. But he has let it go on, till he can do so no more; he wants her to stay, and dismiss me; and like to pay back her dowry and to make her relations are rather for the separation. Her relations are, indeed, so does every populace and the women are, as usual, who are in the wrong, viz., the lady and I should have retreated, but honour, and which has attacked her, prevent me,—of love, for I love her most entirely, enough to persuade her to sacrifice every thing. "I see how it will end; she will kill Mrs. Shuttleworth."

is finished, and so must this letter.

"Yours ever,

"B.

regret that you have not completed the. Pray, how come you to be still in. I have four or five things of mine in. Don Juan, which his back-shop syndicate;—a translation of the first canto of. Maggiora, excellent;—a short ditto. not so much approved;—the Prophecy. very grand and worthy, &c. &c. &c.;—a. answer to Blackwood's Observations on. with a savage Defence of Pope—likely to. The opinions above I quote from. his Utican senate;—you will form your. you see the things.

will have no great chance of seeing me, for. think I must finish in Italy. But, if you. you, you shall have a tureen of macaroni. about yourself and your intents.

are going to lend Earl Blessington. and pounds (at six per cent.) on a Dublin. Only think of my becoming an Irish ab-

LETTER CCCLXXV.

TO MR HOPKNER.

* Ravenna, May 25, 1820.

man named Ruppelst has sent me, heaven. several Deutsche Gazettes, of all which. ed neither word nor letter. I have sent. closed to beg you to translate to me some. hand appear to be Goethe's upon Manfred. jury judge by two notes of admiration. out after something ridiculous by us), and. hypochondrich, are any thing but favour-. regret this, for I should have been. meth's good word; but I shan't alter my. him, even though he should be savage. on excuse this trouble, and do me this. never mind—often nothing—I am literary. ing had good and evil said in most modern

"Believe me, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, June 1st, 1820.

"I have received a Parisian letter from W. W., which I prefer answering through you, if that worthy be still at Paris, and, as he says, an occasional visitor of yours. In November last he wrote to me a well-meaning letter, stating, for some reasons of his own, his belief that a reunion might be effected between Lady B. and myself. To this I answered as usual; and he sent me a second letter, repeating his notions, which letter I have never answered, having had a thousand other things to think of. He now writes as if he believed that he had offended me by touching on the topic; and I wish you to assure him that I am not at all so,—but, on the contrary, obliged by his good-nature. At the same time acquaint him the thing is impossible. You know this, as well as I,—and there let it end.

"I believe that I showed you his epistle in autumn last. He asks me if I have heard of my 'laureat' at Paris,*—somebody who has written 'a most sanguinary Epitre' against me; but whether in French, or Dutch, or on what score, I know not, and he don't say,—except that (for my satisfaction) he says it is the best thing in the fellow's volume. If there is any thing of the kind that I ought to know, you will doubtless tell me. I suppose it to be something of the usual sort;—he says, he don't remember the author's name.

"I wrote to you some ten days ago, and expect an answer at your leisure.

"The separation business still continues, and all the world are implicated, including priests and cardinals. The public opinion is furious against him, because he ought to have cut the matter short at first, and not waited twelve months to begin. He has been trying at evidence, but can get none sufficient; for what would make fifty divorces in England won't do here—there must be the most decided proofs. * * *

"It is the first cause of the kind attempted in Ravenna for these two hundred years; for, though they often separate, they assign a different motive. You know that the continental incontinent are more delicate than the English, and don't like proclaiming their coronation in a court, even when nobody doubts it.

"All her relations are furious against him. The father has challenged him—a superfluous valour, for he don't fight, though suspected of two assassinations—one of the famous Monzoni of Ferli. Warning was given me not to take such long rides in the Pine Forest without being on my guard; so I take my stiletto and a pair of pistols in my pocket during my daily rides.

"I won't stir from this place till the matter is settled one way or the other. She is as femininely firm as possible; and the opinion is so much against him, that the advocates decline to undertake his cause, because they say that he is either a fool or a rogue—fool, if he did not discover the liaison till now; and rogue, if he did know it, and waited, for some bad end, to divulge it. In short, there has been nothing like it

† M. Lamartine.

since the days of Guido di Polenta's family, in these parts.

"If the man has me taken off, like Polonius, 'say he made a good end'—for a melodrame. The principal security is, that he has not the courage to spend twenty scudi—the average price of a clean-handed bravo—otherwise there is no want of opportunity, for I ride about the woods every evening, with one servant, and sometimes an acquaintance, who latterly looks a little queer in solitary bits of bushes.

"Good bye.—Write to yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Ravenna, June 7th, 1820.

"Enclosed is something which will interest you, to wit, the opinion of the greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements (all 'famous hands,' as Jacob Tonson used to say of his ragamuffins)—in short, a critique of Goethe's upon *Manfred*. There is the original, an English translation, and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives, for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting—and this is more so, as favourable. *My Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *à vive voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Steinbach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus, are very similar. Acknowledge this letter.

"Yours ever.

"P.S. I have received *Ivanhoe*;—good. Pray send me some tooth-powder and tincture of myrrh, by White, &c. Ricciardetto should have been translated literally, or not at all. As to puffing *Whistlecraft*, it won't do. I'll tell you why some day or other. Cornwall's a poet, but spoilt by the detestable schools of the day. Mrs Hemans is a poet also, but too stilted and apostrophic,—and quite wrong. Men died calmly before the Christian era, and since, without Christianity: witness the Romans, and, lately, Thistlewood, Sault, and Louvel—men who ought to have been weighed down with their crimes, even had they believed. A deathbed is a matter of nerves and constitution, and not of religion. Voltaire was frightened, Frederick of Prussia not: Christians the same, according to their strength rather than their creed. What does H * * H * * mean by his stanza? which is octave got drunk or gone mad. He ought to have his ears boxed with Thor's hammer for rhyming so fantastically."

The following is the article from Goethe's "Kunst und Alterthum," enclosed in this letter. The grave confidence with which the venerable critic traces the fancies of his brother poet to real persons and events, making no difficulty even of a double murder at Florence to furnish grounds for his theory, affords an amusing instance of the disposition so prevalent throughout Europe, to picture Byron as a man of marvels and mysteries, as well in his life as his poetry.

To these exaggerated, or wholly false, tales, the numerous fictitious poems upon the romantic tours and wonderful adventures, which he never saw, and with persons that never have, no doubt, considerably contributed, the consequence is, so utterly out of truth, as the representations of his life and character current upon the continent, that it may be questioned whether the real "flesh and blood" hero of the pages,—the social, practical, modest, and faultless and eccentricities, *England's Last Poet*, is not, to the over-exalted imaginations of his foreign admirers, appear but an ordinary, and prosaic personage.

"GOETHE ON MANFRED."

"Byron's tragedy, *Manfred*, was to me a singular phenomenon, and one that closely connected with himself, and extracted from it the strongest element for his hypochondric humor. In the use of the impelling principles in his own purposes, so that no one of the same; and it is particularly on this account cannot enough admire his genius. In this way so completely formed men, and an interesting task for the critic to trace the alterations he has made, but to resemble with, or dissimilarity to, the course of which I cannot describe. The heat of an unbounded and exuberant imagination at last oppressive to us. Yet is the feeling always connected with esteem and admiration."

"We find this in this tragedy the most astonishing talent born to a man. The character of Lord Byron's poetry hardly permits a just and rational criticism. He has often enough suffered from that torments him. He has repeatedly passed and scarcely any one feels compassion for his tolerable suffering, over which he is ever ruminating. There are, properly speaking, males whose phantoms for ever haunt his vision in this piece also, perform principal parts—the name of Astarte, the other without her presence, and merely a voice. Of the occurrence which took place with the former, nothing is related. When a bold and enterprising man, he won the affections of a Florentine, his husband discovered the amour, and his wife, but the murderer was the man who was dead in the street, and there was no suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron came from Florence, and these spirits haunted his life after."

* Of this kind are the accounts, filled with circumstantial wonders, of his residence in the Mythen;—his voyages to Sicily, and to the Texas Guadalupe, &c., &c. But the most curious of all these fabrications, are the stories told in the poet's religious conferences in the city of Rome at Athens, and the still more monstrous ones which Byron has indulged in, giving the most extended theatrical scene, set up in the history of the world between Lord Byron and the Archbishop at the tomb of Blotarie, in Mesopotamia.

"This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems. As, for instance, when turning his sad contemplations inwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the king of Sparta. It is as follows:—Pausanias, a Lacedæmonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Platæa, but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen through his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the enemies of his country. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks, in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents, and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp, and, while groping her way in the dark, she overturns it. Pausanias is awakened from his sleep, apprehensive of an attack from murderers—he seizes his sword, and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly, and he implores for aid in vain from the gods and the exorcising priests.

"That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to himself, and burthens his tragic image with it. The following soliloquy, which is overlaid with gloom and a weariness of life, is, by this remark, rendered intelligible. We recommend it as an exercise to all friends of declamation. Hamlet's soliloquy appears improved upon here."

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 9th, 1830.

"Galignani has just sent me the Paris edition of your works (which I wrote to order), and I am glad to see my old friends with a French face. I have been skimming and dipping, in and over them, like a swallow, and as pleased as one. It is the first time that I had seen the Melodies without music; and, I don't know how, but I can't read in a music-book—the crotchets confound the words in my head, though I recollect them perfectly when sung. Music assists my memory through the ear, not through the eye; I mean, that her quavers perplex me upon paper, but they are a help when heard. And thus I was glad to see the words without their borrowed robes;—to my mind they look none the worse for their nudity.

"The biographer has made a botch of your life—calling your father 'a venerable old gentleman,' and prattling of 'Addison,' and 'dowager countesses.' If that damned fellow was to write my life, I would certainly take his. And then, at the Dublin dinner, you have 'made a speech' (do you recollect, at Douglas K.'s, 'Sir, he made me a speech?') too complimentary to the 'living poets,' and somewhat redolent of universal praise. I am but too well off in it, but"

"You have not sent me any poetical or personal

* The critic here subjoins the soliloquy from Manfred, beginning "We are the fools of time and terror," in which the allusion to Pausanias occurs.

news of yourself. Why don't you complete an Italian Tour of the Fudges? I have just been turning over Little, which I knew by heart in 1803, being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigho! I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours.

"In my last I told you of a cargo of 'Poeshie,' which I had sent to M. at his own impatient desire;—and, now he has got it, he don't like it, and demurs. Perhaps he is right. I have no great opinion of any of my last shipment, except a translation from Pulci, which is word for word, and verse for verse.

"I am in the Third Act of a Tragedy; but whether it will be finished or not, I know not: I have, at this present, too many passions of my own on hand to do justice to those of the dead. Besides the vexations mentioned in my last, I have incurred a quarrel with the Pope's carabinieri, or gens d'armes, who have petitioned the Cardinal against my liveries, as resembling too nearly their own lousy uniform. They particularly object to the epaulettes, which all the world with us have on upon gala days. My liveries are of the colours conforming to my arms, and have been the family hue since the year 1066.

"I have sent a tranchant reply, as you may suppose; and have given to understand that, if any soldados of that respectable corps insult my servants, I will do likewise by their gallant commanders; and I have directed my ragamuffins, six in number, who are tolerably savage, to defend themselves, in case of aggression; and, on holydays and gaudy days, I shall arm the whole set, including myself, in case of accidents or treachery. I used to play pretty well at the broad-sword, once upon a time, at Angelo's; but I should like the pistol, our national buccaneer weapon, better, though I am out of practice at present. However, I can 'wink and hold out mine iron.' It makes me think (the whole thing does) of Romeo and Juliet—now, Gregory, remember thy *smashing* blow."

"All these feuds, however, with the Cavalier for his wife, and the troopers for my liveries, are very tiresome to a quiet man, who does his best to please all the world, and longs for fellowship and good will. Pray write.

"I am yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

TO MR MOORE,

"Ravenna, July 13th, 1830.

"To remove or increase your Irish anxiety about my being 'in a wisp,'* I answer your letter forthwith; premising that, as I am a 'Will of the wisp,' I may chance to flit out of it. But, first, a word on the Memoir;—I have no objection, nay, I would rather that *one* correct copy was taken and deposited in honourable hands, in case of accidents happening to the original; for you know that I have none, and have never even re-read, nor, indeed, read at all, what is there written: I only know that I wrote it with the fullest intention to be 'faithful and true' in my narrative, but *not* impartial—no, by the Lord! I can't pretend to be that, while I feel. But I wish to

* An Irish phrase for being in a scrape.

give every body concerned the opportunity to contradict or correct me.

"I have no objection to any proper person seeing what is there written,—seeing it was written, like every thing else, for the purpose of being read, however much many writings may fail in arriving at that object.

"With regard to 'the wisp,' the Pope has pronounced *their separation*. The decree came yesterday from Babylon,—it was *she* and *her friends* who demanded it, on the grounds of her husband's (the noble Count Cavalieri's) extraordinary usage. *He* opposed it with all his might, because of the alimony, which has been assigned, with all her goods, chattels, carriage, &c. to be restored by him. In Italy they can't divorce. He insisted on her giving me up, and he would forgive every thing,—even the adultery, which he swears that he can prove by 'famous witnesses.' But, in this country, the very courts hold such proofs in abhorrence, the Italians being as much more delicate in public than the English, as they are more passionate in private.

"The friends and relatives, who are numerous and powerful, reply to him:—You, yourself, are either fool or knave,—fool, if you did not see the consequences of the approximation of these two young persons,—knave, if you connive at it. Take your choice,—but don't break out (after twelve months of the closest intimacy, under your own eyes and positive sanction), with a scandal, which can only make you ridiculous and her unhappy."

"He swore that he thought our intercourse was purely amicable, and that *I* was more partial to him than to her, till melancholy testimony proved the contrary. To this they answer, that 'Will of this wisp' was not an unknown person, and that 'clamosa fama' had not proclaimed the purity of my morals;—that *her* brother, a year ago, wrote from Rome to warn him, that his wife would infallibly be led astray by this ignis fatuus, unless he took proper measures, all of which he neglected to take, &c. &c.

"Now, he says, that he encouraged my return to Ravenna, to see 'in quanti piedi di acqua nanno,' and he has found enough to drown him in. In short,

'Ce ne fut pas le tout; sa femme se plaignit—
Proces—La parenté se joint en excuse et dit
Que du Docteur venait tout le mauvais ménage:
Que cet homme était fou, que sa femme était sage.
On fit casser le mariage.'

It is but to let the women alone, in the way of conflict, for they are sure to win against the field. She returns to her father's house, and I can only see her under great restrictions—such is the custom of the country. The relations behaved very well;—I offered any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and swear she *shd'n't* live with G. (as he has tried to prove her faithless), but that he shall maintain her; and, in fact, a judgment to this effect came yesterday. I am, of course, in an awkward situation enough.

"I have heard no more of the carabinieri who protested against my liveries. They are not popular, those same soldiers, and, in a small row, the other night, one was slain, another wounded, and divers put to flight, by some of the Romagnuolo youth, who

are dexterous, and somewhat liberal of the law. The perpetrators are not discovered, but I happen to believe that none of my ragamuffins were in it, though they are somewhat savage, and secretly armed, like most of the inhabitants. It is their way, and one sometimes a good deal of litigation.

"There is a revolution at Naples. If so, it will probably leave a card at Ravenna in its way to Lombardy.

"Your publishers seem to have need you like *me*. M. has shuffled, and almost insinuated that my productions are *dull*. Dull, sir!—damme, and I believe he is right. He begs for the completion of my tragedy on Marino Faliero, some of which is gone to England. The fifth act is nearly composed, but it is dreadfully long—40 sheets of long paper, 4 pages each—about 150 when printed; but a full of pastime and prodigality* that I think a well-doer.

"Pray send and publish your *Promo* upon me, and don't be afraid of praising me too highly. I can pocket my blushes.

"Not actionable!—*Chantage d'enfer*!—*by* that's 'a speech,' and I won't put up with such a pretty title to give a man for doubting if there be any such place!

"So my Gail is gone—and Miss Mahony sent me money. I am very glad of it—I like to be a good deal free of expense. But beg her not to involve me.

"Oh, pray tell Galigiani that I shall be as a creed of doctrine if he don't be more precise. Somebody regularly detains two, or sometimes four, of his *Messengers* by the way, but please treat him to be more precise. *Ne me envoie rien* in this remote kingdom of the Ostragotti.

"Pray, reply I should like much to do some of your Champagne and Lafitte, but I am so far from Paris in general. Make Murray send me a letter to you—it is full of *epigrammes*.

"Yours, &c."

In the separation that had now taken place between Count Guiccioli and his wife, it was on the conditions that the lady should, in future, remain on the paternal roof:—in consequence of which, *Mme* Guiccioli, on the 16th of July, left Ravenna retired to a villa belonging to Count Gambi, fifteen miles distant from that city. Here *Lord Byron* occasionally visited her—about once or twice, or perhaps, in the month—passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude. To a mind like his, which was within itself, such a mode of life could have been neither new nor unwelcome; but to the young and admired, whose acquaintance with the world and its pleasures had but just begun, the change was, it must be confessed, most smothering. Count Guiccioli was rich, and, as a young wife, she had gained absolute power over him. He was proud, and his station placed her among the highest in Ravenna. They had talked of travelling to Naples, Florence, Paris,—and every town, in short, that wealth could command was at her disposal.

All this she now voluntarily and determinedly sacrificed for Byron. Her splendid house abandoned—

* The title given him by M. Lamartine, in one of his Poems.

it.^a I verily believe that nor you, nor any man of poetical temperament, can avoid a strong passion of some kind. It is the poetry of life. What should I have known or written, had I been a quiet, mercantile politician, or a lord in waiting? A man must travel and turmoil, or there is no existence. Besides, I only meant to be a Cavalier Servente, and had no idea it would turn out a romance, in the Anglo fashion.

"However, I suspect I know a thing or two of Italy—more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her posting. What do Englishmen know of Italians beyond their museums and saloons—and some back * *, *en passant*? Now, I have lived in the heart of their houses, in parts of Italy freshest and least influenced by strangers,—have seen and become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their hopes, and fears, and passions, and am almost inoculated into a family. This is to see men and things as they are.

You say that I called you 'quiet'—I don't recollect any thing of the sort. On the contrary, you are always in scrapes.

"What think you of the Queen? I hear Mr. Hoby says, 'that it makes him weep to see her, she reminds him so much of Jane Shore.'

* Mr Hoby the bootmaker's heart is quite sore,
For seeing the Queen makes him think of Jane Shore;
And, in fact,

Pray excuse this ribaldry. What is your Poem about? Write and tell me all about it and you.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. Did you write the lively quiz on Peter Bell? It has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be any body else's now going. It was in *Galignani* the other day or week."

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, September 7th, 1820.

"In correcting the proofs you must refer to the *manuscript*, because there are in it *various readings*. Pray attend to this, and choose what Gifford thinks best. Let me hear what he thinks of the whole.

"You speak of Lady * * 's illness: she is not of those who die:—the amiable only do; and those whose death would *do good* live. Whenever she is pleased to return, it may be presumed she will take her 'divining rod' along with her: it may be of use to her at home, as well as to the 'rich man' of the Evangelists.

"Pray do not let the papers paragraph me back to England. They may say what they please, any loathsome abuse but that. Contradict it.

"My last letters will have taught you to expect an explosion here: it was primed and loaded, but they hesitated to fire the train. One of the cities shrank from the league. I cannot write more at large for a thousand reasons. Our 'pair till folk' offered to strike, and raise the first banner, but

* I had mistaken the concluding words of his letter of the 9th of June.

Bologna paused; and now 'tis autumn, and half over. 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem'—they are on the Po; but if once they pass on to Naples, all Italy will be behind them.—the wolves—may they perish like the Sennacherib! If you want to publish the work of Dante, you never will have a better time."

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, September 11th.

"Here is another historical note from me, to be as near truth as the drama can be.

"Last post I sent you a note from myself, in answer to a trashy letter, saying that he could have been introduced to me. I have a proof of it, that I may put it in some shape.

"What Gifford says is very true (First Act). English, sterling *genius* desideratum amongst you, and I am glad to get so much left; though Heaven has sent it: I hear none but from my table, *Langhams*; and I see none but *Langhams*, and theirs is *no language*. Even your * * * is terribly *very* with 'very, very' so soft and pass.

"Oh! if ever I do come amongst you, give you such a 'Baviard and M...' as the old, but even *better* man, was such a *set* as your *rayons* of yours only, but every body's. What the neys, and the Lakers, and the *Langhams* and Moore, and Byron, you are a *decline and degradation* of human nature of it without all the remembrance of a word that Johnson were alive again to *create*

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna Sept 11th.

"What! not a line? Well, here it is.

"I wish you would inform Perry the paragraph is the cause of all my *accidents* stopped in Paris. The fools believe in a *fatal* country, and have not sent me a word so that I know nothing of your health or Queen.

"I cannot avail myself of Mr Gifford's because I have received none, except a *very* one.

* Yours &c.

"P.S. Do, pray, beg the editors of any thing blackguard they please; but not amongst their arrivals. They do not care by such nonsense than all their abuse and

* The angry note against English travel in this tragedy, in consequence of its *unpleasant* recent contrast that he *or*, as it afterwards appeared, had repeatedly declined an introduction to me while in Italy."

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY

* Ravenna, Sept. 21st. 1829.

e, you are at your old tricks again. This is the
 e packet I have received unaccompanied by a
 e line of good, bad, or indifferent. It is strange
 you have never forwarded any further observa-
 e of Clifford's. How am I to alter or amend, if I
 e further? or does this silence mean that it is
 enough as it is, or too bad to be repaired? If
 not, why do you not say so at once, instead of
 e pretty, while you know that soon or late you
 out with the truth.

"Young &c.

2. My sister tells me that you sent to her to
a where I was, believing in my arrival, '*driving
rick*,' &c. &c. into Palace-yard. Do you think
a woman or a madman, to be capable of such
libelous? My sister knew me better, and told
me *could not* be me. You might as well have
me entering on 'a pale horse,' like Death in
Judith. 70

LETTER CCCLXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

^c Ravenna, Sept. 23d, 1929.

is from Mr Hobbouse, and send me a proof
in Latin) of my Hints from Horace: it has now
been *promissory* in *anonymus* complete for its pro-
gress being written at Athens in 1811. I have a
sheet, with some omissions of names and pas-
sages I do; and I could put my late observa-
tion Pope amongst the notes, with the date of
and so on. As far as verification goes, it is
not on looking back to what I wrote about
ind. I am astonished to see how little I have
done. I wrote better than now: but that
may have fallen into the atrocious bad taste
now. If I can trim it for present publication,
and the other things you have of mine, you will
choose or two of variety at least, for there
I measure, style, and topics, whether good
I am anxious to hear what Gifford thinks of
it: pray let me know. I really do not know
think myself.

German pass the Po, they will be treated
out of the Cardinal de Metz's *Brevary*.
fool, and could not understand this: Frere
is as pretty a conceit as you would wish to
summer's day.

dy here believes a word of the evidence Queen. The very mob cry shame against trymen, and say, that for half the money in the trial, any testimony whatever may be put of Italy. This you may say upon as old you as much before. As to what transport, what are *travellers*? Now I have among the Italians not *Flower*, and *Regalier*, and *conversations* as for a few and then home again; but best of these and friendships, and love, and *love*, and

councils, and correspondence, in a part of Italy least known to foreigners,—and have been amongst them of all classes, from the Conte to the Contadine; and you may be sure of what I say to you.

"Young &c."

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII

TO MR MERRAY.

* Ravenna, September 20th, 1929.

"I thought that I had told you long ago, that it *never* was intended nor written with any view to the stage. I have said so in the preface too. It is too long and too regular for your stage, the persons too few, and the *smell* too much observed. It is more like a play of Alfieri's than of your stage (I say this humbly in speaking of that great man); but there is poetry, and it is equal to *Maufred*, though I know not what esteem is held of *Maufred*.

"I have now been nearly as long out of England as I was there during the time I saw you frequently. I came home July 14th, 1811, and left again April 26th, 1816: so that Sept. 28th, 1820, brings me within a very few months of the same duration of time of my stay and my absence. In course, I can know nothing of the public taste and feelings, but from what I glean from letters, &c. Both seem to be as bad as possible.

"I thought *Anastasius* excellent: did I not say so? *Matthew's Diary* most excellent; it, and *Por-syth*, and parts of *Hobhouse*, are all we have of truth or sense upon Italy. The latter to Ju' is very good indeed. I do not despise; but if she had been *de-muchings* instead of *wearing* them, it w^d be better. You are taken in by that false united tragedy style, which is a mixture of all the styles of the day, which are all *barbaric*. I don't except my own—no one has gone more through *Logogon* to corrupt the language; but it is neither language nor poetry. Time will show.

"I am sorry Gifford has made no further remarks beyond the first Act: does he think all the English equally sterling as he thought the first? You did right to send the pearls: I was a fool: but I do really content the sight of pearls: it is an extravagancy: but comes from laziness."

"You can steal the two Jews into the work quietly, tagged to the others. The pay is just what the House likes; but the Peace I am proud of is superb: you have no work transaction. It is the best thing I ever did in my life. I won the best term by making it easy, and the crops were raised as if by magic, and being raised in view of a few minutes for I had my hands full and my head full of them: so it can be in great cases—I want the pay; but the work too. I have done."

[illegible]

* Sept. 29th.

"I open my letter to say that, on reading *more* of the four volumes on Italy, where the author says 'declined an introduction,' I perceive (*horresco referens*) it is written by a WOMAN!!! In that case you must suppress my note and answer, and all I have said about the book and the writer. I never dreamed of it until now, in my extreme wrath at that precious note. I can only say that I am sorry that a lady should say any thing of the kind. What I would have said to one of the other sex you know already. Her book too (as a *she* book) is not a bad one; but she evidently don't know the Italians, or rather don't like them, and forgets the *causes* of their misery and profligacy (*Matthews* and *Forsyth* are your men for truth and tact), and has gone over Italy in *company—always a bad plan*: you must be *alone* with people to know them well. Ask her, who was the '*descendant of Lady M. W. Montague*,' and by whom? by Algarotti?

"I suspect that in Marino Faliero, you and yours won't like the *politics*, which are perilous to you in these times: but recollect that it is *not a political* play, and that I was obliged to put into the mouths of the characters the sentiments upon which they acted. I hate all things written like Pizarro, to represent France, England, and so forth. All I have done is meant to be purely Venetian, even to the very propriety of its present state.

"Your Angles in general know little of the *Italians*, who detest them for their numbers and their GENOA treachery. Besides, the English travellers have not been composed of the best company. How could they?—out of 100,000, how many gentlemen were there, or honest men?

"Mitchell's Aristophanes is excellent. Send me the rest of it.

"These fools will force me to write a book about Italy myself, to give them 'the loud lie.' They prate about assassination; what is it but the origin of duelling—and '*a wild justice*,' as Lord Bacon calls it? It is the fount of the modern point of honour in what the laws can't or *won't* reach. Every man is liable to it more or less, according to circumstances or place. For instance, I am living here exposed to it daily, for I have happened to make a powerful and unprincipled man my enemy;—and I never sleep the worse for it, or ride in less solitary places, because precaution is useless, and one thinks of it as of a disease which may or may not strike. It is true that there are those here, who, if he did, would 'live to think on't'; but that would not awake my bones: I should be sorry if it would, were they once at rest."

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, *Shre 6th*, 1839.

"You will have now received all the Acts, corrected, of the Marino Faliero. What you say of the 'bet of 100 guineas' made by some one who says that he saw me last week reminds me of what happened in 1810; you can easily ascertain the fact, and it is an odd one.

"In the latter end of 1811, I met one evening at

the Alfred my old school and form-fellow (for we were within two of each other, *As* the higher, though both very near the top of our remove) *Peel*, the Irish secretary. He told me that, in 1810, he met me, as he thought, in St James's-street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible, I being then in Turkey. A day or two afterward, he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way:—'There,' said he, 'is the man whom I took for Byron.' His brother instantly answered, 'Why, it is Byron, and no other.' But this is not all:—I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* amongst the inquirers after the king's health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as I could make out, I was ill of a *strong fever* at Patras, caught in the marshes near Olympia, from the *malaria*. If I had died there, this would have been a new ghost story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretia, who (denies the immortality of the soul, but) asserts that from the 'flying off of the surfaces of bodies, these surfaces or cases, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, so that the shapes and shadows of both the dead and living are frequently beheld.'

"But if they are, are their coats and waistcoats also seen? I do not disbelieve that we may know by some unconscious process, to a certain extent, which of these two I happen at present to be, I leave you to decide. I only hope that *t'other* will behave like a gentleman.

"I wish you would get Peel asked how far I am accurate in my recollection of what he told me; for I don't like to say such things without authority.

"I am not sure that I was *not spoken* with; but this also you can ascertain. I have written to you such letters that I stop.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. Last year (in June, 1819) I met at Cocchi's, at Ferrara, an Italian who asked me 'Did you know Lord Byron?' I told him *no* (no one knew himself, you know). 'Then,' says he, 'I do; I met him at Naples the other day.' I putted out my card and asked him if that was the way he spelt his name; he answered, *yes*. I suspect that it was a black-guard navy surgeon, who attended a young travelling madam about, and passed himself for a lord at the post-houses. He was a vulgar dog—quite of the cock-pit order—and a precious representative I may have had of him, if it was even so; but I don't know. He passed himself off as a gentleman, and was about a Countess ** (of this place), then at Vienna an ugly battered woman, of bad morals even to Italy."

LETTER CCXC.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, *Shre 8th*, 1839.

"Foscolo's letter is exactly the thing wanted firstly, because he is a man of genius; and, secondly, because he is an Italian, and therefore the best judge of Italica. Besides,

e an antique Roman than a Dane ;'

more of the ancient Greek than of the
Though 'somewhat,' as Dugald
'too wild and salvage' (like 'Ronald
'tis a wonderful man, and my friends
Rose 'both swear by him; and they
of men and of Italian humanity.

in all two worthy voices gain'd :

: is good 'sterling genuine English,'
ys that the characters are right Vene-
ure and Otway had a million of advan-
besides the incalculable one of being
: to two centuries, and having been
guards (which ARE such attractions to
og reader); let me then preserve the
I could possibly have—that of having
, and entered more into the local spirit
no more.

at Foscolo means about Calendaro's
ritm; that's national—the objection,
Italians and French, with those 'flags
t,' their pocket handkerchiefs, spit
e, and every where else—in your face
efore object to it on the stage as too
t we who spit nowhere—but in a
n we grow savage—are not likely to
member *Massinger*, and Kean's Sir
h—

us I spit at thee and at thy counsel !'

laro does *not* spit in Bertram's face ;
n, as I have seen the Mussulmans do
nd when they are in a rage. Again,
fact despise Bertram, though he af-
: all do, when angry with one we think
e is angry at not being allowed to die in
lthough not afraid of death); and re-
spected and hated Bertram from the
ertuccio, on the other hand, is a cooler
entrated fellow : he acts upon *princi-*
se; Calendaro upon *impulse* and *ex-*

argument for you.

repeats;—*true*, but it is from en-
n, and because he sees *different* per-
lways obliged to recur to the *cause*
his mind. His speeches are long;—
ote for the *closet*, and on the French
del rather than yours, which I think
of, for all your *old* dramatists, who
h too, God knows:—*look* into any of

u Foscolo's letter, because it alludes
ate affairs. I am sorry to see such a
because I know what they are, or
e. I never met but three men who
ld out a finger to me : one was your-
William Bankes, and the other a no-
o dead : but of these the first was the
ffered it while I *really* wanted it ;
good-will—but I was not in need of
d would not have accepted it if I had

(though I love and esteem him); and the *third* —

"So you see that I have seen some strange things
in my time. As for your own offer, it was in 1815,
when I was in actual uncertainty of five pounds. I
rejected it; but I have not forgotten it, although you
probably have.

"P. S. Foscolo's Ricciardo was lent, with the
leaves uncut, to some Italians, now in villeggiatura,
so that I have had no opportunity of hearing their
decision, or of reading it. They seized on it as Fos-
colo's, and on account of the beauty of the paper and
printing, directly. If I find it takes, I will reprint it
here. The Italians think as highly of Foscolo as
they can of any man, divided and miserable as they
are, and with neither leisure at present to read, nor
head nor heart to judge of any thing but extracts
from French newspapers and the *Lugano Gazette*.

"We are all looking at one another, like wolves
on their prey in pursuit, only waiting for the first
falling on to do unutterable things. They are a great
world in chaos, or angels in hell, which you please;
but out of chaos came paradise, and out of hell—I
don't know what; but the devil went *in* there, and
he was a fine fellow once, you know.

"You need never favour me with any periodical
publication, except the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and an
occasional *Blackwood*; or now and then a *Monthly*
Review: for the rest I do not feel curiosity enough
to look beyond their covers.

"To be sure I took in the *Editor of the British*
finely. He fell precisely into the glaring trap laid for
him. It was inconceivable how he could be so ab-
surd as to imagine us serious with him.

"Recollect, that if you put my name to '*Don*
Juan' in these canting days, any lawyer might op-
pose my guardian right of my daughter in chancery,
on the plea of its containing the *parody*;—such are
the perils of a foolish jest. I was not aware of this
at the time, but you will find it correct, I believe;
and you may be sure that the *Noels* would not let it
slip. Now I prefer my child to a poem at any time,
and so should you, as having half a dozen.

"Let me know your notions.

"If you turn over the earlier pages of the *Hunt-*
ington peerage story, you will see how common a
name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I
found it in my own pedigree in the reign of John and
Henry, and gave it to my daughter. It was also the
name of Charlemagne's sister. It is in an early chap-
ter of *Genesis*, as the name of the wife of Lamech;
and I suppose Ada is the feminine of *Adam*. It is
short, ancient, vocalic, and had been in my family;
for which reason I gave it my daughter."

LETTER CCCXCL

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 12^o, 1820.

"By land and sea carriage a considerable quantity
of books have arrived; and I am obliged and grateful:
but '*medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari aliquid*,'
&c. &c.; which, being interpreted, means,

* The paragraph is left thus imperfect in the original.

* I'm thankful for your books, dear Murray;
But why not send Scott's *Monastery*?

the only book in four *living* volumes I would give a baioccolo to see—"bating the rest of the same author, and an occasional Edinburgh and Quarterly, as brief chronicles of the times. Instead of this, here are Johnny Keats's * * * poetry, and three novels, by God knows whom, except that there is Peg * * * 's name to one of them—a spinster whom I thought we had send back to her spinning. Crayon is very good; Hogg's *Tales* rough, but RACY, and welcome.

"Books of travels are expensive, and I don't want them, having travelled already; besides, they lie. Thank the author of the *Profligate* for his (or her) present. Pray send me no more poetry but what is rare and decidedly good. There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them. I say nothing against your parsons, your S * * s and your C * * s—it is all very fine—but pray dispense me from the pleasure. Instead of poetry, if you will favour me with a few soda-powders, I shall be delighted: but all prose ('bating travels and novels nor by Scott) is welcome, especially Scott's *Tales of My Landlord*, and so on.

In the notes to Marino Faliero, it may be as well to say that '*Benintende*' was not really of the *Ten*, but merely *Grand Chancellor*, a separate office (although important); it was an arbitrary alteration of mine. The Doges too were all buried in *St Mark's before* Faliero. It is singular that when his predecessor, Andrea Dandolo, died, the *Ten* made a law that all the future Doges should be buried with their families, in their own churches,—one would think by a kind of presentiment. So that all that is said of his *ancestral Doges*, as buried at St John's and Paul's, is altered from the fact, *they being in St Mark's*. Make a note of this, and put Editor as the subscription to it.

"As I make such pretensions to accuracy, I should not like to be twitted even with such trifles on that score. Of the play they may say what they please, but not so of my costume and *dram. pers.*, they having been real existences.

"I omitted Foscolo in my list of living *Venetian worthies*, in the notes, considering him as an *Italian* in general, and not a mere provincial like the rest; and as an Italian I have spoken of him in the preface to *cauto* 4th of *Childe Harold*.

"The French translation of us *oimè! oimè!*—and the German but don't understand the latter, and his long dissertation at the end about the *Fausts*. Excuse haste. Of politics it is not safe to speak, but nothing is decided as yet.

"I am in a very fierce humour at not having Scott's *Monastery*. You are *too liberal* in quantity, and somewhat careless of the quality, of your missives. All the *Quarterlies* (four in number) I had had before from you, and *two* of the *Edinburgh*; but no matter; we shall have new ones by and by. No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.

"I don't feel inclined to care further about '*Don Juan*'. What do you think a very pretty Italian lady said to me the other day? She had read it in the French, and paid me some compliments, with due DRAW-

BACKS, upon it. I answered that *well* true, but that I suspected it would *Childe Harold*.—'*Ah but*' (said she) '*have the fame of Childe Harold, than an IMMORTALITY of Don Juan* is that it is *TOO TRUE*, and the *wo* things which strip off the tinsel of; they are right, as it would rob them of I never knew a woman who did not *l* *mont's Memoirs* for the same reason: used to abuse them.

"Rose's work I never received. I Venice. Such is the liberality of their two hundred thousand men, that let such a volume as his circulate.

LETTER CCXCII

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna,

"The Abbot has just arrived; me also for the *Monastery*—when you s

The Abbot will have a more than a for me, for an ancestor of mine by the Sir J. Gordon of Gight, the handsome died on a scaffold at Aberdeen for his of whom he was an imputed paramour relation. His fate was much comest *Chronicles* of the times. If I mistake something to do with her escape from l or with her captivity there. But this better than I.

"I recollect Loch Leven as it was l I saw it in my way to England in 178 ten years of age. My mother, who w as Lucifer with her descent from the her right line from the *old Gordons*, w *Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the told me the story, always reminding me her Gordons were to the southern Byr standing our Norman, and always mas which has never lapsed into a female, : Gordons had done in her own person.

"I have written you so often lately l of this will be welcome.

"Y^{os}

LETTER CCXCIII

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna,

"Enclosed is the Dedication of *Ma Goethe*. Query,—is his title *Baron* o yea. Let me know your opinion, and

"P. S. Let me know what Mr Hob have decided about the *two pros* le publication.

"I enclose you an Italian abstract : translator of *Manfred's Appendix*, in perceive quoted what Goethe says of d of English poetry (and *not* of me in po this the Dedication is founded, as you though I had thought of it before, for l as a great man."

regular Dedication transmitted with this before been published, nor, as far as reached the hands of the illustrious written in the poet's most whimsical mood; and the unmeasured severity upon the two favourite objects of his scule compels me to deprive the reader most amusing passages.

LETTER TO BARON GOETHE.

8cc. 8cc. 8cc.

pendix to an English work lately transman and published at Leipsic, a judgment upon English poetry is quoted as follows: English poetry, great genius, universal ing of profundity, with sufficient tenderness, are to be found, but that altogether constitute poets,' &c. &c.

to see a great man falling into a great opinion of yours only proves that the of ten thousand living English authors has been translated into German. You do, in your friend Schlegel's version, the doeth—

There are ten thousand.
Geece, villalu?

Authors, sir.

ten thousand authors,' there are ten hundred and eighty-seven poets, all moment, whatever their works may be, leaders well know; and amongst these several who possess a far greater reputation though considerably less than yours. It neglect on the part of your German but you are not aware of the works of

also another, named
* * * * *

in these poets by way of sample to en- They form but two bricks of our Babel wicks, by the way), but may serve for a the building.

Moreover, asserted that 'the predominant the whole body of the present English disgust and contempt for life.' But I is that, by one single work of prose, you a exerted a greater contempt for life than sub volumes of poetry that ever were planche de Sine! says, that 'Werther has more suicides than the most beautiful I really believe that he has put more at of this world than Napoleon himself, the way of his profession. Perhaps, by, the unanimous judgment passed by northern journal upon you in particular, means in general, has rather indisposed English poetry as well as criticism. But regard our critics, who are at bottom fellows, considering their two profes- up the law in court, and laying it it. No one can more lament their hasty judgment, in your particular, than I do;

and I so expressed myself to your friend Schlegel, in 1816, at Coppet.

"In behalf of my 'ten thousand' living brethren, and of myself, I have thus far taken notice of an opinion expressed with regard to 'English poetry' in general, and which merited notice, because it was YOURS.

"My principal object in addressing you was to testify my sincere respect and admiration of a man, who, far half a century, has led the literature of a great nation, and will go down to posterity as the first literary character of his age.

"You have been fortunate, sir, not only in the writings which have illustrated your name, but in the name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the articulation of posterity. In this you have the advantage of some of your countrymen, whose names would perhaps be immortal also—if any body could pronounce them.

"It may, perhaps, be supposed, by this apparent tone of levity, that I am wanting in intentional respect towards you; but this will be a mistake: I am always flippant in prose. Considering you, as I really and warmly do, in common with all your own, and with most other nations, to be by far the first literary character which has existed in Europe since the death of Voltaire, I felt, and feel, desirous to inscribe to you the following work,—not as being either a tragedy or a poem (for I cannot pronounce upon its pretensions to be either one or the other, or both, or neither), but as a mark of esteem and admiration from a foreigner to the man who has been hailed in Germany 'THE GREAT GOETHE.'

"I have the honour to be,

"with the truest respect,

"your most obedient

"and very humble servant,

"BYRON.

* Ravenna, 8bre, 14th, 1830.

"P.S. I perceive that in Germany, as well as in Italy, there is a great struggle about what they call 'Classical' and 'Romantic,'—terms which were not subjects of classification in England, at least when I left it four or five years ago. Some of the English scribblers, it is true, abused Pope and Swift, but the reason was that they themselves did not know how to write either prose or verse; but nobody thought them worth making a sect of. Perhaps there may be something of the kind sprung up lately, but I have not heard much about it, and it would be such bad taste that I shall be very sorry to believe it."

LETTER CCCXCIV.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, October 17th, 1830.

"You owe me two letters—pay them. I want to know what you are about. The summer is over, and you will be back to Paris. Apropos of Paris, it was not *Sophia Gail* but *Sophia Gay*—the English word *Gay*—who was my correspondent." Can you

* I had mistaken the name of the lady he inquired after, and reported her to him as dead. But, on the receipt of

tell who *she* is, as you did of the defunct * * ?

"Have you gone on with your Poem? I have received the French of mine. Only think of being *translated* into a foreign language in such an abominable travesty! It is useless to rail, but one can't help it.

"Have you got my Memoir copied? I have begun a continuation. Shall I send it you, as far as it is gone?

"I can't say any thing to you about Italy, for the Government here look upon me with a suspicious eye, as I am well informed. Pretty fellows!—as if I, a solitary stranger, could do any mischief. It is because I am fond of rifle and pistol shooting, I believe; for they took the alarm at the quantity of cartridges I consumed,—the wisacres!

"You don't deserve a long letter—nor a letter at all—for your silence. You have got a new Bourbon, it seems, whom they have christened 'Dieu-donné';—perhaps the honour of the present may be disputed. Did you write the good lines on—, the Laker? * *

"The Queen has made a pretty theme for the journals. Was there ever such evidence published? Why, it is worse than 'Little's Poems' or 'Don Juan.' If you don't write soon, I will 'make you a speech.'

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 25, 1820.

"Pray forward the enclosed to Lady Byron. It is on business.

"In thanking you for the Abbot, I made four grand mistakes. Sir John Gordon was not of Gight, but of Bogagicht, and a son of Huntley's. He suffered *not* for his loyalty, but in an insurrection. He had *nothing* to do with Loch Leven, having been dead some time at the period of the Queen's confinement: and, fourthly, I am not sure that he was the Queen's paramour or no, for Robertson does not allude to this, though *Walter Scott does*, in the list he gives of her admirers (as unfortunate) at the close of 'the Abbot.'

"I must have made all these mistakes in recollecting my mother's account of the matter, although she was more accurate than I am, being precise upon points of genealogy, like all the aristocratical Scotch. She had a long list of ancestors, like Sir Lucius O' Trigger's, most of whom are to be found in the old Scotch Chronicles, Spalding, &c. in arms and doing mischief. I remember well passing Loch Leven, as well as the Queen's Ferry: we were on our way to England in 1798.

"Yours.

"You had better not publish Blackwood and the Roberts' prose, except what regards Pope;—you have let the time slip by."

The Pamphlet in answer to Blackwood's Magazine, here mentioned, was occasioned by an article in that work entitled "Remarks on Don Juan," and, though put to press by Mr. Murray, was never

the above letter, I discovered that his correspondent was Madame Sophie Gay, mother of the celebrated poetess and beauty, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay.

published. The writer in the Magazine reference to certain passages in D occasion to pass some severe strictures on the matrimonial conduct, Lord reply, enters at some length into the subject; and the following extracts from—if defense it can be called, where yet been any definite charge,—will be of strong interest.

"My learned brother proceeds to say that it is in vain for Lord B. to attempt to justify his own behaviour in that affair: as he has so *openly* and *audaciously* invited reproach, we do not see any good that should not be plainly told so by the votaries of 'openness' of poem, and the 'audacity' of an image which the writer supposes to be meant may be deemed to merit this formidable rebuke from their 'most sweet voices,' I need not care; but when he tells me that I can *justify* my own behaviour in that affair because no man can '*justify*' himself of what he is accused; and I have as God knows, my whole desire has ever been to clear it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape to me by the adversary, nor by the atrocities of public rumour and the speculations of the lady's legal advisers may be done. But is not the writer content with what he has already said and done? Has not 'the great' of his countrymen' long ago pronounced subject—sentence without trial, and without a charge? Have I not been accused of egotism, except that the shells which protect me are anonymous? Is the writer ignorant of opinion and the public conduct upon it? If he is, I am not: the public will find out before I shall cease to remember either."

"The man who is exiled by a false accusation of thinking that he is a martyr by hope and the dignity of his cause may indulge in the thought that time will retrieve his circumstances: he who by the law has a term to his banishment of its abbreviation; or, it may be, the belief of some injustice of the law in its application in his own particular: but lawed by general opinion, without the hostile politics, illegal judgment, or circumstances, whether he be innocent or not, undergo all the bitterness of exile, without pride, without alleviation. This is the ground upon which the public found me. I am not aware; but it was general, and I gave. Of me or of mine they knew little. I had written what is called poetry, and I had married, became a father, and had differences with my wife and her friends. I knew why, because the persons concerned to state their grievances. The fashion

* While these sheets are passing through the press, a printed statement has been transmitted to me from Noel Byron, which the reader will find in the Appendix to this volume.

led into parties, mine consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable world was naturally on the other side, which happened to be the lady's, as most proper and polite. The press was active and honest; and such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate publication of two copies of verses, or complimentary than otherwise to the subject both, was tortured into a species of crime, or at least petty treason. I was accused of every crime by public rumour and private rancour: my name, which had been a knightly or a noble one, was tainted. I felt that, if the Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if the Whigs whispered, and muttered, and murmured, I was unfit for England; if false, England was not for me. I withdrew: but this was not the case. In other countries, in Switzerland, in the valley of the Alps, and by the blue depth of the lake, I was pursued and breathed upon by the same storm. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same; I went a little farther, and settled myself by the shores of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters.

I judge by the statements of the few friends who remained round me, the outcry of the period was beyond all precedent, all parallel, in cases where political motives have sharpened and doubled enmity. I was advised to leave the theatres, lest I should be hissed, nor to appear in parliament, lest I should be insulted by the opposition on the day of my departure, my most intimate friend told me afterwards that he was under great apprehensions of violence from the people who might be gathered at the door of the carriage. However, I was deterred by these counsels from seeing the most illustrious characters, nor from voting according to my principles; and, with regard to the third apprehension of my friends, I could not avoid them, not being made acquainted with their names some time after I had crossed the Channel. I had been so, I am not of a nature to be affected by men's anger, though I may feel hurt and vexation. Against all individual outrage, I sought or redress myself; and against that of a party, I should probably have been enabled to defend myself, with the assistance of others, as has been the case on similar occasions.

Retired from the country, perceiving that I was the object of general obloquy; I did not indeed imagine like Jean Jacques Rousseau, that all mankind were in a conspiracy against me, though I had perhaps some grounds for such a chimera as ever he had: I perceived that I had to a great extent become unpopular in England, perhaps through no fault, but the fact was indisputable; the general feeling would hardly have been so much against a more popular character, without at least an accusation or a charge of some kind actually made or substantiated, for I can hardly conceive a common and every-day occurrence of a separation between man and wife could in itself produce so violent a ferment. I shall say nothing of the usual imputations of 'being prejudged,' 'condemned unfairly,' 'partiality,' and so forth, the charges rung by parties who have had, or are to have, a trial; but I was a little surprised to find

myself condemned without being favoured with the act of accusation, and to perceive in the absence of this portentous charge or charges, whatever it or they were to be, that every possible or impossible crime was rumoured to supply its place, and taken for granted. This could only occur in the case of a person very much disliked, and I knew no remedy, having already used to their extent whatever little powers I might possess of pleasing in society. I had no party in fashion, though I was afterwards told that there was one—but it was not of my formation, nor did I then know of its existence—none in literature; and in politics I had voted with the Whigs, with precisely that importance which a Whig vote possesses in these Tory days, and with such personal acquaintance with the leaders in both houses as the society in which I lived sanctioned, but without claim or expectation of any thing like friendship from any one, except a few young men of my own age and standing, and a few others more advanced in life, which last it had been my fortune to serve in circumstances of difficulty. This was, in fact, to stand alone: and I recollect, some time after, Madame de Staël said to me in Switzerland, 'You should not have warred with the world—it will not do—it is too strong always for any individual: I myself once tried it in early life, but it will not do.' I perfectly acquiesce in the truth of this remark; but the world had done me the honour to begin the war; and, assuredly, if peace is only to be obtained by courting and paying tribute to it, I am not qualified to obtain its countenance. I thought, in the words of Campbell,

'Then wed thee to an exiled lot,
And if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.'

"I recollect, however, that having been much hurt by Romilly's conduct (he, having a general retainer for me, had acted as adviser to the adversary, alleging, on being reminded of his retainer, that he had forgotten it, as his clerk had so many), I observed that some of those who were now eagerly laying the axe to my roof tree, might see their own shaken, and feel a portion of what they had inflicted.—His fell, and crushed him.

"I have heard of, and believe, that there are human beings so constituted as to be insensible to injuries; but I believe that the best mode to avoid taking vengeance is to get out of the way of temptation. I hope that I may never have the opportunity, for I am not quite sure that I could resist it, having derived from my mother something of the '*perfidum ingenium Scotorum*.' I have not sought, and shall not seek it, and perhaps it may never come in my path. I do not in this allude to the party, who might be right or wrong; but to many who made her cause the pretext of their own bitterness. She, indeed, must have long avenged me in her own feelings, for whatever her reasons may have been (and she never adduced them to me at least), she probably neither contemplated nor conceived to what she became the means of conducting the father of her child, and the husband of her choice.

"So much for the general voice of his countrymen: I will now speak of some in particular.

"In the beginning of the year 1817, an article ap-

peared in the Quarterly Review, written, I believe, by Walter Scott, doing great honour to him, and no disgrace to me, though both poetically and personally more than sufficiently favourable to the work and the author of whom it treated. It was written at a time when a selfish man would not, and a timid one dared not, have said a word in favour of either; it was written by one to whom temporary public opinion had elevated me to the rank of a rival—a proud distinction, and unmerited; but which has not prevented me from feeling as a friend, nor him from more than corresponding to that sentiment. The article in question was written upon the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, and after many observations, which it would as ill become me to repeat as to forget, concluded with 'a hope that I might yet return to England.' How this expression was received in England itself I am not acquainted, but it gave great offence at Rome to the respectable ten or twenty thousand English travellers then and there assembled. I did not visit Rome till some time after, so that I had no opportunity of knowing the fact; but I was informed, long afterwards, that the greatest indignation had been manifested in the enlightened Anglo-circle of that year, which happened to comprise within it—amidst a considerable haven of Welbeck-street and Devonshire-place, broken loose upon their travels—several really well-born and well-bred families, who did not the less participate in the feeling of the hour. 'Why should he return to England?' was the general exclamation—I answer *why*? It is a question I have occasionally asked myself, and I never yet could give it a satisfactory reply. I had then no thoughts of returning, and if I have any now, they are of business, and not of pleasure. Amidst the ties that have been dashed to pieces, there are links yet entire, though the chain itself be broken. There are duties, and connexions, which may one day require my presence—and I am a father. I have still some friends whom I wish to meet again, and, it may be, an enemy. These things, and those minuter details of business, which time accumulates during absence, in every man's affairs and property, may, and probably will, recall me to England; but I shall return with the same feelings with which I left it, in respect to itself, though altered with regard to individuals, as I have been more or less informed of their conduct since my departure; for it was only a considerable time after it that I was made acquainted with the real facts and full extent of some of their proceedings and language. My friends, like other friends, from conciliatory motives, withheld from me much that they could, and some things which they *should* have unfolded; however, that which is deferred is not lost—but it has been no fault of mine that it has been deferred at all.

"I have alluded to what is said to have passed at Rome merely to show that the sentiment which I have described was not confined to the English in England, and as forming part of my answer to the reproach cast upon what has been called my 'selfish exile,' and my 'voluntary exile.' 'Voluntary' it has been; for who would dwell among a people entertaining strong hostility against him? How far it has been 'selfish' has been already explained."

The following passages from the same unpublished

pamphlet will be found, in a literary point of view, not less curious.

"And here I wish to say a few words on the present state of English poetry. That the decline of English poetry will be the result of the fact, who have calmly considered the only men of genius among the present generation, will be the first to tell against the fact, because it is next to him who forms the taste of the age. The greatest genius is he who corrupts the taste of the age. I have ever denied genius to Marino, and to the taste of Italy, but that is nearly a century. The great cause of the deplorable state of English poetry is to that absurd and systematic dogma in which, for the last few years, the poets have concurred. Men of opinions have united upon this. Churchill began it, having borrowed it from the heroes of the Dutch; and his internal conviction that their poetry was as nothing till the most perfect poets—he who, having no fault to find with his predecessors, made his reproach—was reduced to the level of his level; but even so, he degraded him below Dryden. Goldsmith and Campbell, his most successful imitators, Hayley, who, however feeble, has not yet been willingly let die, (the latter kept up the reputation of the style; and Crabbe, the first of the moderns, most equalled the master. Then came the time when a single poem of Crabbe was put down by a single poem of the Crusades, from *Merry England* were annihilated (if *Nothing* can be annihilated) by Gifford, the last of the satirists.

"These three personages, Scott, Hayley, and Crabbe, had all of them a very natural antipathy to me. I respect them for it, as the only principle which they have contrived to have been joined in it by them in nothing else: by the Edinburgh Review, the whole heterogeneous mass of literary men, excepting Crabbe, Rogers, Gifford, who, both by precept and practice, have adhered to their adherence; and by me, who have deviated in practice, but have honoured Pope's poetry with my whole heart to do so till my dying day. I would have ever written living the same poem, and actually read the eleventh book of the *Crusades* at Malta in 1811. I opened the change after the paroxysm of a seizure of my servant, and found it was of the maker, Eyre, Cockspur, and the Epic poetry alluded to, than can believe in as the Christianity of the poetry of Pope.

"Nevertheless, I will not go on with a postscript, who pretends that so great an immediate fame, which, being a

that * is not quite so much read by his cotemporaries as might be desirable. This assertion is as false as it is foolish. Homer's glory depended upon his present popularity: he recited,—and, without the strongest impression of the moment, who would have gotten the blind by heart, and given it to tradition? Ennius, Terence, Plautus, Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Sappho, Anacreon, Theocritus, all the great poets of antiquity, were the delight of their cotemporaries. * The very existence of a poet, previous to the invention of printing, depended upon his present popularity; and how often has it impaired his future fame? Hardly ever. History informs us, that the best have come down to us. The reason is evident; the most popular found the greatest number of transcribers for their MSS., and that the taste of their cotemporaries was corrupt can hardly be avouched by the moderns, the mightiest of whom have but barely approached them. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, were all the darlings of the cotemporary reader. Dante's Poem was celebrated long before his death; and, not long after it, Statius negotiated for his ashes, and disputed for the sites of the composition of the *Divina Commedia*. Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Ariosto was permitted to pass free by the public robber who had read the *Orlando Furioso*. I would not recommend Mr * to try the same experiment with his Smugglers. Tasso, notwithstanding the criticisms of the Cruscant, would have been crowned in the Capitol, but for his death.

"It is easy to prove the immediate popularity of the chief poets of the only modern nation in Europe that has a poetical language, the Italian. In our own, Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Waller, Dryden, Congreve, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Thomson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, were all as popular in their lives as since. Gray's *Elegy* pleased instantly, and eternally—His *Odes* did not, nor yet do they please like his *Elegy*. Milton's politics kept him down; but the *Epigram* of Dryden, and the very sale of his work, in proportion to the less reading time of its publication, prove him to have been honoured by his cotemporaries. I will venture to assert, that the sale of the *Paradise Lost* was greater in the first four years after its publication than that of 'the *Excursion*' in the same number, with the difference of nearly a century and a half between them of time, and of thousands in point of general readers.

"It may be asked, why, having this opinion of the present state of poetry in England, and having had it long, as my friends and others well know—possess-

* As far as regards the poets of ancient times, this assertion is, perhaps, right; though, if there be any truth in what *Ælian* and *Seneca* have left on record, of the obscurity, during their lifetime, of such men as *Socrates* and *Epicurus*, it would seem to prove that, among the ancients, cotemporary fame was a far more rare reward of literary or philosophical eminence than among us moderns. When the * *Clouds* of *Aristophanes* was exhibited before the assembled deputies of the towns of *Attica*, these personages, as *Ælian* tells us, were unanimously of opinion, that the character of an unknown person, called *Socrates*, was uninteresting upon the stage. And *Seneca* has given the substance of an authentic letter of *Epicurus*, in which that philosopher declares that nothing hurt him so much, in the midst of all his happiness, as to think that *Greece*,—*"His nobilis Græcia,"*—as far from knowing him, had scarcely even heard of his existence.—*Epist.* 79.

ing, or having possessed too, as a writer, the ear of the public for the time being—I have not adopted a different plan in my own compositions, and endeavoured to correct rather than encourage the taste of the day. To this I would answer, that it is easier to perceive the wrong than to pursue the right, and that I have never contemplated the prospect * of filling (with *Peter Bell*, see its Preface) permanently a station in the literature of the country. * Those who know me best, know this, and that I have been considerably astonished at the temporary success of my works, having flattered no person and no party, and expressed opinions which are not those of the general reader. Could I have anticipated the degree of attention which has been accorded, assuredly I would have studied more to deserve it. But I have lived in far countries abroad, or in the agitating world at home, which was not favourable to study or reflection; so that almost all I have written has been mere passion,—passion, it is true, of different kinds, but always passion: for in me (if it be not an Irishism to say so) my indifference was a kind of passion, the result of experience, and not the philosophy of nature. Writing grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry: there are women who have had no intrigue, but few who have had but one only; so there are millions of men who have never written a book, but few who have written only one. And thus, having written once, I wrote on; encouraged no doubt by the success of the moment, yet by no means anticipating its duration, and I will venture to say, scarcely even wishing it. But then I did other things besides write, which by no means contributed either to improve my writings or my prosperity.

"I have thus expressed publicly upon the poetry of the day the opinion I have long entertained and expressed of it to all who have asked it, and to some who would rather not have heard it; as I told *Moore* not very long ago, * we are all wrong except *Rogers*, *Crabbe*, and *Campbell*. * Without being old in years, I am old in days, and do not feel the adequate spirit within me to attempt a work which should show what I think right in poetry, and must content myself with having denounced what is wrong. There are, I trust, younger spirits rising up in England, who, escaping the contagion which has swept away poetry from our literature, will recall it to their country, such as it once was and may still be.

"In the mean time, the best sign of amendment

* I certainly ventured to differ from the judgment of my noble friend, no less in his attempts to depreciate that peculiar walk of the art in which he himself so grandly trod, than in the inconsistency of which I thought him guilty. In condemning all those who stood up for particular 'schools' of poetry, and yet, at the same time, maintaining so exclusive a theory of the art himself. How little, however, he attended to either the grounds or degrees of my dissent from him, will appear by the following wholesale report of my opinion, in his * *Detached Thoughts*.

* One of my notions different from those of my cotemporaries, is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are more poets (not dissent) than ever there were, and proportionally less poetry.

* This thesis I have maintained for some years, but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell. Even *Moore* shakes his head, and *Crusli* believes that it is the grand age of British poetry.

will be repentance, and new and frequent editions of Pope and Dryden.

"There will be found as comfortable metaphysics, and ten times more poetry in the 'Essay on Man,' than in the 'Excursion.' If you search for passion, where is it to be found stronger than in the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, or in Palamon and Arcite? Do you wish for invention, imagination, sublimity, character? seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the Fables of Dryden, the Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day, and Absalom and Achitophel: you will discover in these two poets only, *all* for which you must ransack innumerable metres, and God only knows how many *writers* of the day, without finding a tittle of the same qualities,—with the addition, too, of wit, of which the latter have none. I have not, however, forgotten Thomas Brown the Younger, nor the Fudge Family, nor Whistlecraft; but that is not wit—it is humour. I will say nothing of the harmony of Pope and Dryden in comparison, for there is not a living poet (except Rogers, Gifford, Campbell, and Crabbe,) who can write an heroic couplet. The fact is, that the exquisite beauty of their versification has withdrawn the public attention from their other excellencies, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops. It is this very harmony, particularly in Pope, which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him:—because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. We are sneeringly told that he is the 'Poet of Reason,' as if this was a reason for his being no poet. Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from any two living poets, be they who they may. To take an instance at random from a species of composition not very favourable to imagination—Satire: set down the character of Sporus, with all the wonderful play of fancy which is scattered over it, and place by its side an equal number of verses, from any two existing poets, of the same power and the same variety—where will you find them?

"I merely mention one instance of many in reply to the injustice done to the memory of him who harmonized our poetical language. The attorneys' clerks, and other self-educated genii, found it easier to distort themselves to the new models than to toil after the symmetry of him who had enchanted their fathers. They were besides smitten by being told that the new school were to revive the language of Queen Elizabeth, the true English; as every body in the reign of Queen Anne wrote no better than French, by a species of literary treason.

"Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became the order of the day,—or else such rhyme as looked still blunter than the verse without it. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymist.' The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is also the present fashion to decri, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the *Paradise Lost* would

not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, in perhaps in heroic couplets, although even *they* may sustain the subject if well balanced, but in the manner of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the terms rime of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have guided on our language. The *Sonnets* of Thomson may have been better in rhyme, although still *inferior* to his *Castle of Indolence*; and Mr Southey's *Juvenal* Are no worse, although it might have taken upon months instead of weeks in the composition. I commend also to the lovers of lyrics the *poetical* of the present laureate's odes by the side of Dryden's *Saint Cecilia*, but let him be sure to read *first* that of Mr Southey.

"To the heaven-born genii and inspired rhapsodizers of the day much of this will appear paradoxical; it will appear so even to the higher order of our men; but it was a truism twenty years ago, and it will be re-acknowledged truth in ten more. In the meantime, I will conclude with two quotations not intended for some of my old classical friends who are still enough of Cambridge about them to consider themselves honoured by having had John Dryden as a predecessor in their college, and to remember the earliest English poetical pleasures were done but the 'little nightingale' of Twickenham.

"The first is from the notes to the *Pastorals* of 'Friends,' pages 181, 182.

"It is only within the last twenty years that those notable discoveries in criticism have been made which have taught our rhapsodizers to undervalue this energetic, melodious, but not poet. The consequences of this want of due sense of a writer whom the good sense of our professors has raised to his proper station have been *degrading and degrading enough*. This is not the place to enter into the subject, even as far as it affects our *poetical numbers alone*, and there is matter of such importance that requires present reflection."

"The second is from the volume of a young man learning to write poetry, and beginning by imitating the art. Hear him: †

"But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely and
To misty laws lined out with wrinkled rags
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school

* Written by Lord Byron's early friend, the Rev. Frank Hodgson.

† The strange verses that follow are from a poem by Keats.—In a manuscript note on this passage (the pamphlet, dated Nov. 12, 1821, Lord Byron says, "He died at Rome about a year after this was written, of a decline produced by his having burst a blood vessel in writing the article on his 'Endymion' in the *Quarterly Review*. I have read the article before and since, and although bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life of literary notice. My indignation at Mr Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, amidst all the fantastic fopperies of style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His language, Hyperion seems actually inspired by the *Iliad*, and as sublime as *Alcibiades*. He is a loss to our literature, not more so, as by himself, before his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line, and was reforming his style upon the more classical models of the language."

‡ It was at least a *grammar* school.

*Their verses talked. Easy was the task :
Of dolts to smooth, to lay, and chip, and flit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of poetry. Ill-fated, impious race,
That blasphemed the bright lyrist to his face,
And did not know it : no, they went about
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau !*

* A little before the manner of Pope is termed :

‘ A scion, *
Nurtured by *foppery* and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.’

‘ I thought ‘ *foppery* ’ was a consequence of *re-
ment* ; but n’ imports.

‘ The above will suffice to show the notions enter-
ed by the new performers on the English lyre of
a who made it most tunable, and the great improve-
ments of their own *variazioni*.

‘ The writer of this is a tadpole of the Lakes, a
young disciple of the six or seven new schools, in
which he has learnt to write such lines and such sen-
sents as the above. He says ‘ easy was the task ’
imitating Pope, or it may be of equalling him, I
doubt. I recommend him to try before he is so
sitive on the subject, and then compare what he
has *then* written and what he has *now* written
with the humblest and earliest compositions of Pope,
produced in years still more youthful than those of
‘ K. when he invented his new ‘ Essay on Criticism,’
titled ‘ Sleep and Poetry ’ (an ominous title), from
hence the above canons are taken. Pope’s was
written at nineteen, and published at twenty-two.

‘ Such are the triumphs of the new schools, and
of their scholars. The disciples of Pope were John-
son, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford,
Mitford, Hayley, and the author of the *Paradise of
petites* ; to whom may be added Richards, Heber,
Langham, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and others
who have not had their full fame, because ‘ the race
is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,’
but because there is a fortune in fame as in all other
things. Now of *all* the new schools—I say *all*, for,
as the Legion, they are many ‘—has there appeared a
single scholar who has not made his master ashamed
him? unless it be ‘ * *, who has imitated every
body, and occasionally surpassed his models. Scott
and peculiar favour and imitation among the fair
too : there was Miss Holford, and Miss Mitford, and
Miss Francis ; but with the greatest respect be it
said, none of his imitators did much honour to the
genre except Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, until the
appearance of ‘ The Bridal of Triermain,’ and ‘ Harold
Dauntless,’ which in the opinion of some equalled
not surpassed him ; and lo ! after three or four
years they turned out to be the Master’s own com-
positions. Have Southey, or Coleridge, or Words-
worth, made a follower of renown? Wilson never
well till he set up for himself in the ‘ City of the
Fog.’ Has Moore, or any other living writer of
reputation, had a tolerable imitator, or rather disciple?
Now it is remarkable that almost all the followers of
Pope, whom I have named, have produced beautiful
and standard works, and it was not the number of his

* * So spelt by the author.*

imitators who finally hurt his fame, but the despair of
imitation, and the *ease* of not imitating him suffi-
ciently. This, and the same reason which induced
the Athenian burgher to vote for the banishment of
Aristides, ‘ because he was tired of always hearing
him called *the Just*,’ have produced the temporary
exile of Pope from the State of Literature. But the
term of his ostracism will expire, and the sooner the
better, not for him, but for those who banished him,
and for the coming generation, who

‘ Will blush to find their fathers were his foes.’ *

LETTER CCCXCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, 9bre 4, 1820.

‘ I have received from Mr Galignani the enclosed
letters, duplicates and receipts, which will explain
themselves.* As the poems are your property by
purchase, right, and justice, *all matters of publica-
tion, &c. &c. are for you to decide upon*. I know
not how far my compliance with Mr Galignani’s re-
quest might be legal, and I doubt that it would not
be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him,
I enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash
my hands of the business altogether. I sign them
merely to enable you to exert the power you justly
possess more properly. I will have nothing to do
with it farther, except, in my answer to Mr Galign-
ani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to
you, and the causes thereof.

‘ If you can check these foreign pirates, do ; if
not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can
have no view nor object whatever, but to secure to
you your property.

‘ Yours, &c.

‘ P. S. I have read part of the Quarterly just ar-
rived : Mr Bowles shall be answered :—he is not
quite correct in his statement about English Bards and
Scotch Reviewers. They support Pope, I see, in
the Quarterly ; let them continue to do so : it is a sin,
and a shame, and a *damnation* to think that *Pope!!*
should require it—but he does. Those miserable
mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace them-
selves and deny God in running down Pope, the most
faultless of poets, and almost of men.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, November 5th, 1820.

‘ Thanks for your letter, which hath come some-
what costively,—but better late than never. Of it
anon. Mr Galignani, of the Press, hath, it seems,
been supplanted and sub-pirated by another Parisian
publisher, who has audaciously printed an edition of
L. B.’s Works, at the ultra-liberal price of 10 francs,
and (as Galignani piteously observes) 8 francs only for
booksellers! ‘horresco referens.’ Think of a man’s
scholar works producing so little!

* Mr Galignani had applied to Lord Byron with the view
of procuring from him such legal right over those works of
his Lordship of which he had hitherto been the sole pub-
lisher in France, as would enable him to prevent others
in future, from usurping the same privilege.

will be repentance, and new and frequent editions of Pope and Dryden.

"There will be found as comfortable metaphysics, and ten times more poetry in the 'Essay on Man,' than in the 'Excursion.' If you search for passion, where is it to be found stronger than in the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, or in Palamon and Arcite? Do you wish for invention, imagination, sublimity, character? seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the Fables of Dryden, the Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day, and Absalom and Achitophel: you will discover in these two poets only, *all* for which you must ransack innumerable metres, and God only knows how many *writers* of the day, without finding a title of the same qualities,—with the addition, too, of wit, of which the latter have none. I have not, however, forgotten Thomas Brown the Younger, nor the Fudge Family, nor Whistlecraft; but that is not wit—it is humour. I will say nothing of the harmony of Pope and Dryden in comparison, for there is not a living poet (except Rogers, Gifford, Campbell, and Crabbe,) who can write an heroic couplet. The fact is, that the exquisite beauty of their versification has withdrawn the public attention from their other excellencies, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops. It is this very harmony, particularly in Pope, which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him:—because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. We are sneeringly told that he is the 'Poet of Reason,' as if this was a reason for his being no poet. Talking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from any *two* living poets, be they who they may. To take an instance at random from a species of composition not very favourable to imagination—Satire: set down the character of Sporus, with all the wonderful play of fancy which is scattered over it, and place by its side an equal number of verses, from any two existing poets, of the same power and the same variety—where will you find them?

"I merely mention one instance of many in reply to the injustice done to the memory of him who harmonized our poetical language. The attorneys' clerks, and other self-educated genii, found it easier to distort themselves to the new models than to toil after the symmetry of him who had enchanted their fathers. They were besides smitten by being told that the new school were to revive the language of Queen Elizabeth, the true English; as every body in the reign of Queen Anne wrote no better than French, by a species of literary treason.

"Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became the order of the day,—or else such rhyme as looked still blander than the verse without it. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer.' The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is also the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the *Paradise Lost* would

not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity perhaps in heroic couplets, although even *that* sustain the subject if well balanced, but in the of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the *terza rima* in which the powers of Milton could easily have been on our language. The Seasons of Thomson have been better in rhyme, although still in his Castle of Indolence; and Mr Southey's. Are no worse, although it might have taken months instead of weeks in the composition, commend also to the lovers of lyrics the present laureate's odes by the side of Dryden's Saint Cecilia, but let him be sure to read few of Mr Southey.

"To the heaven-born genii and inspired scribes of the day much of this will appear as it will appear so even to the higher order of wit, but it was a truism twenty years ago, and it is re-acknowledged truth in ten more. In due time, I will conclude with two quotations intended for some of my old classical friends who still enough of Cambridge about them to dust themselves honoured by having had John Dryden predecessor in their college, and to recollect the earliest English poetical pleasures were the 'little nightingale' of Twickenham.

"The first is from the notes to the Poet's 'Friends,' pages 181, 182.

"It is only within the last twenty years that those notable discoveries in criticism have been made which have taught our recent generation to devalue this energetic, melodious, and dignified. The consequences of this want of due estimate to a writer whom the good sense of our present generation raised to his proper station have been strikingly DEGRADING ENOUGH. This is not the place to enter into the subject, even as far as it affects our *poetical numbers alone*, and there is matter of importance that requires present reflection.

"The second is from the volume of a young man learning to write poetry, and beginning by the art. Hear him: †

'But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of—were closely shut
To musty laws lined out with wretched rules
And compass vile, so that ye taught a school

* Written by Lord Byron's early friend, the Hon. Hodgson.

† The strange verses that follow are from a Keats—in a manuscript note on this passage of philet, dated Nov. 12, 1821. Lord Byron was killed at Rome about a year after this was written, a cline produced by his having burst a blood vessel in the article on his 'Endymion' in the Quarterly Review. I have read the article before and since, and am bitter. I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreaming must inevitably encounter in the course of a life of public notice. My indignation at Mr Keats's opinion of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, amidst all the fantastic foreign style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans as sublime as *Æschylus*. He is a loss to our literature more so, as he himself, before his death, was been persuaded that he had not taken the right way in reforming his style upon the more classical of the language."

‡ It was at least a *grammar* school.

*talked. Easy was the task :
smooth, inslay, and chip, and flit,
certain wands of Jacob's wit,
handicraftsmen wore the mask
ill-fitted, impious race,
named the bright lyrist to his face,
I know it ; no, they went about
poor decrepit standard out,
I most flimsy mottoes, and in large
of one Bolleau !'*

to the manner of Pope is termed

'A scism,'
by foppery and barbarism,
Apollo blush for this his land.'

foppery was a consequence of re-
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of the six or seven new schools, in
want to write such lines and such sen-
sitive. He says 'easy was the task',
or it may be of equalling him, I
commend him to try before he is so
subject, and then compare what he
written and what he has now written
of his earliest compositions of Pope,
is still more youthful than those of
his new 'Essay on Criticism,'
and Poetry' (an ominous title), from
the canons are taken. Pope's was
written, and published at twenty-two.

the triumphs of the new schools, and
his. The disciples of Pope were John-
Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford,
Gray, and the author of the *Paradise of
Dromedary* may be added Richards, Heber,
and, Hodgson, Merivale, and others
of their full fame, because 'the race
he swift, nor the battle to the strong,'
is a fortune in fame as in all other
[all the new schools—I say all, for,
they are many]—has there appeared a
who has not made his master ashamed
to be " ", who has imitated every
personally surpassed his models. Scott

favour and imitation among the fair
Miss Holford, and Miss Mitford, and
but with the greatest respect he it
his imitators did much honour to the
Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, until the
The Bridal of Triermain, and 'Harold
which in the opinion of some equalled
him ; and lo ! after three or four
ed out to be the Master's own com-
e Southey, or Coleridge, or Words-
follower of renown ? Wilson never
et up for himself in the 'City of the
Moore, or any other living writer of
a tolerable imitator, or rather disciple ?
able that almost all the followers of
have named, have produced beautiful
works, and it was not the number of his

"So speak by the author."

imitators who finally hurt his fame, but the despair of
imitation, and the *ease* of not imitating him suffi-
ciently. This, and the same reason which induced
the Athenian burgher to vote for the banishment of
Aristides, 'because he was tired of always hearing
him called *the Just*,' have produced the temporary
exile of Pope from the State of Literature. But the
term of his ostracism will expire, and the sooner the
better, not for him, but for those who banished him,
and for the coming generation, who

'Will blush to find their fathers were his foes.' "

LETTER CCCXCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 4, 1830.

"I have received from Mr Galignani the enclosed
letters, duplicates and receipts, which will explain
themselves.* As the poems are your property by
purchase, right, and justice, *all matters of publica-
tion, &c. &c. are for you to decide upon*. I know
not how far my compliance with Mr Galignani's re-
quest might be legal, and I doubt that it would not
be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him,
I enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash
my hands of the business altogether. I sign them
merely to enable you to exert the power you justly
possess more properly. I will have nothing to do
with it farther, except, in my answer to Mr Galig-
nani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to
you, and the causes thereof.

"If you can check these foreign pirates, do ; if
not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can
have no view nor object whatever, but to secure to
you your property.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. I have read part of the Quarterly just ar-
rived : Mr Bowles shall be answered :—he is not
quite correct in his statement about English Bards and
Scottish Reviewers. They support Pope, I see, in
the Quarterly ; let them continue to do so : it is a sin,
and a shame, and a *damnation* to think that *Pope!!*
should require it—but he does. Those miserable
mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace them-
selves and deny God in running down Pope, the most
faultless of poets, and almost of men.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, November 5th, 1830.

"Thanks for your letter, which hath come some-
what costively,—but better late than never. Of it
anon. Mr Galignani, of the Press, hath, it seems,
been supplanted and sub-pirated by another Parisian
publisher, who has audaciously printed an edition of
L. B.'s Works, at the ultra-liberal price of 10 francs,
and (as Galignani piteously observes) 8 francs only for
booksellers.' *horresco referens*. Think of a man's
whole works producing so little !

* Mr Galignani had applied to Lord Byron with the view
of procuring from him such legal right over those works of
his Lordship of which he had hitherto been the sole pub-
lisher in France, so would enable him to prevent others
in future, from usurping the same privilege.

LETTER CCCC.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9th 23^o, 1820.

"The 'Hints,' Hobhouse says, will require a good deal of slashing to suit the times, which will be a work of time, for I don't feel at all laborious just now. Whatever effect they are to have would perhaps be greater in a separate form, and they also must have my name to them. Now, if you publish them in the same volume with Don Juan, they identify Don Juan as mine, which I don't think worth a chancery suit about my daughter's guardianship, as in your present code a facetious poem is sufficient to take away a man's rights over his family.

"Of the state of things here it would be difficult and not very prudent to speak at large, the Huns opening all letters. I wonder if they can read them when they have opened them; if so, they may see, in my MOST LEGIBLE HAND, THAT I THINK THEM DAMNED SCOUNDRELS AND BARBARIANS, and THEIR EMPEROR A FOOL, and themselves more fools than he; all which they may send to Vienna for any thing I care. They have got themselves masters of the Papal police, and are bullying away; but some day or other they will pay for all: it may not be very soon, because these unhappy Italians have no consistency among themselves; but I suppose that Providence will get tired of them at last, * * * *

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCC.I.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, Dec. 9th, 1820.

"Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets, containing, in all, 18 more sheets of Memoranda, which, I fear, will cost you more in postage than they will ever produce by being printed in the next century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could make any thing of them *now* in the way of *reversion* (that is, after *my* death), I should be very glad,—as, with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to your grand-children. Would not Longman or Murray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging themselves *not* to have them published till after *my* decease, think you?—and what say you?

"Over these latter sheets I would leave you a discretionary power; * because they contain, perhaps, a thing or two which is too sincere for the public. If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*, where would be the harm? Tastes may change. I would, in your case, make my essay to dispose of them, *not* publish, now; and if you (as is most likely) survive me, add what you please from your own knowledge; and, *above all*, *contradict* any thing, if I have *mis*-stated; for my first object is the truth, even at my own expense.

* The power here meant is that of omitting passages that might be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as every other right, over the whole of the manuscript.

"I have some knowledge of your con-
ley Moloch, the lecturer. He wrote
letters upon Christianity, to convert
I had not been a Christian already, I sh
have been now, in consequence. I tho
something of wild talent in him, mixer
leaven of absurdity,—as there must b
let loose upon the world, without a mar

"The ministers seem still to persec
* * * *

won't go out, the sons of b—es. Dam
want a place—what say you? You mus
honesty of the declaration, whatever you
the intention.

"I have quantities of paper in Engl
and translated—tragedy, &c. &c. and a
ing out a Fifth Canto of Don Juan, 169
that there will be near *three* thin Albe
thick volumes of all sorts of my Musen
plunge thick, too, into the contest upon
lay about me like a dragon till I make
for the top of Parnassus.

"Those rogues are right—*we do*—
—eh?—don't we?" You shall see
what things I'll say, as it pleases P—
us leisure. But in these parts th
war; and there is to be liberty, and
stitution—when they can get them—
politics—it is low. Let us talk
her bath, and her bottle—that's
nowadays.

"If there are any acquaintances w
them. The priests here are trying *to* pe
but no matter.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCCII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, Dec.

"I open my letter to tell you a fac
show the state of this country better than
commandant of the troops is *now* lying
house. He was shot at a little past
about two hundred paces from my
putting on my great-coat to visit Madan
G. when I heard the shot. On coming
I found all my servants on the balcony
that a man was murdered. I immediat
calling on Tita (the bravest of them)
The rest wanted to hinder us from goin
custom for every body here, it seems,
from 'the stricken deer.'

"However, down we ran, and found
his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with
one in the heart, two in the stomach
finger, and the other in the arm. &
cocked their guns, and wanted to hi
passing. However, we passed, and I
the adjutant, crying over him like a chick

* He here alludes to a humorous article,
told him, in Blackwood's Magazine, where t
day were all grouped together in a varie
shapes, with "Lord Byron and little Moor
hind, as if they would split," at the rest of th

his profession—a priest, sobbing—and the commandant, all this—the hard, cold pavement, with—me, or any thing around him but

ur would, do any thing but howl
one would stir a finger to move
sequences, I lost my patience—
a couple of the mob take up
two soldiers to the guard,—de-
Cardinal with the news, and
carried up stairs into my own
too late, he was gone—not at
wardly—not above an ounce or

stripped—inade the surgeon ex-
amined him myself. He had been
slugs. I felt one of the slugs,
ugh him, all but the skin. Every
ly he was killed, but no one
you was found close by him—an
wa.

O Dio! and 'Gesù!' two or
appeared to have suffered little.
a brave officer, but had made
d by the people. I knew him
met him often at conversazioni
house is full of soldiers, dra-
ters, and all kinds of persons,—
cleared it, and elapt sentinels at
vw the body is to be moved.
greatest confusion, as you may

y that, if I had not had the body
ave left him there till morning in
of consequences. I would not
dog die in such a manner, with-
as for consequences, I care for

"Yours, &c.

mat on duty by the body is smok-
at composure.—A queer people

TER CCCIII.

MR MOORE.

° Ravenna, December 25th, 1820.

it to have received the packet
mitted to your address a fort-
be more days), and I shall be
as, in these times and places,
in some risk of not reaching their

king of a project for you and me,
to London again, which (if a
suscitate) may be calculated as
about the spring of 1821. I
so, will be back by that time, or
en will give me some index. The
you and me to set up jointly a
more nor less—weekly, or so,
ment or modifications upon the
foundrels, who degrade that de-
newspaper, which we will edit in
beless, with some attention.

"There must always be in it a piece of poetry from
one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for
such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of
appearing in the same column; but *this* must be a
sine quid non; and also as much prose as we can
compass. We will take an *office*—our names *not*
announced, but suspected—and, by the blessing of
Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy,
poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and
all other *ism, ality, and ology* whatsoever.

"Why, man, if we were to take to this in good
earnest, your debts would be paid off in a twelve-
month, and by dint of a little diligence and practice,
I doubt not that we could distance the common-
place blackguards, who have so long disgraced com-
mon sense and the common reader. They have no
merit but practice and impudence, both of which we
may acquire, and, as for talent and culture, the
devil's in't if such proofs as we have given of both
can't furnish out something better than the 'funeral
baked meats' which have coldly set forth the breakfast
table of all Great Britain for so many years. Now,
what think you? Let me know; and recollect that,
if we take to such an enterprise, we must do so in
good earnest. Here is a hint,—do you make it a
plan. We will modify it into as literary and classical
a concern as you please, only let us put out our
powers upon it, and it will most likely succeed. But
you must live in London, and I also, to bring it to
bear, and we must keep it a secret.

"As for the living in London, I would make that
not difficult to you (if you would allow me), until we
could see whether one means or other (the success of
the plan, for instance) would not make it quite easy
for you, as well as your family; and, in any case, we
should have some fun, composing, correcting, sup-
posing, inspecting, and supping together over our lu-
cubrations. If you think this worth a thought, let me
know, and I will begin to lay in a small literary ca-
pital of composition for the occasion.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"B.

"P.S. If you thought of a middle plan between a
Spectator and a newspaper, why not?—only not on
a Sunday. Not that Sunday is not an excellent day,
but it is engaged already. We will call it the '*Tenda*
Rossa,' the name Tassoni gave an answer of his in a
controversy, in allusion to the delicate hint of Timour
the Lame, to his enemies, by a '*Tenda*' of that
colour, before he gave battle. Or we will call it
'Gli,' or '*I Carbonari*,' if it so please you—or any
other name full of '*pastime and prodigality*,' which
you may prefer. * * * * * Let me have
an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman,
'A merry Christmas to you!'"

The year 1820 was an era signalized, as will be re-
membered, by the many efforts of the revolutionary
spirit which, at that time, broke forth, like ill-sup-
pressed fire, throughout the greater part of the South
of Europe. In Italy, Naples had already raised the
Constitutional standard, and her example was fast
operating through the whole of that country. Through-
out Romagna, secret societies, under the name of Car-
bonari, had been organized, which waited but the
word of their chiefs to break out into open insurrec-

tion. We have seen from Lord Byron's Journal in 1814, what intense interest he took in the last struggles of Revolutionary France under Napoleon; and his exclamations, "Oh for a Republic!—Brutus, thou sleepest!" show the lengths to which, in theory at least, his political zeal extended. Since then, he had but rarely turned his thoughts to politics; the tame, ordinary vicissitude of public affairs having but little in it to stimulate a mind like his, whose sympathies nothing short of a crisis seemed worthy to interest. This the present state of Italy gave every promise of affording him; and, in addition to the great national cause itself, in which there was every thing that a lover of liberty, warm from the pages of Petrarch and Dante, could desire, he had also private ties and regards to enlist him socially in the contest. The brother of Madame Guiccioli, Count Pietro Gamba, who had been passing some time at Rome and Naples, was now returned from his tour; and the friendly sentiments with which, notwithstanding a natural bias previously in the contrary direction, he at length learned to regard the noble lover of his sister, cannot better be described than in the words of his fair relative herself.

"At this time," says Madame Guiccioli, "my beloved brother, Pietro, returned to Ravenna from Rome and Naples. He had been prejudiced by some enemies of Lord Byron against his character, and my intimacy with him afflicted him greatly; nor had my letters succeeded in entirely destroying the evil impression which Lord Byron's detractors had produced. No sooner, however, had he seen and known him, than he became inspired with an interest in his favour, such as could not have been produced by mere exterior qualities, but was the result only of that union he saw in him of all that is most great and beautiful, as well in the heart as mind of man. From that moment every former prejudice vanished, and the conformity of their opinions and studies contributed to unite them in a friendship, which only ended with their lives."*

The young Gamba, who was, at this time, but twenty years of age, with a heart full of all those dreams of the regeneration of Italy, which not only the example of Naples, but the spirit working beneath the surface all around him, inspired, had, together with his father, who was still in the prime of life, become enrolled in the secret bands now organizing throughout Romagna, and Lord Byron was, by their intervention, admitted also among the brotherhood. The following heroic Address to the Neapolitan Government (written by the noble poet in Italian, † and

* * In quest' epoca venne a Ravenna di ritorno da Roma e Napoli il mio diletto fratello Pietro. Egli era stato prevenuto da dei nemici di Lord Byron contro il di lui carattere, mollo lo affliggeva la mia intimità con lui, e le mie lettere non avevano riuscito a bene distruggere la cattiva impressione ricevuta da detrattori di Lord Byron. Ma appena lo vidi e lo conobbi egli pure ricevette quella impressione che non può essere prodotta da dei pregi esteriori, ma solamente dall' unione di tutti ciò che vi è di più grande nel cuore e nella mente dell' uomo. Svant ogni sua anteriore prevenzione contro di Lord Byron, e in conformità della loro idee e degli studi loro contribuì a stringerli in quella amicizia che non doveva avere fine che colla loro vita."

† A draft of this Address, in his own handwriting, was found among his papers. He is supposed to have intrusted

forwarded, it is thought, by himself to Naples (intercepted on the way) will show how deep, earnest, and expansive was his zeal in that general cause of Political Freedom, for which soon after laid down his life among the marshes of Missolungi.

"An Englishman, a friend to liberty, having stood that the Neapolitans permit even foreigners to contribute to the good cause, is desirous that should do him the honour of accepting a commission, which he takes the liberty of offering. I already, not long since, been an ocular witness of the despotism of the Barbarians in the States of Naples. As a member of the English House of Peers, I cannot be a traitor to the principles which placed me in the family of England on the throne, if I am not grateful for the noble lesson so lately given by the people and to kings. The offer which I make is small in itself, as must always be the case presented from an individual to a nation; but I trust that it will not be the last they will receive from their countrymen. His distance from the theatre of the feeling of his personal incapacity to contribute efficaciously to the service of the nation, prevents him from proposing himself as worthy of the commission, for which experience and the requisite. But if, as a mere volunteer, he were not a burden to whomsoever he might be under, he would repair to whatever post the Neapolitan Government might point out. He would obey the orders and participate in the dangers of a commanding officer, without any other motive than of sharing the destiny of a brave nation, and of itself against the self-called Holy Alliance, but combines the vice of hypocrisy with fanaticism."

It is to a professed agent of the Constitutional Government in Naples, who had waited upon him secretly at his bed, induced his lordship to supply him with confidential papers, and the above paper, if confided to him, probably into the hands of the Pontifical Government.

* * Un Inglese amico della libertà avendo visto i Napoletani permettono anche agli stranieri di esser alla buona causa, bramerebbe l'onore di vedersi la sua offerta di mille luigi, la quale egli offre già testimonio oculare non molto fa della tirannia bari negli stati da loro occupati nell' Italia, egli tutto l'entusiasmo di un uomo ben noto la designazione dei Napoletani per confermare la loro conquistata indipendenza. Membro della Camera del nazione Inglese egli sarebbe un traditore se non hanno posto sul trono la famiglia regnante di Napoli non riconoscesse la bella lezione di bel nuovo data al Re. L' offerta che egli brama di presentarsi se stesso, come bisogna che sia sempre quella di viduo ad una nazione, ma egli spera che non sia dalla parte dei suoi compatriotti. La sua lotta frontiere, e il sentimento della sua poca capacità di contribuire efficacemente a servire la nazione, lo induce a proporre come degno della più piccola che domanda dell' esperienza e del talento. Il semplice volontario la sua presenza non faccia modo a quello che l'accettasse egli riparebbe il luogo indicato dal Governo Napoletano, per gli ordini e partecipare ai pericoli del suo servizio avere altri motivi che quello di dividere il suo brava unione resistendo alla se disastrosa Santa, quale aggiunge l'ipocrisia al despotismo."

ring the agitation of this crisis, while by rumours and alarms, and expecting, at, to be summoned into the field, that commenced the Journal which I am now writing; and which it is impossible to peruse, without reflecting how wholly different, in instances connected with them, were the circumstances at which these records of his passing were traced. The first he wrote at a time when he considered, to use his own words, as the poetical part of his whole life,"—not, what regarded the powers of his genius, every succeeding year added new force and in all that may be said to constitute the character,—those fresh, unworldly feelings, in spite of his early plunge into experience, and the gloss, and that ennobling light of which, with all his professed scorn of self followed in the track of his affections, were to every object on which they rested. Indeed, in his misanthropy, as in his sort of period, to the full as much of fancy as and even those gallantries and loves in the same time entangled himself, partook of what I have endeavoured to show, of the same character. Though brought early under the influence of the senses, he had been also early in this thralldom by, in the first place, such excesses never fail to produce, and, several after, by this series of half-fanciful which, though in their moral consequences perhaps, still more mischievous, had the effect of refinement on the surface, and by and apparent difficulty that invested them kept alive that illusion of imagination from which pursuits derive their sole redeeming

in a mixture, or rather predominance, of his loves, his hates, and his sorrows, the existence at that period, animated as it was, not buoyant, by such a flow of success, acknowledged, even with every deduction picturesque associations of a London life, in, in a high degree, poetical, and to have it altogether a sort of halo of romance, events that followed were but too much to dissipate. By his marriage, and its consequences again brought back to some of those of which his youth had had a foretaste. Embarrassment,—that ordeal, of all others, trying to delicacy and high-mindedness—man with all the indignities that usually attend a train; and he was thus rudely schooled in the advantages of possessing money, when he thought but of the generous pleasure of it. No stronger proof, indeed, is wanted of such difficulties in tempering down and chivalrous pride, than the necessity to find himself reduced in 1816, not only of his resolution never to profit by the works, but of accepting a sum of money, but, from his publisher, which he had for persisted in refusing for himself, and, in the of his generous heart, had destined for

The injustice and malice to which he soon after became a victim had an equally fatal effect in disenchanting the dream of his existence. Those imaginary, or, at least, retrospective sorrows, in which he had once loved to indulge, and whose tendency it was, through the medium of his fancy, to soften and refine his heart, were now exchanged for a host of actual, ignoble vexations, which it was even more humiliating than painful to encounter. His misanthropy, instead of being, as heretofore, a vague and abstract feeling, without any object to light upon, and losing therefore its nerimony in diffusion, was now, by the hostility he came in contact with, condensed into individual enmities, and narrowed into personal resentments; and from the lofty, and, as it appeared to himself, philosophical luxury of hating mankind in the gross, he was now brought down to the self-humbling necessity of despising them in detail.

By all these influences, so fatal to enthusiasm of character, and forming, most of them, indeed, a part of the ordinary process by which hearts become chilled and hardened in the world, it was impossible but that some material change must have been effected in a disposition at once so susceptible and tenacious of impressions. By compelling him to concentrate himself in his own resources and energies, as the only stand now left against the world's injustice, his enemies but succeeded in giving to the principle of self-dependence within him a new force and spring which, however it added to the vigour of his character, could not fail, by bringing Self into such activity, to impair a little its amiableness. Among the changes in his disposition, attributable mainly to this source, may be mentioned that diminished deference to the opinions and feelings of others which, after this compulsory rally of all his powers of resistance, he exhibited. Some portion, no doubt, of this refractoriness may be accounted for by his absence from all those whose slightest word or look would have done more with him than whole volumes of correspondence; but by no cause less powerful and revulsive than the struggle in which he had been committed could a disposition naturally diffident as his was, and diffident even through all this excitement, have been driven into the assumption of a tone so universally defying, and so full, if not of pride in his own pre eminent powers, of such a contempt for some of the ablest among his contemporaries, as almost implied it. It was, in fact, as has been more than once remarked in these pages, a similar stirring up of all the best and worst elements of his nature, to that which a like rebound against injustice had produced in his youth;—though with a difference, in point of force and grandeur, between the two explosions, almost as great as between the out-breaks of a firework and a volcano.

Another consequence of the spirit of defiance now roused in him, and one that tended, perhaps, even more fatally than any yet mentioned, to rully and, for a time, bring down to earth the romance of his character, was the course of life to which, outrunning even the licence of his youth, he abandoned himself at Venice. From this, as from his earlier excesses, the timely warning of disgust soon rescued him; and the connexion with Madame Guiccioli which followed, and which, however much to be reprehended, had in it all of marriage that his real marriage wanted,

seemed to place, at length, within reach of his affectionate spirit that union and sympathy for which, through life, it had thirsted. But the treasure came too late;—the pure poetry of the feeling had vanished, and those tears he shed so passionately in the garden at Bologna flowed less, perhaps, from the love which he felt at that moment, than from the saddening consciousness, how differently he could have felt formerly. It was, indeed, wholly beyond the power, even of an imagination like his, to go on investing with its own ideal glories a sentiment which,—more from daring and vanity than from any other impulse,—he had taken such pains to tarnish and debase in his own eyes. Accordingly, instead of being able, as once, to elevate and embellish all that interested him, to make an idol of every passing creature of his fancy, and mistake the form of love, which he so often conjured up, for its substance, he now degenerated into the wholly opposite and perverse error of depreciating and making light of what, intrinsically, he valued, and, as the reader has seen, throwing slight and mockery upon a tie in which it was evident some of the best feelings of his nature were wrapped up. That foe to all enthusiasm and romance, the habit of ridicule, had, in proportion as he exchanged the illusions for the realities of life, gained further empire over him; and how far it had, at this time, encroached upon the loftier and fairer regions of his mind may be seen in the pages of *Don Juan*,—that diversified arena, on which the two Genii, good and evil, that governed his thoughts, hold, with alternate triumph, their ever powerful combat.

Even this, too, this vein of mockery,—in the excess to which, at last, he carried it,—was but another result of the shock his proud mind had received from those events that had cast him off, branded and heart-stricken, from country and from home. As he himself touchingly says,

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."

This laughter,—which, in such temperaments, is the near neighbour of tears,—served as a diversion to him from more painful vents of bitterness; and the same philosophical calculation which made the poet of melancholy, Young, declare, that "he perferred laughing at the world to being angry with it," led Lord Byron also to settle upon the same conclusion; and to feel, in the misanthropic views he was inclined to take of mankind, that mirth often saved him the pain of hate.

That, with so many drawbacks upon all generous effusions of sentiment, he should still have preserved so much of his native tenderness and ardour as is conspicuous, through all disguises, in his unquestionable love for Madame Guiccioli, and in the still more undoubted zeal with which he now entered, heart and soul, into the great cause of human freedom, wheresoever, or by whomsoever, asserted,*—only

* Among his "Detached Thoughts" I find this general passion for liberty thus strikingly expressed. After saying, in reference to his own choice of Venice as a place of residence, "I remembered General Ludlow's domal inscription, 'Omnis ubi non fortis patria,' and sat down free in a country which had been one of slavery for centuries," he

shows how rich must have been the of sensibility and enthusiasm which such as his could so little chill or console, too, is it to reflect that the of his life should have been thus void of that poetic lustre, which, though ceased to surround the bard, had but away from the character of the man—Love, reprehensible as it was, but the credit of rescuing him from the disgraced his maturer years, for I served the proud, but mournful, the last stage of his glorious course lighting him, amidst the sympathies of his grave.

Having endeavoured, in this comparison of his present and former self, to account consider to be their true causes, for phenomena which his character, at this point I shall now lay before the reader the these remarks were more immediately from which I fear they will be thought detained him.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY BYRON, 1821.

"Ravenna, Jan 1st."

"A sudden thought strikes me." Journal once more. The last I kept land, in record of a tour made in the which I made to send to my sister I suppose that she has it still, for she she was pleased with it. Another, and in 1813-1814, which I gave to Thomas same year.

"This morning I got me up late, as had—bad as England—worse. The melting to the sirocco of to-day, so the two d-d things at once. Could not on horseback in the forest. Staid in morning—looked at the fire—wondered would come. Post came at the Ave of half-past one o'clock, as it ought Messengers, six in number—a letter but none from England. Very sulky (for there ought to have been letters), sequence a copious dinner; for when makes me swallow quicker—but drink.

"I was out of spirits—read the what *fame* was, on reading, in a that 'Mr Wyeh, grocer, at Tuntun bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed to some gipsy woman accused. He had (I quote faithfully) a book, the Life of I

able." But there is no freedom, even amidst of slaves. It makes my blood boil. I sometimes wish that I was the owner of once what Wilberforce will do in time, from her deserts, and look on upon the freedom.

"As to political slavery, so general, fault, if they will be slaves, let them! Not and a blow." See how England formerly Portugal, America Switzerland, freed that is no more instance of a long contest in triumph over systems. If Tennyson moves she is cowardly as the tiger, and retires to

ing for waste paper, &c. &c. In the end, &c., and a leaf of *Pamela wrapped*. What would Richardson, the luckiest of living authors (i. e. while so, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy over the presumed fall of Fielding (the of human nature) and of Pope (the most poets)—what would he have said could he see his pages from their place on the toilet (see Boswell's Johnson) to the bar and the gipsy-murderess's bacon!!! Could he have said? what can any body as Solomon said long before us? After passing from one counter to another, from the other tradesman's—grocer or For my part, I have met with most thanks; so that I am apt to consider the as the sexton of authorship.

Letters in about half an hour, short and my rascally correspondents. Carriage and the news of three murders at Faenza—carabinieri, a smuggler, and an attorney. The two first in a quarrel, the latter

weeks ago—almost a month—the 7th it up the Commandant, mortally wounded street; he died in my house; assassins of presumed political. His brethren wrote me right to thank me for having assisted moments. Poor fellow! it was a pity; soldier, but imprudent. It was eight when they killed him. We heard the trants and I ran out, and found him ex-ive wounds, two whereof mortal—by med. I examined him, but did not go on next morning.

at 8 or so—went to visit La Contessa G. playing on the piano-forte—talked till the Count, her father, and the no less rather, came in from the theatre. Play, Ricci's Filippo—well received.

ago the King of Naples passed through in way to congress. My servant Luigi news. I had sent him to Bologna for a will it end? Time will show.

me at eleven, or rather before. If the other are conformable, mean to ride to time—almost a week at this work— one day—frost and snow the other—and only. But the two seasons, last and pre-ordinary. Read a Life of Leonardo da Vinci—ruminated—wrote this much, and

* January 5th, 1821.

—dull and drooping—the weather dripping. Snow on the ground, and sirocco day, like yesterday. Roads up to the so that riding (at least for pleasure) is like. Added a postscript to my letter to and the conclusion, for the fiftieth time W. Scott's novels at least fifty times) of 'Tales of my Landlord'—grand Fielding, as well as great English poet man! I long to get drunk with him. six o' the clock. Forgot that there

was a plum-pudding (I have added, lately, eating to my 'family of vices'), and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits—probably spirits of wine; for, what they call brandy, rum, &c. &c. here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured accordingly. Did not eat two apples, which were placed, by way of dessert. Fed the two cats, the hawk, and the tame (but not tamed) crow. Read Milford's History of Greece—Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Up to this present moment writing, 6 minutes before eight o' the clock—French hours, not Italian.

"Hear the carriage—order pistols and great coat, as usual—necessary articles. Weather cold—carriage open, and inhabitants somewhat savage—rather treacherous and highly inflamed by politics. Fine fellows, though—good materials for a nation. Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people.

"Clock strikes—going out to make love. Somewhat perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum—a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique, but will do with a little repair.

"Thaw continues—hopeful that riding may be practicable to-morrow. Sent the papers to All—grand events coming.

"11 o' the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Contessa G. Nata G. G. Found her beginning my letter of answer to the thanks of Alessio dei Pinto of Rome for assisting his brother the late Commandant in his last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply for the purer Italian, I being an ultra-montane, little skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany. But short the letter—finish it another day. Talked of Italy, patriotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany, and other branches of learning. Also Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline, and the War of Jugurtha. At 9 came in her brother, Il Conte Pietro—at 10, her father, Conte Ruggiero.

"Talked of various modes of warfare—of the Hungarian and Highland modes of broad-sword exercise, in both whereof I was once a moderate 'master of fence.' Settled that the R. will break out on the 7th or 8th of March, in which appointment I should trust, had it not been settled that it was to have broken out in October, 1820. But those Bolognese shirked the Romagnuoles.

"'It is all one to Ranger.' One must not be particular, but take rebellion when it lies in the way. Came home—read the 'Ten Thousand' again, and will go to bed.

"Menu.—Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock this afternoon) to copy out 7 or 8 apophthegms of Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a school-boy might detect, rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or misstatements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

* January 6th, 1821

"Mist—thaw—slop—rain. No stirring out on horseback. Read Spence's Anecdotes. Pope a fine fellow—always thought him so. Corrected blunders in nine apophthegms of Bacon—all historical—and read Milford's Greece. Wrote an epigram. Turned to a passage in Guineguet—ditto, in Lord Holland's Lope de Vega. Wrote a note on Don Juan.

"At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music—like music. Talked with Count Pietro G. of the Italian comedian Vestris, who is now at Rome—have seen him often act in Venice—a good actor—very Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He has made me frequently laugh and cry, neither of which is now a very easy matter—at least, for a player to produce in me.

"Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalry and feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?

"Came home, and read Mitford again, and played with my mastiff—gave him his supper. Made another reading to the epigram, but the turn the same. To-night at the theatre, there being a prince on his throne in the last scene of the comedy,—the audience laughed, and asked him for a *Constitution*. This shows the state of the public mind here, as well as the assassinations. It won't do. There must be an universal republic,—and there ought to be.

"The crow is lame of a leg—wonder how it happened—some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose. The falcon pretty brisk—the cats large and noisy—the monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather, as they suffer by being brought up. Horses must be gay—get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced muggy still—an Italian winter is a sad thing, but all the other seasons are charming.

"What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if any thing, I am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume that it is constitutional,—as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a long time together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did;—when under their immediate influence—it is odd, but—I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed spirits.

"A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits,—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless*; for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, 'I shall die at top' first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I

think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

"January 7th, 1821, Sunday.

"Still rain—mist—snow—drizzle—and all the incalculable combinations of a climate, where heat and cold struggle for mastery. Read Spenser, and turned over Roscoe, to find a passage I have not found. Read the 4th vol. of W. Scott's second series of 'Tales of my Landlord.' Dined. Read the *Lazio Gazette*. Read—I forget what. At 8 went to conversazione. Found there the Countess Gelasio Betti V. and her husband, and others. Found a black-eyed woman that—*only* twenty-two—was as old as Teresa, who is prettier, though.

"The Count Pietro G. took me aside to say that the Patriots have had notice from Port. (twenty miles off) that to-night the government and its party are to strike a stroke—that the Cardinal here has his orders to make several arrests immediately, and that in consequence, the Liberals are arming and have posted patrols in the streets, to sound the alarm and give notice to fight for it.

"He asked me 'what should he do?'—I answered 'fight for it, rather than be taken in a trap, and offered, if any of them are in immediate quarters of arrest, to receive them in my house (which is defensible), and to defend them, not to wound, and themselves (we have arms and ammunition) as long as we can,—or to try to get them out of the cloud of night. On going home, I found my pistols which I had about me—but he said he would come off to me in case of necessity.

"It wants half an hour of midnight, and now—as Gibbet says, 'a fine night for three centuries dark as hell, and blows like the devil.' If it doesn't happen now, it must soon. I thought to their system of shooting people would soon produce reaction—and now it seems coming. I will do all I can in the way of combat, though a little out of exercise. The cause is a good one.

"Turned over and over half a score of books—the passage in question, and can't find it. I can hear the drum and the musquetry merrily, but I swear to resist, and am right;—but I hear a drum yet, save the plash of the rain and the gales of wind at intervals. Don't like to go to bed, because I hate to be waked, and would rather sit up for the night if there is to be one.

"Mended the fire—have got the arms—and a bed or two, which I shall turn over. I know little of their numbers, but think the Carbonari strong enough to beat the troops, even here. With twenty men the house might be defended for twenty-four hours against any force to be brought against it, even in this place for the same time; and, in such a case, the troops would have notice, and would rise,—if ever they rise, of which there is some doubt. In the same time, I may as well read as do any thing else, but alone.

"January 8th, 1821, Monday.

"Rose, and found Count P. G. in my apartment. Sent away the servant. Told me that, according to the best information, the Government had not sent

orders for the arrests apprehended; that the attack in Forlì had not taken place (as expected) by the Sanfedisti—the opponents of the Carbonari or Liberals—and that, as yet, they are still in apprehension only. Asked me for some arms of a better sort, which I gave him. Settled that, in case of a row, the Liberals were to assemble *here* (with me), and that he had given the word to Viucenzo G. and others of the *Chiefs* for that purpose. He himself and father are going to the chase in the forest; but V. G. is to come to me, and an express to be sent off to him, P. G., if any thing occurs. Concerted operations. They are to seize—but no matter.

"I advised them to attack in detail, and in different parties, in different *places* (though at the *same* time), so as to divide the attention of the troops, who, though few, yet being disciplined, would beat any body of people (not trained) in a regular fight—unless dispersed in small parties, and distracted with different assaults. Offered to let them assemble here, if they choose. It is a strongish post—narrow street, commanded from within—and tenable walls. * * * * *

"Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon's Apophthegms and an epigram—the *latter* not for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G. * * * * *

At nine and a half came in Il Conte P. and Count P. G. Talked of a certain proclamation lately issued. Count R. G. had been with ** (the **), to sound him about the arrests. He, **, is a *trimmer*, and deals, at present, his cards with both hands. If he don't mind, they'll be full. ** pretends (*I* doubt him—they don't—we shall see) that there is no such order, and seems staggered by the immense exertions of the Neapolitans, and the fierce spirit of the Liberals here. The truth is, that ** cares for little but his place (which is a good one), and wishes to play pretty with both parties. He has changed his mind thirty times these last three moons, to my knowledge, for he corresponds with me. But he is not a bloody fellow—only an avaricious one.

"It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish says) there will be no elopement after all. I wish that I had known as much last night—or, rather, this morning—I should have gone to bed two hours earlier. And yet I ought not to complain; for, though it is a sirocco, and heavy rain, I have not *yawned* for these two days.

"Came home—read History of Greece—before dinner had read Walter Scott's Rob Roy. Wrote address to the letter in answer to Alezio del Pinto, who has thanked me for helping his brother (the late Commandant, murdered here last month) in his last moments. Have told him I only did a duty of humanity—as is true. The brother lives at Rome.

"Mended the fire with some 'sgobole,' (a Romagnuolo word) and gave the falcon some water. Drank some Seltzer-water. Mem.—received to-day a print, or etching, of the story of Ugolino, by an Italian painter—different, of course, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and I think (as far as recollection goes) *no worse*, for Reynolds's is not good in history. Tore a button in my new coat.

"I wonder what figure these Italians will make in a regular row. I sometimes think that, like the Irishman's gun (somebody had sold him a crooked one), they

will only do for 'shooting round a corner;' at least, this sort of shooting has been the late tenor of their exploits. And yet, there are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are the hot-beds of high spirits, and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.

"Tuesday, January 9th, 1831.

"Rose—the day fine. Ordered the horses; but Lega (my *secretary*, an Italianism for steward or chief servant) coming to tell me that the painter had finished the work in fresco, for the room he has been employed on lately, I went to see it before I set out. The painter has not copied badly the prints from Titian, &c. considering all things. * * * * *

"Dined. Read Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes,'—all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening. I remember the observation of Sharpe's (the *Conversationist*, as he was called in London, and a very clever man), that the first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope (the best of poets, *I* think,) would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation—

'Survey mankind from China to Peru!'

The former line, 'Let observation,' &c. is certainly heavy and useless. But 'tis a grand poem—and *so true*!—true as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing 'about, around, and underneath' man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment. All the discoveries which have yet been made have multiplied little but existence. An extirpated disease is succeeded by some new pestilence; and a discovered world has brought little to the old one, except the p—first and freedom afterwards—the *latter* a fine thing, particularly as they gave it to Europe in exchange for slavery. But it is doubtful whether 'the Sovereigns' would not think the *first* the best present of the two to their subjects.

"At eight went out—heard some news. They say the king of Naples has declared, by couriers from Florence, to the *Powers* (as they call now those wretches with crowns), that his Constitution was compulsive, &c. &c. and that the Austrian barbarians are placed again on *war* pay, and will march. Let them—they come like sacrifices in their trim, the hounds of hell! Let it still be a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat, in Switzerland, which I have seen.

"Heard some music. At nine the usual visitors—news, war, or rumours of war. Consulted with P. G., &c. &c. They mean to *insurrect* here, and are to honour me with a call thereupon. I shall not fall back; though I don't think them in force or heart sufficient to make much of it. But, *now* the time to act, and what *signifies*

spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the *ocean* conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the Armada, it wears the rock, and, if the *Neptunians* are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world. In like manner, whatever the sacrifice of individuals, the great cause will gather strength, sweep down what is rugged, and fertilize (for *sea-weed is manure*) what is cultivable. And so, the mere selfish calculation ought never to be made on such occasions; and, at present, it shall not be computed by me. I was never a good arithmetician of chances, and shall not commence now.

* January 10th, 1821.

"Day fine—rained only in the morning. Looked over accounts. Read Campbell's Poets—marked errors of Tom (the author) for correction. Dined—went out—music—Tyrolese air, with variations. Sustained the cause of the original simple air against the variations of the Italian school. * * *

"Politics somewhat tempestuous, and cloudier daily. To-morrow being foreign post-day, probably something more will be known.

"Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell's slips of the pen. A good work, though—style affected—but his defence of Pope is glorious. To be sure, it is his *own cause* too,—but no matter, it is very good, and does him great credit.

* Midnight.

"I have been turning over different *Lives* of the Poets. I rarely read their works, unless an occasional flight over the classical ones, Pope, Dryden, Johnson, Gray, and those who approach them nearest (I leave the *rant* of the rest to the *cant* of the day), and—I had made several reflections, but I feel sleepy, and may as well go to bed.

* January 11th, 1821.

"Read the letters. Corrected the tragedy and the 'Hints from Horace.' Dined, and got into better spirits. Went out—returned—finished letters, five in number. Read Poets, and an anecdote in Spruce.

"All writes to me that the Pope, and Duke of Tuscany, and King of Sardinia, have also been called to Congress; but the Pope will only deal there by proxy. So the interests of millions are in the hands of about twenty coxcombs, at a place called Leibach!

"I should almost regret that my own affairs went well, when those of nations are in peril. If the interests of mankind could be essentially bettered (particularly of these oppressed Italians), I should not so much mind my own 'anna peculiar.' God grant us all better times, or more philosophy.

"In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's;—speaking of Collins, he says that 'no reader cares any more about the *characteristic manners* of his Eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' 'Tis false—we do care about 'the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' I

have stood upon that plain *daily*, for many months, in 1810; and, if any thing diminished pleasure, it was that the blackguard libel impugned its veracity. It is true I read 'Travestied' (the first two volumes), because house and others bored me with their levities, and I love quizzing. But I still seem grand original as the truth of *history* (in the *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise, it would be me no delight. Who will persuade me, reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not a hero?—its very magnitude proved that I not labour over the ignoble and pearly dead—should not the dead be *Homer's* dead? The of Tom Campbell's defence of *inaccuracy* in and description is, that his Gertrude, &c. has locality in common with *Pennsylvania* the Pennanmaur. It is notoriously full of *own* scenery, as all Americans declare, they praise parts of the poem. It is thus that for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting which happens, even accidentally, to sting it.

* January 12th.

"The weather still so humid and murky that London, in its most oppressive aspect, now lasted (but with one day's intermission) with snow or heavy rain only, since December, 1820. It is so far lucky that it has turned;—but it is very tiresome now to be out, in comfort, on any horse but *my own*, many days. The roads are even worse in weather, by the long splashing, and the loss and the growth of the waters.

"Read the Poets—English, that is to say Campbell's edition. There is a good deal in some of Tom's prefatory phrases, but his good as a whole. I like him best, though, own poetry.

"Murray writes that they want to act the of Marino Faliero;—more fools they: it was for the closet. I have protested against this usurpation (which, it seems, is legal for to over any printed work, against the author and I hope they will not attempt it. Why bring out some of the numberless *esquisses* of a theatrical celebrity, now encumbering the stage, instead of lugging me out of the library? I have written a fierce protest against any such thing, but I still would hope that it will not be so and that they will see, at once, that it is good for the stage. It is too regular—the time, four hours—the change of place not frequent—*melodramatic*—no surprises, no starts, nor opportunities for tossing their heads and their heels!—and no *love*—the grand *modern* play.

"I have found out the seal cut on Murray. It is meant for Walter Scott—or Sir Walter the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore. But it does not do him justice. Scott's seal when he recites—is a very intelligent countenance and this seal says nothing.

"Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer

day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system)—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing ‘Aristides called the Just,’ and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

“I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper!—for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W. Scott’s. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Comtesse G. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

“How strange are our thoughts, &c. &c. &c.”

“Midnight.

“Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity; but they must learn to pronounce it. With all the allowance for a translation, and, above all, an Italian translation (they are the very worst of translators, except from the Classics—Annibale Caro, for instance—and there, the bastardy of their language helps them, as, by way of *looking legitimate*, they ape their fathers’ tongue)—but with every allowance for such a disadvantage, the tragedy of Sappho is superb and sublime! There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And *who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will*. ‘Tis a high intellect.

“I must premise, however, that I have read *nothing* of Adolph Müllner’s (the author of ‘Guilt’), and much less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland than I could wish. I only know them through the medium of English, French, and Italian translations. Of the *real* language I know absolutely nothing,—except oaths learnt from postillions and officers in a squabble. I can *swear* in German potently, when I like—‘*Sacrament—Verfluchter—Hundsfott*’—and so forth; but I have little of their less energetic conversation.

“I like, however, their women (I was once *so desperately* in love with a German woman, Constance), and all that I have read, translated, of their writings, and all that I have seen on the Rhine of their country and people—all, except the Austrians, whom I abhor, loathe, and—I cannot find words for my hate of them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent to my hate; for I abhor cruelly more than I abhor the Austrians—except on an impulse, and then I am savage—but not deliberately so.

“Grillparzer is grand—antique—not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern—too *Madame de Staël-ish*, now and then—but altogether a great and goodly writer.

“January 13th, 1831, Saturday.

“Sketched the outline and Drama. Pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old), and read over a passage in the ninth vol. octavo of Mitford’s

“Here follows a long passage, already extracted, relative to his early friend, Edward Noel Long.

Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.

“Dined—news come—the *Powers* mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

“I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer’s Sappho, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into ‘Sardanapalus’ than I intended. I speak, of course, if the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will hardly be a peacemaker.

“January 14th, 1831.

“Turned over Seneca’s tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of Sardanapalus. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy.

“Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don’t like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day’s diary.

“The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

“January 15th, 1831.

“Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford’s Greece—wrote part of a scene of ‘Sardanapalus.’ Went out—heard some music—heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

“I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore (‘the poet,’ *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs. Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name), had just sent me a Java gazette—I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java gazette) on Moore’s merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his

conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

"It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

"Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patriarchian, thorough-bred* look of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingeniously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

"The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after.

"January 16th, 1821.

"Read—rode—fired pistols—returned—dined—wrote—visited—heard music—talked nonsense—and went home.

"Wrote part of a Tragedy—advance in Act 1st with 'all deliberate speed.' Bought a blanket. The weather is still muggy as a London May—mist, mizzle, the air replete with Scotticisms, which, though fine in the descriptions of Ossian, are somewhat tiresome in real, prosaic perspective. Politics still mysterious.

"January 17th, 1821.

"Rode i' the forest—fired pistols—dined. Arrived a packet of books from England and Lombardy—English, Italian, French, and Latin. Read till eight—went out.

"January 18th, 1821.

"To-day, the post arriving late, did not ride. Read letters—only two gazettes, instead of twelve now due. Made Lega write to that negligent Galiguani, and added a postscript. Dined.

"At eight proposed to go out. Lega came in with a letter about a bill *unpaid* at Venice, which I thought paid months ago. I flew into a paroxysm of rage, which almost made me faint. I have not been well ever since. I deserve it for being such a fool—but it *was* provoking—a set of scoundrels! It is, however, but five and twenty pounds.

"January 19th, 1821.

"Rode. Winter's wind somewhat more unkind than ingratitude itself, though Shakespeare says otherwise. At least, I am so much more accustomed to meet with ingratitude than the north wind, that I thought the latter the sharper of the two. I had met with both in the course of the twenty-four hours, so could judge.

"Thought of a plan of education for my daughter Allegra, who ought to begin soon with her studies. Wrote a letter—afterwards a postscript. Rather in low spirits—certainly hippish—liver touched—will take a dose of salts.

"I have been reading the *Life*, daughter, of Mr R. L. Edgeworth, Miss Edgeworth. It is altogether a 1813, I recollect to have met them in world of London (of which I then fo fraction, the segment of a circle, the the nothing of something), in the a hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Hui Davy's, to which I was invited for th been the lion of 1812; Miss Edgewor de Staël, with 'the Cossack,' towards were the exhibitions of the succeedi

"I thought Edgeworth a fine old rety, elderly, red complexion, but a endless. He was seventy, but did n nor forty-eight even. I had seen poor very long before—a man of pleasure, all things. He tottered—but still talk man, though feebly. Edgeworth bou talked loud and long; but he seemed nor decrepit, and hardly old.

"He began by telling 'that he had dressing, who had taken him for trotter, &c. &c. Now I, who know who know (not by experience—for I have presumed so far as to contend by hearing him *with* others, and of not so easy a matter to 'dress him,' the worth an asserter of what was not in not have stood before Parr an instant. he seemed intelligent, vehement, vivid life. He bids fair for a hundred years.

"He was not much admired in Lon member a 'ryght merrie' and cossi was rife among the gallants of the day, had been presented for the *recall of the stage* (she having lately taken ke of ages,—for nothing ever was, or her), to which all men had been calle Whereupon, Thomas Moore, of profi memory, did propose that a similar p subscribed and circumscribed 'for Mr Edgeworth to Ireland.'

"The fact was—every body cared She was a nice little unassuming 'looking bodie,' as we Scotch say—a some, certainly not ill-looking. Her c as quiet as herself. One would nev she could write *her name*; whereas b not as if he could write nothing else, else was worth writing.

"As for Mrs Edgeworth, I forget-think she was the youngest of the par they were an excellent cage of the kind for two months, till the landing of M

"To turn from them to their works. but they excite no feeling, and they except for some Irish steward or posti the impression of intellect and pruden and may be useful.

"Janu

"Rode—fired pistols. Read from

* In this, I rather think he was misinf merit there may be in the jest. I have n recollect, the slightest claim to it.

Dined—went out—heard music—received a letter to the Lord Chamberlain to prevent the theatres from representing the Italian papers say that they are. This is pretty work—what! without eat, and even in opposition to it!

January 21st, 1821.

Frosty day—that is to say, an Italian winters hardly get beyond snow; for nobody knows how to skate (or skait)—a childish accomplishment. Rode out, as pistols. Good shooting—broke four rather small, bottles, in four shots, at a distance, with a common pair of pistols and a powder horn. Almost as good wafering or wafering the difference of powder and gun, in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, by luck to split walking-sticks, wafers, candles, and even the eye of a walking-stick, with a single bullet—and all by accident; for my hand is not steady, and apt to be the very weather. To the prowess of Joe Manton and others can bear witness the former taught, and the latter has seen feats.

Wrote—came home—read. Remarked in Grimm's Correspondence, which I read et la plupart des poètes comiques sont très gai, n'a jamais fait que des tragi-comédies gaies est le seul genre où il réussit. C'est que celui qui rit et celui qui pleure sont deux hommes fort différens.—Vol. VI. I feel as bilious as the best comic actor (even as Regnard himself, the next day has written some of the best comedies of the age, and who is supposed to have composed, and am not in spirits to continue my play of Sardanapalus, which I have, for some time, intended to compose.

It is my birthday—that is to say, at half-past twelve, midnight, i. e. in twelve minutes, completed thirty and three years of age. I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart and a long, and to so little purpose. Minutes past twelve.—'Tis the middle of the candle clock, and I am now thirty—

Posthume. Posthume, Posthume, Posthume;—

Yet them so much for what I have done, might have done.

Through life's road, so dim and dirty, I have dragged to three and thirty. I have these years left to me?—except thirty three.

January 23d, 1821.

1821
Here lies
interred in the Eternity
of the Past
from whence there is no
Resurrection
for the Days—whatever there may be
for the Dust—
the Thirty-Third Year
of an ill-spent Life,
Which, after
a lingering disease of many months
sunk into a lethargy,
and expired,
January 23d, 1821, A. D.
Leaving a successor
Inconsolable
for the very loss which
occasioned its
Existence.

January 24d, 1821.

"Fine days. Read—rode—fired pistols, and returned. Dined—read. Went out at eight—made the usual visit. Heard of nothing but war,—the cry is still, 'They come.' The Car's seem to have no plan—nothing fixed among themselves, how, when, or what to do. In that case, they will make nothing of this project, so often postponed, and never put in action.

"Came home, and gave some necessary orders, in case of circumstances requiring a change of place. I shall act according to what may seem proper, when I hear decidedly what the Barbarians mean to do. At present, they are building a bridge of boats over the Po, which looks very warlike. A few days will probably show. I think of retiring towards Ancona, nearer the northern frontier; that is to say, if Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is most likely, as all the family are Liberals. If not, I shall stay. But my movements will depend upon the lady's wishes,—for myself, it is much the same.

"I am somewhat puzzled what to do with my little daughter, and my effects, which are of some quantity and value,—and neither of them do in the seat of war, where I think of going. But there is an elderly lady who will take charge of her, and T. says that the Marchese C. will undertake to hold the chattels in safe keeping. Half the city are getting their affairs in marching trim. A pretty Carnival! The blackguards might as well have waited till Lent.

January 24th, 1821.

"Returned—met some masques in the Corso—'Vive la bagatelle!'—the Germans are on the Po, the Barbarians at the gate, and their masters in council at Leybach (or whatever the enunciation of the sound may syllable into a human pronunciation), and lo! they dance and sing, and make merry, 'for to-morrow they may die.' Who can say that the Arlequins are not right? Like the Lady Baumiére, and my old friend Burton—I 'rode on.'

"Dined—(damn this pen!)—beef tough—there is no beef in Italy worth a curse; unless a man could eat an old ox with the hide on, singed in the sun.

"The principal persons in the events which may occur in a few days are gone out on a *shooting-party*. If it were like a 'highland hunting,' a pretext of the chase for a grand reunion of counsellors and chiefs, it would be all very well. But it is nothing more or less than a real snivelling, popping, small-shot, water-hon waste of powder, ammunition, and shot, for their own special amusement:—a rare set of fellows for 'a man to risk his neck with,' as 'Marshall Wells' says in the Black Dwarf.

"If they gather,—'whilk is to be doubted?'—they will not muster a thousand men. The reason of this is, that the populace are not interested,—only the higher and middle orders. I wish that the peasantry were: they are a fine savage race of two legged leopards. But the Bolognese won't—the Romagnuoles can't without them. Or, if they try—what then? They will try, and man can do no more—and, if he would but try his utmost, much might be done. The Dutch, for instance, against the Spaniards—then, the tyrants of Europe—since, the slaves—and, lately, the freedmen.

"The year 1820 was not a fortunate one for the individual me, whatever it may be for the nations. I lost a lawsuit, after two decisions in my favour. The project of lending money on an Irish mortgage was finally rejected by my wife's trustee after a year's hope and trouble. The Rochdale lawsuit had endured fifteen years, and always prospered till I married; since which, every thing has gone wrong—with me, at least.

"In the same year, 1820, the Countess T. G. nata G. G., in despite of all I said and did to prevent it, would separate from her husband, H Cavalier Commandatore G. G., &c. &c. &c., and all on account of 'P. P. clerk of this parish.' The other little petty vexations of the year—overturns in carriages—the murder of people before one's door, and dying in one's beds—the cramp in swimming—colics—indigestions and bilious attacks, &c. &c. &c.—

'Many small articles make up a sum.
And hey ho for Caleb Quotem, oh!'

"January 25th, 1821.

"Received a letter from Lord S. O. state secretary of the Seven Islands—a fine fellow—clever—dished in England five years ago, and came abroad to retrench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, in his way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own. He is son of the late Duke of L. by a second marriage. He wants me to go to Corfu. Why not?—perhaps I may, next spring.

"Answered Murray's letter—read—langued.—Scrawled this additional page of life's log-book. One day more is over of it, and of me;—but 'which is best, life or death, the gods only know,' as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal. Two thousand years since that sage's declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point; for, according to the Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he is *cure* of salvation—even the most righteous—since a single

slip of faith may throw him on his back, like a skitter, while gliding smoothly to his paradise. We therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in the end may be, the certainty of the individual as to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was ever Jupiter.

"It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a 'grand peut-être'—but still it is a grand one. Every body clings to it—the stupidest, not even, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

"January 26th, 1821.

"Fine day—a few mares' tails portending rain, but the sky clear, upon the whole. Rats—two pistols—good shooting. Coming back, met a man. Charity—purchased a shilling's worth of a vation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life—sometimes in vice, but, if not more often, at least more possibly, for virtue—than I now possess. I never in a life gave a mistress so much as I have ~~given~~ given a poor man in honest distress—~~the~~ ~~man~~. The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me (with the help of " who has crossed that day will triumph;—and, when justice is done, it will be when this hand that writes ~~is~~ ~~is~~ ~~is~~ hearts which have stung me.

"Returning, on the bridge met ~~an~~ ~~an~~ ~~an~~ old woman. I asked her age—~~she~~ ~~she~~ ~~she~~. I asked my groon (though myself a ~~very~~ ~~very~~ ~~very~~ what the devil ~~her~~ ~~her~~ ~~her~~ three crosses ~~must~~ ~~must~~ ~~must~~ ninety years, and that she had ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ me to boot!! I repeated the same three times, ~~at~~ ~~at~~ ~~at~~ take—ninety-five years!!!—and she was ~~so~~ ~~so~~ ~~so~~ active—heard my question, for she ~~must~~ ~~must~~ ~~must~~ saw me, for she advanced towards me, and ~~she~~ ~~she~~ ~~she~~ appear at all decrepit, though certainly ~~must~~ ~~must~~ ~~must~~ years. Told her to come to-morrow, and ~~she~~ ~~she~~ ~~she~~ mine her myself. I love phenomena. If ~~she~~ ~~she~~ ~~she~~ five years old, she must recollect the Cardinal ~~is~~ ~~is~~ ~~is~~ roni, who was legate here.

"On dismounting, found Lieutenant E ~~not~~ ~~not~~ ~~not~~ rived from Puenza. Invited him to dine with ~~me~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~ morrow. Did not invite him for to-day, ~~because~~ ~~because~~ ~~because~~ there was a small *turbat* (Friday, fast required religiously) which I wanted to eat all myself ~~alone~~ ~~alone~~ ~~alone~~.

"Went out—found T. as usual—~~among~~ ~~among~~ ~~among~~ gentlemen, who make revolutions and are ~~good~~ ~~good~~ ~~good~~ shooting, are not yet returned. They ~~don't~~ ~~don't~~ ~~don't~~ till Sunday—that is to say, they have been ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~ five days, bullooming, while the interests of a ~~whole~~ ~~whole~~ ~~whole~~ country are at stake, and even they themselves ~~are~~ ~~are~~ ~~are~~ promised.

"It is a difficult part to play amongst such a set of assassins and blockheads—but, when the ~~one~~ ~~one~~ ~~one~~ skinned off, or has boiled over, good may come of it. If this country could but be freed, what ~~will~~ ~~will~~ ~~will~~ be too great for the accomplishment of that ~~desire~~ ~~desire~~ ~~desire~~ for the extinction of that 'Sigh of Ages' ~~let~~ ~~let~~ ~~let~~ hope. They have hoped three thousand years. The very revivement of the chances may bring ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ upon the dice.

"If the Neapolitans have but a single ~~Masaniello~~ ~~Masaniello~~ ~~Masaniello~~ amongst them, they will beat the bloody ~~tyrants~~ ~~tyrants~~ ~~tyrants~~ the crown and sabre. Holland, in worse ~~times~~ ~~times~~ ~~times~~.

the Spains and Philips; America beat Greece beat Xerxes; and France beat he took a tyrant; South America beats res out of their nest; and, if these men in themselves, there is nothing to shake about.

" January 28th, 1821.

Gazette did not come. Letters from appears that the Austrian brutes have three or four pounds of English powder. re!—I hope to pay them in *ball* for that ode out till twilight.

ed the subjects of four tragedies to be and circumstances permitting), to wit, as, already begun; Cain, a metaphysical tching in the style of Manfred, but in five ps, with the chorus; Francesca of Rimini, and I am not sure that I would not try think that I could extract a something, at least, out of the gloomy sequestration f the tyrant—and even out of his sojourn y softening the *details*, and exhibiting hich must have led to those very vicious or none but a powerful and gloomy own would have had recourse to such s,—being also, at the same time, *old*, of the world.

" *Memoranda.*

'oetry?—The feeling of a Former world

" *Thought Second.*

the very height of desire and human edly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even does there mingle a certain sense of doubt a fear of what is to come—a doubt of retrospect to the past, leading to a prog- d the future. (The best of Prophets of s the Past.) Why is this? or these?—I tcept that on a pinnacle we are most f giddiness, and that we never fear falling a precipice—the higher, the more awful, e sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure s not a pleasurable sensation; at least, d *what Hope* is there without a deep ar? and what sensation is so delightful as if it were not for Hope, where would the —in hell. It is useless to say *where* the or most of us know; and as for the Past, minates in memory?—*Hope baffled.* human affairs, it is Hope—Hope—Hope. en minutes, though I never counted them, s or supposed possession. From what- e commence, we know where it all must et, what good is there in knowing it? It ake men better or wiser. During the rors of the greatest plagues (Athens and xample—see Thucydides and Machia- ere more cruel and profligate than ever. ystery. I feel most things, but I know rpt

— — — — —
— — — — —
" *Thought for a speech of Lucifer, in the tragedy of Cain:*

" *Were Death an evil, would I let thee live?*
Fool! live as I live—as thy father lives,
And thy son's sons shall live for evermore.

" Past midnight. One o' the clock.

"I have been reading W. F. S * * (brother to the other of the name) till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt, in English, who *talks pimples*—a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours.

"I dislike him the worse (that is, S * *), because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes like sunset, or melts down like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion,—to which, however, the above comparisons do too much honour.

"Continuing to read Mr F. S * *. He is not such a fool as I took him for, that is to say, when he speaks of the North. But still he speaks of things *all over the world* with a kind of authority that a philosopher would disdain, and a man of common sense, feeling, and knowledge of his own ignorance, would be ashamed of. The man is evidently wanting to make an impression, like his brother,—or like George in the Vicar of Wakefield, who found out that all the good things had been said already on the right side, and therefore 'dressed up some paradoxes' upon the wrong side—ingenious, but false, as he himself says—to which 'the learned world said nothing, nothing at all, sir.' The 'learned world,' however, *has* said something to the brothers S * *.

"It is high time to think of something else. What they say of the antiquities of the North is best.

" January 29th, 1821.

"Yesterday the woman of ninety-five years of age was with me. She said her eldest son (if now alive) would have been seventy. She is thin—short, but active—hears, and sees, and talks incessantly. Several teeth left—all in the lower jaw, and single front teeth. She is very deeply wrinkled, and has a sort of scattered gray beard over her chin, at least as long as my mustachios. Her head, in fact, resembles the drawing in crayons of Pope the poet's mother, which is in some editions of his works.

"I forgot to ask her if she remembered Alberoni (legate here), but will ask her next time. Gave her a louis—ordered her a new suit of clothes, and put her upon a weekly pension. Till now, she had worked at gathering wood and pine-nuts in the forest,—pretty work at ninety-five years old! She had a dozen children, of whom some are alive. Her name is Maria Montanari.

"Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal Club) called the 'Americani' in the forest, all armed, and singing, with all their might, in Romagnuolo—

* Thus marked, with impatient strokes of the pen, by himself in the original.

NOTICES OF THE

... tutti soldat' per la liberta' ('we are all soldiers for liberty'). They cheered me as I passed—I returned their salute, and rode on. This may show the spirit of Italy at present.

"My to-day's journal consists of what I omitted yesterday. To-day was much as usual, I have rather a better opinion of the writings of the Schlegels than I had four-and-twenty hours ago; and will amend it still farther, if possible.

"They say that the Piedmontese have at length risen—*ga ira!*

"Read S... Of Dante he says that 'at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen.' 'Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. Not a favourite! Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.

"In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno—a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!

"He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and 'La Pia.' Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who but Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into Hell? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.

"1 o'clock.

"I have found out, however, where the German is right—it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. 'Of all romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape in which romance can appear), the Vicar of Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite.' He thinks!—he might be sure. But it is very well for a S... I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

"Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay."

"January 30th, 1821.

"The Count P. G. this evening (by commission from the C.) transmitted to me the new words for the next six months. * * * and * * *. The new sacred word is * * *—the reply * * *—the rejoinder * * *. The former word (now changed) was * * *—there is also * * *. † Things seem fast coming to a crisis—*ga ira!*

"We talked over various matters of moment and movement. These I omit;—if they come to any thing, they will speak for themselves. After these, we spoke of Kosciusko. Count R. G. told me that he has seen the Polish officers in the Italian war burst into tears on hearing his name.

"Something must be up in Piedmont—all the letters and papers are stopped. Nobody knows any

thing, and the Germans are concentrating near Milan. Of the decision of Leybach, nothing is known. This state of things cannot last long. The French men's minds at present cannot be conceived as seeing it.

"January 31st.

"For several days I have not written except a few answers to letters. In expectation of an explosion of some kind, it is better to settle down to the desk for the higher kind of composition. I could do it, to be sure, for, last summer, I wrote my drama in the very bustle of Madame G.'s divorce, and all its process of action. At the same time, I also had the news of an important lawsuit in England. But only private and personal business; this is a different nature.

"I suppose it is this, but have some idea it may be laziness, which prevents me, especially as Rochefoucault says that 'the masters them all'—speaking of the masters, this were true, it could hardly be said that this were the root of all evil, since this is only from the passions only: ergo, that the passions (laziness, to wit) would be good. Who knows?

"I have been reading Grimm. He repeats frequently, in speaking of genius in any department (Gretry, for instance), that he may be true, I know not; but if a poet 'per eccellenza,' for I have a poet 'which not only tormented else in contact with it; and an' has almost left me without any defining what a poet should be for what are they worth? what

"Grimm, however, is an extraordinary historian. His Correspondence of the literary part of that age of her politics, and still more. He is as valuable, and far more so, than Muratori or Tiraboschi—I Guinguené—but there we are 'tis a great man in its line.

"Monsieur St Lambert is

"Et lorsqu'a ses regards
Il n'a plus, en mourant

This is, word for word. T.

"And dying, all we

without the smallest advantage of a poet. M. St. and (for any thing I know) as a poet, by this time, good things, and, it may

"I have been considering why I always wake, at night, and always in very bad despair and despondence

† In the original MS. these watch-words are blotted over so as to be illegible.

that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty—calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles from mere thirsty impatience. At present, I have not the thirst; but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

"I read in Edgeworth's Memoirs of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval;—but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it?—liver? In England, Le Man (the apothecary) cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

"What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift—'dying at top.' I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

"Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz, which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing."

"February 5th, 1821.

"At last, 'the kila's in a low.' The Germans are ordered to march, and Italy is, for the ten thousandth time, to become a field of battle. Last night the news came.

"This afternoon, Count P. G. came to me to consult upon divers matters. We rode out together. They have sent off to the C. for orders. To-morrow the decision ought to arrive, and then something will be done. Returned—dined—read—went out—talked over matters. Made a purchase of some arms for the new enrolled Americani, who are all on tiptoe to march. Gave orders for some *harness* and portmanteaus necessary for the horses.

"Read some of Bowles's dispute about Pope, with all the replies and rejoinders. Perceive that my name has been lugged into the controversy, but have not time to state what I know of the subject. On some 'piping day of peace' it is probable that I may resume it.

"February 9th, 1821.

"Before dinner wrote a little; also, before I rode out, Count P. G. called upon me, to let me know the result of the meeting of the C. at F. and at B. * * returned late last night. Every thing was combined

* In this little incident of the music in the streets thus touching so suddenly upon the nerve of memory, and calling away his mind from its dark bodings to a recollection of years and scenes the happiest, perhaps, of his whole life, there is something that appears to me peculiarly affecting.

under the idea that the Barbarians would pass the Po on the 15th inst. Instead of this, from some previous information or otherwise, they have hastened their march and actually passed two days ago; so that all that can be done at present in Romagna is, to stand on the alert and wait for the advance of the Neapolitans. Every thing was ready, and the Neapolitans had sent on their own instructions and intentions, all calculated for the *tenth* and *eleventh*, on which days a general rising was to take place, under the supposition that the Barbarians could not advance before the 15th.

"As it is, they have but fifty or sixty thousand troops, a number with which they might as well attempt to conquer the world as secure Italy in its present state. The artillery marches *last*, and alone, and there is an idea of an attempt to cut part of them off. All this will much depend upon the first steps of the Neapolitans. *Here*, the public spirit is excellent, provided it be kept up. This will be seen by the event.

"It is probable that Italy will be delivered from the Barbarians if the Neapolitans will but stand firm, and are united among themselves. *Here* they appear so.

"February 10th, 1821.

"Day passed as usual—nothing new. Barbarians still in march—not well equipped, and, of course, not well received on their route. There is some talk of a commotion at Paris.

"Rode out between four and six—finished my letter to Murray on Bowles's pamphlets—added postscript. Passed the evening as usual—out till eleven—and subsequently at home.

"February 11th, 1821.

"Wrote—had a copy taken of an extract from Petrarch's Letters, with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge, M. Faliero, containing the poet's opinion of the matter. Heard a heavy firing of cannon towards Comacchio—the Barbarians rejoicing for their principal pig's birth-day, which is to-morrow—or Saint-day—I forget which. Received a ticket for the first ball to-morrow. Shall not go to the first, but intend going to the second, as also to the Veglioni.

"February 13th, 1821.

"To-day read a little in Louis B.'s *Hollande*, but have written nothing since the completion of the letter on the Pope controversy. Politics are quite misty for the present. The Barbarians still upon their march. It is not easy to divine what the Italians will now do.

"Was elected yesterday 'Socio' of the Carnival ball society. This is the fifth carnival that I have passed. In the four former, I racketed a good deal. In the present, I have been as sober as Lady Grace herself.

"February 14th, 1821.

"Much as usual. Wrote, before riding out, part of a scene of 'Sardanapalus.' The first act nearly finished. The rest of the day and evening as before—partly without, in conversazione—partly at home.

"Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this. It is exactly the fact of

Roméo and Giulietta—not Roméo, as the Barbarian writes it. Two families of Contadini (peasants) are at feud. At a ball, the younger part of the families forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old man of one of them enters, and reproves the young men for dancing with the females of the opposite family. The male relatives of the latter resent this. Both parties rush home, and arm themselves. They meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six wounded, most of them dangerously,—pretty well for two families, methinks—and all *fact*, of the last week. Another assassination has taken place at Cesenna,—in all about *forty* in Romagna within these last three months. These people retain much of the middle ages.

"February 15th, 1821.

"Last night finished the first act of Sardanapalus. To-night, or to-morrow, I ought to answer letters.

"February 16th, 1821.

"Last night Il Conte P. G. sent a man with a bag full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds of cartridges to my house, without apprizing me, though I had seen him not half an hour before. About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising here, the Liberals and my brethren C^d. asked me to purchase some arms for a certain few of our ragamuffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammunition, &c. and they were armed accordingly. Well—the rising is prevented by the Barbarians marching a week sooner than appointed; and an *order* is issued, and in force, by the Government, 'that all persons having arms concealed, &c. &c. shall be liable to,' &c. &c.—and what do my friends, the patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw back upon my hands, and into my house, these very arms (without a word of warning previously) with which I had furnished them at their own request, and at my own peril and expense.

"It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive them. If any of the servants had (except Tita and P. and Lega) they would have betrayed it immediately. In the mean time, if they are denounced, or discovered, I shall be in a scrape.

"At nine went out—at eleven returned. Beat the crow for stealing the falcon's victuals. Read 'Tales of my Landlord'—wrote a letter—and mixed a moderate banker of water with other ingredients.

"February 18th, 1821.

"The news are that the Neapolitans have broken a bridge, and slain four pontifical carabinieri, while carabinieri wished to oppose. Besides the disrespect to neutrality, it is a pity that the first blood shed in this German quarrel should be Italian. However, the war seems begun in good earnest; for, if the Neapolitans kill the Pope's carabinieri, they will not be more delicate towards the Barbarians. If it be even so, in a short time 'there will be news o' thae craws,' as Mrs Alison Wilson says of Jenny Blane's 'unco cockermory' in the Tales of my Landlord.

"In turning over Grimm's Correspondence to-day, I found a thought of Tom Moore's in a song of Maupertuis to a female Laplander.

'Et tous les lieux,
On sent ses yeux,
Font la Zone brillante.'

This is Moore's—

'And those eyes make my climate, wherever I roam—

But I am sure that Moore never saw it; for this song was published in Grimm's Correspondence in 1811 and I knew Moore's by heart in 1812. There is another, but an antithetical coincidence—

Le soleil luit,
Des jours sans nuit
Bientôt il nous destine,
Mais ces long jours,
Seront trop courts,
Passés près de Christine.'

This is the *thought, reversed*, of the last stanza of the ballad on Charlotte Lynes, given in Miss Newall's Memoirs of Darwin, which is pretty—I quote to the memory of these last fifteen years.

'For my first night I'll go
To those regions of snow,
Where the sun for six months never shines:
And think, even then,
He too soon came again,
To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.'

"To-day I have had no communication with Carbonari cronies; but, in the mean time, the apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, and what not. I suppose that they are sent to the dépôt, to be sacrificed, in case of need, to the great matter, supposing that Italy comes to who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand and very poetry of politics. Only think—why? Why, there has been nothing like a *crisis* since Augustus. I reckon the times of *Crax* because the commotions left every body equal and the parties were pretty equal at the time. But, afterwards, it was all *pretorian* business—and since!—we shall see, or, at least, will see, what card will turn up. It is but even of the hopeless. The Dutch did not these fellows have to do, in the Seventy Years' War.

"February 19th, 1821.

"Come home solus—very high wind—moonshine—solitary stragglers muffled in women in mask—white houses—clouds hanging in the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the puff—very poetical. It is still blowing hard—the day is raining, and the house rocking—rain splashing—lightning flashing—quite a fine Swiss Alpine evening, with sea roaring in the distance.

"Visited—conversazione. All the women hurried by the squall: they won't go to the mountains because it lightens—the pious reason!

"Still blowing away. A. has sent me some to-day. The war approaches nearer and nearer to those scoundrel sovereigns! Let us but get the beaten—let the Neapolitans but have the pick of the Dutch of old, or the Spaniards of now, or of the German protestants, the Scotch presbyterians, or the Swiss under Tell, or the Greeks under Themistocles—all small and solitary nations (except the Spaniards and German Lutherans), and there is yet a correction for Italy, and a hope for the world.

• ~~In summary, the~~

"Last night I suffered horribly—from an indigestion, I believe. I *never* sup—that is, never at home. But, last night, I was prevailed upon by the Countess Gamba's persuasion, and the strenuous example of her brother, to swallow, at supper, a quantity of boiled cockles, and to dilute them, *not* reluctantly, with some *finola* wine. When I came home, apprehensive of the consequences, I swallowed three or four glasses of spirits, which men (the vendors) call *brandy*, rum, or *Hollands*, but which Gods would entitle spirits of wine, coloured or sugared. All was pretty well till I got to bed, when I became somewhat swollen, and considerably vertiginous. I got out, and, mixing some soda-powders, drank them off. This brought on temporary relief. I returned to bed; but grew sick and sorry once and again. Took more soda-water. At last I fell into a dreary sleep. Woke, and was ill all day, till I had galloped a few miles. Query—was it the cockles, or what I took to correct them, that caused the commotion? I think both. I remarked in my illness the complete inaction, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not—and this is the *Soul!!!* I should believe that it was married to the body, if they did not sympathize so much with each other. If the one rose, when the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed for the natural state of divorce. But, as it is, they seem to draw together like post-horses.

"Let us hope the best—it is the grand possession."

During the two months comprised in this Journal, some of the Letters of the following series were written. The reader must therefore be prepared to find in them occasional notices of the same train of events.

LETTER CCCCIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, January 2d, 1821

"Your entering into my project for the Memoir is pleasant to me. But I doubt (contrary to my dear Madame Mac F*, whom I always loved and always shall—not only because I really *did* feel attached to her *personally*, but because she and about a dozen others of that sex were all who stuck by me in the grand conflict of 1815)—but I doubt, I say, whether the Memoir could appear in my lifetime;—and, indeed, I had rather it did not; for a man always *looks dead* after his Life has appeared, and I should certes not survive the appearance of mine. The first part I cannot consent to alter, even although Madame de S.'s opinion of B. C., and my remarks upon Lady C.'s beauty (which is surely great, and I suppose that I have said so—at least, I ought) should go down to our grandchildren in unsophisticated nakedness.

"As to Madame de S.*, I am by no means bound to be her bondsman—she was always more civil to me in person than during my absence. Our dear defunct friend, M** L**, † who was too great a bore ever to lie, assured me, upon his tiresome word

† Of this gentleman, the following notice occurs in the "Detached Thoughts."—L** was a good man, a clever

of honour, that, at Florence, the said was open-mouthed against me; and *Switzerland*, why she had changed plied with laudable sincerity, that I in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau, that she could not help it, through de have not forgotten this, but I have been as mine acquaintance, the late Capt the navy, used to say to his seamen to the gunner's daughter)—'two days off easy.' The 'two dozen' were with tarts;—the 'let you off easy' was radiation than that of the patient.

"My acquaintance with these terms arises from my having been much in ships of war and naval heroes in voyages in the Mediterranean. When gallant action off Lissa in 1811. He a disciplinarian. When he left his *parrot*, which was taught by the crow sounds—(It must be remarked that I was the image of Fawcett the actor and figure, and that he squinted).

"The Parrot *loquax*!

"Whitby! Whitby! funny eye! dozen, and let you off easy. Oh you

"Now, if Madame de B. has a parrot be taught a French parody of the

"With regard to our purposed Journal what you please, but it should be make it *pay*. We can call it 'The Ill—or any thing.

"I feel exactly as you do about comes over me in a kind of rage every

nian, but a bore. My only revenge or be setting him by the ears with some vated bores especially.—Madame de example. But I liked L**. he was had he been better set;—I don't mean *pitresome*, for he was tedious, as well as every thing and every body. Being used to ride out together near the Bre in summer, he made me go *before*, to absent at times, especially towards evening of this pilotage was some *harm* M** on horseback. Once I had horn which I had passed as usual, forgetting to once I led him nearly into the river, in *moveable* bridge which inconveniently did we both run against the *Diligence*, and slow, did communicate less damage in its leaders, who were terrified by did I lose him in the gray of the morning to bring to his distant signals of *distress*—all the time he went on talking without he was a man of many words. Poor martyr to his new riches—of a second *view*

"I'd give the lands of *Imogene* Dark Musgrave were alive again

that is—

"I would give many a night M** L** were alive again

* The following passage from the which the above was an answer, with follows —"With respect to the new enough that Lord * * * and myself week or two before I received your your assistance in a plan somewhat *teratary* and less regularly *periodical* Lord * *, as you will see by his reaches you, has a very *dry*, and sound truths, upon politics and

and then, if I am empty, I go mad. As to that interrupted love of writing, which you desire, my friend, I do not understand it. I feel it, which I must get rid of, but never as a rule. On the contrary, I think composition a

you to think seriously of the Journal. I am as serious as one can be, in this respect any thing. As to matters here, they are mighty—but not for paper. It is much the state of things betwixt Cain and Abel. In fact, no law or government at all; and it is not how well things go on without them. Except a few occasional murders (every body killing every he pleases, and being killed, in turn, by his relative, of the defunct), there is as quiet and as merry a Carnival as can be met with through Europe. There is nothing like these things.

I remain here till May or June, and, unless I am unlooked for,* we may perhaps meet in England, within the year.

"Yours, &c.

Of course, I cannot explain to you existing circumstances, as they open all letters.

You set me right about your curst 'Champs'—are they 'es' or 'ées' for the adjective? Nothing of French, being all Italian. Though I understand French, I never attempt it; for I hate it. From the second part of your cut what you please."

LETTER CCCC.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Ravenna, January 4th, 1821.

I see, by the papers of Galignani, that there is a great deal of great expectation, by Barry Cornwall, of what I have read of his works. I liked the Sketches, but thought his Sicilian story, *Colonna*, in rhyme, quite spoilt, by I know not what affection of Wordsworth, and I think myself,—all mixed up into a kind of nonsense, which I think him very likely to produce a good deal of. I keep to a natural style, and not play the part of a harlequinade for an audience. As he is a schoolmaster, I take more than common interest in him, and shall be glad to hear of it speedily. I am aware that he was in that line, I should have been of him in the preface to *Marino Faliero*.

It is a world's wonder if he produce a great deal. I am, however, persuaded, that this not to be following the old dramatists,—who are

faults, pardoned only for the beauty of his style. He will be a very useful and active ally in the cause of literature. I am, however, persuaded, that this not to be following the old dramatists,—who are faults, pardoned only for the beauty of his style. He will be a very useful and active ally in the cause of literature. I am, however, persuaded, that this not to be following the old dramatists,—who are

their language,—but by writing naturally and regularly, and producing regular tragedies, like the Greeks; but not in imitation,—merely the outline of their conduct, adapted to our own times and circumstances, and of course no chorus.

"You will laugh, and say, 'Why don't you do so?' I have, you see, tried a sketch in *Marino Faliero*; but many people think my talent 'essentially undramatic,' and I am not at all clear that they are not right. If *Marino Faliero* don't full—in the perusal—I shall, perhaps, try again (but not for the stage); and as I think that *love* is not the principal passion for tragedy (and yet most of ours turn upon it), you will not find me a popular writer. Unless it is love, *furiosus*, *criminal*, and *hapless*, it ought not to make a tragic subject. When it is melting and maudlin, it *does*, but it ought not to do; it is then for the gallery and second-price boxes.

"If you want to have a notion of what I am trying, take up a translation of any of the Greek tragedies. If I said the original, it would be an impudent presumption of mine; but the translations are so inferior to the originals that I think I may risk it. Then judge of the 'simplicity of plot,' &c. and do not judge me by your old mad dramatists, which is like drinking usquebaugh and then proving a fountain. Yet after all, I suppose that you do not mean that spirits is a nobler element than a clear spring bubbling in the sun? and this I take to be the difference between the Greeks and those turbid mountebanks—always excepting Ben Jonson, who was a scholar and a classic. Or, take up a translation of *Alfieri*, and try the interest, &c. of these my new attempts in the old line, by him in *English*; and then tell me fairly your opinion. But don't measure me by YOUR OWN old or new tailors' yards. Nothing so easy as intricate confusion of plot and rant. *Mrs Centlivre*, in comedy, has *ten times the bustle of Congreve*; but are they to be compared? and yet she drove Congreve from the theatre."

LETTER CCCC.

TO MR. MURRAY.

* Ravenna, January 19th, 1821.

"Yours of the 29th ultimo hath arrived. I must really and seriously request that you will beg of Messrs Harris or Elliston to let the Doge alone: it is not an acting play; it will not serve *their* purpose; it will destroy *yours* (the sale); and it will distress me. It is not courteous, it is hardly even gentlemanly, to persist in this appropriation of a man's writings to their mountebanks.

"I have already sent you by last post a short protest* to the public (against this proceeding); in case

* To the letter which inclosed this protest, and which has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he had subjoined a passage from *Spenser's Anecdotes*, p. 197 of Singer's edition, where Pope says, speaking of himself, 'I had taken such strong resolutions against any thing of that kind, from seeing how much every body that *did* write for the stage was obliged to subject themselves to the players and the town.'—*Spenser's Anecdotes*, p. 22.

In the same paragraph, Pope is made to say, 'After I had got acquainted with the town, I resolved never to write any thing for the stage. Though solicited by many of my friends to do so, and particularly Betterton.'

that *they* persist, which I trust that they will not, you must then publish it in the newspapers. I shall not let them off with that only, if they go on; but make a longer appeal on that subject, and state what I think the injustice of their mode of behaviour. It is hard that I should have all the buffoons in Britain to deal with—*pirates* who *will* publish, and *players* who *will* act—when there are thousands of worthy men who can neither get bookseller nor manager for love nor money.

"You never answered me a word about *Galignani*. If you mean to use the two documents, do; if not, *burn* them. I do not choose to leave them in any one's possession: suppose some one found them without the letters, what would they *think*? why, that I had been doing the *opposite* of what I *have done*, to wit, referred the whole thing to you—an act of civility at least, which required saying, 'I have received your letter.' I thought that you might have some hold upon those publications by this means; to me it can be no interest one way or the other.*

"The *third* canto of Don Juan is 'dull,' but you must really put up with it: if the two first and the two following are tolerable, what do you expect? particularly as I neither dispute with you on it as a matter of criticism, or as a matter of business.

"Besides, what am I to understand? you, and Douglas Kinnaird, and others, write to me, that the two first published cantos are among the best that I ever wrote, and are reckoned so; Augusta writes that they are thought '*esserable*' (bitter word *that* for an author—eh, Murray?) as a composition *given*, and that she had heard so much against them that she would *never read them*, and never has. Be that as it may, I can't alter; that is not my forte. If you publish three new ones without ostentation, they may perhaps succeed.

"Pray publish the Dante and the *Pulci* (the *Prophecy of Dante*, I mean). I look upon the *Pulci* as my grand performance.† The remainder of the 'Hints,' where be they? Now, bring them all out about the same time, otherwise 'the *variety*' you wot of will be less obvious.

"I am in bad humour:—some obstructions in business with those plaguy trustees, who object to an advantageous loan which I was to furnish to a nobleman on mortgage, because his property is in *Ireland*, have shown me how a man is treated in his absence. Oh, if I *do* come back, I will make some of those who little dream of it *spin*,—or they or I shall go down." * * * *

* No further step was ever taken in this affair; and the documents, which were of no use whatever, are, I believe, still in Mr Murray's possession.

† The self-will of Lord Byron was in no point more conspicuous than in the determination with which he thus persisted in giving the preference to one or two works of his own which, in the eyes of all other persons, were most decided failures. Of this class was the translation from *Pulci*, so frequently mentioned by him, which appeared afterwards in the *Liberal*, and which, though thus rescued from the fate of remaining unpublished, must for ever, I fear, submit to the doom of being unread.

LETTER CCCCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"January

"I did not think to have troubled plague and postage of a *double letter* I have just read in an *Italian paper* Byron has a tragedy coming out,* &c that the *Courier and Morning Chronicle* pulling one another to pieces about it; †

"Now I do reiterate and desire, that may be done to prevent it from coming *theatre*, for which it was never *designed* which (in the present state of the stage could never succeed. I have sent you last post, which you *must publish* in *c* and I require you even in *your own* honour is dear to you) to declare this sensation would be contrary to my *own judgment*. If you do not wish to drive together, you will hit upon some way to

"You

"P.S. I cannot conceive how Harris should be so insane as to think of acting *liero*; they might as well act the *Prometheus*. I speak of course humbly, a greatest sense of the distance of time between the two performances; but not the absurdity of the attempt.

"The *Italian paper* speaks of a 'party to be sure there would be a party. Can; that after having never flattered man, no opinion, nor politics, there would not against a man, who is also a *popular* writer a successful? Why, all parties would against."

LETTER CCCCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, January

"If Harris or Elliston persist, after the which I desired you and Mr Kinnaird to behalf, and which I hope will be sufficient say, they *do persist*, then I pray you *person* the enclosed letter to the Lord (I have said *in person*, because otherwise neither answer nor knowledge that it is address, owing to 'the insolence of office

"I wish you would speak to Lord to all my friends and yours, to interest preventing this cursed attempt at representation

"God help me! at this distance. I am a corpse or a fool by the few people that could rely upon; and I *was* a fool to this of them than of the rest of mankind.

"Pray write.

"You

"P.S. I have nothing more at heart (literature) than to prevent this drama from the stage: in short, rather than permit *suppressed altogether*, and only *forty*

for presents to my friends. What curst
speculating buffoons must be *not* to see
for their fair—or their booth!"

LETTER CCCCIX.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, January 22d, 1821.

well. I do not like your complaint. So,
a line to say you are up and doing again.
33 years of age.

"Through life's road, &c. &c." *

you heard that the 'Braziers' Company'
to present an address at Brandenburg-
armour,' and with all possible variety and
brass apparel?

where, it seems, are preparing to pass
me, and present it themselves all in brass—
famous present—for, by the Lord Harry,
and where they're going much more than they
carry.

Ode for you, is it not?—worthy

"* * * the grand metaquixical poet,
of vast merit, though few people know it;
usual of whom (as I told you at Mestri)
is great part, to my passion for poetry.

and Fusina are the 'trajects, or common
Venice; but it was from Fusina that you
marked, though 'the wicked necessity of
has made me press Mestri into the voyage.
I have had a book dedicated to you? I
it, and shall be very happy to see the

is a peck of troubles about a tragedy of
is fit only for the (* * * *) closet, and
means that the managers, assuming a *right*
labelled poetry, are determined to enact,
will or no, with their own alterations by
I presume. I have written to Murray, to
Chamberlain, and to others, to interfere and
from such an exhibition. I want neither
science of their hisses, nor the insolence of
usage. I write only for the *reader*, and
nothing but the *silent* approbation of those
one's book with good humour and quiet
at.

if you would also write to our friend Perry,
here to mediate with Harris and Elliston to
his intent, you will greatly oblige me. The
site unfit for the stage, as a single glance
them, and, I hope, *has* shown them; and,
ever so fit, I will never have any thing to do
with the theatres.

"Yours ever, in haste, &c."

LETTER CCCCX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, January 27th, 1821.

From you about the *Dante*, which I think
published with the tragedy. But do as you

* Already given in his Journal.

please: you must be the best judge of your own craft.
I agree with you about the *title*. The play may be
good or bad, but I flatter myself that it is original as
a picture of *that* kind of passion, which to my mind
is so natural, that I am convinced that I should have
done precisely what the Doge did on those provo-
cations.

"I am glad of Foscolo's approbation.

"Excuse haste. I believe I mentioned to you that
—I forget what it was; but no matter.

"Thanks for your compliments of the year. I hope
that it will be pleasanter than the last. I speak with
reference to *England* only, as far as regards myself,
where I had every kind of disappointment—lost an
important lawsuit—and the trustees of Lady Byron
refusing to allow of an advantageous loan to be made
from my property to Lord Blessington, &c. &c., by
way of closing the four seasons. These, and a hundred
other such things, made a year of bitter business for
me in England. Luckily, things were a little plea-
sant for me *here*, else I should have taken the liberty
of Hannibal's ring.

"Pray, thank Gifford for all his goodnesses. The
winter is as cold here as Parry's polarities. I must
now take a canter in the forest; my horses are
waiting.

"Yours ever and truly."

LETTER CCCCXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, February 3d, 1821.

"Your letter of excuses has arrived. I receive
the letter, but do not admit the excuses, except in
courtesy; as when a man treads on your toes and begs
your pardon, the pardon is granted, but the joint
aches, especially if there be a corn upon it. However,
I shall scold you presently.

"In the last speech of the Doge, there occurs (I
think, from memory) the phrase

'And Thou who makest and unmakest suns;'

change this to

'And thou who kindest and who quenchest suns;'

that is to say, if the verse runs equally well, and Mr
Gifford thinks the expression improved. Pray have
the bounty to attend to this. You are grown quite a
minister of state. Mind if some of these days you are
not thrown out. * * will not be always a tory, though
Johnson says the first whig was the devil.

"You have learnt one secret from Mr Galignani's
(somewhat tardily acknowledged) correspondence:
this is, that an *English* author may dispose of his
exclusive copyright in *France*,—a fact of some con-
sequence (in *time of peace*) in the case of a popular
writer. Now I will tell you what you shall do, and
take no advantage of you, though you were security
enough never to acknowledge my letter for three
months. Offer Galignani the refusal of the copyright
in France; if he refuse, appoint any bookseller in
France you please, and I will sign any assignment you
please, and it shall never cost you a *son* on my ac-
count.

"Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English book-sellers, and I desire no interest out of that country.

"Now, that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, mio caro Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet-street about you now and then—a crum of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets, as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.

"I shall say no more at this present, save that I am

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. If you venture, as you say, to Ravenna this year, I will exercise the rites of hospitality while you live, and bury you handsomely (though not in holy ground), if you get 'shot or slashed in a creagh or splore,' which are rather frequent here of late among the native parties. But perhaps your visit may be anticipated; I may probably come to your country; in which case write to her ladyship the duplicate of the epistle the king of France wrote to Prince John."

LETTER CCCXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 16th, 1831.

"In the month of March will arrive from Barcelona *Signor Curioni*, engaged for the Opera. He is an acquaintance of mine, and a gentlemanly young man, high in his profession. I must request your personal kindness and patronage in his favour. Pray introduce him to such of the theatrical people, editors of papers, and others, as may be useful to him in his profession, publicly and privately.

"The fifth is so far from being the last of Don Juan, that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as *Anacharsis Cloots*, in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion. I meant to have made him a cavalier servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werther-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest: the Spanish tradition says hell; but it is probably only an allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject.

"You say the *Doge* will not be popular: did I ever write for *popularity*? I defy you to show a work of mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or complexion. It appears to me that there is room for

a different style of the drama; not following of the old drama, which is a gone one, nor yet *too French*, like those of the older writers. It appears to me English, and a severer approach to it combine something not dishonourable to me. I have also attempted to make a play and there are neither rings, nor mistal nor outrageous ranting villains, nor me. All this will prevent its popularity, persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty faults it has will arise from deficiency rather than in the conception, which severe.

"So you *epigrammatize* upon my will pay you for *that*, mind if I don't, never let any one off in the long run (*wh* Remember * * *, and see if I don't do turn. You unnatural publisher! who own authors? you are a paper cannibal.

"In the Letter on Bowles (which I sent post), after the words '*attempts had*' (alluding to the republication of '*Eng*' add the words, '*in Ireland*;' for I English pirates did not begin their attack I had left England the second time. P. this. Let me know what you and you on Bowles.

"I did not think the second seal so it is far better than the Saracen's head which have sealed your *last letter*; the large was surely much better than that.

"So Foscolo says he will get you a seal in Italy? he means a *throat*—that is if they do dexterously. The Arts—all his and Morghen's, and *Ovid's* (I don't *mean* are as low as need be: look at the seal to William Bankes, and own it. How Bankes to quote 'English Bards' in Commons? All the world keep flinging my face.

"Belzoni is a grand traveller, and I very prettily broken.

"As for news, the Barbarians are Naples, and if they lose a single battle be up. It will be like the Spanish row any bottom.

"Letters opened?—to be sure that's the reason why I always put in the German Austrian scoundrel. The Italian who loathes them more than I do ever I could do to scour Italy and the infamous oppression would be done *con* "You

LETTER CCCXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February

"In the forty-fourth page, volume first Travels (which you lately sent me), it 'Lord Byron, when he expressed such its practicability, seems to have forgotten swam both ways, with and against the t he (Lord Byron) only performed the es

the task, by swimming with it from Europe to Asia.* I certainly could not have forgotten, what is known to every schoolboy, that Leander crossed in the night, and returned towards the morning. My object was, to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed *at all* by swimming, and in this Mr Ekenhead and myself both succeeded, the one in an hour and ten minutes, and the other in one hour and five minutes. The *tide* was *not* in our favour; on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current, which, so far from helping us into the Asiatic side, set us down right towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr Ekenhead, myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate, from Captain Bathurst downwards, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out from the European side was, that the little cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate, which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view for us to swim towards; and, in fact, we landed immediately below it.

"Mr Turner says, 'Whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore.' This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind in the Asiatic direction might have such an effect occasionally.

"Mr Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed: 'After five-and-twenty minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave it up from complete exhaustion.' This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. He should have set out a couple of miles higher, and could then have come out below the European castle. I particularly stated, and Mr Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the real passage of one mile extend to between *three and four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr Turner, that his success would have given me great pleasure, as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of the probability. It is not quite fair in him to infer, that because *he* failed, Leander could not succeed. There are still four instances on record: a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr Ekenhead, and myself; the two last done in the presence of hundreds of *English* witnesses.

"With regard to the difference of the *current*, I perceived none; it is favourable to the swimmer on neither side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the sea, a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast which the swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it; it is strong, but if you calculate well, you may reach land. My own experience and that of others bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable. Any young man, in good and tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I will mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mengaldo (a gentleman of Bassano), a good swimmer, wished to swim

with my friend Mr Alexander Scott and myself. As he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him. We all three started from the island of the Lido and swam to Venice. At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and I were a good way ahead, and we saw no more of our foreign friend, which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out, less from fatigue than from *chill*, having been four hours in the water, without rest or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back—this being the *condition* of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the Grand Canal (besides the distance from the Lido), and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, *four hours and twenty minutes*. To this match, and during the greater part of its performance, Mr Hoppner, the Consul-general, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr Hoppner. The distance we could not accurately ascertain; it was of course considerable.

"I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles, and yet two years ago I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers, an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also *four hours* in the water. Mengaldo might be about thirty years of age; Scott about six-and-twenty.

"With this experience in swimming at different periods of life, not only upon the spot, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than the passage of the Hellespont, why should he have done less? But Mr Turner failed, and, naturally seeking a plausible reason for his failure, lays the blame on the *Asiatic* side of the strait. He tried to swim directly across, instead of going higher up to take the vantage; he might as well have tried to *fly* over Mount Athos.

"That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have succeeded in such an attempt is neither wonderful nor doubtful. Whether he *attempted* it or *not* is another question, because he might have had a small *boat* to save him the trouble.

"I am yours very truly,

"BYRON.

"P.S. Mr Turner says that the swimming from Europe to Asia was 'the *easiest* part of the task.' I doubt whether Leander found it so, as it was the return; however, he had several hours between the intervals. The argument of Mr Turner 'that higher up, or lower down, the strait widens so considerably that he would save little labour by his starting,' is only good for indifferent swimmers; a man of any practice or skill will always consider the distance less than the strength of the stream. If Ekenhead and myself had thought of crossing at the narrowest point,

instead of going up to the Cape above it, we should have been swept down to Tenedos. The strait, however, is not so extremely wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts. As the frigate was stationed some time in the Dardanelles waiting for the firman, I bathed often in the strait subsequently to our trajet, and generally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the greater strength of the opposite stream by which the diplomatic traveller palliates his own failure. Our amusement in the small bay which opens immediately below the Asiatic fort was to *dive* for the LAND tortoises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphibiously crawled along the bottom. This does not argue any greater violence of current than on the European shore. With regard to the *modest* insinuation that we chose the European side as 'easier,' I appeal to Mr Hobhouse and Captain Bathurst if it be true or no (poor Ekenhead being since dead). Had we been aware of any such difference of current as is asserted we would at least have proved it, and were not likely to have given it up in the twenty-five minutes of Mr Turner's own experiment. The secret of all this is, that Mr Turner failed, and that we succeeded; and he is consequently disappointed, and seems not unwilling to overshadow whatever little merit there might be in our success. Why did he not try the European side? If he had succeeded there, after failing on the Asiatic, his plea would have been more graceful and gracious. Mr Turner may find what fault he pleases with my poetry, or my politics; but I recommend him to leave aquatic reflections till he is able to swim 'five and twenty minutes' without being '*exhausted*,' though I believe he is the first modern Tory who ever swam '*against the stream*' for half the time." *

LETTER CCCCXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, February 23d, 1821.

"As I wish the soul of the late Antoine Galignani to rest in peace (you will have read his death, published by himself, in his own newspaper), you are requested particularly to inform his children and heirs, that of their '*Literary Gazette*,' to which I subscribed more than *two* months ago, I have only received one *number*, notwithstanding I have written to them repeatedly. If they have no regard for me, a subscriber, they ought to have some for their deceased parent, who is undoubtedly no better off in his present residence for this total want of attention. If not, let me have my francs. They were paid by Mis-singlia, the Venetian bookseller. You may also hint to them, that when a gentleman writes a letter, it is usual to send an answer. If not, I shall make them '*a speech*,' which will comprise an eulogy on the deceased.

"We are here full of war, and within two days of the seat of it, expecting intelligence momentarily. We

* To the above letter, which was published at the time, Mr Turner wrote a reply, but, for reasons stated by himself, did not print it. At his request, I give insertion to his paper in the Appendix.

shall now see if our Italian friends are *g* thing but '*shooting round a corner*,' like man's gun. Excuse haste,—I write with putting on. My horses are at the door, lian Count waiting to accompany me in r

" Yours,

"P. S. Pray, amongst my letters, detail the death of the commandant killed near my door, and died in my ho

" BOWLES AND CAMPBELL

"To the air of '*How now, Madame Flirt*,' Opera.

" Bowles.

"Why, how now, mazy Tom,
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mr Campbell

" Campbell.

"Why, how now, Billy Bow
&c., &c., &c."

LETTER CCCCXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

" H

"This was the beginning of a letter to for Perry, but stopped short, hoping to be able to prevent the theatres. Of course not send it; but it explains to you my subject. You say that '*there is nothing they do what they please*,' that is to say would see me damned with great tranquility are a fine fellow."

TO MR PERRY.

" Ravenna, June

" DEAR SIR,

"I have received a strange piece of cannot be more disagreeable to your pen to me. Letters and the gazettes do me to say that it is the intention of some managers to bring forward on their stage of '*Marino Faliero*,' &c. which was me for such an exhibition, and I trust will it. It is certainly unfit for it. I have but for the solitary reader, and experiments for applause beyond his silent Since such an attempt to drag me forth in the theatrical arena is a violation of the laws of literature, I trust that the imp the press will step between me and this say pollution, because every violation such, and I claim my right as an author what I have written from being turned play. I have too much respect for permit this of my own free will. Had I favour, it would have been by a pantom

"I have said that I write only for Beyond this I cannot consent to any part to the abuse of any publication of minor poses of histrionism. The applauses of would give me no pleasure; their delight might, however, give me pain. The w

at equal. You may, perhaps, say, 'How can we if their disapprobation gives pain, their might afford pleasure?' By no means: the fan and the sting of a wasp may be painful to who would find nothing agreeable in the of the one or the buzzing of the other. as may not seem a courteous comparison, but no other ready; and it occurs naturally."

LETTER CCCCXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, Marzo, 1831.

"DEAR MURRAY,
my packet of the 19th instant, in the last sheet (half sheet), last page, omit the sentence (defining, or attempting to define, what and the gentlemen) begins 'I should say at least in at most military men have it, and few naval; several men of rank have it, and few lawyers, &c. I say, omit the whole of that sentence, as, like the 'cosmogony, or creation of the world' in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' it is not much to suppose.

In the sentence above, too, almost at the top of the page, after the words 'that there ever was, &c., an aristocracy of poets,' add and insert these—'I do not mean that they should write the style of the song by a person of quality, or opinions; but there is a nobility of thought & genius to be found no less in Shakspeare, and Burns, than in Dante, Alfieri,' &c. &c. Or, if you please, perhaps you had better delete of the latter digression on the vulgar and insert only as far as the end of the sentence 'My Homer, where I prefer it to Cowper's, &c.' Mr Clarke is in favour of its accuracy.

On all these points, take an opinion; take the (or someone) of your learned visitants, and act by. I am very tractable—in rhyme.

Further I have made out the case for Pope, I met; but I am very sure that I have been in the attempt. If it comes to the proof, we met the blackguards. I will show more images twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length in English poetry, and that in places where not expect it. For instance, in his lines on us,—now, do just read them over—the subject consequence (whether it be satire or epic)—talking of poetry and imagery from nature &c. Now, mark the images separately and specially:—

1. The thing of silk.
2. Cord of ear's milk.
3. The butterfly.
4. The wheel.
5. Bug with gilded wings.
6. Painted child of dirt.
7. Whom buzz.
8. Well bred spaniels.
9. Shadow streams run dimpling.
10. Florid impotence.
11. Prompter. Puppet squeaks.
12. The ear of Eve.
13. Familiar toad.
14. Half froth, half venom spits himself abroad.
15. Fly at the toilet.

16. Flatterer at the board.
17. Amphibious thing.
18. Now trips a lady.
19. Now struts a lord.
20. A cherub's face.
21. A reptile all the rest.
22. The Rabbits.
23. Pride that licks the dust—

'Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wh that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.'

"Now, is there a line of all the passage without the most forcible imagery (for his purpose)? Look at the variety—at the poetry of the passage—at the imagination: there is hardly a line from which a painting might not be made, and is. But this is nothing in comparison with his higher passages in the Essay on Man, and many of his other poems, serious and comic. There never was such an unjust outcry in this world as that which these fellows are trying against Pope.

"Ask Mr Gifford if, in the fifth act of 'the Doge,' you could not contrive (where the sentence of the Veil is passed) to insert the following lines in Marino Faliero's answer?

'But let it be so. It will be in vain:
The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
Which glitter round it in their painted trappings,
Your delegated slaves—the people's tyrants.'

"Yours truly, &c.

"P. S. Upon public matters here I say little: you will all hear soon enough of a general row throughout Italy. There never was a more foolish step than the expedition to Naples by these fellows.

"I wish to propose to Holmes, the miniature painter, to come out to me this spring. I will pay his expenses, and any sum in reason. I wish him to take my daughter's picture (who is in a convent), and the Countess G.'s, and the head of a peasant girl, which latter would make a study for Raphael. It is a complete peasant face, but an Italian peasant's, and quite in the Raphael Fornarina style. Her figure is tall, but rather large, and not at all comparable to her face, which is really superb. She is not seventeen, and I am anxious to have her face while it lasts. Madame G. is also very handsome, but it is quite in a different style—completely blonde and fair—very uncommon in Italy; yet not an English fairness, but more like a Swede or a Norwegian. Her figure, too, particularly the bust, is uncommonly good. It must be Holmes: I like him, because he takes such inveterate likenesses. There is a war here; but a solitary traveller, with little baggage, and nothing to do with politics, has nothing to fear. Pack him up in the Diligence. Don't forget."

LETTER CCCCXVII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

* Ravenna, April 34, 1831.

"Thanks for the translation. I have sent you some books, which I do not know whether you have read

* These lines,—perhaps from some difficulty in introducing them,—were never inserted in the Tragedy.

or no—you need not return them, in any case. I enclose you also a letter from Pisa. I have neither spared trouble nor expense in the care of the child; and as she was now four years old complete, and quite above the control of the servants—and as a *man* living without any woman at the head of his house cannot much attend to a nursery—I had no resource but to place her for a time (at a high pension too) in the convent of Bagna-Cavalli (twelve miles off), where the air is good, and where she will, at least, have her earning advanced, and her morals and religion inculcated.* I had also another reason;—things were and are in such a state here, that I had no reason to look upon my own personal safety as particularly insurable; and I thought the infant best out of harm's way, for the present.

"It is also fit that I should add that I by no means intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *English* education, because with the disadvantages of her birth, her after settlement would be doubly difficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity. I have now explained my notions as to the *place* where she now is—it is the best I could find for the present; but I have no prejudices in its favour.

"I do not speak of politics, because it seems a hopeless subject, as long as those scoundrels are to be permitted to bully states out of their independence. Believe me

"Yours ever and truly.

"P. S. There is a report here of a change in France; but with what truth is not yet known.

"P. S. My respects to Mrs H. I have the 'best opinion' of her countrywomen; and at my time of life (three and thirty, 22d January, 1821), that is to say, after the life I have led, a *good* opinion is the only rational one which a man should entertain of the whole sex:—up to *thirty*, the worst possible opinion a man can have of them in *general*, the better for himself. Afterwards, it is a matter of no importance to *them*, nor to him either, *what* opinion he entertains—his day is over, or, at least, should be.

"You see how sober I am become."

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, April 21st, 1821.

"I enclose you another letter on Bowles. But I premise that it is not like the former, and that I am not all sure how *much*, if *any*, of it should be published.

* With such anxiety did he look to this essential part of his daughter's education, that notwithstanding the many advantages she was sure to derive from the kind and feminine superintendence of Mrs Shelley, his apprehensions lest her feeling upon religious subjects might be disturbed by the conversation of Shelley himself, prevented him from allowing her to remain under his friend's roof.

lished. Upon this point you can consult Gifford, and think *twice* before you print.

"P. S. You may make my subscription Scott's widow, &c. *thirty* instead of the pounds: but do not put down my name N. N. only. The reason is, that, as I mentioned him in the enclosed pamphlet, indelicate. I would give more, but my means last year about Rochdale and the funds render me more economical."

LETTER CCCCXIX.

TO MR SHELLEY.

* Ravenna, 2d.

"The child continues doing well, and are regular and favourable. It is good that you and Mrs Shelley do not dissent from the step which I have taken, which is much to be desired.

"I am very sorry to hear what you say is it *actually* true? I did not think it had been so killing. Though I differ from you in your estimate of his performances, I feel all unnecessary pain, that I would rather be seated on the highest peak of Parnassus, than to see him perished in such a manner. Poor Keble with such inordinate self-love he would not have been very happy. I read the 'Prometheus' in the Quarterly. It was severe, not so severe as many reviews in that journal upon others.

"I recollect the effect on me of this my first poem; it was rage, and redress—but not despondency nor despair—that those are not amiable feelings; but of bustle and broil, and especially in writing, a man should calculate upon *resistance* before he goes into the attack.

* Expect not life from pain nor death
Nor deem the doom of man reversed.

"You know my opinion of *that* second of poetry. You also know my high opinion of your own poetry,—because it is of no small value to me—but, besides that I think it *truly* undramatic, I am not an admirer of dramatists, as *models*. I deny that I have hitherto had a drama at all. Your *Cenci* was a work of power, and poetry. As I pray revenge yourself upon it, by being more than ever with yours.

"I have not yet got your *Prometheus* to see. I have heard nothing of it, nor know that it is yet published. I have seen a pamphlet on the Pope controversy, which I do not like. Had I known that Keble had been so alive and so sensitive,—I should have omitted some remarks upon his poetry, provoked by his *attack* upon *Pope*, and by the *probation* of his own style of writing.

"You want me to undertake a great work, but I have not the inclination nor the power. As

—that is all. If we live it by heart
 it cannot be lost. Remember, the
 of the business the matter characteristic of
 nature.—some people, some persons. My
 dear A.

Yours ever

Could not you and I converse in such this
 could not you have a very busy day?

LETTER CXXXIX

TO MR. HODGKIN.

—LONDON, APRIL 24th 1822.

You are not a man to be taken, what
 for something I should be sure to be
 a man. I cannot say. I put off and try to
 not coming the business down, what will
 be it. The reason is that others being
 what is it? I am a man.

Have you purchased the *Trojan*? and does
 it come?

Mr. West. Seeley writes me that your *Journal*
 of *Review of the Quarterly Review* is in

for it. though I think he took the wrong
 part, and was wrong in recommending, and
 in not verifying Thomas's Pantheon and
 its Dictionary. I am in a very anxious
 age review a reviewer is a serious matter,
 one of the worst produced the *English*
 is. I cannot be down—but I get in again.
 Planning a short vessel. I stand three hours
 and begin to answer finding that there
 is in the nature for what I could seriously
 lay on the board. It is a handsome way
 I would not be the person who wrote the
 letters for all the honour and glory in the
 high. I by no means attribute of that scene
 in which it took place.

As the business have made a set business of
 night's business and chance amongst them-
 I have given the great version. The ex-
 cepted upon the *Nonpoint* by the other
 is quite as much with those of the rest of

Yours &c.

Your latest packet of books is of no way
 enriched. *Reminiscences* excellent. Thomas
 does books, of which I have made presents
 does who like extra and afterwards and all
 have got an *Imagined* book or two: which I
 to send you. I am in a hurry
 not at present in the very highest health—
 steadily; so I have answered my last and
 never again.

I say my praise is good, why not? you
 Moore for the reviewer of the *Memories*
 really, excellent; and it is published in
 it. He has the permission to display of
 advised him to do so.

LETTER CXXXIX

TO MR. HODGKIN.

—LONDON, APRIL 24th 1822.

You cannot have been more disappointed than
 myself, but at least believed. I have been in it
 some between this and which is not yet done away
 with. However, in time not circumstances shall
 alter my time and my feelings of indignation against
 literary transactions. The present business has been
 as much a work of necessity as of convenience—
 I must not say have done their duty. I ever you
 and I meet again, I will have a talk with you upon
 the subject. At present, for various reasons, I can
 write but little, as all others are spent. It shows
 they are always for my convenience, but nothing
 that can be in the interest of others.

You will think it peculiar that the *Nonpoint*
 my review now more excellent than it has, and
 an issue a whole review for the view of a reviewer.
 That would be like condemning Great Britain be-
 cause they did not write in *London*.

Am now, as to be history—and not taking off
 but it is always a companion. I think, accom-
 panied to go, as to take in the next best, and if
 we cannot continue to make something more free
 and will, we may make ourselves and then we
 like it. What are you writing? I have been ac-
 cording at intervals and Murray will be publishing
 about now.

Lady Nott has as you say been dangerously ill,
 but it may chance you to hear that she is improv-
 ing well again.

I have written a sheet or two more of *Memoranda*
 for you, and I sent a little *Journal* for about a month
 or two. I had filed the paper-book. I then set
 it off as things grew busy and afterwards, as
 gloom is set down without a minute feeling. The
 I should be glad to send you if I had an opportunity;
 but a volume, however small, might be well be sent
 post to ease in the illumination of a country.

I have as usual, in a very merry manner and
 in the few nights and with the scene in my eyes,
 as she sat at the tapestry. And the ladies
 have now turned in making music. I hear that she
 has been at their feet, and "making" their only
 want. However, they are some days spent among
 their skill. Pray write.

—Am believe me, &c.

LETTER CXXXIX

TO MR. HODGKIN.

—LONDON, MAY 1st 1822.

Thank you for the copy of the *Journal*. I
 have acknowledged yours to the editor of the *Journal*.
 They are certainly in a very good way. And I am
 very much obliged to you for the copy of the
Journal. However, I am not yet in a hurry to
 the copy of the *Journal* will then be sent to you by
 the post. I am sure you will be very much obliged.

Am believe me, &c.

"Nothing, however, can be better than your poem, or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here. We will talk over these things (if we meet) some day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

"So, you have got the Letter on Bowles?*" I do not recollect to have said any thing of *you* that could offend,—certainly, nothing intentionally. As for **, I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then every day to be called into the field. What have I said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be something of regret for your approbation of Bowles. And did you *not* approve, as he says? Would I had known that before! I would have given him some more gruel.† My intention was to make fun of all these fellows; but how I succeed, I don't know.

"As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it, the rest are barbarians. He is a Greek Temple, with a Gothic Cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish Mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles about him. You may call Shakspeare and Milton pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon to a mountain of burnt brickwork.

"The Murray has written to me but once, the day of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of Murray's other publications (of mine), I know nothing,—nor whether he *has* published. He was to have done so a month ago. I wish you would do something,—or that we were together.

"Ever yours and affectionately,

"B."

It was at this time that he began, under the title of "Detached Thoughts," that Book of Notices or Memorandums, from which, in the course of these pages, I have extracted so many curious illustrations of his life and opinions, and of which the opening article is as follows:—

"Amongst various Journals, Memoranda, Diaries, &c. which I have kept in the course of my living, I began one about three months ago, and carried it on till I had filled one paper-book (thinnish), and two sheets or so of another. I then left off, partly because I thought we should have some business here, and I

* I had not, when I wrote, *seen* this pamphlet, as he supposes, but had merely heard from some friends, that his pen had "run a muck" in it, and that I myself had not escaped a slight graze in its career.

† It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron and Mr Bowles thought it worth their while to apply my name in this controversy, that, as far as my own knowledge of the subject extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends had diverged:—neither with Lord Byron in that spirit of partisanship which led him to place Pope *above* Shakspeare and Milton, nor with Mr Bowles in such an application of the "principles" of poetry as could tend to sink Pope, on the scale of his art, to any rank below the very first. Such being the middle state of my opinion on the question, it will not be difficult to understand how one of my controversial friends should be mistaken in supposing me to differ altogether from his views, as the other was in taking for granted that I had ranged myself wholly on his side.

had furbished up my arms and got me ready for taking a turn with the patriotic drawers full of their proclamations, oath-takers, and my lower rooms of their beds of most calibres,—and partly because I had a paper-book.

"But the Neapolitans have betrayed and all the world; and those who would shed their blood for Italy can now only give her

"Some day or other, if dust holds together, will have been enough in the secret (at least in the country) to cast perhaps some little light on the atrocious treachery which has replunged barbarism: at present, I have neither the temper. However, the *real* Italy is to blame; merely the scoundrels at the *boot*, which the *Hun* now wears, and which they will cast them to ashes with for their servility.

"I myself with the others *here*, and how may not be compromised is a problem at present. Some of them, like Craigevelt, would more than all, to save themselves." But may, the cause was a glorious one, then, present as if the Greeks had run away. Happy the few who have only to reproach with believing that these rascals were less than they proved!—*Here* in Romagna, were necessarily limited to preparatory intentions, until the Germans were fairly equal warfare—as we are upon their

without a single fort or hill nearer than Whether 'hell be paved with' those nations, I know not; but there will probably be a store of Neapolitans to walk upon whatever may be its composition. From their mountain, with the bodies of damned souls for cement, would be the way for Satan's 'Corso.'

LETTER CCCCXXII

TO MR MURRAY.

"RATON, M.

"I have just got your packet. I am Mr Bowles, and Mr Bowles is obliged to me in restoring him to good humour. I am and you to publish, what you please on the subject. I desire nothing but fair play. Of course, after the new tone of Mr Bowles, I *not* publish my *defence* of *Gilchrist*, but I am brutal to do so after his urbanity, for I am rough, like his own attack upon *Gilchrist*. Tell him what I say there of *his* *Misapprehension*, as it deserves. However, and any passages *not* *personal* to Bowles, I am upon the question, you may add to the print (if it is reprinted) of my first letter. Upon this consult *Gifford*, and above all, any thing be added which can *permeate* Mr Bowles.

"In the enclosed notes, of course *the* *democracy* of poetry cannot apply to *him* to the Cockney and water washing talk.

"I hope and trust that *Elliston* won't

drama? Surely *he* might have the grace
Keen's return before he attempted it;
in *this*, I should be as much against the
rest.

not a small packet of books, but neither
Oxford, nor Scott's novels among them.
you republish Hodgson's *Child Harold's*
and *Latino-mastix*? they are excellent
in,—they are all for *Pope*.

"Yours, &c."

roversy, in which Lord Byron, with so
and good-humour, thus allowed himself
sed by the courtesy of his antagonist, it is
notion to run the risk of reviving by any
its origin or merits. In all such discus-
sions of mere taste and opinion, where, on
the aim of the disputants to elevate the
contest, and, on the other, to depreciate
it usually be found, like *Shakespeare's*
summit on the cliff, "half-way down."
adjudgment, however, may be formed re-
sulting from itself, of the urbanity and
goodness on both sides, which (notwithstanding
trials of this good understanding after-
wards to the result anticipated in the
literature, there can be but one opinion; and it
is wished that such honourable forbearance
of imitators as it is, deservedly, of eu-
phoric lively pages thus suppressed, when
lost for flight, with a power of self-com-
miseration by wit, there are some pas-
sages of general nature, too curious to be lost,
and accordingly proceed to extract for the

itself 'sleeps well—nothing can touch
' but those who love the honour of their
perfection of her literature, the glory
age, are not to be expected to permit an
last to be stirred in his tomb, or a leaf to
from the laurel which grows over it.

it appears of no very great consequence
whether Blount was or was not Pope's mis-
sionary. I could have wished him a better. She
have been a cold-hearted, interested,
agreeable woman, upon whom the ten-
sion of Pope's heart in the desolation of his latter
at away, not knowing whither to turn,
towards his premature old age, childless
—like the needle which, approaching
the distance of the pole, becomes helpless
and ceasing to tremble, runs. She seems
a so totally unworthy of tenderness, that
literal proof of the kindness of Pope's
e been able to love such a being. But
e something. I agree with Mr B. that
it no time have regarded *Pope person-*
attachment, because she was incapable
t; but I deny that Pope could not be re-
personal attachment by a worthier wo-
man, indeed, that a woman would
love with him as he walked along the
box at the opera, nor from a balcony,
—room; but in society he seems to have

been as amiable as unassuming, and, with the great-
est disadvantages of figure, his head and face were
remarkably handsome, especially his eyes. He was
adored by his friends—friends of the most opposite
dispositions, ages, and talents—by the old and way-
ward Wycherley, by the cynical Swift, the rough
Atterbury, the gentle Spence, the stern attorney-
bishop Warburton, the virtuous Berkeley, and the
'cankered Bolingbroke.' Bolingbroke wept over him
like a child; and Spence's description of his last mo-
ments is at least as edifying as the more ostentatious
account of the deathbed of Addison. The soldier
Peterborough and the poet Gay, the witty Congreve
and the laughing Rowe, the eccentric Cromwell and
the steady Bathurst, were all his intimates. The man
who could conciliate so many men of the most oppo-
site description, not one of whom but was a remark-
able or a celebrated character, might well have pre-
tended to all the attachment which a reasonable man
would desire of an amiable woman.

"Pope, in fact, wherever he got it, appears to
have understood the sex well. Bolingbroke, 'a judge
of the subject,' says Warton, thought his 'Epistle
on the Characters of Women' his 'masterpiece.' And
even with respect to the grower passion, which takes
occasionally the name of 'romantic,' accordingly as
the degree of sentiment elevates it above the definition
of love by Buffon, it may be remarked, that it does
not always depend upon personal appearance, even
in a woman. Madame Cottin was a plain woman,
and might have been virtuous, it may be presumed,
without much interruption. Virtuous she was, and
the consequences of this inveterate virtue were, that
two different admirers (one an elderly gentleman)
killed themselves in despair (see Lady Morgan's
'France'). I would not, however, recommend this
rigour to plain women in general, in the hope of se-
curing the glory of two suicides apiece. I believe that
there are few men who, in the course of their observa-
tions on life, may not have perceived that it is not the
greatest female beauty who forms the longest and the
strongest passions.

"But, à-propos of Pope.—Voltaire tells us that the
Marechal Luxembourg (who had precisely Pope's
figure) was not only somewhat too amatory for a great
man, but fortunate in his attachments. La Valière,
the passion of Louis XIV., had an unsightly defect.
The Princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip the
Second of Spain, and Mangiron, the minion of Henry
the Third of France, had each of them lost an eye;
and the famous Latin epigram was written upon
them, which has, I believe, been either translated or
imitated by Goldsmith:—

'Lamine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos;
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori.
Sic tu cecus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.'

"Wilkes, with his ugliness, used to say that 'he
was but a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest
man in England;' and this vaunt of his is said not to
have been disproved by circumstances. Swift, when
neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor even
amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary passions
upon record. Vanessa's and Stella's.

'Venus, aged scarce a score.
Sighs for a gown of forty four.'

"He requited them bitterly; for he seems to have broken the heart of the one, and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of servants.

"For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon Fortune. 'They particularly renounce Celestial Venus, into whose temple,' &c. &c. &c. I remember, too, to have seen a building in Ægina in which there is a statue of Fortune, holding a horn of Amalthea; and near her there is a winged Love. The meaning of this is, that the success of men in love-affairs depends more on the assistance of Fortune than the charms of beauty. I am persuaded, too, with Pindar (to whose opinion I submit in other particulars), that Fortune is one of the Fates, and that in a certain respect she is more powerful than her sisters.'—See Pausanias, *Achaïes*, book vii. chap. 26, page 246, 'Taylor's Translation.'

"Grimm has a remark of the same kind on the different destinies of the younger Crebillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl of some fortune and family (a Miss Straford) runs away, and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid. If I recollect rightly, this remark was also repeated in the *Edinburgh Review* of Grimm's *Correspondence*, seven or eight years ago.

"In regard 'to the strange mixture of indecent, and sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and language often exhibited,' and which so much shocks Mr Bowles, I object to the indefinite word '*often*;' and in extenuation of the occasional occurrence of such language it is to be recollected, that it was less the tone of *Pope*, than the tone of the *time*. With the exception of the correspondence of Pope and his friends, not many private letters of the period have come down to us; but those, such as they are—a few scattered scraps from Farquhar and others—are more indecent and coarse than any thing in Pope's letters. The comedies of Congreve, Vaubrough, Farquhar, Cibber, &c., which naturally attempted to represent the manners and conversation of private life, are decisive upon this point; as are also some of Steele's papers, and even Addison's. We all know what the conversation of Sir R. Walpole, for seventeen years the prime-minister of the country, was at his own table, and his excuse for his licentious language, viz. 'that every body understood *that*, but few could talk rationally upon less common topics.' The refinement of latter days,—which is perhaps the consequence of vice, which wishes to mask and soften itself, as much as of virtuous civilization,—had not yet made sufficient progress. Even Johnson, in his '*London*,' has two or three passages which cannot be read aloud, and Addison's '*Drummer*' some indelicate allusions."

To the extract that follows I beg to call the particular attention of the reader. Those who at all remember the peculiar bitterness and violence with which the gentleman here commemorated assailed Lord Byron, at a crisis when both his heart and fame were most vulnerable, will, if I am not mistaken, feel a thrill of pleasurable admiration in reading these sentences, such as alone can convey any adequate

notion of the proud, generous pleasure that has been felt in writing them.

"Poor Scott is now no more. In the exercise of his vocation, he contrived at last to make himself the subject of a coroner's inquest. But he was a brave man, and he lived an able one. I knew him personally, though slightly. Although he was my senior, we had been schoolfellows together at the 'grammar-school' (or, as the Aberdonians call it, '*squeel*') of New Aberdeen. He did not seem to me quite handsomely in his capacity of a young man, years ago, but he was under no obligation to me otherwise. The moment was too tempting to my friends and for all enemies. At a time when my relations (save one) fell from me like leaves from a tree in autumn winds, and my few friends were fewer,—when the whole periodical press (both daily and weekly, *not* the *literary* press) was arrayed against me in every shape of reproach, and I was the subject of strange exceptions (from their usual opinion) of the '*Courier*' and the '*Examiner*,'—it was to me a great relief, which Scott had the direction was neither the least vituperative. Two years ago he was at Venice, when he was bowed in grief by the death of his son, and had known, by experience, the value of domestic privation. He was then anxious to return to England; and on my telling him of my situation, that he was once of a different opinion, he applied to me, 'that he and others had been misled; and that some pains, and rather extensive means, had been taken to excite them.' I told him more, but there were more than one living at present at this dialogue. He was a man of considerable talents, and of great acquirements, which made his way, as a literary character, to success, and in a few years. Poor fellow! he died at some appointment which he had not been able to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, which prevented the further extension (or rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy. He thought to what it would conduct him, and with him!—and may all such other feelings be inevitable to humanity he as readily forgive the little injury which he had done to me, as he expected his talents and regrets his loss."

In reference to some complaints made by Mr Bowles, in his Pamphlet, of a charge of "driacism" which he supposed to have been made against him by his assailant, Mr. Gilchrist the writer thus proceeds:—

"I cannot conceive a man in perfect health much affected by such a charge, because the complexion and conduct must amply refute it. It is true, to what does it amount?—to an allusion of a liver complaint. 'I will tell it to your physician,' exclaimed the learned Smeltungus: 'you (said I) tell it to your physician.' There is nothing dishonourable in such a disorder, which is peculiarly the ailment of students. It is a complaint of the good and the wise and the even of the gay. Regnard, the author of the French comedy after Moliere, was attacked by Moliere himself satirized. Dr. Johnson, Burns, were all more or less affected by it. It was the prelude to the more awful malady."

Swift, and Smart; but it by no means
 that a partial affliction of this disorder is to
 like theirs. But even were it so,

'Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;
 Folly—Folly's only free.'

PENSIVE

* * * * * Mendelsion and
 were at times so overcome with this depression
 be obliged to recur to seeing 'puppet-shows,'
 'floating tiles upon the opposite houses,' to
 themselves. Dr. Johnson, at times, 'would
 a limb to recover his spirits.'

In page 14 we have a large assertion that 'the
 alone is sufficient to convict him (Pope) of
 licentiousness.' Thus, out it comes at last—
 does accuse Pope of 'gross licentiousness,'
 grounds the charge upon a Poem. The *licen-*
 is a 'grand peut-être,' according to the
 of the times being;—the *grossness* I deny. On
 contrary, I do believe that such a subject never
 ever could be, treated by any poet with so
 literary mingled with, at the same time, such
 and intense passion. Is the 'Atys' of Catullus
 'No, nor even gross; and yet Catullus
 a coarse writer. The subject is nearly the
 except that Atys was the suicide of his manhood,
 and the victim.

The 'licentiousness' of the story was *not* Pope's,
 a fact. All that it had of gross he has
 all that it had of indelicate he has purified;
 had of passionate he has beautified; all that
 of Atys he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell has
 marked this in a few words (I quote from
 in drawing the distinction between Pope
 Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden was
 'I fear,' says he, 'that had the subject of
 been taken into his (Dryden's, hands) he would
 given us but a coarse draft of her passion.'
 was the delicacy of Pope so much shown as in
 done what no other mind but that of the best
 of poets could have accomplished with
 materials. Ovid, Sappho (in the Ode called
 all that we have of ancient, all that we have
 of modern poetry, sinks into nothing compared with
 this production.

Let us hear no more of this trash about 'licentious-
 is not 'Amæron' taught in our schools?—
 ed, praised, and edited' * * * * *
 are the English schools or the English women
 more corrupt for all this? When you have
 the ornaments into the fire, it will be time to
 the moderns. 'Licentiousness'—there is
 mischief and sapping licentiousness in a
 French prose novel, in a Moravian hymn, or a
 comedy, than in all the actual poetry that
 was penned or poured forth since the rhapsodies
 of Greece. The sentimental anatomy of Rousseau
 Mad. de S. are far more formidable than any
 any of verse. They are so, because they sap
 principles by reasoning upon the passions;
 and poetry is in itself passion, and does not
 reasonize. It assails, but does not argue; it may
 strong, but it does not assume pretensions to
 reason."

Mr Bowles having, in his pamphlet, complained of
 some anonymous communication which he had re-
 ceived, Lord Byron thus comments on the circum-
 stance:—

"I agree with Mr B. that the intention was to
 annoy him; but I fear that this was answered by his
 notice of the reception of the criticism. An anonym-
 ous writer has but one means of knowing the effect
 of his attack. In this he has the superiority over
 the viper; he knows that his poison has taken effect
 when he hears the victim cry;—the adder is deaf.
 The best reply to an anonymous intimation is to
 take no notice directly nor indirectly. I wish Mr B.
 could see only one or two of the thousand which I
 have received in the course of a literary life, which,
 though begun early, has not yet extended to a third
 part of his existence as an author. I speak of *literary*
 life only;—were I to add *personal*, I might double
 the amount of *anonymous* letters. If he could but
 see the violence, the threats, the absurdity of the
 whole thing, he would laugh, and so should I, and
 thus be both gamers.

"To keep up the farce, within the last month of
 this present writing (1821), I have had my life threat-
 ened in the same way which menaced Mr B.'s fame,
 excepting that the anonymous denunciation was
 addressed to the Cardinal Legate of Romagna, instead
 of to * * *. I append the menace in all its barbaric
 but literal Italian, that Mr B. may be convinced, and
 as this is the only 'promise to pay' which the Italians
 ever keep, so my person has been at least as much
 exposed to 'a shot in the gloaming' from 'John
 Heatherblutter' (see Waverley), as ever Mr B.'s glory
 was from an editor. I am, nevertheless, on horseback
 and lonely for some hours (one of them twilight) in
 the forest daily; and this, because it was my 'custom
 in the afternoon,' and that I believe if the tyrant
 cannot escape amidst his guards (should it be so
 written), so the humbler individual would find pre-
 cautions useless."

The following just tribute to my Reverend friend's
 merits as a poet I have peculiar pleasure in extract-
 ing:—

"Mr Bowles has no reason to 'succumb' but to
 Mr Bowles. As a poet, the author of 'the Mission-
 ary' may compete with the foremost of his contem-
 poraries. Let it be recollected, that all my previous
 opinions of Mr Bowles's poetry were written long
 before the publication of his last and best poem; and
 that a poet's *last* poem should be his best, is his
 highest praise. But, however, he may duly and
 honourably rank with his living rivals, &c. &c.
 &c."

Among various Addenda for this pamphlet, sent at
 different times to Mr Murray, I find the following
 curious passages:—

"It is worthy of remark that, after all this ostent
 about 'in door nature' and 'artificial images,' Pope
 was the principal inventor of that boast of the English,
Modern Gardening. He divides this honour with
 Milton. Hear Warton:—It hence appears that
 this enchanting art of modern gardening, in which
 this kingdom claims a preference over every nation
 in Europe, chiefly owes its origin and its improve-
 ments to two great poets, Milton and Pope."

"Walpole (no friend to Pope) asserts that Pope

formed *Kent's* taste, and that Kent was the artist to whom the English are chiefly indebted for diffusing 'a taste in laying out grounds.' The design of the Prince of Wales's garden was copied from *Pope's* at Twickenham. Warton applauds 'his singular effort of art and taste, in impressing so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres.' Pope was the *first* who ridiculed the 'formal, French, Dutch, false and unnatural taste in gardening,' both in *prose* and *verse*. (See, for the former, 'the Guardian'.)

"Pope has given not only some of our *first* but *best* rules and observations on *Architecture* and *Gardening*.' (See Warton's *Essay*, vol. ii. p. 237, &c. &c.)

"Now, is it not a shame, after this, to hear our Lakers in 'Kendal green,' and our Bucolical Cockneys, crying out (the latter in a wilderness of bricks and mortar) about 'Nature,' and Pope's 'artificial in-door habits?' Pope had seen all of nature that *England* alone can supply. He was bred in Windsor Forest, and amidst the beautiful scenery of Eton; he lived familiarly and frequently at the country seats of Bathurst, Cobham, Burlington, Peterborough, Digby, and Bolingbroke; amongst whose seats was to be numbered *Stowe*. He made his own little 'five acres' a model to Princes, and to the first of our artists who imitated nature. Warton thinks 'that the most engaging of *Kent's* works was also planned on the model of *Pope's*,—at least in the opening and retiring shades of *Venus's Vale*.'

"It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but he could walk, and he could ride (he rode to Oxford from London at a stretch), and he was famous for an exquisite eye. On a tree at Lord Bathurst's is carved, 'Here Pope sang,'—he composed beneath it. Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, represents them both writing in the hayfield. No poet ever admired Nature more, or used her better, than Pope has done, as I will undertake to prove from his works, *prose* and *verse*, if not anticipated in so easy and agreeable a labour. I remember a passage in Walpole, somewhere, of a gentleman who wished to give directions about some willows to a man who had long served Pope in his grounds: 'I understand, sir,' he replied: 'you would have them hang down, sir, somewhat poetical.' Now if nothing existed but this little anecdote, it would suffice to prove Pope's taste for *Nature*, and the impression which he had made on a common-minded man. But I have already quoted Warton and Walpole (*both* his enemies), and, were it necessary, I could amply quote Pope himself for such tributes to *Nature* as no poet of the present day has even approached.

"His various excellence is really wonderful: architecture, painting, *gardening*, all are alike subject to his genius. Be it remembered, that English *gardening* is the purposed perfectioning of niggard *Nature*, and that without it England is but a hedge-and-ditch, double-post-and-rail, Hounslow-heath and Clapham-common sort of country, since the principal forests have been felled. It is, in general, far from a picturesque country. The case is different with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and I except also the lake counties and Derbyshire, together with Eton, Windsor, and my own dear Harrow on the Hill, and some spots near the coast. In the present

rank fertility of 'great poets of the age,' and of poetry—a word which, like 'schools of' and of 'philosophy,' is never introduced till of the art has increased with the number of professors—in the present day, then, there but up two sorts of Naturals;—the Lakers, who about Nature because they live in *Combe* their *under-aeet* (which some one has called the 'Cockney School'), who are called for the country because they live in *London* to be observed, that the rustical founders are anxious to disclaim any connexion with the politan followers, whom they ungraciously and call cockneys, atheists, foolish fellows, and other hard names not less unjust. I can understand the pretensions aquatic gentlemen of *Windermere* to what terms 'entusumay,' for lakes, and morose dallidols, and buttercups; but I should be apprized of the foundation of the *Lakers* peninsulas of their imitative brethren to the argument.' Southey, Wordsworth, and I have rambled over half Europe, and seen most of her varieties (although I think that occasionally not used her very well; but earth—of earth, and sea, and Nature—others seen? Not a half, nor a tenth part as Pope. While they sneer at his *Windsor* have they ever seen any thing of *Windsor* brick?

"When they have really seen life—who felt it—when they have travelled beyond distant boundaries of the wilds of *Midwest*—they have overpassed the Alps of *Italy* traced to its sources the Nile of the *North* then, and not till then, can it properly be to them to despise Pope; who had, if not been near it, when he described so many 'artificial works of the Benefactor of *Man*—the 'Man of *Ross*,' whose portrait suspended in the parlour of the inn, I have contemplated with reverence for his own admiration of the poet, without whom any still existing good works could hardly have his honest renown.

"If they had said nothing of *Pope*, they remained 'alone with their glory' for aught have said or thought about them or their. But if they interfere with the little *Night* Twickenham, they may find others who will I won't. Neither time, nor distance, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for the great moral poet of all times, of all the feelings, and of all stages of existence. To of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be a lation of my age. His poetry is the Book Without ending, and yet without neglecting; he has assembled all that a good and great gather together of moral wisdom clothed in beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'If the members of mankind that live within the of a thousand years, for one man that is busy of making a great poet, there may be a *thousand* capable of making as great generals and states as any in story.' Here is a statement

honourable to him and to the art. of a thousand years' was Pope. A will roll away before such another can in our literature. But it can *want* self is a literature.

upon his so brutally abused translation of Clarke, whose critical exactness is *not* been able to point out above *mistakes in the sense* through the whole of faults of the translation are of a different kind. No says Warton, himself a scholar. this, then, that he avoided the chief error. As to its other faults, they coming made a beautiful English poem of a line. It will always hold. Cowper of the blank pretenders may do their worst: they will never wrench Pope of a single reader of sense and feeling. distinction of the under forms of the poets is their *vulgarity*. By this I do they are *coarse*, but 'shabby-genteel,'

A man may be *coarse* and yet not reverse. Burns is often coarse, but Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth of the Lake school, though they live in all its branches. It is in their new under school are *most* vulgar, be known by this at once; as what we saw 'a Sunday blood' might be easily from a gentleman, although his clothes were cut, and his boots the best black-wool—probably because he made the like other with his own hands.

next case, I speak of writing, not of the latter, I know nothing: of the former it is found. . . . They may be *gentlemanly* men, for what I know, quality is studiously excluded from their. They remind me of Mr Smith and the men at the Hampstead Assembly, in these things (in private life, at least), the small experience; because, in the south, I have seen a little of all sorts of the Christian prince and the Mussulman, and the higher ranks of their country: the London boxer, the 'flash' and the Spanish muleteer, the wandering the Scotch highlander, and the Al— to say nothing of the curious varieties of life. Far be it from me to presume now, or can be, such a thing as an *poeta*; but there is a nobility of style, open to all stations, and derived from, and partly from education,—which in Shakspeare, and Pope, and Burns, in Dante and Alfieri, but which is not received in the mock birds and bards of the chorus. If I were asked to define *demureness* is, I should say that it is found by *examples*—of those who have who have it not. In *life*, I should say *lady* men have it, and few *naval*; that *ranks* have it, and few *lawyers*; that it is not among authors than divines (when pedants); that *sonnet*-masters have in dancing-masters, and singers than

players; and that (if it be not an *Irishism* to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for any thing without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism*; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, 'signifying nothing.' It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both;—but is he ever *vulgar*? No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject,—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar, the higher his subject; as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidecock's was wont to say, 'This, gentlemen, is the *Eagle of the Sun*, from Archangel in Russia: the *otterer* it is, the *igherer* he flies.'"

In a note on a passage relative to Pope's lines upon Lady Mary W. Montague, he says—

"I think that I could show, if necessary, that Lady Mary W. Montague was also greatly to blame in that quarrel, *not* for having rejected, but for having encouraged him; but I would rather decline the task—though she should have remembered her own line, '*He comes too near, that comes to be denied.*' I admire her so much—her beauty, her talents—that I should do this reluctantly. I, besides, am so attached to the very name of *Mary*, that as Johnson once said, 'If you called a dog *Harvey*, I should love him;' so, if you were to call a female of the same species '*Mary*,' I should love it better than others (biped or quadruped) of the same sex with a different appellation. She was an extraordinary woman: she could translate *Epictetus*, and yet write a song worthy of Aristippus. The lines,

'And when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endure!
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the aims of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till, &c., &c.

There, Mr Bowles!—what say you to such a supper with such a woman? and her own description too? Is not her '*champagne and chicken*' worth a forenoon or two? Is it not poetry? It appears to me that this stanza contains the '*puree*' of the whole philosophy of Epicurus:—I mean the *practical* philosophy of his school, not the precepts of the master; for I have been too long at the university not to know that the philosopher was himself a moderate man. But after all, would not some of us have been as great fools as Pope? For my part, I wonder that, with his quick feelings, her coquetry, and his disappointment, he did no more,—instead of writing some lines, which are to be condemned if false, and regretted if true."

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

TO MR HOFFNER.

*Ravenna, May 11th, 1821.

"If I had but known your notion about Switzerland before, I should have adopted it at once. As it is, I shall let the child remain in her convent, where she seems healthy and happy, for the present; but I shall feel much obliged if you will *inquire*, when you are in the cantons, about the usual and better modes of education there for females, and let me know the result of your opinions. It is some consolation that both Mr and Mrs Shelley have written to approve entirely my placing the child with the nuns for the present. I can refer to my whole conduct, as having neither spared care, kindness, nor expense, since the child was sent to me. The people may say what they please, I must content myself with not deserving (in this instance) that they should speak ill.

"The place is a *country* town, in a good air, where there is a large establishment for education, and many children, some of considerable rank, placed in it. As a *country* town, it is less liable to objections of every kind. It has always appeared to me, that the moral defect in Italy does *not* proceed from a *conventual* education,—because, to my certain knowledge, they come out of their convents innocent even to *ignorance* of moral evil,—but to the state of society into which they are directly plunged on coming out of it. It is like educating an infant on a mountain-top, and then taking him to the sea and throwing him into it and desiring him to swim. The evil, however, though still too general, is partly wearing away, as the women are more permitted to marry from attachment: this is, I believe, the case also in France. And, after all, what is the higher society of England? According to my own experience, and to all that I have seen and heard (and I have lived there in the very highest and what is called the *best*), no way of life can be more corrupt. In Italy, however, it is, or rather *was*, more *systematized*; but *now*, they themselves are ashamed of *regular* Serventism. In England, the only homage which they pay to virtue is hypocrisy. I speak of course of the *tone* of high life,—the middle ranks may be very virtuous.

"I have not got any copy (nor have yet had) of the letter on Bowles; of course I should be delighted to send it to you. How is Mrs H.? well again, I hope. Let me know when you set out. I regret that I cannot meet you in the Bernese Alps this summer, as I once hoped and intended. With my best respects to madam,

"I am ever, &c.

"P.S. I gave to a musician a letter for you some time ago—has he presented himself? Perhaps you could introduce him to the Ingrams and other dilettanti. He is simple and unassuming—two strange things in his profession—and he fiddles like Orpheus himself or Amphion: 'tis a pity that he can't make Venice dance away from the brutal tyrant who tramples upon it."

LETTER CCCCXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

*Y

"A Milan paper states that the represented and universally condemned strance has been vain, complaint wou I presume, however, for your own (mine), that you and my other friends least published my different protests ag brought upon the stage at all; and ha Elliston (in spite of the writer) *forced* theatre. It would be nonsense to say th vexed me a good deal, but I am not d shall not take the usual resource of blas (which was in the right), or my friend venting—what they could not help, so *forced* representation by a speculating is a pity that you did not show them it the stage before the play was *publish* a promise from the managers not to ac of their refusal, we would not have p But this is too late.

*Y.

"P.S. I enclose Mr Bowles's letters my name for their candour and kind letter for Hodgson, which pray forwar paper states that I '*brought forward* This is pleasanter still. But don' be worried about it; and if (as is like Elliston checks the sale, I am ready deduction, or the entire cancel of your "You will of course *not* publish i Gilchrist, as, after Bowles's good hu subject, it would be too savage.

"Let me hear from you the particul I have only the simple fact.

"If you knew what I have had to go on account of the failure of these rascal you would be amused: but it is now a They seemed disposed to throw the w plans of these parts upon me chiefly."

LETTER CCCCXXV

TO MR MOORE.

"

"If any part of the letter to Bowk tionally, as far as I remember the you, you are fully avenged; for I se paper that, notwithstanding all my through all my friends (and yourself a the managers persisted in attemptin and that it has been 'unanimously t is the consolatory phrase of the Mila detests me cordially and abuses me, c as a liberal), with the addition, that play out' of my own good will.

"All this is vexatious enough, and dramatic Calvinism—predestined dan a sinner's own fault. I took all the tal could to prevent this inevitable partly by appeals of all kinds up to it

partly to the fellows themselves. But, once was vain, complaint is useless. I stand it—for Murray's letter of the 24th, preceding ones, gave me the strongest here would be no representation. As nothing but the fact, which I presume the date is Paris, and the 30th. They were in a *hell* of a hurry for this damned did not even know that it was published; its being first published, the histrions we got hold of it. Any one might have chance, that it was utterly impracticable and this little accident will by no means merit in the closet.

Patience is a virtue, and, I suppose, practice it perfect. Since last year (spring, we lost a lawsuit, of great importance, on theories—have occasioned a divorce—have been disparaged by Murray and the critics—refused to be placed on an advantageous Ireland) by the trustees—my life threatened (they put about a paper here to exempt at my assassination, on account of a notion which the priests disseminated in a league against the Germans)—and, another in-law recovered last fortnight, was damned last week! These are like and twenty misfortunes of Harlequin. I must be borne. If I give in, it shall be a spirit at least. I should not have said about it, if our southern neighbours had all out of freedom for these five years to come.

Know John Keats? They say that he is a review of him in the Quarterly—if he is I really don't know. I don't understand sensitiveness. What I feel (as it is) is an immense rage for eight-and-forty years, as usual—unless this time it should I must get on horseback to quiet me.

"Yours, &c."

I wrote, after the battle of Pavia, 'All to our honour.' A hissed author may receive nothing is lost, except our honour. But we wait, and the paper full. I wrote you."

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 19th, 1821.

papers of Thursday, and two letters of it, I perceive that the Italian gazette had *intended*, and that the drama had not, and that my friends had interfered to representation. So it seems they continue spite of us all: for this we must 'trouble' it. Let it by all means be brought to a determined to try the right, and will meet it. The reason of the Lombard lie was Quasians—who keep up an Inquisition Italy, and a list of names of all who speak of any thing but in favour of their despotism for five years past abused me in every

form in the Gazette of Milan, &c. I wrote to you a week ago on the subject.

"Now I should be glad to know what compensation Mr Elliston would make me, not only for dragging my writings on the stage in *five* days, but for being the cause that I was kept for *four* days (from Sunday to Thursday morning, the only post-days) in the belief that the tragedy had been acted and 'unanimously hissed;' and this with the addition that I 'had brought it upon the stage,' and consequently that none of my friends had attended to my request to the contrary. Suppose that I had burst a blood-vessel like John Keats, or blown my brains out in a fit of rage,—neither of which would have been unlikely a few years ago. At present I am, luckily, calmer than I used to be, and yet I would not pass those four days over again for—I know not what."

"I wrote to you to keep up your spirits, for reproach is useless always, and irritating—but my feelings were very much hurt, to be dragged like a gla-

* The account, given by Madame Guiccioli of his anxiety on this occasion fully corroborates his own.—"His quiet was, in spite of himself, often disturbed by public events, and by the attacks which, principally in his character of author, the journals levelled at him. In vain did he protest that he was indifferent to these attacks. The impression was, it is true, but momentary, and he, from a feeling of noble pride, but too much disinclined to reply to his detractors. But, however brief his annoyance was, it was sufficiently acute to occasion him much pain, and to afflict those who loved him. Every occurrence relative to the bringing Marino Faliero on the stage caused him excessive inquietude. On the occasion of an article in the Milan Gazette, in which mention was made of this affair, he wrote to me in the following manner:—'You will see here confirmation of what I told you the other day: I am sacrificed in every way, without knowing the *why* or the *wherefore*. The tragedy in question is not (nor ever was) written for, or adapted to, the stage; nevertheless, the plan is not romantic: it is rather regular than otherwise,—in point of unity of time, indeed, perfectly regular, and failing but slightly in unity of place. You will know whether it was ever my intention to have it acted, since it was written at your side, and at a period assuredly rather more *tragical* to me as a man than as an author, for you were in affliction and peril. In the mean time, I learn from your Gazette that a cabal and party has been formed, while I myself have never taken the slightest step in the business. It is said that the author read it aloud!—here, probably, at Ravenna?—and to whom? perhaps to Fletcher!!!—that illustrious literary character, &c., &c.'"—Ma però la sua tranquillità era sua malgrado sovente alterata dalle pubbliche vicende, e dagli attacchi che spesso si dirigevano a lui nei giornali come ad autore principalmente. Era invano che egli protestava indifferenza per codesti attacchi. L'impressione non era vera che momentanea, e purtroppo per una nobilerezza s'adequava sempre di rispondere ai suoi detrattori. Ma per quanto fosse breve quella impressione era però assai forte per farlo molto soffrire e per affliggere quelli che lo amavano. Tutto ciò che ebbe luogo per la rappresentazione del suo Marino Faliero lo inquietò pure moltissimo: detto ad un articolo di una Gazzetta di Milano in cui si parlava di quell'affare egli mi scrive così:—'Essa la verità di ciò che io vi dissi pochi giorni fa, come vengo sacrificato in tutte le maniere senza sapere il *perché* e il *come*. La tragedia di cui si parla non è (e non era mai) né scritta né ordinata al teatro; ma non è però romantico il disegno, e piuttosto regolare—regolarissimo per l'unità del tempo, e mancando poco a quella del sito. Voi sapete bene se io avessi intenzione di farla rappresentare, poiché era scritta al vostro fianco e nei momenti per certo più *tragici* per me come uomo che come autore,—perché voi eravate in affanno ed in pericolo. Intanto sento dalla vostra Gazzetta che sin qui una cabala, un partito, e senza che io vi abbia preso la minima parte. Si dice che l'autore ne fece la lettura!!!—qui forse a Ravenna?—ed a chi? forse a Fletcher!!!—quel illustre letterato, &c., &c.'"

dinator to the fate of a gladiator by that '*retiararius*,' Mr Elliston. As to his defence and offers of compensation, what is all this to the purpose? It is like Louis the XIVth, who insisted upon buying at any price Algernon Sydney's horse, and, on his refusal, on taking it by force, Sydney shot his horse. I could not shoot my tragedy, but I would have flung it into the fire rather than have had it represented.

"I have now written nearly three *acts* of another (intending to complete it in five), and am more anxious than ever to be preserved from such a breach of all literary courtesy and gentlemanly consideration.

"If we succeed, well; if not, previous to any future publication we will request a *promise* not to be acted, which I would even pay for (as money is their object), or I will not publish—which, however, you will probably not much regret.

"The Chancellor has behaved nobly. You have also conducted yourself in the most satisfactory manner; and I have no fault to find with any body but the stage-players, and their proprietor. I was always so civil to Elliston personally that he ought to have been the last to attempt to injure me.

"There is a most rattling thunder-storm pelting away at this present writing; so that I write neither by day, nor by candle, nor torchlight, but by *lightning* light: the flashes are as brilliant as the most gaseous glow of the gas-light company. My chimney-board has just been thrown down by a gust of wind: I thought that it was the '*Bold Thunder*' and '*Brisk Lightning* in person.—*Three* of us would be too many. There it goes—*flash* again! but

'I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
I never gave ye *franks*, nor call'd upon you:'

as I have done by and upon Mr Elliston.

"Why do you not write? You should at least send me a line of particulars: I know nothing yet but by Galiganni and the Honourable Douglas.

"Well, and how does our Pope controversy go on? and the pamphlet? It is impossible to write any news: the Austrian scoundrels rummage all letters.

"P.S. I could have sent you a good deal of gossip and some *real* information, were it not that all letters pass through the Barbarians' inspection, and I have no wish to inform *them* of any thing but my utter abhorrence of them and theirs. They have only conquered by treachery, however."

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, May 20th, 1821.

"Since I wrote to you last week, I have received English letters and papers, by which I perceive that what I took for an Italian *truth* is, after all, a French lie of the *Gazette de France*. It contains two ultra-falsehoods in as many lines. In the first place, Lord B. did *not* bring forward his play, but opposed the same; and, secondly, it was *not* condemned, but is continued to be acted, in despite of publisher, author, Lord Chancellor, and (for aught I know to the contrary) of audience, up to the first of May, at least—the latest date of my letters. You will oblige me, then,

by causing Mr *Gazette* of France to confess, which, I suppose, he is used to. I see a foreign *criticism*; but this is a mere *fact*, and not of *opinions*. I presume the English and French interest enough to me—though, to be sure, as it is nothing but *truth* which we wish to state, the insert is more difficult.

"As I have written to you often lately, I won't bore you further now, though I am anxious to comply with my request. I presume the '*esprit du corps*' (is it '*du*'? this is more than I know) will suffice as one of '*ours*,' to set this affair in its place. Believe me always yours ever and most affec-

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

TO MR HOPKNER.

* Ravenna, May 21st.

"I am very much pleased with what you have written about Switzerland, and will ponder upon it. I am sure she married there than here for a while. For fortune, I shall make all that I can. I live and she is correct in her conduct, as before she is settled, I have left her by me a good sum of pounds, which is a fair provision and for a natural child. I shall increase it, if circumstances permit me; but, of course, other human things), this is very uncertain.

"You will oblige me very much by inserting the *FACTS* of the play-acting stuff scoundrels appear to be organizing a *syndicate* against me, because I am in their '*list*.' I don't care for *their criticism*, but the matter has written *four* acts of another tragedy they can't bully me.

"You know, I suppose, that they are making a *list* of all individuals in Italy who dissent from the Government. Their suspicious alarms about my conduct and presumed the late row were truly ludicrous—though, I thought you, I touched upon them lightly. I do not and still believe here, or affect to believe, in the whole plan and project of rising was the whole and the *means* furnished, &c. &c. more fomented by the barbarian agents, numerous here (one of them was stabbed by the way, but not dangerously);—when the Commandant was shot here but in December, I took him into my house and had every assistance, till he died on the 1st of May, and although not one of them dared to enter into their houses but myself, they did not perish in the night in the streets, the paper about three months ago, denouncing the Chief of the Liberals, and stirring up to assassinate me. But this shall never bully my opinions. All this came from the Barbarians."

LETTER CCCCXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 25th, 1821.

IAY,

wrote the enclosed a week ago, and for
efore, I have not had a line from you :
be glad to know upon what principle
uncommon feeling, you leave me with-
mation but what I derive from garbled
nglish, and abusive ones in Italian (the
ing me, as a *coal-heaver*), while all
as been going on about the play? You
r!!! Were it not for two letters from
sird, I should have been as ignorant as
gent.

r Bowles has been abusing Hobhouse?
ase, he has broken the truce, like Mo-
s, and I will out him out, as Cochrane
tada.

wrote the enclosed packet, I have count-
copied out) four acts of a new tragedy.
finished the fifth, I will copy it out. It
ect of 'Sardanapalus,' the last king of
. The words *Queen* and *Pavilion* oc-
ot an allusion to his Britannic Majesty,
mulously imagine. This you will one
inish it), as I have made Sardanapalus
voluptuous, as history represents him),
viable as my poor powers could render
it could neither be truth nor satire on
arch. I have strictly preserved all the
to, and mean to continue them in the
de; but *not for the stage*. Yours, in
red, you shabby correspondent!

"N."

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY

"Ravenna, May 29th, 1821.

last of the 26th or 25th, I have dashed
t of the tragedy called 'Sardanapalus.'
es the copying over, which may prove
heavy to the writer as to the reader.
t to you at least six times sans answer,
you to be a—bookseller. I pray you
copy of Mr Wrangham's reformation
w's Plutarch.' I have the Greek, which
small of print, and the Italian, which is
style, and as false as a Neapolitan pa-
tion. I pray you also to send me a
d some years ago, of the *Magician*
f Tyana. It is in English, and I think
ten by what Martin Marprelate calls '*a*
jest.' I shall trouble you no farther
t than with the postage.

"Yours, &c.

"N."

e I wrote this, I determined to enclose
est) to Mr Kinnaird, who will have the
orward it. Besides, it saves sealing-

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 30th, 1821.

"DEAR MORAY,

"You say you have written often: I have only
received yours of the eleventh, which is very short.
By this post, in *five* packets, I send you the tragedy
of Sardanapalus, which is written in a rough hand :
perhaps Mrs Leigh can help you to decipher it.
You will please to acknowledge it by *return* of post.
You will remark that the *unities* are all *strictly* ob-
served. The scene passes in the same *hall* always :
the time, a *summer's night*, about nine hours, or
less, though it begins before sunset and ends after
sunrise. In the third act, when Sardanapalus calls
for a *mirror* to look at himself in his armour, recol-
lect to quote the Latin passage from *Juvenal* upon
Otho (a similar character, who did the same thing) :
Gifford will help you to it. The trait is perhaps too
familiar, but it is historical (of *Otho*, at least), and
natural in an effeminate character."

LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

TO MR HOFFNER.

"Ravenna, May 31st, 1821.

"I enclose you another letter, which will only con-
firm what I have said to you.

"About Allegra. I will take some decisive step in
the course of the year; at present, she is so happy
where she is, that perhaps she had better have her
alphabet imparted in her convent.

"What you say of the *Dante* is the first I have
heard of it—all seemed to be merged in the *row* about
the tragedy. Continue it!—Alas! what could Dante
himself *now* prophecy about Italy? I am glad you
like it, however, but doubt that you will be singular
in your opinion. My *new* tragedy is completed.

"The B** is *right*,—I ought to have mentioned
her *humour* and *amiability*, but I thought at her
sixty, beauty would be most agreeable or least
likely. However, it shall be rectified in a new edi-
tion; and if any of the parties have either looks or
qualities which they wish to be noticed, let me have
a minute of them. I have no private nor personal
dislike to *Venice*, rather the contrary, but I merely
speak of what is the subject of all remarks and all
writers upon her present state. Let me hear from
you before you start. Believe me,

"Ever, &c.

"P. S. Did you receive two letters of Douglas
Kinnaird's in an endorse from me? Remember me
to Mengaldo, Soranzo, and all who care that I should
remember them. The letter alluded to in the en-
closed 'to the *Cardinal*,' was in answer to some
queries of the government, about a poor devil of a
Neapolitan, arrested at Sinigaglia on suspicion, who
came to beg of me here; being without breeches,
and consequently without pockets for halfpence, I
relieved and forwarded him to his country, and they
arrested him at Pesaro on suspicion, and have since

interrogated me (civilly and politely, however) about him. I sent them the poor man's petition, and such information as I had about him, which, I trust, will get him out again, that is to say, if they give him a fair hearing.

"I am content with the article. Pray, did you receive, some posts ago, Moore's lines, which I enclosed to you, written at Paris?"

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 4th, 1821.

"You have not written lately, as is the usual custom with literary gentleman, to console their friends with their observations in cases of magnitude. I do not know whether I sent you my 'Elegy on the recovery of Lady * * *':—

"Behold the blessings of a lucky lot—
My play is damn'd, and Lady * * not.

"The papers (and perhaps your letters) will have put you in possession of Muster Elliston's dramatic behaviour. It is to be presumed that the play was *fitted* for the stage by Mr Dibdin, who is the tailor upon such occasions, and will have taken measure with his usual accuracy. I hear that it is still continued to be performed—a piece of obstinacy for which it is some consolation to think that the discourtaged histrio will be out of pocket.

"You will be surprised to hear that I have finished another tragedy in *five* acts, observing all the unities strictly. It is called 'Sardanapalus,' and was sent by last post to England. It is *not* for the stage, any more than the other was intended for it,—and I shall take better care *this* time that they don't get hold on't.

"I have also sent, two months ago, a further letter on Bowles, &c.; but he seems to be so taken up with my 'respect' (as he calls it) towards him in the former case, that I am not sure that it will be published, being somewhat too full of 'pastime and prodigality.' I learn from some private letters of Bowles's, that you were 'the gentleman in asterisks.' Who would have dreamed it? you see what mischief that clergyman has done by printing notes without names. How the deuce was I to suppose that the first four asterisks meant 'Campbell' and *not* 'Pope,' and that the blank signature meant Thomas Moore.* You see

* In their eagerness, like true controversialists, to avail themselves of every passing advantage, and convert even straws into weapons on an emergency, my two friends, during their short warfare, contrived to place me in that sort of embarrassing position, the most provoking feature of which is, that it excites more amusement than sympathy. On the one side, Mr Bowles chose to cite, as a support to his argument, a short fragment of a note, addressed to him, as he stated, by "a gentleman of the highest literary, &c. &c." and saying, in reference to Mr Bowles's former pamphlet, "You have hit the right nail on the head, and * * * too." This short scrap was signed with four asterisks; and when, on the appearance of Mr Bowles's Letter, I met with it in his pages, not the slightest suspicion ever crossed my mind that I had been myself the writer of it;—my communications with my reverend friend and neighbour having been (for years, I am proud to say) sufficiently frequent to allow

what comes of being familiar with parsons. answers have not yet reached me, but I am from Hobhouse, that *he* (H.) is attacked in that be the case, Bowles has broken the truth he himself proclaimed, by the way) and I am at him again.

"Did you receive my letters with the two concluding sheets of Memoranda?"

"There are no news here to interest a German spy (*boasting himself* such) was at week, but *not* mortally. The moment I went about bullying and boasting, it was me, or any one else, to foretell what would happen, which I did, and it came to pass in after. He has got off, however, for a slight

"A row the other night, about a lady of between her various lovers, occasioned a discharge of pistols, but nobody wounded scandal, however—planted by her lover thrashed by her husband, for inconstancy gular Servente, who is coming home post as she herself retired in confusion into the although it is the acme of the opera season women furious against her (she herself being censorious) for being *found out*. She is a woman—a Countess * * *—a fine old Viking or Ostrogoth.

"The Greeks! what think you? The old acquaintances—but what to think I! Let us hope, howsoever.

"Yours,

"E

LETTER CCCCXXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 1

"Your dwarf of a letter came yesterday is right;—keep to your 'magnum opus'—

of such a hasty compliment to his disputative piling from my memory. When Lord Byron rose against Mr Bowles's Letter, this unlucky acerbity brought forward, was, of course, too mark for his facetiousness to be resisted; more as the person mentioned in it, as having suffered the reverend critic's vigour, appeared, from the asterisks employed in designating him, to have been self, though, in a reality, the name was that of former antagonist, Mr Campbell. The noble it is needless to say, made the most of this vulgarity and few readers could have been more diverted with his happy ridicule of "the gentleman in little thinking that I was myself, all the while, victim,—nor was it till about the time of the re- above letter, that, by some communication on from a friend in England, I was startled into the notion of my own share in the transaction.

While by one friend I was thus unconsciously cently, drawn into the scrape, the other was rendering me the same friendly service;—for, on the appearance of Lord Byron's answer to Mr Bowles, the confirmation of finding that, with a far less pardonable reserve, he had all but named me as his usual anecdote of his reverend opponent's early days had, in the course of an after-dinner conversation at Venice, and which,—pleasant in itself, and, or false, harmless,—derived its sole sting from in which the noble disputant triumphantly applied are the consequences of one's near and dear friends to controversy.

Now, if we were but together a little to 'Journal of Trevoux!' But it is useless yet very natural,—for I think you and I together, in the social line, than any two authors.

To ask you if you had seen your own (the correspondence of Mrs Waterhouse Berkeley? To be sure, *their* moral is set; but *your* passion is fully effective; of the Asiatic kind—I mean Asiatic, now called 'Asiatic oratory,' and not beryery is Oriental—must be tried by that am not quite sure that I shall allow the (legitimate or illegitimate) to read Lalla in the first place, on account of this said d, in the second, that they mayn't discover a better poet than papa. Nothing of politics—but, alas! what can

* The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull,
Each tugs it a different way,—
And the greatest of all is John Bull!

you call your new project? I have sent a new tragedy, ycleped 'Sardanapalus,' to Aristotle—all, save the chorus—I enclose me to that. I have begun another, in second act;—so you see I saunter on

answers have reached me; but I can't sing for ever,—particularly in a polite supposition he will take being *silent* for *st*—has been so civil that I can't find it in me to be facetious with him,—else I had a savage at his service.

Send you the little journal, because it is in I can't trust it per post. Don't suppose it particular; but it will show the *intention* at that time—and one or two, chiefly personal, like the former one. I mean don't bite.—It was my wish to have work of use. Could you not raise a sum (never small), reserving the power of repayment?

in Paris, or a villaging? If you are in the will never resist the Anglo-invasion you I do not see an Englishman in half a year; I do, I turn my horse's head the other way, which you will find in the last note, has given me a good excuse for quite a least connexion with travellers.

I recollect the speech you speak of, but is not the Doge's, but one of Israel to Calendars. I hope you think that I have shamed myself—it is my only consolation. Milanese fellows contradict their lie, and with the grace of people used to it.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, July 5th, 1821.

"How could you suppose that I ever would allow any thing that *could* be said on your account to weigh with me? I only regret that Bowles had not said that you were the writer of that note until afterwards, when out he comes with it, in a private letter to Murray, which Murray sends to me. D—n the controversy!

"D—n Twizzle,

D—n the bell,

And d—n the fool who rung it—Well!

From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd.

"I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving's—a very pretty lad—a Mr. Coolidge, of Boston—only somewhat too full of poetry and 'enthusiasm.' I was very civil to him during his few hours' stay, and talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited* passion, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever *shave* themselves in such a state?

"I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her), who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poetry for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply N. N. A. and has not a word of 'cant' or preachment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn* her letter—which, by the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter, in such circumstances, as better than a diploma from Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in Norway (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe oneself a poet. But if I must believe that, and such fellows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps.

"I am now in the fifth act of 'Foscari,' being the third tragedy in twelve months, besides *proses*; so you perceive that I am not at all idle. And are you, too, busy? I doubt that your life at Paris draws too much upon your time, which is a pity. Can't you divide your day, so as to combine both? I have had plenty of all sorts of worldly business on my hands last year,—and yet it is not so difficult to give a few hours to the *Muses*. This sentence is so like that—

"Ever, &c.

"If we were together, I should publish both my plays (periodically) in our *joint* journal. It should be our plan to publish all our best things in that way."

In the Journal entitled "Detached Thoughts," I

And the tribute to his genius which he here mentions, as well as some others, thus interestingly dwelt upon.

"As far as fame goes (that is to say, *living fame*) I have had my share, perhaps—indeed, *certainly*—more than my deserts.

"Some odd instances have occurred, to my own experience, of the wild and strange places to which a name may penetrate, and where it may impress. Two years ago (almost three, being in August or July, 1819,) I received at Ravenna a letter, in *English* verse, from *Drontheim* in Norway, written by a Norwegian, and full of the usual compliments, &c. &c. It is still somewhere amongst my papers. In the same month I received an invitation into *Holstein* from a Mr. Jacobsen (I think) of Hamburg: also, by the same medium, a translation of Metora's song in the *Corsair* by a Westphalian baroness (not 'Thunderou-Tronck'), with some original verses of hers (very pretty and Klopstock-ish), and a prose translation annexed to them, on the subject of my wife:—as they concerned her more than me, I sent them to her, together with Mr. Jacobsen's letter. It was odd enough to receive an invitation to pass the *summer* in *Holstein* while in *Italy*, from people I never knew. The letter was addressed to Venice. Mr. Jacobsen talked to me of the 'wild roses growing in the *Holstein summer*.' Why then did the Cimbri and Teutones emigrate?

"What a strange thing is life and man! Were I to present myself at the door of the house where my daughter now is, the door would be shut in my face—unless (as is not impossible) I knocked down the porter; and if I had gone in that year (and perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in Norway), or into Holstein, I should have been received with open arms into the mansion of strangers and foreigners, attached to me by no tie but by that of mind and rumour.

"As far as *fame* goes, I have had my share: it has indeed been leavened by other human contingencies, and this in a greater degree than has occurred to most literary men of a *decent* rank in life; but, on the whole, I take it that such equipoise is the condition of humanity."

Of the visit, too, of the American gentleman, he thus speaks in the same *Journal*:—

"A young American, named Coolidge, called on me not many months ago. He was intelligent, very handsome, and not more than twenty years old, according to appearances; a little romantic, but that suits well upon youth, and mighty fond of poesy, as may be suspected from his approaching me in my cavern. He brought me a message from an old servant of my family (Joe Murray), and told me that *he* (Mr Coolidge) had obtained a copy of my bust from Thorwaldsen at Rome, to send to America. I confess I was more flattered by this young enthusiasm of a solitary Trans-Atlantic traveller, than if they had decreed me a statue in the Paris Pantheon (I have seen emperors and demagogues cast down from their pedestals even in my own time, and Grattan's name razed from the street, called after him in Dublin); I say that I was more flattered by it, because it was *single*, *unpolitical*, and was without motive or ostentation,—the pure and warm feeling of a boy for the poet he admired. It must have been expensive, though;—I

would not pay the price of a *Thorus* any human head and shoulders, eagle or my children's, or some '*absurd*' as Monkbarns calls them,—or my sister's then, I sate for my own?—Answer, the particular request of J. C. Hobhouse, to one else. A *picture* is a different body sits for their picture;—but a putting up pretensions to permanence something of a hankering for *public* private remembrance.

"Whenever an American requests (is not unfrequently) I comply, firstly, respect a people who acquired their firmness without excess; and, secondly, Trans-Atlantic visits, 'few and far' me feel as if talking with posterity from of the Styx. In a century or two of and Spanish Atlantes will be new countries, in all probability, as Greece overcame their mother Asia in the ages, as they are called."

LETTER CCCCXXX

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna

"In agreement with a wish expressed in my house, it is my determination to omit the *horse of Semiramis* in the *Fil* Juan. I mention this, in case you are, the publisher of the remaining *C*

"At the particular request of the have promised *not* to continue *Don* I therefore look upon these three *C* as the poem. She had read the two *fr* translation, and never ceased beseech no more of it. The reason of this is due to a superficial observer of *FOREIGN* arises from the wish of all women to ment of the passions, and to keep up it is their empire. Now *Don Juan* strips and laughs at that and most other I knew a woman who did *not* protect one who did not dislike *De Grammont* all the comedy of the passions, was naturally. But '*king's blood must*' Serjeant Bothwell says."

LETTER CCCCXXX

TO MR MURRAY.

"I trust that Sardanapalus will not be a *political* play, which was so far from that I thought of nothing but *Asiatic* Venetian play, too, is tightly *historical* has been to dramatise, like the *G* phrase), striking passages of history, history and mythology. You will be unlike *Shakspeare*; and so much for sense, for I look upon him to be the *en*

* In venturing this judgment upon *Byron* but followed in the footsteps of *the*

extraordinary of writers. It has been as simple and severe as Alfieri, and I write the poetry as nearly as I could to him. The hardship is, that in these I never speak of kings or queens without respect to personalities. I intended

to write well, and I write in the midst of it here: they have, without trial or trial, several of the first inhabitants of and all around the Roman states—may of my personal friends, so that confusion and grief: it is a kind of pain to be described without an equal pain.

I sign off in your letters.

"Yours truly,

"B."

FTER CCCCXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, July 23d, 1821.

He has done wonders;—he has read what I have written.

He 'delay till winter.' I am particular to print while the winter theatres are open, in case they try their former success. Any loss shall be considered in the further occasioned by the season or the print away, and publish.

I must own that I have more *styles* than *palms* is, however, almost a but, for that matter, so is Richard the *united*, which are my great ob-

I am glad that Gifford likes it: as you see I have carefully consulted the taste of the day for extravagant. Any probable loss, as I said before, for in our accounts. The reviews (two, Blackwood's, for instance) are at never mind those fellows: I shall fight about, if I take it into my head, the English *baser* in some things than. You stare, but it is true as to hope, because they are prouder, and the obligations.

The Government here is breaking up the exiled about a thousand people of all over the Roman states. As many amongst them, I think of moving. I have had your answers. Continue to me here, as usual, and quickly. Do not be sorry to hear it, that the poor thing that I meant to go, got together (Cardinal to request that he would remain. I only heard of it a day or

two ago, and it is no dishonour to them nor to me; but it will have displeased the higher powers, who look upon me as a Chief of the Coalheavers. They arrested a servant of mine for a street quarrel with an officer (they drew upon one another knives and pistols), but as the officer was out of uniform, and in the wrong besides, on my protesting stoutly, he was released. I was not present at the affray, which happened by night near my stables. My man (an Italian), a very stout, and not over-patient personage, would have taken a fatal revenge afterwards, if I had not prevented him. As it was, he drew his stiletto, and, but for passengers, would have carbonadoed the captain, who, I understand, made but a poor figure in the quarrel, except by beginning it. He applied to me, and I offered him any satisfaction, either by turning away the man, or otherwise, because he had drawn a knife. He answered that a reproof would be sufficient. I reproved him; and yet, after this, the shabby dog complained to the Government,—after being quite satisfied, as he said. This roused me, and I gave them a remonstrance which had some effect. The captain has been reprimanded, the servant released, and the business at present rests there."

Among the victims of the "black sentence and proscription" by which the rulers of Italy were now, as appears from the above letters, avenging their late alarm upon all who had even in the remotest degree contributed to it, the two Gambas were, of course, as suspected Chiefs of the Carbonari of Romagna, included. About the middle of July, Madame Guiccioli, in a state of despair, wrote to inform Lord Byron that her father, in whose palazzo she was at that time residing, had just been ordered to quit Ravenna within twenty-four hours, and that it was the intention of her brother to depart the following morning. The young Count, however, was not permitted to remain even so long, being arrested that very night, and conveyed by soldiers to the frontier; and the Contessa herself, in but a few days after, found that she also must join the crowd of exiles. The prospect of being again separated from her noble lover seems to have rendered banishment little less fearful, in her eyes, than death. "This alone," she says in a letter to him, "was wanting to fill up the measure of my despair. Help me, my love, for I am in a situation most terrible, and without you, I can resolve upon nothing. * * has just been with me, having been sent by * * to tell me that I must depart from Ravenna before next Tuesday, as my husband has had recourse to Rome, for the purpose of either forcing me to return to him, or else putting me in a convent; and the answer from thence is expected in a few days. I must not speak of this to any one.—I must escape by night; for, if my project should be discovered, it will be impeded, and my passport (which the goodness of Heaven has permitted me, I know not how, to obtain) will be taken from me. Byron! I am in despair!—If I must leave you here without knowing when I shall see you again, if it is your will that I should suffer so cruelly, I am resolved to remain. They may put me in a convent; I shall die,—but—but then you cannot aid me, and I cannot

able in Rome," says this poet, "to write in the style of Shakespeare, that is, in the style of a bad age."—Spence, sect. 4, 1734-35. It seems to have held pretty nearly the same ground as Lord Byron in some of his poems, sect. 5, 1737-39, a passage on which Spence remarks: "Perhaps Pope did not relish this, as seems to have done Milton."

reproach you. I know not what they tell me, for my agitation overwhelms me;—and why? Not because I fear my present danger, but solely, I call Heaven to witness, solely because I must leave you.”

Towards the latter end of July, the writer of this tender and truly feminine letter found herself forced to leave Ravenna,—the home of her youth, as it was, now, of her heart,—uncertain whither to go, or where she should again meet her lover. After lingering for a short time at Bologna, under a faint expectation that the Court of Rome might yet, through some friendly mediation,* be induced to rescind its order against her relatives, she at length gave up all hope, and joined her father and brother at Florence.

It has been already seen, from Lord Byron's letters, that he had himself become an object of strong suspicion to the Government, and it was, indeed, chiefly in their desire to rid themselves of his presence, that the steps taken against the Gamba family had originated;—the constant benevolence which he exercised towards the poor of Ravenna being likely, it was feared, to render him dangerously popular among a people unused to charity on so enlarged a scale.

“One of the principal causes,” says Madame Guiccioli, “of the exile of my relatives, was in reality the idea that Lord Byron would share the banishment of his friends. Already the Government were averse to Lord Byron's residence at Ravenna; knowing his opinions, fearing his influence, and also exaggerating the extent of his means for giving effect to them. They fancied that he provided money for the purchase of arms, &c., and that he contributed pecuniarily to the wants of the Society. The truth is, that, when called upon to exercise his beneficence, he made no inquiries as to the political and religious opinions of those who required his aid. Every unhappy and needy object had an equal share in his benevolence. The Anti-Liberals, however, insisted upon believing that he was the principal support of Liberalism in Romagna, and were desirous of his departure; but, not daring to exact it by any direct measure, they were in hopes of being able indirectly to force him into this step.”†

After stating the particulars of her own hasty departure, the lady proceeds:—“Lord Byron, in the

* Among the persons applied to by Lord Byron for their interest on this occasion was the late Duchess of Devonshire, whose answer, dated from Spa, I find among his papers. With the utmost readiness her Grace undertakes to write to Rome on the subject, and adds, “Believe me also, my Lord, that there is a character of justice, goodness, and benevolence in the present Government of Rome, which, if they are convinced of the just claims of the Conte de Gamba and his son, will make them grant their request.”

† “Una delle principali ragioni per cui si erano esigliati i miei parenti era la speranza che Lord Byron pure lascerà la Romagna quando i suoi amici fossero partiti. Già da qualche tempo la permanenza di Lord Byron in Ravenna era mal gradita dal Governo conoscendosi le sue opinioni e temendosi la sua influenza, ed esagerandosi anche i suoi mezzi per esercitarla. Si credeva che egli somministrasse danaro per provvedere armi, e che provvedesse ai bisogni della Società. La verità era che nello spargere le sue beneficenze egli non s'informava delle opinioni politiche e religiose di quello che aveva bisogno del suo soccorso; ogni misero ed ogni infelice aveva un eguale diritto alla sua generosità. Ma in ogni modo gli Anti-Liberali lo credevano il principale sostegno del Liberalismo della Romagna, e desideravano la sua partenza, ma non osavano provocarla in nessun modo diretto sperando di ottenerla indirettamente.”

mean time, remained at Ravenna, in a tem by party spirit, where he had certain of his opinions, many fanatical and per and my imagination always pointed him by a thousand dangers. It may be con fore, what that journey must have been what I suffered at such a distance from ters would have given me comfort; but ways elapsed between his writing and them; and this idea embittered all the would otherwise have afforded me, so was torn by the most cruel fears. Yet sary for his own sake that he should time longer at Ravenna, in order that it said that he also was banished. Be conceived a very great affection for the and was desirous, before he left it, of every means and hope of procuring the relations from banishment.”

LETTER CCCCXI.

TO MR HOPKNER.

* Ravenna.

“This country being in a state of pro all my friends exiled or arrested—the of Gamba obliged to go to Florence for the father and son for politics—(and because menaced with a *convent*, as he here), I have determined to remove and they also. Indeed, my life here is to be particularly safe—but that has been this twelvemonth past, and is therefore a very serious consideration.

“I have written by this post to Mr Bior, the banker of Geneva, to provide a house for me, and another for Gamba's father, son, and daughter), on the *Jura* lake of Geneva, furnished, and with (at least) for eight horses. I shall bring me. Could you assist me or Hentz searches? The Gambas are at Florence authorized me to treat for them. You know, that they are great patriots—the son in particular—very fine fellow know, for I have seen them lately in various situations—not pecuniary, but personally behaved like heroes, neither yielding now.

“You have no idea what a state of country is in—they arrested above a high and low throughout Romagna—

* Lord Byron restava frattanto a Ravenna scomposto dai partiti, e dove aveva certamente di opinioni fanatiche e perfide, e la sua immensa dipingeva circondato sempre da mille pericoli, che pensare con doverse essere qui? Viaggia lo dovesse soffrire nella sua intemperanza. Si avrebbero potuto cascarci di conforto, ma che vera era già un tracollo lo spazio di due giorni in cui furono scritte, e questo pensiero destò bene che esse potevano farmi, e la mia anima dai più crudeli timori. Frattanto era necessario la convenienza che egli restasse ancora qui a Ravenna affinché non avesse a dirsi che egli esigliato, ed oltretutto egli si era somministrato quel soggiorno e voleva lusingarsi di partire tutti i tentativi e tutte le speranze dei suoi parenti.”



and others, without trial, process, or even name!! Every body says they would have done by me if they dared proceed openly. I, however, for remaining, is because every acquaintance, to the amount of hundreds have been exiled.

You do what you can in looking out for a house furnished, and conferring with us. We care nothing about society, only anxious for a temporary and tranquil individual freedom.

"Believe me, &c.

Can you give me an idea of the comparisons of Switzerland and Italy? which I have

I speak merely of those of decent living, &c. and not of luxuries or high living. Do never, decide any thing positively till I have seen, as I can then know how to think upon the question of transmigration, &c. &c. &c."

LETTER CCCCXLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, July 30th, 1831.

used is the best account of the Doge Faliero, only sent to me from an old MS. the

Get it translated, and append it as a note to the edition. You will perhaps be pleased to see conceptions of his character were correct, I regret not having met with this extract before will perceive that he himself said exactly what I made to say about the Bishop of Treviso. See also that 'he spoke very little, and those words of rage and disdain,' after his arrest, as the case in the play, except when he breaks the close of Act Fifth. But his speech to the King is better in the MS. than in the play. I had met with it in time. Do not forget, with a translation.

A former note to the Juana, speaking of Voltaire quoted his famous 'Zaire, tu pleures,' an error; it should be 'Zaire, vous pleurez.' collect this.

so busy here about those poor proscribed who are scattered about, and with trying to get them recalled, that I have hardly time or to write a short preface, which will be for the two plays. However, I will make it out for the next proofs.

"Yours ever, &c.

Please to append the letter about the poet as a note to your next opportunity of the in Leander, &c. &c. &c. in Childe Harold. I get it amidst your multitudinous avocations, think of celebrating in a Duhyrambic Ode to be direct.

You aware that Shelley has written an Elegy on, and accuses the Quarterly of killing him?

* Who kill'd John Keats?

'I, says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly

'Twere one of my fests

'Who shot the arrow?

'The post-priest Milman,

(So ready to kill men),

Or Southey or Barrow.'

"You know very well that I did not approve of Keats's poetry, or principles of poetry; or of his abuse of Pope; but, as he is dead, omit all that is said about him in any MSS. of mine, or publication. His Hyperion is a fine monument, and will keep his name. I do not envy the man who wrote the article;—you Review-people have no more right to kill than any other footpads. However, he who would die of an article in a Review, would probably have died of something else equally trivial. The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption."

LETTER CCCCXLII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, August 24, 1831.

"I had certainly answered your last letter, though but briefly, to the part to which you refer, merely saying, 'damn the controversy;' and quoting some verses of George Colman's, not as allusive to you, but to the disputants. Did you receive this letter? It imports me to know that our letters are not intercepted or mislaid.

"Your Berlin drama* is an honour, unknown since the days of Elkanah Settle, whose 'Emperor of Morocco' was represented by the Court ladies, which was, as Johnson says, 'the last blast of inflammation' to poor Dryden, who could not bear it, and fell foul of Settle without mercy or moderation, on account of that and a frontispiece, which he dared to put before his play.

"Was not your showing the Memoranda to** somewhat perilous? Is there not a facetious allusion or two which might as well be reserved for posterity?

"I know S** well—that is to say, I have met him occasionally at Copet. Is he not also touched lightly in the Memoranda? In a review of Childe Harold, Canto 4th, three years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine, they quote some stanzas of an elegy of S**'s on Rome, from which they say that I might have taken some ideas. I give you my honour that I never saw it except in that criticism, which gives, I think, three or four stanzas, sent them (they say) for the notice by a correspondent—perhaps himself. The fact is easily proved; for I don't understand German, and there was, I believe, no translation—at least, it was the first time that I ever heard of, or saw, either translation or original.

"I remember having some talk with S** about Alfieri, whose merit he denies. He was also wroth about the Edinburgh Review of Goethe, which was sharp enough, to be sure. He went about saying, too, of the French—'I meditate a terrible vengeance against the French—I will prove that Molière is no poet'†.

"I don't see why you should talk of 'declining.' When I saw you, you looked thinner, and yet younger, than you did when we parted several years be-

* There had been, a short time before, performed at the Court of Berlin a spectacle founded on the Poem of Lalla Rookh, in which the present Emperor of Russia personated Feramorz, and the Empress, Lalla Rookh.

† This threat has been since acted upon;—the critic in question having, to the great horror of the French literati, pronounced Molière to be a "farceur."

fore. You may rely upon this as fact. If it were not, I should say *nothing*, for I would rather not say unpleasant *personal* things to any one—but, as it was the pleasant *truth*, I tell it you. If you had led my life, indeed, changing climates and connexions—*thinning* yourself with fasting and purgatives—besides the wear and tear of the vulture passions, and a very bad temper besides, you might talk in this way—but *you*! I know no man who looks so well for his years, or who deserves to look better and to be better, in all respects. You are a * * *, and, what is perhaps better for your friends, a good fellow. So, don't talk of decay, but put in for eighty, as you well may.

"I am, at present, occupied principally about these unhappy proscriptions and exiles, which have taken place here on account of politics. It has been a miserable sight to see the general desolation in families. I am doing what I can for them, high and low, by such interest and means as I possess or can bring to bear. There have been thousands of these proscriptions within the last month in the Exarchate, or (to speak moderately) the Legations. Yesterday, too, a man got his back broken, in extricating a dog of mine from under a mill-wheel. The dog was killed, and the man is in the greatest danger. I was not present—it happened before I was up, owing to a stupid boy taking the dog to bathe in a dangerous spot. I must, of course, provide for the poor fellow while he lives, and his family, if he dies. I would gladly have given a much greater sum than that will come to that he had never been hurt. Pray, let me hear from you, and excuse haste and hot weather.

"Yours, &c.

* * * * *

"You may have probably seen all sorts of attacks upon me in some gazettes in England some months ago. I only saw them, by Murray's bounty, the other day. They call me 'Plagiary,' and what not. I think I now, in my time, have been accused of *every* thing.

"I have not given you details of little events here; but they have been trying to make me out to be the chief of a conspiracy, and nothing but their want of proofs for an *English* investigation has stopped them. Had it been a poor native, the suspicion was enough, as it has been for hundreds.

"Why don't you write on Napoleon? I have no spirits, nor 'estro' to do so. His overthrow, from the beginning, was a blow on the head to me. Since that period, we have been the slaves of fools. Excuse this long letter. *Ecco* a translation literal of a French Epigram.

"Egle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes,
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

"I am going to ride, having been warned *not* to ride in a particular part of the forest, on account of the ultra-politicians.

"Is there no chance of your return to England, and of *our* Journal? I would have published the two plays in it—two or three scenes per number—and, indeed, *all* of mine in it. If you went to England, I would do so still."

About this time Mr Shelley, who had now fixed his

residence at Pisa, received a letter from Lord Byron earnestly requesting to see him, in consequence which he immediately set out for Ravenna; and following extracts from letters, written during stay with his noble friend, will be read with double feeling of interest which is always one is excited in hearing one man of genius express his notions of another.

"Ravenna, August 20, 1819

"I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and sat talking with Lord Byron until five this morning; then went to sleep, and now awake at eleven; having despatched my breakfast as quick as possible, mean to devote the interval until twelve, when post departs, to you.

"Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent liaison with the Contessa Guiccioli, who is now in Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there until something shall be decided as to their emigration to Sicily or stay in Italy, which is yet undecided on either side. She was compelled to accompany the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had already been taken to place her in a convent, where she had been unrelentingly confined for 18. The opinion of the marriage contract as existing between her and opinions of Italy, though less frequently mentioned, is far severer than that of England.

"Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself at Venice. His state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food; he was consumed by heat fever, and would speedily have perished but for his attachment, which reclaimed him from the course into which he threw himself, from carelessness of pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is quite well, and immersed in politics and business. He has given me a number of the most interesting details on the former subject; but we will not put them in a letter. Fletcher is here, and—as if he shadow, he waxed and waned with the shadow of his master—has also revived his good looks, and he amidst the unseasonable gray hairs a fresh harvest of flaxen locks has put forth.

"We talked a great deal of poetry and such matters last night; and, as usual, differed—and, I think, more than ever. He affects to patronise a system of criticism fit only for the production of mediocrity; and though all his finer poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognise the pernicious effects of it in the *Doge of Venice*; and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it. I to read only parts of it, or rather he himself read it to me, and gave me the plan of the whole.

"Ravenna, August 23d. 1819

"We ride out in the evening through the picturesque which divide the city from the sea. Our way of life is this, and I have accommodated myself without much difficulty:—Lord Byron goes at two—breakfasts—we talk, read, &c. until six—then we ride at eight, and after dinner sit talking until

morning. I get up at twelve, and am the interval between my rising and his

is greatly improved in every respect in temper, in moral views, in health and His connexion with La Guiccioli has done him a considerable benefit to him. He lives in splendour, but within his income, which is four thousand a-year, one thousand of which he uses for purposes of charity. He has had many passions, but these he seems to have overcome; he is becoming, what he should be, a philosopher. The interest which he took in the world, and the actions he performed in consequence, are subjects not fit to be written, but which will delight and surprise you.

He is yet decided to go to Switzerland, and a little fitted for him: the gossip and the Englishised coteries would torment him before, and might exasperate him into a fit of despondency, which, he says, he plunged into, but from despair. La Guiccioli and who is Lord Byron's friend and confidant, is perfectly in her connexion with him) Switzerland, as Lord Byron says, merely for the sake of pleasure and travelling. Lord Byron is in Tuscany or Lucca, and is trying to get her to adopt his views. He has made her write a letter to her to engage her to remain. It is enough for an utter stranger to write with the utmost delicacy to his friend's misfortune, seems destined that I am always to have part in every body's affairs whom I have set down, in tame Italian, the words I can think of against the Swiss. To tell you the truth, I should be very glad to see my feeble establishment in Tuscany is a miserable place: the people are ignorant and wild, and their language the most barbarous that you can imagine. He would respect better among the Tuscans.

And to me one of the unpublished cantos, which is astonishingly fine. It sets him out as but far above all the poets of the day, and has the stamp of immortality. This canto is not totally free from indelicacy, and susceptible of case and power like the end of the world: there is not a word which the most delicate of the dignity of human nature could not bear; it fulfils, in a certain degree, what has been preached,—of producing something new and relative to the age, and yet surpassing all. It may be vanity, but I think I see my earnest exhortations to him, to create wholly new.

Now, if I asked, it would not be refused; something in me that makes it impossible. Byron and I are excellent friends; and I am not poor, or were I a writer who had a higher station than I possess, or did I think I deserved more than I deserve, we should appear as such, and I would freely ask him any thing. It is not now the case: the demon of pride lurks between two persons in a room, poisoning the freedom of our inter-

course. This is a tax, and a heavy one, which we must pay for being human. I think the fault is not on my side; nor is it likely.—I being the weaker. I hope that in the next world these things will be better managed. What is passing in the heart of another, rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict anatomist of his own.

“ Lord Byron here has splendid apartments in the palace of his mistress's husband, who is one of the richest men in Italy. She is divorced, with an allowance of twelve thousand crowns a year;—a miserable pittance from a man who has a hundred and twenty thousand a year. There are two monkeys, five cats, eight dogs, and ten horses, all of whom (except the horses) walk about the house like the masters of it. Tita, the Venetian, is here, and operates as my valet—a fine fellow, with a prodigious black beard, who has stabbed two or three people, and is the most good-natured-looking fellow I ever saw.

“ Wednesday. Ravenna.

“ I told you I had written, by Lord Byron's desire, to La Guiccioli, to dissuade her and her family from Switzerland. Her answer is this moment arrived, and my representation seems to have reconciled them to the wisdom of the step. At the conclusion of a letter, full of all the fine things she says she has heard of me, is this request, which I transcribe:—“ Signora, la vostra bontà mi fa ardita di chiedervi un favore, me lo concederete voi? *Non partite da Ravenna senza Milord*.” Of course, being now, by all the laws of knighthood, captive to a lady's request, I shall only be at liberty on my parole until Lord Byron is settled at Pisa. I shall reply, of course, that the boon is granted, and that if her lover is reluctant to quit Ravenna after I have made arrangements for receiving him at Pisa, I am bound to place myself in the same situation as now, to assail him with importunities to rejoin her. Of this there is fortunately no need: and I need not tell you that there is no fear that this chivalric submission of mine to the great general laws of antique courtesy, against which I never rebel, and which is my religion, should interfere with my soon returning, and long remaining with you, dear girl.

“ We ride out every evening as usual, and practise pistol-shooting at a pumpkin, and I am not sorry to observe that I approach towards my noble friend's exactness of aim. I have the greatest trouble to get away, and Lord Byron, as a reason for my stay, has urged, that without either me or the Guiccioli, he will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk, and he listens to reason: and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former mode of life, to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him.”

LETTER CCCCXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

“ Ravenna, August 12th, 1821.

“ Your conduct to Mr Moore is certainly very

handsome; and I would not say so if I could help it, for you are not at present by any means in my good graces.

"With regard to additions, &c. there is a Journal which I kept in 1814 which you may ask him for; also a Journal, which you must get from Mrs Leigh, of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the germs of *Manfred*. I have also kept a small Diary here for a few months last winter, which I would send you, and any continuation. You would find easy access to all my papers and letters, and do *not neglect this* (in case of accidents), on account of the mass of confusion in which they are; for out of that chaos of papers you will find some curious ones of mine and others, if not lost or destroyed. If circumstances, however (which is almost impossible), made me ever consent to a publication in my lifetime, you would in that case, I suppose, make Moore some advance, in proportion to the likelihood or non-likelihood of success. You are both sure to survive me, however.

"You must also have from Mr Moore the correspondence between me and Lady B., to whom I offered the sight of all which regards herself in these papers. This is important. He has *her* letter, and a copy of my answer. I would rather Moore edited me than another.

"I send you Valpy's letter to decide for yourself, and Stockdale's to amuse you. I am always loyal with you, as I was in Galignani's affair, and *you* with me—now and then.

"I return you Moore's letter, which is very creditable to him, and you, and me.

"Yours ever."

LETTER CCCXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 16th, 1821.

"I regret that Holmes can't or won't come: it is rather shabby, as I was always very civil and punctual with him. But he is but one * * more. One meets with none else among the English.

"I wait the proofs of the MSS. with proper impatience.

"So you have published, or mean to publish, the new Junos? Ar'n't you afraid of the Constitutional Assassination of Bridge-street? When first I saw the name of *Murray*, I thought it had been yours; but was solaced by seeing that your synonyme is an attorney, and that you are not one of that atrocious crew.

"I am in a great discomfort about the probable war, and with my trustees not getting me out of the funds. If the funds break, it is my intention to go upon the highway. All the other English professions are at present so ungentlemanly by the conduct of those who follow them, that open robbing is the only fair resource left to a man of any principles; it is even honest, in comparison, by being undisguised.

"I wrote to you by last post, to say that you had done the handsome thing by Moore and the Memoranda. You are very good as times go, and would probably be still better but for the 'march of events' (as Napoleon called it), which won't permit any body to be better than they should be.

"Love to Gifford. Believe me, &c.

"P.S. I restore Smith's letter, his good opinion. Is the bust by *rived*?"

LETTER CCCXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, "

"Enclosed are the two acts corrected to the charges about the shipwreck. I told both you and Mr. Hobhouse, there was not a *single circumstance* from *fact*; not, indeed, from any *fact*, but all from actual facts of different most all Don Juan is *real* life, either people I knew. By the way, much of the *furniture*, in *Canto Third*, in *ly's Tripoli* (pray *note this*), and my own observation. Remember, I do not conceal this at all, and have only not in Don Juan had no preface nor name for it worth while to make this statement in my own way. I laugh at such charges: no writer ever borrowed less, or *more* his own. Much is coincident with Lady Morgan (in a *really excellent* you, on Italy), calls Venice an *ocean* the very same expression in *Foote's* know that the play was written *most*

* One of the charges of plagiarism brought by some scribblers of the day was founded on the fact observed in the first part of this *work* sought in the authentic records of real materials out of which he has worked his description in the Second Canto of Don Juan justice might the Italian author (Gulielmo right), who wrote a *Discourse* on the *M* played by Tasso in his battles, have *seen* with the sources from which he drew his *as* much justice might *Poyseur* and *pointed* out the same merit in *Hous* withheld their praise, because the *action* merit was founded must have been *derog* industry of these poets from others.

So little was Tasso ashamed of those *other* poets which are so often branded *in* his Commentary on his *Rime*, he *talked* out and avow whatever coincidences of *his* own verses.

While on this subject, I may be allowed a signal instance, where a thought that *had* distinctly in Byron's memory since his *improved* and brightened as to be, by *eye* his own. In the *Two Noble Kinsmen* Fletcher (a play to which the picture of ship, delineated in the character of *F* would be sure to draw the attention of *hood*) we find the following passage:—

Shall we two exercise, like *raiders* of
Our arms again, and feed our *piracy* *as*
Like proud *sons* united *us*."

Out of this somewhat forced simile, by position of the comparison, and by the more definite word "waves" for "sons" thought in one of the Cantos of *Childe* produced.—

"Once more upon the waters' *rest* *me*
And the waves bound beneath me,
That knows his rider."

and : the 'Italy' I received only on the 16th
 my friend, like the public, is not aware, that
 poetic simplicity is *studiously* Greek, and must
 be so : no reform ever succeeded at first.* I
 the old English dramatist ; but this is quite
 a field, and has nothing to do with theirs. I
 make a *regular* English drama, no matter
 for the stage or not, which is not my object,
 a *mental theatre*.

"Yours.

Can't accept your courteous offer.

* For Orford and for Waldegrave
 You give much more than me you gave ;
 Which is not fairly to behave,
 My Murray.

* Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
 Be worth a lion fairly sped,
 A *live lord* must be worth two dead,
 My Murray.

* And if, as the opinion goes,
 Verses with a better sale than prose—
 Certes, I should have more than those,
 My Murray.

* But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
 So, if you will, I shan't be sham'd,
 And if you won't, you may be dam'd,
 My Murray.

the matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas
 He is my trustee, and a man of honour.
 you can state all your mercantile reasons,
 you might not like to state to me personally,
 a 'heavy season'—'flat public'—'don't go off'
 'ship writes too much'—'won't take advice'—
 'popularity'—'deduction for the trade'—
 'every little'—'generally lose by him'—'pirated
 'foreign edition'—'severe criticisms,' &c.
 my hints and howls for an oration, which I
 Douglas, who is an orator, to answer.
 I can also state them more freely to a third
 as between you and me they could only
 some smart postscripts, which would not
 mutual archives.

I'm sorry for the Queen, and that's more than

LETTER CCCCXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, August 24th, 1821.

one of the 5th only yesterday, while I had let-
 the 8th from London. Doubt the post dabble
 letters? Whatever agreement you make
 Murray, if satisfactory to you, must be so to me.
 need be no scruple, because, though I used
 to baffle to myself, loving a quibble
 as the barbarian himself (Shakspeare, to
 that, like a Spartan, I would sell my life as
 as possible—(it never was my intention to turn
 pecuniary account, but to bequeath it
 and—yourself—in the event of survivorship.
 stated that period, because we happened to

a man ever rose (says Pope) to any degree of per-
 writing but through obstinacy and an inveterate
 against the stream of mankind.*

meet, and I urged you to make what was possible *now*
 by it, for reasons which are obvious. It has been
 no possible *privation* to me, and therefore does not
 require the acknowledgments you mention. So, for
 God's sake, don't consider it like * * * * *

"By the way, when you write to Lady Morgan,
 will you thank her for her handsome speeches in her
 book about my books? I do not know her address.
 Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of
 Italy—pray tell her so—and I know the country. I
 wish she had fallen in with *me* : I could have told
 her a thing or two that would have confirmed her
 positions.

"I am glad that you are satisfied with Murray,
 who seems to value *dend lords* more than live ones.
 I have just sent him the following answer to a propo-
 sition of his :—

* For Orford and for Waldegrave, &c.

"The argument of the above is, that he wanted
 to 'stint me of my sizings,' as Lear says—that is to
 say, *not* to propose an extravagant price for an
 extravagant poem, as is becoming. Pray take his
 guineas, by all means—I taught him that. He made
 me a filthy offer of *pounds* once, but I told him that,
 like physicians, poets must be dealt with in guineas,
 as being the only advantage poets could have in the
 association with *them*, as votaries of Apollo. I write
 to you in hurry and bustle, which I will expound in
 my next.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P. S. You mention something of an attorney on
 his way to me on legal business. I have had no
 warning of such an apparition. What can the
 fellow want? I have some lawsuits and business,
 but have not heard of anything to put me to the
 expense of a *travelling* lawyer. They do enough, in
 that way, at home.

"Ah, poor Queen! but perhaps it is for the best,
 if Herodotus's anecdote is to be believed

"Remember me to any friendly Angles of our mu-
 tual acquaintance. What are you doing? Here I
 have had my hands full with tyrants and their vic-
 tims. There never *was* such oppression, even in
 Ireland, scarcely!"

LETTER CCCCXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, August 31st, 1821.

"I have received the Juans, which are printed so
carelessly, especially the fifth canto, as to be dis-
 graceful to me, and not creditable to you. It really
 must be *gone over again* with the *manuscript*, the
 errors are so gross :—words added—changed—*as* as
 to make cacophony and nonsense. You have been
 careless of this poem because some of your squad
 don't approve of it ; but I tell you that it will be long
 before you see any thing half so good as poetry or
 writing. Upon what principle have you omitted the
 note on Bacon and Voltaire? and one of the conclud-
 ing stanzas sent as an addition?—because it ended, I
 suppose, with—

"And do not link two virtuous souls for life
Into that *moral centaur*, man and wife?

"Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not permit any human being to take such liberties with my writings because I am absent. I desire the omissions to be replaced (except the stanza on Semiramis)—particularly the stanza upon the Turkish marriages; and I request that the whole be carefully *gone over* with the MS.

"I never saw such stuff as is printed:—*Gulbeyaz* instead of *Gulbeyaz*, &c. Are you aware that *Gulbeyaz* is a real name, and the other nonsense? I copied the *cantos* out carefully, so that there is no excuse, as the printer read, or at least *prints*, the MS. of the plays without error.

"If you have no feeling for your own reputation, pray have some little for mine. I have read over the poem carefully, and I tell you, it is *poetry*. Your little envious knot of parson-poets may say what they please: time will show that I am not in this instance mistaken.

"Desire my friend Hobhouse to correct the press, especially of the last canto, from the manuscript as it is. It is enough to drive one out of one's reason to see the infernal torture of words from the original. For instance the line—

"And *pair* their rhymes as *Venus* yokes her doves—
is printed—

"And *praise* their rhymes, &c.

Also '*precavious*,' for '*precocious*;' and this line, stanza 133,

"And this strong extreme effect to tire no longer.

Now do turn to the manuscript and see if I ever wrote such a line: it is *not verse*.

"No wonder the poem should fail (which, however it won't, you will see) with such things allowed to creep about it. Replace what is omitted, and correct what is so shamefully misprinted, and let the poem have fair play; and I fear nothing.

"I see in the last two numbers of the Quarterly a strong itching to assail me (see the review of 'The Etonian'): let it, and see if they sha'n't have enough of it. I do not allude to Gifford, who has always been my friend, and whom I do not consider as responsible for the articles written by others.

"You will publish the plays when ready. I am in such a humour about this printing of Don Juan so inaccurately that I must close this.

"Yours.

"P.S. I presume that you have *not* lost the stanza to which I allude? It was sent afterwards: look over my letters and find it."

LETTER CCCXLVIII.*

TO MR MURRAY.

"The enclosed letter is written in bad humour, but not without provocation. However, let it (that is, the bad humour) go for little; but I must request your serious attention to the abuses of the printer,

* Written in the envelope of the preceding Letter.

which ought never to have been permitted to forget that all the fools in London (the chasers of your publications) will condemn stupidity of your printer. For instance, in to Canto Fifth, 'the *Adriatic* shore of *Urus*' instead of the *Asiatic*!! All this little to you, so fine a gentleman with your connexions; but it is serious to me, who am of miles off, and have no opportunity of myself the fool your printer makes me, of pleasure and leisure, forsooth.

"The gods prosper you, and forgive can't."

LETTER CCCXLIX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Bavenna, Septeml

"By Mr Mawman (a paymaster in which you and I are privates) I yesterday to your address, under cover one, two p containing the *Giaour*-nal, and a thing won't *all* do—even for the posthumous; extracts from it may. It is a brief and nice of a month or so—parts of it not w but sufficiently sincere. Mr Mawman will, in person or per friend, have it deliv in your Elysian fields.

"If you have got the new Juans, n there are some very gross printer's blunders in Fifth Canto,—such as 'praise'—'precarious' for 'precocious'—'Adriatic'—'case' for 'chase'—besides gifts words and syllables, which make but a rhythmus. Put the pen through the mine through *'s ears, if I were along it is, I have sent him a rattling letter, possible. Though he is publisher to the *Longitude*, he is in no danger of discom

"I am packing for Pisa—but direct here, till further notice.

"Yours eve

One of the "paper-books" mentioned as intrusted to Mr Mawman for me, contains, to the amount of nearly a hundred prose story, relating the adventures of dalusian nobleman, which had been b at Venice, in 1817. The following passage shall extract from this amusing *Fragme*

"A few hours afterwards we were friends, and a few days after she set out with my son, on a visit to her father and did not accompany her immediately, h Arragon before, but was to join the Moorish chateau within a few weeks.

"During her journey I received a letter from Donna Josepha, apprizing n fare of herself and my son. On her chateau, I received another still more pressing me, in very fond, and rather to join her immediately. As I was p out from Seville, I received a third—her father, Don Jose di Cardozo, who

in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered with equal politeness, that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post—she replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any—but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then inquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Arragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses—that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and making my way without difficulty to Don Jose di Cardoso's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and—a strait waistcoat.

"I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Arragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity—it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation.—They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads—they exhorted me—deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—went to dinner."

LETTER CCCCL.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 4th, 1831.

"By Saturday's post, I sent you a fierce and furious letter upon the subject of the printer's blunders in Don Juan. I must solicit your attention to the topic, though my wrath hath subsided into sullenness.

"Yesterday I received Mr —, a friend of yours, and because he is a friend of yours; and that's more than I would do in an *English* case, except for those whom I honour. I was as civil as I could be among packages even to the very chairs and tables, for I am going to *Pisa* in a few weeks, and have sent and am sending off my chattels. It regretted me that, my books and every thing being packed, I could not send you a few things I meant for you; but they were all sealed and bagged, so as to have made it a month's work to get at them again. I gave him

* It will be observed, from this and a few other instances, that notwithstanding the wonderful purity of English he was able to preserve in his writings, while living constantly with persons speaking a different language, he had already begun so far to feel the influence of this habit as to fall occasionally into Italianisms in his familiar letters.—"I am in the case to know"—"I have caused write"—"It regrets me," &c.

an envelope, with the Italian scrap in it,* alluded to in my Gilchrist defence. Hobhouse will make it out for you, and it will make you laugh, and him too, the *spelling* particularly. The '*Moricani*,' of whom they call me the 'Capo' (or Chief), mean 'Americans,' which is the name given in *Romagna* to a part of the Carbonari; that is to say, to the popular part, the *troops* of the Carbonari. They are originally a society of hunters in the forest, who took the name of Americans, but at present comprise some thousands, &c.; but I sha'n't let you further into the secret, which may be participated with the postmasters. Why they thought me their Chief, I know not: their Chiefs are like 'Legion, being many.' However, it is a post of more honour than profit, for, now that they are persecuted, it is fit that I should aid them; and so I have done, as far as my means would permit. They will rise again some day, for these fools of the government are blundering: they actually seem to know *nothing*, for they have arrested and banished many of their *own* party, and let others escape who are not their friends.

"What think'st thou of Greece?"

"Address to me here as usual, till you hear further from me.

"By Mawman I have sent a Journal to Moore; but it won't do for the public,—at least a great deal of it won't;—*parts* may.

"I read over the *Juans*, which are excellent. Your squad are quite wrong; and so you will find by and by. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries and climes. You say nothing of the *note* I enclosed to you,† which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it (at Madame G——'s request); but you are so grand, and sublime, and occupied, that one would think, instead of publishing for 'the Board of Longitude,' that you were trying to discover it.

"Let me hear that Gifford is *better*. He can't be spared either by you or me."

LETTER CCCCLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 12, 1831.

"By Tuesday's post, I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of Cain in three acts, of which I request the acknowledgment when arrived. To the last speech of *Eve*, in the last act (i. e. where she curses Cain), add these three lines to the concluding ones—

* An anonymous letter which he had received, threatening him with assassination.

† In this note, so highly honourable to the fair writer, she says, "Remember, my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it, so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me." In a postscript to the note she adds, "I am only sorry that Don Juan was not left in the infernal regions."—"Ricordati, mio Byron, della promessa che mi hai fatta. Non potrei mai dirti la soddisfazione ch'io ne provo! —sono tanti i sentimenti di piacere e di confidenza che il tuo sacrificio m'ispira."—"Mi rincresco solo che Don Giovanni non resti all'Inferno."

In enclosing the lady's note to Mr Murray, July 4th, Lord B. says, "This is the note of acknowledgment for the promise *not* to continue Don Juan. She says, in the postscript, that she is only sorry that D. J. does not remain in Hell (or go there)."

* May the grass wither from thy foot! the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and Heaven her God!

"There's as pretty a piece of imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don't forget the addition of the above three lines, which are cliechers to Eve's speech.

"Let me know what Gifford thinks (if the play arrives in safety); for I have a good opinion of the piece, as poetry; it is in my gay metaphysical style, and in the Manfred line.

"You must at least commend my facility and variety, when you consider what I have done within the last fifteen months, with my head, too, full of other and of mundane matters. But no doubt you will avoid saying any good of it, for fear I should raise the price upon you: that's right: stick to business. Let me know what your other ragamuffins are writing, for I suppose you don't like starting too many of your vagabonds at once. You may give them the start, for any thing I care.

"Why don't you publish my *Pulci*—the very best thing I ever wrote,—with the Italian to it? I wish I was alongside of you; nothing is ever done in a man's absence; every body runs counter, because they *can*. If ever I *do* return to England (which I sha'n't, though), I will write a poem to which 'English Bards,' &c. shall be new milk, in comparison. Your present literary world of mountebanks stands in need of such an Avatar. But I am not yet quite bilious enough: a season or two more, and a provocation or two, will wind me up to the point, and then have at the whole set!

"I have no patience with the sort of trash you send me out by way of books; except Scott's novels, and three or four other things, I never saw such work, or works. Campbell is lecturing—Moore idling—S * * twaddling—W * * driveling—C * * muddling— * * piddling—B * * quibbling, squabbling, and sniveling. * * will do, if he don't cant too much, nor imitate Southey: the fellow has pocus in him; but he is envious, and unhappy, as all the envious are. Still he is among the best of the day. B * * C * * will do better by-and-by, I dare say, if he don't get spoiled by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise-row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived in *high life*, nor in *solitude*: there is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, *quarum partes finimus*. Both of us have learnt by this much which nothing else could have taught us.

"Yours.

"P. S. I saw one of your brethren, another of the allied sovereigns of Grub-street, the other day, Mawman the Great, by whom I sent due homage to your imperial self. To-morrow's post may perhaps bring a letter from you, but you are the most ungrateful and ungracious of correspondents. But there is some excuse for you, with your perpetual

levee of politicians, parsons, scribblers
Some day I will give you a poem
them."

LETTER CCCCLII

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, Septem.

"The enclosed lines, * as you will do are written by the Rev W. L. B. * is for him to deny them if they are not.

"Believe me yours ever and most af

"P. S. Can you forgive this? It to your lines against my Italians. Of stand by my lines against all men; breaking to see such things in a perception of that unredeemed * * * ed country. Your apotheosis is now level with his welcome, and their grana is cancelled by their atrocious ad &c. &c. &c."

LETTER CCCCLIII

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, Septem.

"I am in all the sweat, dust, and universal packing of all my things, for Pisa, whither I go for the winter. I been the exile of all my fellow amongst them, of the whole family who, you know, was divorced from last week, 'on account of P. P., clerk of who is obliged to join her father and exile there, to avoid being shut up because the Pope's decree of separation to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, sake, in a convent. As I could not let, 'Get thee to a nunnery,' I am pregethem.

"It is awful work, this love, and man's projects of good or glory. I Greece lately (as every thing seems her brother, who is a very fine, have seen him put to the proof), and wild But the tears of a woman who has left for a man, and the weakness of one's paramount to these projects, and I can them.

"We were divided in choice between and Tuscany, and I gave my vote for the Mediterranean, which I love for shores which it washes, and for my year of 1809. Switzerland is a cursed selfish try of brutes, placed in the most row

* "The Irish Avatar." In this copy the tence (taken from a Letter of Cusack, is that true Irishman, by his son, is preface the Poem.—"And Ireland, like a beggar kneeling to receive the paltry silver."—*Life*, vol. II. page 336. At the end of the words.—"Signed, W. L. B. * M. A., is a view to a Bishoprick."

never could bear the inhabitants, and English visitors; for which reason, after information about houses, upon hearing was a colony of English all over the lava, &c., I immediately gave up the persuaded the Gambas to do the same. At I sent you 'the Irish Avatar,'—what the last line—a name never spoke but 'jeers'—must run either 'a name only curses or jeers,' or, 'a wretch never Oh curses or jeers.' Because as *how*, grammar, except in the House of Commons, doubt whether we can say 'a name mentioned. I have some doubts, too,—"and for murder repay with a shout Should it not be, 'and for murder repay is and a smile,' or 'reward him with smile?'

out your poetical pen through the MS., least bad of the emendations. Also, if further breaking of Priscian's head, will master? I wrote in the greatest hurry sent it you the day after; so, doubtless, some awful constructions, and a rather option of rhythmus.

next to what Anna Seward calls 'the transcript,'—when complaining of Miss Weston, the accomplished daughter of a Worcester Cathedral, who had abused 'ity of transcript,' by inserting in the my, Miss Seward's 'Elegy on the South own production, with her own signature after having taken a copy, by per- authors—with regard, I say, to the transcript.' I by no means oppose an occa- the benevolent few, provided it does into such licentiousness of Verb and tend to 'disparage my parts of speech' mess of the transcribblers.

think that there is much danger of the being abused' upon the occasion, if of journals have any regard for their erty of person. It is as pretty a piece ever put publisher in the way to 'Bo- fore, if *they* meddle with it, it is at As for myself, I will answer any jontle- I by no means recognise a 'right of an unpublished production and una-

The same applies to things published I hope you like, at least, the conclud- *Pome?*

you doing, and where are you? in Eng- Murray—nail him to his own counter, at the thirteens. Since I wrote to you, him another tragedy—'Cain' by name in MS. now in his hands, or in the is in the Manfred, metaphysical style, the Titanic declaration;—Lucifer being pun. pers., who takes Cain a voyage to, and, afterwards, to 'Hades,' where the phantoms of a former world, and I have gone upon the notion of Cuvier, has been destroyed three or four times, visited by mammoths, behemoths, and not by man till the Mosaic period, as sed by the strata of bones found;—

those of all unknown animals, and known, being dug out, but none of mankind. I have, therefore, supposed Cain to be shown, in the *rational* Pre-adamites, beings endowed with a higher intelligence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and with much greater strength of mind and person. You may suppose the small talk which takes place between him and Lucifer upon these matters is not quite canonical.

"The consequence is, that Cain comes back and kills Abel in a fit of dissatisfaction, partly with the politics of Paradise, which had driven them all out of it, and partly because (as it is written in Genesis) Abel's sacrifice was the more acceptable to the Deity. I trust that the Rhapsody has arrived—it is in three acts, and entitled 'A Mystery,' according to the former Christian custom, and in honour of what it probably will remain to the reader.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCCLIV.

TO MR MOORE.

* September 20th, 1821.

"After the stanza on Gratian, concluding with 'His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied,' will it please you to cause insert the following 'Addenda,' which I dreamed of during to-day's Siesta:

* Ever glorious Gratian! &c., &c., &c.

I will tell you what to do. Get me twenty copies of the whole carefully and privately printed off, as *your* lines were on the Naples affair. Send me six, and distribute the rest according to your own pleasure.

"I am in a fine vein, 'so full of pastime and prodigality!'"—So, here's to your health in a glass of grog. Pray write, that I may know by return of post—address to me at Pisa. The gods give you joy!

"Where are you? in Paris? Let us hear. You will take care that there be no printer's name, nor author's, as in the Naples stanzas, at least for the present."

LETTER CCCCLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Ravenna, September 20th, 1821.

"You need not send 'the Blues,' which is a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication."

"The papers to which I allude, in case of survivorship, are collections of letters, &c. since I was sixteen years old, contained in the trunks in the care of Mr Hobhouse. This collection is at least doubled by those I have now here, all received since my last ostracism. To these I should wish the editor to have access, *not* for the purpose of *abusing confidences*, nor of *hurting* the feelings of correspondents living, nor the memories of the dead; but there are things which would do neither, that I have left unnoticed or unexplained, and which like all such things time only can permit to be noticed or explained, though some are to my credit. The task will of course require delicacy; but that will not be wanting, if Moore and Hobhouse survive me, and, I may add,

* This short outline, which is wholly unworthy of his pen, appeared afterwards in the *Liberal*.

yourself; and that you may all three do so is, I assure you, my very sincere wish. I am not sure that long life is desirable for one of my temper, and constitutional depression of spirits, which of course I suppress in society; but which breaks out when alone, and in my writings, in spite of myself. It has been deepened, perhaps, by some long-past events (I do not allude to my marriage, &c.—on the contrary, *that* raised them by the persecution giving a fillip to my spirits); but I call it constitutional, as I have reason to think it. You know, or you do not know, that my maternal grandfather (a very clever man, and amiable, I am told) was strongly suspected of suicide (he was found drowned in the Avon at Bath) and that another very near relative of the same branch took poison, and was merely saved by antidotes. For the first of these events there was no apparent cause, as he was rich, respected, and of considerable intellectual resources, hardly forty years of age, and not at all addicted to any unhinging vice. It was, however, but a strong suspicion, owing to the manner of his death and his melancholy temper. The *second* had a cause, but it does not become me to touch upon it: it happened when I was far too young to be aware of it, and I never heard of it till after the death of that relative, many years afterwards. I think, then, that I may call this dejection *constitutional*. I had always been told that I resembled more my maternal grandfather than any of my *father's* family—that is, in the gloomier part of his temper, for he was what you call a good-natured man, and I am not.

The Journal here I sent to Moore the other day; but as it is a mere diary, only *parts* of it would ever do for publication. The other Journal of the Tour in 1816, I should think Augusta might let you have a copy of.

I am much mortified that Gifford don't take to my new dramas. To be sure, they are as opposite to the English drama as one thing can be to another; but I have a notion that, if understood, they will in time find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader. The simplicity of plot is intentional, and the avoidance of *rant* also, as also the compression of the speeches in the more severe situations. What I seek to show in 'the Foscari' is the *suppressed* passions, rather than the rant of the present day. For that matter—

'Nay, if thou 'lt month,
I 'll rant as well as thou—'

would not be difficult, as I think I have shown in my younger productions,—*not dramatic* ones, to be sure. But, as I said before, I am mortified that Gifford don't like them; but I see no remedy, our notions on that subject being so different. How is he?—well, I hope? let me know. I regret his demur the more that he has been always my grand patron, and I know no praise which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure. I do not mind *Reviews*, as I can work them at their own weapons.

"Yours, &c."

"Address to me at Pisa, whither I am going. The reason is, that all my Italian friends here have been exiled, and are met there for the present, and I go to join them, as agreed upon, for the winter."

LETTER CCCLVI

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Sept. 1817."

"I have been thinking over our late conversation and wish to propose to you the following for our future:

"1stly. That you shall write to me of the health, wealth, and welfare of all *me* (*quoad me*) little or nothing.

"2dly. That you shall send me no tooth-powder, tooth-brushes, or any other talcic or chemical articles, as heretofore, upon being reimbursed for the same.

"3dly. That you shall not send me *new* publications, *whatsoever*, save and excepting any or verse, of (or reasonably presumed to be) Scott, Crabbe, Moore, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, Irving (the American), (Isle of Palms man), or any especial fancy which is thought to be of some *Voyages and Travels*, provided that *in Greece, Spain, Asia Minor, Albania* will be welcome. Having travelled, mentioned, I know that what is said convey nothing farther which I desire of them.—No other English works *whatsoever*.

"4thly. That you send me no *poetry* whatsoever—no Edinburgh, Quarterly, any review, magazine, or newspaper foreign, of any description.

"5thly. That you send me no opinions either *good, bad, or indifferent*, of your friends, or others, concerning any work mine, past, present, or to come.

"6thly. That all negotiations in matters between you and me pass through the medium of Douglas Kinnsaird, my friend at Mr Hobhouse, as 'Alter ego,' and myself during my absence—or presence.

"Some of these propositions may seem strange, but they are founded. The *good* I have received as books is incalculable; I am amused nor instructed. Reviews and *at the best* but ephemeral and superficial *who thinks of the grand article of last given Review?* In the next place, *myself*, they tend to increase *egotism*. I do not deny that the praise *glazes*, available, that the abuse *irritates*. The *induct* me to inflict a species of satire, neither do good to you nor to your friends smile nose, and so may you; but if I *in hand*, it would not be difficult to *enough*. I did as much by as power: nineteen years old, and I know little *and-thirty*, which should present me *for your ribs gridrons for your hearts*, if a propensity: but it is *not*; therefore *less* of your provocations. If any thing *grows* as to require my notice, I shall *my legal friends*. For the rest, I must be left in ignorance.

applies to opinions, good, bad, or impertinent in conversation or correspondence; do not interrupt, but they soil the mind. I am sensitive enough, but not bludgeoned; and here I am beyond the touch of literary England, except the few polypus that crawl over the channels in direct.

precautions in England would be useless or the flatterer would there reach me; but in Italy we know little of literary I think less, except what reaches us garbled and brief extract in some mile. For two years (excepting two or cut out and sent to you by the post) I newspaper which was not forced upon accident, and know, upon the whole, as well as you do of Italy, and God knows enough, with all your travels, &c. &c. &c. travellers know Italy as you know how much is that?

ing occurs so violently gross or personal vice, Mr Douglas Kinnaird will let me praise, I desire to hear nothing. say, 'to what tends all this?' I will—to keep my mind free and unbiassed and personal irritabilities of praise or my genius take its natural direction, are like the dead, who know nothing of all or ought that is said or done in

un observe these conditions, you will and others some pain: let me not be to rise up, for if I do, it will not be for can not observe these conditions, we be correspondents,—but not friends, say be yours ever and truly,

"BYRON."

ve taken these resolutions not from any set you or yours, but simply upon reading, either praise or censure, of me harm. When I was in Switzerland, I was out of the way of hearing or I wrote there!—In Italy I am out too; but latterly, partly through my through your kindness in wishing to read and most periodical publications, crowd of Reviews, &c. thrust upon me, ed me with their jargon, of one kind or less off my attention from greater observe also sent me a parcel of trash of reason that I can conceive, unless to write a new 'English Bard.' Now avoid; for if ever I do, it will be a on; and I desire peace as long as the their nonsense out of my way."

difficult to describe more strongly or more. Lord Byron has done in this letter the the most, obstructive and distractions not thrown across the path of men of real arms of nature critics and pretenders with a vast as other professions has crowded literature. Nor is it only the writers of or from the multifarious rush into the is also, from having in Lord Byron every letter, "the superfluous of too many a them at once," came to lose by degrees

LETTER CCCCLVII.

TO MR MOORE.

"September 27th, 1821.

"It was not Murray's fault. I did not send the MS. overture, but I send it now,* and it may be restored;—or, at any rate, you may keep the original, and give any copies you please. I send it, as written, and as I read it to you—I have no other copy.

"By last week's two posts, in two packets, I sent to your address, at Paris, a longish poem upon the late Irishism of your countrymen in their reception of * * *. Pray, have you received it? It is in 'the high Roman fashion,' and full of ferocious phantasy. As you could not well take up the matter with Paddy (being of the same nest), I have;—but I hope still that I have done justice to his great men and his good heart. As for * * *, you will find it laid on with a trowel. I delight in your 'fact historical'—is it a fact?

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. You have not answered me about Schlegel—why not? Address to me at Pisa, whither I am going, to join the exiles—a pretty numerous body, at present. Let me hear how you are, and what you mean to do. Is there no chance of your reconnoitring the Alps? If the G. Rex marries again, let him not want an Epithalamium—suppose a joint concern of you and me, like Sternhold and Hopkins?"

LETTER CCCCLVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"September 28th, 1821.

"I add another cover to request you to ask Moore to obtain (if possible) my letters to the late Lady Melbourne from Lady Cowper. They are very numerous, and ought to have been restored long ago, as I was ready to give back Lady Melbourne's in exchange. These latter are in Mr Hobhouse's custody with my other papers, and shall be punctually restored if required. I did not choose before to apply to Lady Cowper, as her mother's death naturally kept me from intruding upon her feelings at the time of its occurrence. Some years have now elapsed, and it is essential that I should have my own epistles. They are essential as confirming that part of the 'Memoranda' which refers to the two periods 1812 and 1814, when my marriage with her niece was in contemplation, and will tend to show what my real views and feelings were upon that subject.

"You need not be alarmed; the fourteen years,

their powers of discrimination: and, in the same manner as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the improvements to which it is exposed multiply.

* The lines "Oh Wellington," which I had misread in their original place at the opening of the Third Canto, and took for granted that they had been suppressed by the publisher.

* Eliza here adverted to a passing remark, in one of Mr Murray's letters, that, as his working "Memoranda" were not to be published in his lifetime, the same now sent for the work, &c. &c. would most probably, upon a reasonable calculation of surer, wrap, amount ultimately to no less than £2000.

will hardly elapse without some mortality amongst us: it is a long lease of life to speculate upon. So your calculation will not be in so much peril, as the 'argosie' will sink before that time, and 'the pound of flesh' be withered previously to your being so long out of a return.

"I also wish to give you a hint or two (as you have really behaved very handsomely to Moore in the business, and are a fine fellow in your line) for your advantage. If by your own management you can extract any of my epistles from Lady —, (* * * * *), they might be of use in your collection (sinking of course the names and all such circumstances as might hurt living feelings, or those of survivors); they treat of more topics than love occasionally.

* * * * *

"I will tell you who may happen to have some letters of mine in their possession: Lord Powerscourt, some to his late brother; Mr. Long of—(I forget his place)—but the father of Edward Long of the Guards, who was drowned in going to Lisbon early in 1809; Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, Notts (she may be *Mistress* by this time, for she had a year or two more than I): they were not love-letters, so that you might have them without scruple. There are, or might be, some to the late Rev. J. C. Tattersall, in the hands of his brother (half-brother) Mr. Wheatley, who resides near Canterbury, I think. There are some of Charles Gordon, now of Dulwich; and some few to Mrs. Chaworth; but these latter are probably destroyed or inaccessible.

* * * * *

"I mention these people and particulars merely as chances. Most of them have probably destroyed the letters, which in fact are of little import, many of them written when very young, and several at school and college.

"Peel (the *second* brother of the Secretary) was a correspondent of mine, and also Porter, the son of the Bishop of Clogher; Lord Clare a very voluminous one; William Harness (a friend of Milman's) another; Charles Drummond (son of the banker); William Bankes (the voyager), your friend; R. C. Dallas, Esq.; Hodgson; Henry Drury; Hobbhouse you were already aware of.

"I have gone through this long list* of

* To all the persons upon this list who were accessible, application has, of course, been made,—with what success it is in the reader's power to judge from the communications that have been laid before him. Among the companions of the poet's boyhood there are (as I have already had occasion to mention and regret) but few traces of his youthful correspondence to be found; and of all those who knew him at that period, his fair Southwell correspondent alone seems to have been sufficiently endowed with the gift of second sight to anticipate the Byron of a future day, and foresee the compound interest that Time and Fame would accumulate on every precious scrap of the young bard which she hoarded. On the whole, however, it is not unsatisfactory to be able to state that, with the exception of a very small minority (only one of whom is possessed of any papers of much importance), every distinguished associate and intimate of the noble poet, from the very outset to the close of his extraordinary career, have come forward cordially to communicate whatever memorials they possessed of him,—trusting, as I am willing to flatter myself, that they confided these treasures to one, who, if not able to do full justice to the memory of their common friend, would, at least, not willingly suffer it to be dishonoured in his hands.

* The cold, the faithless, and the dead

because I know that, like 'the curious in you are a researcher of such things.

"Besides these, there are other occasional literary men and so forth, complimenter, &c. not worth much more than the rest. some hundreds, too, of Italian notes of mine with a noble contempt of the grammar and in very English Etruscan; for I *speak* I fluently, but write it carelessly and incoherent degree."

LETTER CCCLIX.

TO MR. MOORE.

"September

"I send you two rough things, prose not much in themselves, but which will tell them, the state of the country, and the of friend's mind, when they were written. them were sent to the person concerned, I see, by the style of them, that they were in am in signing myself

"Yours ever and t

Of the two enclosures, mentioned in the note, one was a letter intended to be sent on, relative to his money invested in the which the following are extracts.

"Ravenna, March

"I have received your message, through letter, about English security, &c. &c. It rate (and true, even), that *such* is to be I not that I shall find it. Mr. * * *, for his and purposes, will thwart all such attempts accomplished his own, viz. to make me lend to some client of his choosing.

"At this distance—after this absence, a utter ignorance of affairs and business—wiper and impatience, I have neither the me mind to resist * * * * * This funds as I do, and wishing to secure a rever sister and her children, I should jump at dients.

"What I told you is come to pass—the war is declared. Your funds will fall, and in consequence ruined. That's nothing blood relations will be so. You and you provided for. Live and prosper—I wish both. Live and prosper—you have the think but of my real kin and kindred, w the victims of this accursed bubble.

"You neither know nor dream of the of this war. It is a war of *men* with mo will s; read like a spark on the dry, rank vegetable desert. What it is with you English, you do not know, for ye sleep. with us here, I know, for it is before, a and within us.

"Judge of my detestation of England that it inherits, when I avoid returning to try at a time when not only my pecuniary

be, even my personal security, require it. No more, for all letters are opened. A girl decide upon what is to be done here, will learn it without being more troubled by correspondence. Whatever happens, it is little, so the cause is forwarded. It is more to say to you on the score of affairs, dear subject."

The enclosure in the note consisted of some lines by him, December 10th, 1820, on seeing a paragraph in a newspaper. "Lady Byron the lady patroness at the annual given at the Town Hall at Hinckley, Leicestershire, and Sir G. Crewe, Bart. the principal These verses are full of strong and interesting,—every stanza concluding pointedly with 'Charity Ball,'—and the thought comes through the whole may be collected from the opening lines:—

As the pang of a husband and father,
To exile he great or be small,
Her glories around her she gather,
Saint patronizes her 'Charity Ball.'

—a heart, which though faulty was feeling,
To excesses which once could appal—
Never should suffer is only fair dealing,
But keeps her charity back for 'the Ball.' &c.

LETTER CCCCLX.

TO MR MOORE.

* September—no—October 1, 1821.

Written to you lately, both in prose and at length, to Paris and London. I prefer Moore, or whoever is your Paris depository, my packets to you in London. Setting off for Pisa, if a slight incipient fever do not prevent me. I fear it is enough to give Murray much chance of a thirteenth again. I hardly should regret provided you raised your price upon him. Lady Holderness (my sister's grandmother, whom used to call Augusta, her *Residence* used to provide for us all; my bones with and larmoyante edition, and you with double-extractable during my lifetime. I have a strong presentiment that (bating some way accident) you will survive me. The eight years, or whatever it is, between nothing. I do not feel (nor am, indeed, feel) the principle of life in me tend to My father and mother died, the one at six, and the other at forty-five; and ph. or somebody else, says that nobody without having one parent, at least, an old

to be sure, like to see out my eternal now, not so much for her heritage, but from antipathy. But the indulgence of this is too much to expect from the Providence over old women. I bore you with it lives, because it has been put in my way of insurance which Murray has sent

me. I really think you should have more, if I evaporate within a reasonable time.

"I wonder if my 'Cain' has got safe to England. I have written since about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft—it is as old as the hills in Italy) called 'The Vision of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,' with this motto—

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel:
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

"In this it is my intent to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Post Laureate for his preface and his other demerits.

"I am just got to the pass where Saint Peter, hearing that the royal defunct had opposed Catholic Emancipation, rises up and, interrupting Satan's oration, declares he will change places with Cerberus sooner than let him into heaven, while he has the keys thereof.

"I must go and ride, though rather feverish and chilly. It is the ague season; but the agues do me rather good than harm. The feel after the fit is as if one had got rid of one's body for good and all.

"The gods go with you!—Address to Pisa.

"Ever yours.

"P. S. Since I came back I feel better, though I staid out too late for this malarin season, under the thin crescent of a very young moon, and got off my horse to walk in an avenue with a Signora for an hour. I thought of you and

'When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest.'

But it was not in a romantic mood, as I should have been once; and yet it was a new woman (that is, new to me), and, of course, expected to be made love to. But I merely made a few common-place speeches. I feel as your poor friend Curran said, before his death, 'a mountain of lead upon my heart,' which I believe to be constitutional, and that nothing will remove it but the same remedy."

LETTER CCCCLXI.

TO MR MOORE

* October 6th, 1821.

"By this post I have sent my nightmare to balance the incubus of * * * impudent anticipation of the Apotheosis of George the Third. I should like you to take a look over it, as I think there are two or three things in it which might please 'our pair hill folk.'

"By the last two or three posts I have written to you at length. My ague bows to me every two or three days, but we are not as yet upon intimate speaking terms. I have an intermittent generally every two years, when the climate is favourable (as it is here), but it does me no harm. What I find worse, and cannot get rid of, is the growing depression of my spirits, without sufficient cause. I ride—I am not intemperate in eating or drinking—and my general health is as usual, except a slight ague, which rather

does good than not. It must be constitutional; for I know nothing more than usual to depress me to that degree.

"How do you manage? I think you told me, at Venice, that your spirits did not keep up without a little claret. I *can* drink, and bear a good deal of wine (as you may recollect in England); but it don't exhilarate—it makes me savage and suspicious, and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar effect; but I can take much of it without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of *salts*—I mean in the afternoon, after their effect." But one can't take *them* like champagne.

"Excuse this old woman's letter; but my *lemania* don't depend upon health, for is it just the same, well or ill, or here or there.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCCLXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, October 9th, 1821.

"You will please to present or convey the enclosed poem to Mr Moore. I sent him another copy to Paris; but he has probably left that city.

"Don't forget to send me my first set of 'Werner' (if Hobhouse can find it amongst my papers—send it by the post (to Pisa); and also cut out Sophia Lee's 'German's Tale' from the 'Canterbury Tales,' and send it in a letter also. I began that tragedy in 1816.

"By the way, you have a good deal of my prose tracts in MS. Let me have proofs of them *all* again—I mean the controversial ones, including the last two or three years of time. Another question!—The Epistle of St Paul, which I translated from the Armenian, for what reason have you kept it back, though you published that stuff which gave rise to the 'Vampire'? Is it because you are afraid to print any thing in opposition to the cant of the Quarterly about Manicheism? Let me have a proof of that Epistle directly. I am a better Christian than those parsons of yours, though not paid for being so.

"Send—Faber's Treatise on the Cabiri.

"Sainte Croix's *Mystères du Paganisme* (scarce, perhaps, but to be found, as Mitford refers to his work frequently).

"A common Bible, of a good legible print (bound in russia). I *have* one; but as it was the last gift of my sister (whom I shall probably never see again), I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, because I like to keep it in good order. Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those

* It was, no doubt, from a similar experience of its effects that Dryden always took physic, when about to write any thing of importance. His caricature, Bayes, is accordingly made to say, "When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood: for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part;—in short," &c., &c.

On this subject of the effects of medicine upon the mind and spirits, some curious facts and illustrations have been, with his usual research, collected by Mr d'Israeli, in his amusing 'Curiosities of Literature.'

books, and had read them through and fore I was eight years old,—that is to Testament, for the New struck me as a other as a pleasure. I speak as a & recollected impression of that period at 1796.

"Any novels of Scott, or poetry (Ditto of Crabbe, Moore, and the Elect: your curst common-place trash,—unk starts up of actual merit, which may ver 'tis time it should."

LETTER CCCCLXIII

TO MR MURRAY.

"Octo

"If the errors *are* in the MS. writ ass: they are *not*, and I am content to penalty if they be. Besides, the *omitt* but one or two), sent *afterwards*, wa MS. too?

"As to 'honour,' I will trust no m affairs of barter. I will tell you why: gain is Hobbes's 'state of nature—a It is so with all men. If I come to a fri 'Friend, lend me five hundred pound does it, or says that he can't or won't; to ditto, and say, 'Ditto, I have 'an en orhorse, or carriage, or MSS., or books, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.,' honestly worth a the you shall have them for five hundred,' w say? why he looks at them, he *hums*, *humbugs*, if he can, to get a bargain as can, because *it is* a bargain.—This is and bone of mankind; and the same m lend another a thousand pounds w'd would not buy a horse of him for half i could help it. It is so: there's no de therefore I will have as much as I can, give as little; and there's an end. All sical rascals, and I am only sorry that dog, I can't bite them.

"I am filling another book for you w dotes, to my own knowledge, or well as Sheridan, Curran, &c. and such other I recollect to have been acquainted wi most of them more or less. I will do prevent your losing by my obsequies.

"Yours.

LETTER CCCCLXIV

TO MR ROGERS.

"Ravenna, Octo

"I shall be (the gods willing) in Bol day next. This is a curious answer t but I have taken a house in Pisa for which all my chattels, furniture, hor and live stock are already removed, and ing to follow.

"The cause of this removal is, short proscription of all my friends' relations here into Tuscany, on account of our la-

o, I accompany them. I merely re-
w to settle some arrangements about
and to give time for my furniture, &c.
I have not here a seat or a bed hard-
ne jury chairs, and tables, and a mat-
week to come.

I go on with me to Pisa, I can lodge you
you like (they write that the house, the
anchi, is spacious: it is on the Arno);
r carriages, and as many saddle horses
are in these parts), with all other con-
our command, as also their owner. If
this, we may, at least, cross the Apen-
or if you are going by another road, we
Bologna, I hope. I address this to the
you desire), and you will probably find
Bergo di San Marco. If you arrive
come up, which will be (barring acci-
day or Sunday at farthest.

you are alone in your voyages. Moore
incey, according to my latest advices
ates.

than a lustre (five years and six months
a, more or less) since we met; and, like
Fadester in the fable ('Love laughs at
whose acquaintances, including the cat,
'who caught a halfpenny in his mouth,'
dead,' but too many of our acquaint-
ken the same path. Lady Melbourne,
idan, Curran, &c. &c. almost every
name of the old school. But 'so am
a foolish fat scullion,' therefore let us
of our remainder.

and two lines from you at 'the hostel or

"Yours ever, &c.

"B."

BETTER CCCCLXV.

TO MR MOORE.

* Ravenna, Oct. 24th, 1821.

middle of night by the castle clock,' and
more I have to set out on my way to
up all night to be sure of rising. I have
can take off my bed-clothes—blankets
case of temptation from the apparel of
spells.

to go is—or is to be—at Bologna, as
a Venice.

our Magnifico would 'pound you,' if
is trying to 'pound' me, too; but I'll
me—or, at least, I'll have the odd shil-
in keen ambies.

robation of 'Sardanapalus' is agreeable,
ons than one. Hobhouse is pleased to
be of it, and so do some others—but the
whom, like 'a Gryphon in the wilder-
fellow for his gold.' (as I exhorted you
did or both disparage it—'stinting me

His notable opinions on the 'Foscari'
hath not as yet forwarded; or, at least,
received them, nor the proofs thereof,
and by last post.

way that he and his Quarterly people

are tending—they want a *roue* with me, and they
shall have it. I only regret that I am not in England
for the *nonce*; as, here, it is hardly fair ground for
me, isolated and out of the way of prompt rejoinder
and information as I am. But, though backed by all
the corruption, and infamy, and patronage of their
master rogues and slave renegadoes, if they do once
rouse me up,

'They had better gall the devil, Salisbury.'

"I have that for two or three of them, which they
had better not move me to put in motion;—and yet,
after all, what a fool I am to disquiet myself about such
fellows! It was all very well ten or twelve years ago,
when I was a 'curled darling,' and *ruined* such
things. At present, I *rate* them at their true value;
but, from natural temper and bile, am not able to
keep quiet.

"Let me hear from you on your return from Ire-
land, which ought to be ashamed to see you, after her
Brunswick blarney. I am of Longman's opinion,
that you should allow your friends to liquidate the
Bernuda claim. Why should you throw away the
two thousand pounds (of the *non-guinea* Murray)
upon that cursed piece of treacherous inveiglement?
I think you carry the matter a little too far and scrup-
ulously. When we see patriots begging publicly,
and know that Grattan received a fortune from his
country, I really do not see why a man, in no whit in-
ferior to any or all of them, should shrink from accept-
ing that assistance from his private friends, which
every tradesman receives from his connexions upon
much less occasions. For, after all, it was not *your*
debt—it was a piece of swindling *against* you. As
to * * * *, and the 'what noble creatures!' &c.
&c., it is all very fine and very well, but, till you can
persuade me that there is *no credit*, and *no self-ap-
plause* to be obtained by being of use to a celebrated
man, I must retain the same opinion of the human
species, which I do of our friend M^e Specie."

In the month of August, Madame Guiccioli had
joined her father at Pisa, and was now superintending
the preparations at the Casa Lanfranchi,—one of the
most ancient and spacious palaces of that city,—for
the reception of her noble lover. "He left Ravenna,"
says this lady, "with great regret, and with a
presentiment that his departure would be the
forerunner of a thousand evils to us. In every letter
he then wrote to me, he expressed his displeasure at
this step. 'If your father should be recalled,' he
said, 'I immediately return to Ravenna; and if he
is recalled *previous* to my departure, I remain.'
In this hope he delayed his journey for several months;
but at last, no longer having any expectation of our
immediate return, he wrote to me, saying—'I set out
most unwillingly, foreseeing the most evil results for
all of you, and principally for yourself. I say no
more, but you will see.' And in another letter he
says: 'I leave Ravenna so unwillingly, and with such
a persuasion on my mind that my departure will lead

* I had mentioned to him, with all the praise and gra-
titude such friendship deserved, some generous offers of aid
which, from more than one quarter, I had received at this
period, and which, though declined, have been not the less
warmly treasured in my recollection.

from one misery to another, each greater than the former, that I have not the heart to utter another word on the subject.* He always wrote to me at that time in Italian, and I transcribe his exact words. How entirely were these presentiments verified by the event!†

After describing his mode of life while at Ravenna, the lady thus proceeds:—

"This sort of simple life he led until the fatal day of his departure for Greece, and the few variations he made from it may be said to have arisen solely from the greater or smaller number of occasions which were offered him of doing good, and from the generous actions he was continually performing. Many families (in Ravenna principally) owed to him the few prosperous days they ever enjoyed. His arrival in that town was spoken of as a piece of public good fortune, and his departure as a public calamity; and this is the life which many attempted to asperse as that of a libertine. But the world must at last learn how, with so good and generous a heart, Lord Byron, susceptible, it is true, of the most energetic passions, yet, at the same time, of the sublimest and most pure, and rendering homage in his *acts* to every virtue—how he, I say, could afford such scope to malice and to calumny. Circumstances, and also, probably, an eccentricity of disposition (which, nevertheless, had its origin in a virtuous feeling, an excessive abhorrence for hypocrisy and affectation), contributed perhaps to cloud the splendour of his exalted nature in the opinion of many. But you will well know how to analyse these contradictions in a manner worthy of your noble friend and of yourself, and you will prove that the goodness of his heart was not inferior to the grandeur of his genius."‡

At Bologna, according to the appointment made between them, Lord Byron and Mr. Rogers met; and the record which this latter gentleman has, in his Poem on Italy, preserved of their meeting conveys so vivid a picture of the poet at this period, with, at the same time, so just and feeling a tribute to his memory, that, narrowed as my limits are now becoming, I cannot refrain from giving the sketch entire.

* BOLOGNA.

"'Twas night; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale

* Egli era partito con molto rincrescimento da Ravenna, e col presentimento che la sua partenza da Ravenna ci sarebbe cagione di molti mali. In ogni lettera che egli mi scriveva allora egli mi esprimeva il suo dispiacere di lasciare Ravenna. "Se papa è richiamato (mi scriveva egli) io torno in quel istante a Ravenna, e se è richiamato prima della mia partenza io non parto." In questa speranza egli differì vari mesi a partire. Ma, finalmente, non potendo più sperare il nostro ritorno prossimo, egli mi scriveva—"Io parto molto mal volentieri prevedendo dei mali assai grandi per voi altri e massime per voi; altro non dico,—lo vedrete." E in un'altra lettera, "Io lascio Ravenna così mal volentieri, e così persuaso che la mia partenza non può che condurre da un male ad un altro più grande che non ho cuore di scrivere altro in questo punto." Egli mi scriveva allora sempre in Italiano e trascrive le sue precise parole—ma come quei suoi presentimenti si verificarono poi lo appreso! "

† The leaf that contains the original of this extract I have unluckily mislaid.

Came, and all stood breathless with hope
Sent round his cap, and he who thronged
And sang, with pleading look and passion
Melting the passenger. Ten thousand
So well pourtrayed, and by a son of them
Whose voice had swelled the hubbub
Were hush'd, but a silence in the din
The squares, when hark, the clattering of
And soon a courier, posting as from hell,
Housing and holster, boot and belt on
And doublet, starr'd with many a scar,
Stopt and alighted. 'Twas where he stood
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim, welcome
All who arrive there, all perhaps as he
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop
Those on a pilgrimage, and now upon
Wheels, through the lofty portals, rise
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they go
And, ere the man had half his story told,
Mine host received the Master—some big
To sojourn among strangers, ever true
(Go where he would, along the world's way)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius, on the
Observed, nor shunn'd the busy scene,
But mingled not; and mid the din, they
Lived as a separate Spirit.

Much told

Since last we parted, and three Ave
Much had they told: His clustering hair
Gray—not did aught recall the Youth
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his eyes
Still it was sweet still from his eyes
Flashed lightning-like, nor linger'd
Waiting for words. Far, far into the
We sat, conversing—no unwelcome
The hour we met: and, when Aurora
Rising, we climb'd the rugged Ascent
Well I remember how the golden sun
Fill'd with its beams the unfathomable
As on we travell'd, and along the shade
'Mid groves of cork and cistus, and the
His motley household came—Not late
Battista, who upon the moonlight
Of Venice had so ably, zealously
Served, and at parting thrown his coat
To follow through the world: who
Had worn so long that honourable
The gondolier's, in a Patrician Home
Arguing unlimited trust—Not last
Then, though declining in the twilight
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and e'er
The silent, sullen strand of Misos
Howling in grief.

He had just left

Of old renown, once in the ADRIAN
RAVENNA; where from DANTE'S
He had so oft, as many a verse declaim'd
Drawn inspiration: where, at twilight
Through the pine-forest wandering
Wandering and lost, he had so oft
(What is not visible to a poet's eye)
The spectre-knight, the hell hound,
The chase, the slaughter, and the
Suddenly blasted. 'Twas a theme
But others claim'd their turn, and
Shutter'd, uprooted from its native
Its strength the pride of some hero

* See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn from the mouths of the poor wretched
racci. He was of very humble origin: his
brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait
the tailor, threading his needle.

† The principal gondolier, the saint of the
most always in the confidence of his
played on occasions that required judgment.

‡ "Adrianum mare—Cicero."

§ See the Prophecy of Dante.

** See the tale as told by Boccaccio.

vanish'd (many a sturdy steer
 yoked, while, as in happier days,
 spirit forth. The past forgot,
 went. Not a cloud obscured
 fare.

He is now at rest;
 all blame fall on his car alike,
 wath. Yes, BYRON, thou art gone,
 ar that through the firmament
 foot, in its eccentric course
 piecing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
 noble—noble in its scorn
 low or little, nothing there
 ric. If imagined wrongs
 urging thee sometimes to do
 gretted, oft, as many know,
 an I, thy gratitude would build
 elations. and, if in thy life
 thy death thou surely wert,
 mply'd, dying in the land
 mag mind had caught ethereal fire,
 ere, and in a cause so glorious!
 ruin—ah, little did they think,
 went, that they so soon should all
 hile thee, while a Nation mourn'd,
 festal for her funeral song:
 soon should hear the minute-gun,
 beam'd on what remain'd of thee,
 sea, the mountains, numbering
 joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone;
 would assail thee in thy grave,
 quae! For who among us all,
 wert—even from thine earliest years,
 wing, yet unspoilt, a highland boy—
 wert, and with thy soul of flame;
 tho' yet the down was on thy cheek,
 waving, and to lips like thine,
 I cup—ah, who among us all
 had not err'd as much, and more?

At Bologna he had met with his early
 friend, Lord Clare, and the following de-
 scriptive interview is given in his "De-
 scriptions."

Pisa, November 5th, 1821.

A strange coincidence sometimes in the
 old world, Sancho," says Sterne in a
 letter (not), and so I have often found it.
 Article 91. of this collection, I had al-
 ready Lord Clare in terms such as my
 friend. About a week or two afterwards,
 on road between Imola and Bologna,
 I met for seven or eight years. He
 1814, and came home just as I set

myself annihilated for a moment all the
 of the present time and the days of Har-
 rington, a new and inexplicable feeling, like
 a grave, to me. Clare too was much
 in appearance than was myself; for
 heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless,
 the pulse of my own which made me
 told me that I should find a note from
 Bologna. I did. We were obliged to
 frequent journeys, he for Rome, I for
 the promise to meet again in spring.
 a few minutes together, and on the public
 ally recollect an hour of my existence
 so weighed against them. He had
 no coming on, and had left his letter
 for the traveller's carriage at the foot

for me at Bologna, because the people with whom
 he was travelling could not wait longer.

"Of all I have ever known, he has always been
 the least altered in every thing from the excellent
 qualities and kind affections which attached me to
 him so strongly at school. I should hardly have
 thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is
 called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of
 bad passions.

"I do not speak from personal experience only,
 but from all I have ever heard of him from others,
 during absence and distance."

After remaining a day at Bologna, Lord Byron
 crossed the Apennines with Mr Rogers; and I find
 the following note of their visit together to the Gallery
 at Florence.

"I revisited the Florence Gallery, &c. My former
 impressions were confirmed; but there were too many
 visitors there to allow one to feel any thing properly.
 When we were (about thirty or forty) all stuffed into
 the cabinet of gems and knick-knackeries, in a corner
 of one of the galleries, I told Rogers that it 'felt like
 being in the watchhouse.' I left him to make his
 obeisances to some of his acquaintances, and strolled
 on alone—the only four minutes I could snatch of
 any feeling for the works around me. I do not mean
 to apply this to a tête-à-tête scrutiny with Rogers,
 who has an excellent taste, and deep feeling for the
 arts (indeed much more of both than I can possess,
 for of the former I have not much), but to the
 crowd of jostling stagers and travelling talkers around
 me.

"I heard one bold Briton declare to the woman on
 his arm, looking at the Venus of Titian, 'Well, now,
 this is really very fine indeed,'—an observation which,
 like that of the landlord in Joseph Andrews on 'the
 certainty of death,' was (as the landlord's wife ob-
 served) 'extremely true.'

"In the Pitti Palace, I did not omit Goldsmith's
 prescription for a connoisseur, viz. 'that the pictures
 would have been better if the painter had taken
 more pains, and to praise the works of Pietro Pe-
 rugino.'"

LETTER CCCCLXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Pisa, November 24, 1821.

"The two passages cannot be altered without
 making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln,
 which would not be in the character of the former.
 The notion is from Cuvier (that of the *old worlds*),
 as I have explained in an additional note to the pre-
 face. The other passage is also in character; if
 nonsense, so much the better, because then it can do
 no harm, and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for
 every body. As to 'alarms,' &c. do you really think
 such things ever led any body astray? Are these
 people more imitators than Milton's Satan? or the
 Prometheus of Æschylus? or even than the Saddu-
 cees of ••, the 'Fall of Jerusalem' ••? Are not

Adam, Eve, Adah, and Abel, as pious as the catechism?

"Gifford is too wise a man to think that such things can have any *serious* effect: *who* was ever altered by a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this; but I was obliged to make Cain and Lucifer talk consistently, and surely this has always been permitted to poetry. Cain is a proud man: if Lucifer promised him kingdom, &c. it would *state* him: the object of the Demon is to *depress* him still further in his own estimation than he was before, by showing him infinite things and his own abasement, till he falls into the frame of mind that leads to the catastrophe, from mere *internal* irritation, not premeditation, or envy of *Abel* (which would have made him contemptible), but from rage and fury against the inadequacy of his state to his conceptions, and which discharges itself rather against life, and the author of life, than the mere living.

"His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of looking on his sudden deed. Had the deed been *premeditated*, his repentance would have been tardier.

"Either dedicate it to Walter Scott, or if you think he would like the dedication of 'the Foscari' better, put the dedication to 'the Foscari.' Ask him which.

"Your first note was queer enough; but your two other letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recast* any thing. I am like the tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing.

You disparaged the last three cantos to me, and kept them back above a year; but I have heard from England that (notwithstanding the errors of the press) they are well thought of; for instance, by American Irving, which last is a feather in my (fool's) cap.

"You have received my letter (open) through Mr Kinuaird, and so, pray, send me no more reviews of any kind. I will read no more of evil or good in that line. Walter Scott has not read a review of *himself* for *thirteen* years.

"The bust is not *my* property, but *Hobhouse's*. I addressed it to you as an Admiralty man, great at the custom-house. Pray deduct the expenses of the same, and all others.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCCLXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

* Pisa, Nov. 9th, 1821.

"I never read the Memoirs at all, not even since they were written; and I never will: the pain of writing them was enough; you may spare me that of a perusal. Mr Moore has (or may have) a discretionary power to omit any repetition, or expressions which do not seem *good to him*, who is a better judge than you or I.

"Enclosed is a lyrical drama (entitled 'a Mystery,' from its subject), which, perhaps, may arrive in time for the volume. You will find it *pious* enough, I

trust,—at least some of the Chorus might written by Sternboki and Hopkins themselves and perhaps for melody. As it is longer lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first divided it into *acts*, but called what I have *First*, as there is a suspension of the act may either close there without impropriety continued in a way that I have in view. The first part to be published before the second if it don't succeed, it is better to stop there on in a fruitless experiment.

"I desire you to acknowledge the an packet by return of post, if you can convey a proof.

Your obed

"P. S. My wish is to have it published time, and, if possible, in the same volume others, because, whatever the merits of these pieces may be, it will perhaps be each is of a different kind, and in a different so that, including the prose and the Drama I have at least sent you *variety* during or two."

LETTER CCCCLXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Pisa, November

"There is here Mr * *, an Irish genius we are acquainted. He hath written a *lent* Commentary on Dante, full of new formation, and much ingenuity. But his as it hath pleased God to endue him with theless, he is so firmly persuaded of its lence, that he won't divorce the Commentary translation, as I ventured delicately having the fear of Ireland before my eye the presumption of having shotten very presence (with common pistols too, not w ton's) the day before.

"But he is eager to publish all, and is tified, though the Reviewers will make more tortures than there are in his original the *Notes* are well worth publication; but upon the translation for company, so they come out together, like Lady C * * t Miss * *. I read a letter of yours to him yesterday he begs me to write to you about his Poem really a good fellow, apparently, and in his verse is very good Irish.

"Now what shall we do for him? He will risk part of the expense with them. He will never rest till he is published and he has a high opinion of himself—and I left but to gratify him so as to have him little as possible; for I think it would kill must write, then, to Jeffrey to beg him to him, and I will do the same to Gifford, to ray. Perhaps they might notice the Commentary touching the text. But I doubt the text is too tempting.

"I have to thank you again, as I believe, for your opinion of 'Cain,' &c.

"You are right to allow ——— to settle but I do not see why you should repay

at least, not yet.* If you feel about it (dash on such points) pay him the instalment the principal when you are strong pay him by instalments; or pay him as you wish—that is, not till they make me. I wish to you at Paris, as you desire. And believe me ever, &c.

I wrote to you about low spirits in a true. At present, owing to the climate, I can walk down into my garden, and pick oranges; and, by the way, have got the consequence of indulging in this meretricious proprietorship, my spirits are much improved to think that I could not have been so low, &c. under the influence of low spirits. I think there you err.† A man's poetry is not his soul, or Soul, and has no more to do with the individual than the Inspiration of the Muse when removed from her tripod."

dependence which I am now about to publish long since published by the gentleman who originated, & will, I have no doubt, already acquainted with all the circumstances with pleasure; as, among the most affecting incidents with which these letters are not one, perhaps, so touching as that to which the following letters

TO LORD BYRON.

Frome, Somerset, November 21st, 1821.

DEAR LORD,

Two years since, a lovely and beloved daughter from me, by lingering disease, after a long illness. She possessed unvarying gentleness, and a piety so retiring as rarely all in words, but so influential as to prove benevolence of conduct. In the last letter a farewell look on a lately born and for whom she had evinced inexpressible love. "Last whispers were," God's happiness! Since the second anniversary of her death, I have read some papers which to me are her life, and which contain her most interesting passages. I am induced to communicate to you a passage from these papers, which, I think, refers to yourself; as I have more

discovered that, while I was abroad, a kind without any communication with myself, disposal of the person who acted for me a discharge of this claim. I thought it right to say, this generously destined, to be cancelled, and then immediately repaid my debt to you given by Mr Murray for the manu-

scriptive, I fear, to enter into this sort of business, but, without some few words of explanation as the above would be unintelligible. I have been hasty and inconsiderate, and Lord Byron borne out by all experience. Almost all gloomy writers have been in social life. The author of the Night Thoughts was admitted poet, and of the pathetic Rome, Pope says, he would laugh all day long—he would not laugh at all."

Light on Private Devotion," by Mr Sheppard

than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

"Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents thou hast bestowed on him), be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the sun of righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the halo which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious.—Cheer me in the path of duty;—but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before."

July 31st, 1814.

Hastings.

"There is nothing, my lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homages of M. Delamartine; but here is the sublime, my lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme source of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet; and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing."

"It would add nothing, my lord, to the same with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind."

JOHN SHEPPARD."

However romantic, in the eyes of the cold and worldly, the piety of this young person may appear, it were to be wished that the truly Christian feeling which dictated her prayer were more common among

all who profess the same creed; and that those indications of a better nature, so visible even through the clouds of his character, which induced this innocent young woman to pray for Byron, while living, could have the effect of inspiring others with more charity towards his memory, now that he is dead.

The following is Lord Byron's answer to this affecting communication.

LETTER CCCCLXIX.

TO MR SHEPPARD.

Pisa, December 8th, 1831.

SIR,

"I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon himself: who can say, I will believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he least can comprehend. I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended as an Arian), Bayle, and Gibbon (once a Catholic), and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis, and Henry Kirke White.

"But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

'Video meliora proboque,'

however the '*deteriora sequor*' may have led to my conduct.

"I have the honour to be

"your obliged and obedt

"P. S. I do not know that I am a clergyman; but I presume that you were fronted by the mistake (if it is one) on this letter. One who has so well and deeply felt the doctrines of religion, will error which led me to believe him its m

LETTER CCCCLXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

Pisa, December

"By extracts in the English papers, especially, Galignani's '*Messenger*,'—I perceive two greatest examples of human vanity are, firstly, 'the ex-Emperor Napoleon,' secondly, 'his lordship, &c., the noble your humble servant, 'poor guilder's I."

"Poor Napoleon! he little dreamed comparisons the turn of the wheel of him!

"I have got here into a famous old house on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, geons below and cells in the walls, and ghosts, that the learned Fletcher (myself) begged leave to change his room, and to occupy his new room, because there are more ghosts there than in the other. It is quite there are most extraordinary noises (in buildings), which have terrified the senses incommode me extremely. There is one people were evidently walled up, for one possible passage, broken through, and then meant to be closed again upon the house belonged to the Lanfranchi family mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as with Sismondi), and has had a fierce fire in its time. The staircase, &c. is said to be built by Michael Angelo. It is not yet over a fire. What a climate!

"I am, however, bothered about these things they say the last occupants were, but have as yet seen nothing, nor, indeed, heard but all the other ears have been regaled of supernatural sounds. The first night I heard an odd noise, but it has not been here now been here more than a month.

"Yes

LETTER CCCCLXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

Pisa, December

"This day and this hour (now, on the daughter is six years old. I wonder whether again, or if ever I shall see her at all.

"I have remarked a curious countenance almost looks like a fatality.

her, my wife, my daughter, my half-sister's mother, my natural daughter (as far as I am concerned), and myself, are children.

My father, by his first marriage with Lady Conyngham (my mother's only child), had only my sister; and by his second marriage with an only child, an only child again. As you know, was one also, and so is my sister.

This is rather odd—such a complication of family. By the way, send me my daughter's portrait. I have only the print, which gives no idea of her complexion.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

LETTER CCCCLXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, December 12th, 1821.

You say about Galignani's two biographies being untrue; and, if I were not lazy, I would certainly try to prove it. But I doubt my present inactivity—this is, of good serious business—not to let the cat out of the bag.* I would undertake it. I will forgive and impute (like a Pope) beforehand, for any thing that might keep those fools in their own way—that a man is a *loup yarrow*.

Since I told you that the Ginour story had no foundation on facts; or, if I did not, you may find it in a letter of Lord Sligo's, written after the publication of the poem. I like marvels to rest upon any account of events, and shall say nothing about it. However, the incident is still remote enough from the poem, being just such as, happening to a man of letters, might suggest such a composition. Of any real adventures is that they involve no—else Mrs—'s, —'s, &c. are as 'German' as Mr Maturin could desire for his

consummation you mentioned for poor * * * taking place yesterday. Riding pretty far Mr Medwin and myself, in turning the corner of a lane between Pisa and the hills, he was, besides losing some claret on the spot, himself a good deal, but is in no danger. He had kept his room. As I was a-head of him, I did not see the accident; but, who was behind, did, and says the story (all—the usual excuse of floored equestrians)—piques himself upon his horse, his horse is really a pretty horse enough, his personal narrative,—as I never yet met

any one having expressed a wish to be furnished with a Memoir of Lord Byron, for the purpose of adding to the French edition of his works, I had said in a preceding letter to his lordship, that it would be better to leave the disposition of the world to "beasts," if he would write for the public, well as French, a sort of mock-heroic account of his life, in horrors and wonders, all that had been said or believed of him, and leaving even the story of the double murder at Florence far be-

hind the man who would fairly claim a tumble as his own property.

"Could not you send me a printed copy of the 'Irish Avatar?'—I do not know what has become of Rogers since we parted at Florence.

"Don't let the Angles keep you from writing. Sam told me that you were somewhat dissipated in Paris, which I can easily believe. Let me hear from you at your best leisure.

"Ever and truly, &c.

"P. S. December 13th.

"I enclose you some lines written not long ago, which you may do what you like with, as they are very harmless.* Only, if copied, or printed, or set, I could wish it more correctly than in the usual way, in which one's 'nothings are monstrous,' as Coriolanus says.

"You must really get * * published—he never will rest till he is so. He is just gone with his broken head to Lucca, at my desire, to try to save a man from being burnt. The Spanish * * *, that has her petticoats over Lucca, had actually condemned a poor devil to the stake, for stealing the wafer-box out of a church. Shelley and I, of course, were up in arms against this piece of piety, and have been disturbing every body to get the sentence changed. * * is gone to see what can be done.

"B"

LETTER CCCCLXXIII.

TO MR SHELLEY.

"December 13th, 1821.

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,

"Enclosed is a note for you from —. His reasons are all very true, I dare say, and it might and may be of personal inconvenience to us. But that does not appear to me to be a reason to allow a being to be burnt without trying to save him. To save him by any means but *remonstrance*, is of course out of the question; but I do not see why a *temperate remonstrance* should hurt any one. Lord Guilford is the man, if he would undertake it. He knows the Grand Duke personally, and might, perhaps, prevail

* The following are the lines enclosed in this letter. In one of his Journals, where they are also given, he has subjoined to them the following note:—"I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa.

"Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

"What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is withered?
'Tis but to a dead flower with May-day bespangled.
Turn away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?"

"Oh Fame! if I'er took delight in thy prizes,
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding strains,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover
How thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

"There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that descend there,
When it sparkled clear as the light to my eyes,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory."

upon him to interfere. But, as he goes to-morrow, you must be quick, or it will be useless. Make any use of my name that you please.

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCCCLXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"I send you the two notes, which will tell you the story I allude to of the Auto da Fé. Shelley's allusion to his 'fellow-serpent' is a buffoonery of mine. Goethe's Mephistophilus calls the serpent who tempted Eve 'my aunt, the renowned snake;' and I always insist that Shelley is nothing but one of her nephews, walking about on the tip of his tail."

TO LORD BYRON,

"5 o'clock, Tuesday Morning.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Although strongly persuaded that the story must be either an entire fabrication, or so gross an exaggeration as to be nearly so; yet, in order to be able to discover the truth beyond all doubt, and to set your mind quite at rest, I have taken the determination to go myself to Lucrea this morning. Should it prove less false than I am convinced it is, I shall not fail to exert myself in every way that I can imagine may have any success. Be assured of this.

"Your lordship's most truly,

"P. B."

"P. S. To prevent *bavardage*, I prefer going in person to sending my servant with a letter. It is better for you to mention nothing (except, of course, to Shelley) of my excursion. The person I visit there is one on whom I can have every dependence in every way, both as to authority and truth."

TO LORD BYRON.

"Thursday Morning.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

"I hear this morning that the design, which certainly had been in contemplation, of burning my fellow-serpent, has been abandoned, and that he has been condemned to the galleys. Lord Guilford is at Leghorn; and as your courier applied to me to know whether he ought to leave your letter for him or not, I have thought it best since this information to tell him to take it back.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

LETTER CCCCLXXV.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"Pisa, January 12th, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR WALTER,

"I need not say how grateful I am for your letter, but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you again long ago. Since I left England (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, &c. without difficulty, though with no great pleasure; and

yet, with the notion of addressing you a hundred times in my head, and always in my heart, I have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of treacherous society with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest; whereas, we attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

"I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship, for you went out of your way in 1817 to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage to do so; to have been recorded by you in such a manner would have been a proud memorial to my time, but at such a time, when 'All the world and his wife,' as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me was something still higher to my self-esteem. —I allude to the Quarterly Review of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, which Murray told me was written by you,—and, indeed, I should have known it without his information, as there could not be two who could and would have done this at the time. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyric, I should have felt pleased, undisturbed, and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such emotions. The very tardiness of this acknowledgment will, at least, show that I have not forgotten the obligation; and I can assure you that my sense of it has been out at compound interest during the delay. I shall only add one word upon the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey, and Leigh Hunt were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served), who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favour just then; and that, of those three, I had never seen *one* at all—of the second much less than I desired—and that the third was under no kind of obligation to me whatever; while the other two had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion; *one*, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping 'coals of fire, &c.' in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burnt down to my very heart.

"I am glad that you accepted the Inscription. I meant to have inscribed 'the Foscarini' to you instead; but first, I heard that 'Cain' was thought the least bad of the two as a composition; and Jilly, I have abused S* * like a pickpocket, in a note to the Foscarini, and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend any thing containing such matters about another. However, I'll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must need say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim 'jealousies;' but I would ask, as Boswell did of Johnson, of *whom* could you be *jealous*;—of none of the living, certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead! I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels (as they call them, though two

of them are wholly English, and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are *not* the man. To me those novels have so much of 'Auld lang syne' (I was bred a canny Soot till ten year old) that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart.

"January 27th, 1832.

"I delayed till now concluding, in the hope that I should have got 'the Pirate,' who is under way for me, but has not yet hove in sight. I hear that your daughter is married, and I suppose by this time you are half a grandfather—a young one, by the way. I have heard great things of Mrs Lockhart's personal and mental charms, and much good of her lord: that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scotts' novels, is the very bad pun, but sincere wish of

"Yours ever most affectionately, &c.
"P. S. Why don't you take a turn in Italy? You would find yourself as well known and as welcome as in the Highlands among the natives. As for the English, you would be with them as in London; and I need not add, that I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever feel or say for England, or (with a few exceptions 'of kith, kin, and allies') any thing that it contains. But my 'heart warms to the tartan,' or to any thing of Scotland, which reminds me of Aberdeen and other parts, not so far from the Highlands as that town, about Invercauld and Braemar, where I was sent to drink goat's *sey* in 1795-6, in consequence of a threatened decline after the scarlet fever. But I am gossiping, so, good night—and the gods be with your dreams!

"Pray, present my respects to Lady Scott, who may perhaps recollect having seen me in town in 1815.

"I see that one of your supporters (for, like Sir Hildebrand, I am fond of Guillin) is a *mermaid*; it is my *crest* too, and with precisely the same curl of tail. There's concatenation for you!—I am building a little cutter at Genoa, to go a cruising in the summer. I know you like the sea too."

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

TO ———

"Pisa, February 6th, 1832.

"'Try back the deep lane,' till we find a publisher for 'the Vision;' and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's 'Remonstrance' by the 'eminent Churchman;' but I suppose he wants a

* This letter has been already published, with a few others, in a periodical work, and is known to have been addressed to the late Mr Douglas Kinnaird.

living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against 'Cain.' The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

"I have got S—'s pretended reply, to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done is, to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose.

"You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you.

"I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

"By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand pounds, but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.

"They say that 'Knowledge is power;'—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant '*money*;' and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world.

"The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortex's) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's-stone, or at least his *touch-stone*. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief, that *Cash* is *Virtue*.

"I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to ———; and fifty pounds' worth of furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

"But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS. or any lawful means whatsoever.

"I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

"I recommend to you the notice in Mr Hanson's letter, on the demand of moneys for the Rochdale tolls.

"Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship.

"Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS., (no matter what); and, in short, '*Rem, quocunque modo, Rem!*'—the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCCCLXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Pisa, February 8th, 1823.

"Attacks upon me were to be expected, but I perceive one upon *you* in the papers which I confess that I did not expect. Now, or in what manner, *you* can be considered responsible for what *I* publish I am at a loss to conceive.

"If 'Cain' be 'blasphemous,' Paradise Lost is blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my good,' are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the Mystery? Cain is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters—and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama.

"I have even avoided introducing the Deity as in Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely either), but have adopted his angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz., giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old Mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

"The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it won't succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are you to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own: it is otherwise incredible.

"I can only say, 'Me, me; en adsum qui feci;'—that any proceedings directed against you, I beg, may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*, to endure them all;—that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the copy-right;—that I desire you will say that both *you* and Mr Gifford remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr Hobhouse;—that *I* alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who, either legally or otherwise, should bear the burden. If they prosecute, I will come to England—that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know. You sha'n't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter you please.

Yours ever, &c.

"P.S. I write to you about all this row of bad passions and absurdities with the *summer* moon (for here our winter is clearer than your dog-days) lighting the winding Arno, with all her buildings and bridges, —so quiet and still!—What nothings are we before the least of these stars?"

LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

Pisa, February

"I am rather surprised not to have seen to my letter and packets. Lady Noel is not impossible that I may have to go to settle the division of the Wentworths, what portion Lady B. is to have out of;—was left undecided by the articles of separation. I hope not, if it can be done without written to Sir Francis Burdett to be my agent. I know the property.

"Continue to address here, as I shall avoid it—at least, not on that account, on another; for I wrote to Douglas Kinnear a message of invitation to Mr. Southey either in England, or (as less liable to be mistaken) in the coast of France. This was about a month ago, and I have not yet had time to have the letter sent. You shall have due notice; then I shall address to Pisa.

"My agents and trustees have written to me, and I am sure that I would take the name directly. Yours very truly and affectionately,

Noel

"P. S. I have had no news from you on business; and merely know, from a faithful ex and de-tractor Galley, that the faithful ex and de-tractor Galley's clergy are up against 'Cain.' There is a mistaken) some good church preferment worth estates; and I will show them that Christian I am, by patronising and protecting of their order, should opportunity.

"M. and I are but little in correspondence. I know nothing of literary matters at present. I have been writing on business only lately. What about? Be assured that there is no one who can apprehend."

LETTER CCCCLXXIX.

TO MR MOORE.

Pisa, February

"Your letter arrived since I wrote. It is not likely, as I have appointed agents for the Noel estates, that I shall go to England on that account, though I shall, other, within stated. At any rate, I shall address here till you hear further from me. I wish you still to arrange for me, either in London or Paris publisher, for the change, and to quarrel with any arrangement you may make.

"I have appointed Sir Francis Boscawen to decide on Lady Byron's allowance on the Noel estates, which are estimated at £1000 a year, and *rents* very well paid, at this time. It is, however, owing to the

* The preceding letter came enclosed

chiefly in pasture lands, and therefore less affected by corn bills, &c. than properties in tillage.

"Believe me yours ever most affectionately,

"NOEL BYRON.

"Between my own property in the funds, and my wife's in land, I do not know which *side* to cry out on in politics.

"There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in 'Cain' that I recollect. I hold no such opinions;—but, in a drama, the first rebel and the first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. However, the parsons are all preaching at it, from Kentish Town and Oxford to Pisa;—the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm to religion than all the infidels that ever forgot their catechisms!

"I have not seen Lady Noel's death announced in *Galignani*.—How is that?"

LETTER CCCLXXX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, February 28th, 1822.

"I begin to think that the packet (a heavy one) of five acts of 'Werner,' &c. can hardly have reached you, for your letter of last week (which I answered) did not allude to it, and yet I insured it at the post-office here.

"I have no direct news from England, except on the Noel business, which is proceeding quietly, as I have appointed a gentleman (Sir F. Burdett) for my arbitrator. They, too, have said that they will recall the *lawyer* whom *they* had chosen, and will name a gentleman too. This is better, as the arrangement of the estates and of Lady B.'s allowance will thus be settled without quibbling. My lawyers are taking out a licence for the name and arms, which it seems I am to endue.

"By another, and indirect, quarter, I hear that 'Cain' has been pirated, and that the Chancellor has refused to give Murray any redress. Also, that G. R. (your friend 'Ben') has expressed great personal indignation at the said poem. All this is curious enough, I think,—after allowing Priestly, Hume, and Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire to be published, without depriving the booksellers of their rights. I heard from Rome a day or two ago, and, with what truth I know not, that * * *.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, March 1st, 1822.

"As I still have no news of my 'Werner,' &c. packet, sent to you on the 29th of January, I continue to bore you (for the fifth time, I believe) to know whether it has *not* miscarried. As it was fairly copied out, it will be vexatious if it be lost. Indeed, I insured it at the post-office to make them take more care, and directed it regularly to you at Paris.

"In the impartial *Galignani* I perceive an extract from Blackwood's Magazine, in which it is said that there are people who have discovered that you and

I are no poets. With regard to one of us, I know that this north-west passage to *my* magnetic pole had been long discovered by some sages, and I leave them the full benefit of their penetration. I think, as Gibbon says of his History, 'that, perhaps, a hundred years hence it may still continue to be abused.' However, I am far from pretending to compete or compare with that illustrious literary character.

"But, with regard to *you*, I thought that you had always been allowed to be a *poet*, even by the stupid as well as the envious—a bad one, to be sure—immoral, florid, Asiatic, and diabolically popular,—but still always a poet, *nem. con.* This discovery, therefore, has to me all the grace of novelty, as well as of consolation (according to Rochefoucault) to find myself *no-poetized* in such good company. I am content to 'err with Plato;' and can assure you very sincerely, that I would rather be received a *non-poet* with you, than be crowned with all the bays of (the *yet-uncrowned*) Lakers in their society. I believe you think better of those worthies than I do. I know them * * * * *

"As for Southey, the answer to my proposition of a meeting is not yet come. I sent the message, with a short note to him through Douglas Kinnaird, and Douglas's response is not arrived. If he accepts, I shall have to go to England; but if not, I do not think the Noel affairs will take me there, as the arbitrators can settle them without my presence, and there do not seem to be any difficulties. The licence for the new name and armorial bearings will be taken out by the regular application, in such cases, to the Crown, and sent to me.

"Is there a hope of seeing you in Italy again ever? What are you doing?—*bored* by me, I know; but I have explained *why* before. I have no correspondence now with London, except through relations and lawyers and one or two friends. My greatest friend, Lord Clare, is at Rome: we met on the road, and our meeting was quite sentimental—*really* pathetic on both sides. I have always loved him better than any *male* thing in the world."

The preceding was enclosed in that which follows.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, March 4th, 1822.

"Since I wrote the enclosed, I have waited another post, and now have your answer acknowledging the arrival of the packet—a troublesome one, I fear, to you in more ways than one, both from weight external and internal.

"The unpublished things in your hands, in Douglas K.'s, and Mr John Murray's, are, 'Heaven and Earth, a lyrical kind of Drama upon the Deluge, &c.;'—'Werner,' *now with you*;—a translation of the First Canto of the *Morgante Maggior*;—*ditto* of an Episode in Dante;—some stanzas to the Po, June 1st, 1819;—Hints from Horace, written in 1811, but a good deal, *since*, to be omitted;—several prose things, which may, perhaps, as well remain unpub-

lished;—'The Vision, &c. of Quevedo Redivivus' in verse.

"Here you see is 'more matter for a May morning;' but how much of this can be published is for consideration. The Quevedo (one of my best in that line) has appalled the Row already, and must take its chance at Paris, if at all. The new Mystery is less speculative than 'Cain,' and very pious; besides, it is chiefly lyrical. The Morgante is the *best* translation that ever was or will be made; and the rest are—whatever you please to think them.

"I am sorry you think Werner even *approaching* to any fitness for the stage, which, with my notions upon it, is very far from my present object. With regard to the publication, I have already explained that I have no exorbitant expectations of either fame or profit in the present instances; but wish them published because they are written, which is the common feeling of all scribblers.

"With respect to 'Religion,' can I never convince you that I have no such opinions as the characters in that drama, which seems to have frightened every body? Yet *they* are nothing to the expressions in Goethe's Faust (which are ten times harder), and not a whit more bold than those of Milton's Satan. My ideas of a character may run away with me: like all imaginative men, I, of course, embody myself with the character while I *draw* it, but not a moment after the pen is from off the paper.

"I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagns, for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.

"As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.

"The truth is, my dear Moore, you live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to give a colour to my whole future existence. As my success in society was *not* inconsiderable, I am surely not a prejudiced judge upon the subject, unless in its favour; but I think it, as now constituted, *fatal* to all great original undertakings of every kind. I never courted it *then*, when I was young and high in blood, and one of its 'curled darlings;' and do you think I would do so *now*, when I am living in a clearer atmosphere? One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics*; but *not* in the petty politics I see now preying upon our miserable country.

"Do not let me be misunderstood, however. If you speak your *own* opinions, they ever had, and will have, the greatest weight with me. But if you merely *echo* the 'moude' (and it is difficult not to do so, being in its favour and its ferment), I can only regret that you should ever repeat any thing to which I cannot pay attention.

"But I am prosing. The gods go with you and as much immortality of all kinds as may suit your present and all other existence.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCCLXXXIII.

TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, March 23, 1822

"The enclosed letter from Murray hath meted me though I think it is against his own interest that I should continue his connection. You may therefore, send him the packet of 'Werner,' who will save you all further trouble. And pray, *you* forgive me for the bore and expense I have so readily put upon you? At least, say so—do I feel ashamed of having given you so much for such nonsense.

"The fact is, I cannot keep my *reservations* though violent enough in their onset. Besides, we that all the world are *at* Murray on my account, neither can nor ought to leave him; unless, as I really thought, it were better for *him* that I should.

"I have had no other news from England, except a letter from Barry Cornwall, the bard, and my old schoolfellow. Though I have not heard you call letters lately, believe me

"Yours, &c."

"P. S. In your last letter you *say*, speaking of Shelley, that you would almost prefer the 'daring bigot' to the 'annihilating infidel.'—Shelley believes in immortality, however—but this by the way. Do you remember Frederick the Great's answer to the remonstrance of the villagers whose curate preached against the eternity of hell's torments? It was this—'If my faithful subjects of Schrausenhausen were being eternally damned, let them!'

"Of the two, I should think the long sleep *less* than the agonized vigil. But men, miserable as they are, cling so to any thing *like* life, that they would prefer damnation to quiet. Besides, they make themselves so *important* in the creation, that nothing less can satisfy their pride—the insects!"

It is Dr Clarke, I think, who gives, in his *Tales*, rather a striking account of a Tartar whom he saw exercising a young, fiery horse, upon a spot of ground almost surrounded by a steep precipice, he describes the wantonness of courage with which he rode, as if delighting in his own peril, vault, & tines, dash, with loose rein, towards the giddy verge. Something of the same breathless apprehension in which the traveller viewed that scene did we in checked daring of Byron's genius inspire in all who watched its course,—causing them, at the excitement, to admire and tremble, and, in those especially who loved him, awakening a sort of sensitive impulse to rush forward and save him from his own headlong strength. But, however natural to us in friends to give way to this feeling, a little reflection upon his now altered character might have forewarned them that such interference would prove as little as

* It will be seen, from the extract I shall give towards of the passage to which he refers, that he wholly mistook my meaning.

safe for themselves; and it is not without a look back upon my own temerity and in supposing that, let loose as he was full pride and consciousness of strength, a regions of thought outstretching before presentations that even friendship could have the power—or ought to have—of it. As the motives, however, by which and in my remonstrances to him may be for themselves, I shall, without dwelling upon the subject, content myself with the reader a few such extracts from my at this period* as may serve to explain as in those just given.

to me, under the date January 24th, it acted that he says—"be assured that there relation as you apprehend." The following from my previous communication to him what this means:—"I heard some days ago Hunt was on his way to you with all the idea seems to be, that you and he are to conspire together in the Exam not believe this,—and deprecate such all my might. Alone you may do any partnerships in fame, like those in trade, strongest party answerable for the deficiencies of the rest, and I tremble with such a bankrupt Co.—" * * *. Oh clever fellows, and Shelley I look upon real genius; but, I must again say, that to give your enemies (the * * *, 'et hoc &c') a greater triumph than by forming equal and unholy alliance. You are, since a match for the world—which is saying, the world being, like Briareus, a very d gentleman,—but, to be so, you must be. Recollect that the scurvy buildings of Cain's almost seem to overtop itself." One of Cain, in my letters to him, were, their respective dates, as follow:—

* September 30th, 1822.

Writing the above, I have read Foscarini and former does not please me so highly as it. It has the fault of all those violent rires,—being unnatural and improbable, e, in spite of all your fine management of thing but remotely to one's sympathies. wonderful—terrible—never to be forgotten not mistaken, it will sink deep into the rt; and while many will shudder at its all must fall prostrate before its grand of Echylus and his Prometheus!—true spirit both of the Poet—and the

" February 9th, 1823. —

take it into your head, my dear B., that all turning against you in England. Till symptoms of people forgetting you a little, shew that you lose ground. As it is, 'te

I have mentioned before, that to the Lord Byron's executor, Mr Hobhouse, who had to restore to me such letters of mine as came to, I am indebted for the power of producing or extracts.

veniente die, te, decedente,"—nothing is hardly talked of but you; and though good people sometimes bless themselves when they mention you, it is plain that even they think much more about you than, for the good of their souls, they ought. Cain, to be sure, has made a sensation; and, grand as it is, I regret, for many reasons, you ever wrote it. * * *

For myself, I would not give up the poetry of religion for all the wisest results that philosophy will ever arrive at. Particular sects and creeds are fair game enough for those who are anxious enough about their neighbours to meddle with them; but our faith in the Future is a treasure not so lightly to be parted with; and the dream of immortality (if philosophers will have it a dream) is one that, let us hope, we shall carry into our last sleep with us." *

" February 10th, 1823.

"I have written to the Longmans to try the ground, for I do not think Galigiani the man for you. The only thing he can do is what we can do, ourselves, without him,—and that is, employ an English bookseller. Paris, indeed, might be convenient for such refugee works as are set down in the *Index Expurgatorius* of London; and if you have any political catamarans to explode, this is your place. But, pray, let them be only political ones. Boldness, and even licence, in politics, does good,—actual, present good; but, in religion, it profits neither here nor hereafter; and, for myself, such a horror have I of both extremes on this subject, that I know not which I hate most, the bold, damning bigot, or the bold, annihilating infidel. 'Furiosa res est in temeris impetus';—and much as we are in the dark, even the wisest of us, upon these matters, a little modesty, in unbelief as well as belief, best becomes us. You will easily guess that, in all this, I am thinking not so much of you, as of a friend and, at present, companion of yours, whose influence over your mind (knowing you as I do, and knowing what Lady B. ought to have found out, that you are a person the most tractable to those who live with you that, perhaps, ever existed) I own I dread and deprecate most earnestly. †

* It is to this sentence Lord Byron refers at the conclusion of his letter, March 4.

† This passage having been shown by Lord Byron to Mr Shelley, the latter wrote, in consequence, a letter to a gentleman with whom I was then in habits of intimacy, of which the following is an extract. The seal and openness with which Shelley always professed his unbelief render any scruple that might otherwise be felt in giving publicity to such avowals unnecessary; besides which, the testimony of so near and clear an observer to the state of Lord Byron's mind upon religious subjects is of far too much importance to my object to be, from any over-fastidiousness, suppressed. We have here, too, strikingly exemplified,—and in strong contrast, I must say, to the line taken by Mr Hunt in similar circumstances,—the good breeding, gentle temper and modesty for which Shelley was so remarkable, and of the latter of which qualities in particular the undeserved compliment to myself affords a strong illustration, as showing how little this true poet had yet learned to know his own place.

" Lord Byron has read me one or two letters of Moore to him, in which Moore speaks with great kindness of me; and of course I cannot but feel flattered by the approbation of a man, my inferiority to whom I am proud to acknowledge. Amongst other things, however, Moore, after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, &c. seems to deprecate my influence on his mind on the subject of religion, and to attribute the tone assumed in Cain

" March 18th, 1822.

"With respect to our Religious Polemics, I must try to set you right upon one or two points. In the first place, I do *not* identify you with the blasphemies of Cain no more than I do myself with the impieties of my Mokanna,—all I wish and implore is that you, who are such a powerful manufacturer of these thunderbolts, would not *choose* subjects that make it necessary to launch them. In the next place, were you even a decided atheist, I could not (except, perhaps, for the *decision* which is always unwise) blame you. I could only pity,—knowing from experience how dreary are the doubts with which even the bright, poetic, view I am myself inclined to take of mankind and their destiny, is now and then clouded. I look upon Cuvier's book to be a most desolating one in the conclusions to which it may lead some minds. But the young, the simple,—all those whose hearts one would like to keep unwithered, trouble their heads but little about Cuvier. *You*, however, have embodied him in poetry which every one reads; and, like the wind, blowing 'where you list,' carry this deadly chill, mixed up with your own fragrance, into hearts that should be visited only by the latter. This is what I regret, and what with all my influence I would deprecate a repetition of. *Now*, do you understand me?

"As to your solemn peroration, 'the truth is, my dear Moore, &c. &c.' meaning neither more nor less than that I give into the cant of the world, it only proves, alas, the melancholy fact, that you and I are hundreds of miles asunder. Could you hear me speak my opinions instead of coldly reading them, I flatter myself there is still enough of honesty and fun in this face to remind you that your friend Tom Moore,—whatever else he may be,—is no Canter."

LETTER CCCCLXXXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

" Pisa, March 6th, 1822.

"You will long ago have received a letter from me (or should), declaring my opinion of the treatment *you* have met with about the recent publication. I think it disgraceful to those who have persecuted you. I make peace with you, though our war was for other reasons than this same controversy. I have written to Moore by this post to forward to you the tragedy of 'Werner.' I shall not make or propose any present bargain about it or the new Mystery till we see if they succeed. If they don't sell (which is not unlikely), you sha'n't pay; and I suppose this is fair play, if you choose to risk it.

to my suggestions. Moore cautions him against any influence on this particular with the most friendly zeal, and it is plain that his motive springs from a desire of benefiting Lord B. without degrading me. I think you know Moore. Pray assure him that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular,—if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress. Cain was *conceived* many years ago, and begun before I saw him last year at Mareana. How happy should I not be to attribute to myself, however indirectly, any participation in that immortal work!"

"Bartolini, the celebrated sculptor, wrote to me to desire to take my bust; I consented, on condition that he also took that of the Countess Guicciotti. He has taken both, and I think it will be allowed that *hers* is beautiful. I shall make you a present of them both, to show that I don't bear malice, and as a compensation for the trouble and squabble you had about Thorwaldsen's. Of my own I can hardly speak, except that it is thought very like what I *now* am which is different from what I was, of course, *now* you saw me. The sculptor is a famous one; *nothing* was done by *his own* particular request, will be done well, probably.

"What is to be done about * * and his Commentary? He will die, if he is not published, *and* be damned, if he is; but that *he* don't mind. We must publish him.

"All the *row* about me has no otherwise affected me than by the attack upon yourself, which *was* generous in Church and State: but as all *will* must in time have its proportionate reaction, you *will* do better by and by.

"Yours very truly,

"NOEL BYRON."

LETTER CCCCLXXXV

TO MR MOORE.

" Pisa, March 11th, 1822.

"You will have had enough of my *silence* by this time—yet one word in answer to your *present* notice. You are quite wrong in thinking that *just* 'silence' had offended me; but I have already replied (I *now* answered) on that point.

"With regard to Murray, as I really am the meekest and mildest of men since Moses thought of public and mine 'excellent wife' cannot but be so, I had already pacified myself and submitted him to Albemarle-street, as my yesterday's *postscript* *will* inform you. But I thought that I had *expressed* my causes of bile—at least to you. Some *degrees* of vacillation, occasional neglect, and *troublesome* sincerity, real or imagined, are sufficient to put *any* truly great author and man into a passion. But reflection, with some aid from hellebore, hath *at last* cured me 'pro tempore'; and, if it had not, a request from you and Hobhouse would have come upon me like two out of the 'tribus Anticyris,'—with which, however, Horace despairs of purging a poet. I *now* feel ashamed of having bored you so frequently and fully of late. But what could I do? You are a friend—an absent one, alas!—and as I trust *in* more, I trouble you in proportion.

"This war of 'Church and State' has *attacked* me more than it disturbs; for I really thought 'On a speculative and hardy, but still a *human*, production. As I said before, I am really a great admirer of tangible religion; and am breeding one of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her *land* full. It is by far the most elegant worship, *besides* excepting the Greek mythology. What with *images*, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the *presence*, confession, absolution,—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no *possibility* of doubt; for those who swallow their *Dogma*, *will*

transubstantiation, can hardly find any service than easy of digestion. I did that this sounds flippant, but I don't so; only my turn of mind is so given to in the absurd point of view, that it spite of me every now and then. Still, you that I am a very good Christian. I will believe me in this, I do not know; I will take my word for being my truly and affectionately yours, &c. I tell Murray that one of the conditions of the publisheth (or obtaineth a publisher Commentary on Dante, against which in the trade an unaccountable repugnance make the man so exuberantly happy. I am and half a dozen English to-day; I do the heart to tell him how the bibliomaniac from his Commentary;—and yet it most orthodox religion and morality. In it is a point that he shall be in print. He is a matured, heavy-⁺ Christian, that him a shove through the press. He is to be an author, and has been the happy these two months, printing, correcting, and anticipating, and adding to his treating. Besides, he has had another fall into a ditch the other day, while riding into the country."

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, March 25th, 1822.

I find that you and your friends approve of the fifth volume. You may give it what think proper in the circumstances. I listen to you twice or thrice.

Poem in the old way, I shall attempt nothing further. I follow the hint of my I, without considering whether women are not to be pleased: but this is no publisher, who must judge and act accordingly.

Let the things take their chance: if I will pay me in proportion; and if they

I refuse, I hope, will not take me to have no desire to revisit that country.

I keep you out of a prison (if this can be) taking your place, or perhaps to get it, by exacting satisfaction from one or who take advantage of my absence to further than this. I have no business now in England, nor there to have, and if I must finally to where I was at present, I have lived upon the water a little about five years since I was one-and-my business are too numerous, and your pleasure me as little as the society

Chancellor's Report is a French paper. I they persecute the translation of Louis arranged with to

some an other time here. Yours

Byron

"You must really get something done for Mr. Commentary: what can I say to him?"

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 12th, 1822.

"Mr Kinnaird writes that there has been an 'excellent Defence' of 'Cain,' against 'Oxonienis': you have sent me nothing but a not very excellent defence of the same poem. If there be such a 'Defender of the Faith,' you may send me his thirty-nine articles, as a counterbalance to some of your late communications.

"Are you to publish, or not, what Moore and Mr Kinnaird have in hand, and the 'Vision of Judgment?' If you publish the latter in a very cheap edition, so as to baffle the pirates by a low price, you will find that it will do. The 'Mystery' I look upon as good, and 'Werner' too, and I expect that you will publish them speedily. You need not put your name to *Quercus*, but publish it as a foreign edition, and let it make its way. Douglas Kinnaird has it still, with the preface, I believe.

"I refer you to him for documents on the late row here. I sent them a week ago.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 16th, 1822.

"I have received the Defence of 'Cain.' Who is my Warburton:—for he has done for me what the bishop did for the poet against Croxson. His reply seems to me conclusive: and if you understood your own interest, you would print it together with the poem.

"It is very odd that I do not hear from you. I have forwarded to Mr Douglas Kinnaird the documents on a squabble here, which occurred about a month ago. The affair is still going on: but they make nothing of it hitherto. I think what with home and abroad, there has been but water enough for me while. Mr Davidson, the English minister, has behaved in the most unbecoming and most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole business.

"Yours ever, &c."

"P.S. I have got Lord Galloway's note, which is very amusing and also upon the subject which he touches upon, and part of the previous publication. Write soon."

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 22nd, 1822.

"You will regret it now that I have received a remittance of the worth of my translation. Alas! I have it for the translation of Joseph Leland, who has been present for the last year: a constant and constant

Harold. I am not sure that this was at *Leipzig*, but Mr. Rowcroft was my authority—a good German scholar (a young American), and an acquaintance of Goethe's.

"Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of Don Juan, which they judge of as a work of art. I had heard something of this before through Baron Lutzerode. The translations have been very frequent of several of the works, and Goethe made a comparison between Faust and Manfred.

"All this is some compensation for your English native brutality, so fully displayed this year to its highest extent.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the Constitution (the Commodore's flag-ship), and saw, among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him 'Constitution Jones.' I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, 'Ah, sir, if he turns out but half as good as his name!'

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCCCXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Montenero, near Leghorn, May 29th, 1822.

"I return you the proofs revised. Your printer has made one odd mistake:—'poor as a mouse,' instead of 'poor as a miser.' The expression may seem strange, but it is only a translation of 'semper avarus eget.' You will add the Mystery, and publish as soon as you can. I care nothing for your 'reason,' nor the *blue* approbations or disapprobations. All that is to be considered by you on the subject is as a matter of *business*; and if I square that to your notions (even to the running the risk entirely myself), you may permit me to choose my own time and mode of publication. With regard to the late volume, the present run against it or me may impede it for a time, but it has the vital principle of permanency within it, as you may perhaps one day discover. I wrote to you on another subject a few days ago.

"Yours,

"N. B.

"P. S. Please to send me the Dedication of Sardinia to Goethe. I shall prefix it to Werner, unless you prefer my putting another, stating that the former had been omitted by the publisher.

"On the title-page of the present volume, put
"Published for the Author by J. M."

LETTER CCCCXCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Montenero, Leghorn, June 6th, 1822.

"I return you the revise of Werner, and expect the rest. With regard to the Lines to the Po, perhaps you had better put them quietly in a second edition (if you reach one, that is to say) than in the first; because, though they have been reckoned fine, and I wish them to be preserved, I do not wish them to attract IMMEDIATE observation, on account of the

relationship of the lady to whom they are with the first families in Romagna and so forth.

"The defender of 'Cain' may or may not term him, 'a tyro in literature': however, both you and I are under great obligations to have read the Edinburgh Review in the Magazine, and have not yet decided to answer them or not; for, if I do, it will be me not 'to make sport for the Philistines' down a house or two; since, when I once hand, I must say what comes uppermost away. I have not the hypocrisy to partiality, nor the temper (as it is called) to refrain from saying what may not be pleasing to the or reader. What do they mean by 'Why, you know that they were written' could put pen to paper, and printed from MSS., and never revised but in the proof the dates and the MSS. themselves. faults they have must spring from care, not from labour. They said the same which I wrote while undressing after from balls and masquerades in the year 1814.

"Jem

"You give me no explanation of you to the 'Vision of Quevedo Redivivus' best things: indeed, you are altogether and undecided lately, that I suppose to write 'John Murray, Esq., a Mystery' position which would not displease the trade. I by no means wish you to don't like, but merely to say what you Vision must be published by some 'clamours,' the die is cast; and, 'come, we will fight it out—at least one of us."

LETTER CCCCXCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Montenero, Villa Dapoy, near Leghorn.

"I have written to you twice through Mr. Murray, and on one subject, *trite* loss of poor little Allegra by a fever; and I shall say no more—there is nothing to be said.

"A few days ago, my earliest and dearest friend, Lord Clare, came over from Geneva to see me before he returned to England. He always loved him (since I was thirteen, better than any (*male*) thing in the world. I hardly say what a melancholy pleasure it was to him for a day only; for he was obliged to journey immediately.

"I have heard, also, many other of my acquaintances which I did not know: and that you recollect, in the year of revelry and the sanest parties and balls all over London the least so at 22's. Do you recollect duels with Lady * * *, and my flirtation with all the other fooleries of the time?

; and Lady * * ogling him with her clear hazel eyes. But eight years have passed, and, since that * has * * * * *;—has run away with *; and myself (as my Nottinghamshire friends themselves) might as well have thrown myself out the window while you were singing, as married where I did. You and * * * * * have off the best of us. I speak merely of my hope, and its consequences, distresses, and pain; for I have been much more happy, on * * * * *, since, than I ever could have been with * * * * *.

I read the recent article of Jeffrey in a faithful spirit of the impartial Galignani. I suppose very short of it is, that he wishes to provoke me. But I won't, for I owe him a good turn for his kindness by-gone. Indeed, I presume the present opportunity of attacking me again is inevitable; and I can't blame him, knowing human nature is. I shall make but one remark: what does he mean by elaborate? The whole was written with the greatest rapidity, in midst of evolutions, and revolutions, and persecutions, and proscriptions of all who interested me. They said the same of 'Lara,' which, now, was written amidst balls and fooleries, and coming home from masquerades and routs, in manner of the sovereigns. Of all I have ever seen, they are perhaps the most carelessly composed and their faults, whatever they may be, are of negligence, and not of labour. I do not think a merit, but it is a fact.

"Yours ever and truly,

"N. B.

[B. You see the great advantage of my new name;—it may either stand for 'Nota Bene' or 'Byron,' and, as such, will save much repetition, in my either books or letters. Since I came I have been invited on board of the American ship, and treated with all possible honour and respect. They have asked me to sit for my picture; and I was going away, an American lady took a name for me (which had been given to me by a very Italian lady that very morning), because, she thought she was determined to send or take something I had about me to America. There is a little Rookh incident for you! However, all American honours arise, perhaps, not so much from our enthusiasm for my 'Poesie,' as their my dislike to the English,—in which I have infection to coincide with them. I would however, have a nod from an American, than box from an emperor."

LETTER CCCXCIVIII.

TO MR ELLICE.

"Montenap, Leghorn, June 12th, 1832.

MY DEAR ELLICE,

It is a long time since I have written to you, but not forgotten your kindness, and am now tax it—I hope not too highly—but don't be it is not a loan, but information which I a to solicit. By your extensive connexions, you have better opportunities of hearing the

real state of South America—I mean Bolivar's country. I have many years had transatlantic projects of settlement, and what I could wish from you would be some information of the best course to pursue, and some letters of recommendation in case I should sail for Angostura. I am told that land is very cheap there; but though I have no great disposable funds to vest in such purchases, yet my income, such as it is, would be sufficient in any country (except England) for all the comforts of life, and for most of its luxuries. The war there is now over, and as I do not go there to speculate, but to settle without any views but those of independence and the enjoyment of the common civil rights, I should presume such an arrival would not be unwelcome.

"All I request of you is, not to discourage nor encourage, but to give me such a statement as you think prudent and proper. I do not address my other friends upon this subject, who would only throw obstacles in my way, and bore me to return to England; which I never will do, unless compelled by some insuperable cause. I have a quantity of furniture, books, &c. &c. &c. which I could easily ship from Leghorn; but I wish to 'look before I leap' over the Atlantic. Is it true that for a few thousand dollars a large tract of land may be obtained? I speak of South America, recollect. I have read some publications on the subject, but they seem violent and vulgar party productions. Please to address your answer * to me at this place, and believe me ever and truly yours, &c."

About this time he sat for his picture to an American artist, who has himself given, in our periodical publications, the following account of his noble sitter:—

"On the day appointed, I arrived at two o'clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, what I thought of the Italians, &c. When he was silent, he was a better sitter than before; for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for Childe Harold. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery, for I do not remember ever to have met with manners more gentle and attractive.

"The next day I returned and had another sitting of an hour, during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking. Whilst I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice

* The answer which Mr Ellice returned was, as might be expected, strongly dissuasive of this design. The wholly disorganized state of the country and its institutions, which it would take ages, perhaps, to restore even to the degree of industry and prosperity which it had enjoyed under the Spaniards, rendered Columbus, in his opinion, one of the last places in the world to which a man desirous of peace and quiet, or of security for his person and property, should resort as an asylum. As long as Bolivar lived and maintained his authority, every reason, Mr Ellice added, might be placed on his integrity and firmness. But with his death a new era of struggle and confusion would be sure to arise.

exclaim 'ô troppo bello!' I turned and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders, her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better sitter.

"The next day, I was pleased to find that the progress which I had made in his likeness had given satisfaction, for, when we were alone, he said that he had a particular favour to request of me—would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him, and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess Guiccioli's portrait for him. On the following morning I began it, and, after, they sat alternately. He gave me the whole history of his connexion with her, and said that he hoped it would last for ever; at any rate, it should not be his fault if it did not. His other attachments had been broken off by no fault of his.

"I was by this time sufficiently intimate with him to answer his question as to what I thought of him before I had seen him. He laughed much at the idea which I had formed of him, and said, 'Well, you find me like other people, do you not?' He often afterwards repeated, 'And so you thought me a finer fellow, did you?' I remember once telling him, that notwithstanding his vivacity, I thought myself correct in at least one estimate which I had made of him, for I still conceived that he was not a happy man. He inquired earnestly what reason I had for thinking so, and I asked him if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Wherever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him, and that he would make use of it.

"Lord Byron, and all the party, left Villa Rossa (the name of their house) in a few days, to pack up their things in their house at Pisa. He told me that he should remain a few days there, and desired me, if I could do any thing more to the pictures, to come and stay with him. He seemed at a loss where to go, and was, I thought, on the point of embarking for America. I was with him at Pisa for a few days, but he was so annoyed by the police, and the weather was so hot, that I thought it doubtful whether I could improve the pictures, and taking my departure one morning before he was up, I wrote him an excuse from Leghorn. Upon the whole, I left him with an impression that he possessed an excellent heart, which had been misconstrued on all hands from little else than a reckless levity of manners, which he took a whimsical pride in opposing to those of other people."

LETTER CCCCX-IX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, July 28th. 1822.

"I return you the *revise*. I have *advised* the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of Michael to Raphael, who was an *angel* gentler sympathies. By the way, recollect to change Michael to Raphael in the *scene* itself *throughout*, for I have only had time to do so in the list of the dramatis personæ, and *scratch out* all the *poor marks*, to avoid puzzling the printers. I have put the '*Vision of Quevedo Radiatus*' to John Kim, which will relieve you from a dilemma. He can publish it at his own risk, as it is at his own loss. Give him the corrected copy which Mr Moore had, as it is mitigated partly, and also the *poor*

"Yours, &c."

LETTER D.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, July 28th. 1822.

"Last week I returned you the *poor* *poor* You had, perhaps, better not publish it to *any* volume the *Po* and *Rimini* translate.

"I have consigned a letter to Mr Kimball to do '*Vision of Judgment*,' which you will *have* *seen*. Also the '*Pulci*,' original and Italian, of my *poor* tracts of mine; for Mr Leigh Hunt *is* *not* *yet* and thinks of commencing a periodical *with* *new*. I shall contribute. I do not propose to *you* *to* *publish*, because I know that you *are* *not* *yet* but all things in your care, except the *volume* *in* *the* *press*, and the manuscript purchased of Mr Moore, can be given for this purpose, *as* *they* *are* *wanted*.

"With regard to what you say about your '*own* of memory,' I can only remark, that you *must* *be* *note* to Marino Faliero against my positive *translation*, and that you omitted the Dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe (place it before the volume *new* *to* *press*), both of which were things not very agreeable to me, and which I could wish to be *avoided* *to* *any*, as they might be with a very little care, in a small memorandum in your pocket-book.

"It is not impossible that I may have *three* *or* *four* cantos of Don Juan ready by autumn, or a little later, as I obtained a permission from my dictators to *continue* it,—*provided* *always* it was to be *more* *guard* *ed* *and* *decorous* *and* *sentimental* in the *commencement* than in the *commencement*. How far these *conditions* have been fulfilled may be seen, perhaps, by *and* *by* but the embargo was only taken off upon these *explanations*. You can answer at your leisure.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER DI.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, July 28th. 1822.

"I have written to you lately, but not in answer to your last letter of about a fortnight ago. I wish to *say*

request an answer to *that* point) what became stanzas to Wellington (intended to open a canto on Juan with), which I sent you several months ago. If they have fallen into Murray's hands, he and his will suppress them, as those lines rate that to be his real value. Pray be explicit on this, as I have another copy, having sent you the original; and if I have them, let me have *that* again or a copy.

subscribed at Leghorn two hundred Tuscan crowns to your Irishism committee: it is about a hundred francs, more or less. As Sir C. S. who received thirteen thousand a year of the public money, could not afford more than a thousand livres out of enormous salary, it would have appeared ostentatious in a private individual to pretend to surpass and therefore I have sent but the above sum. You will see by the enclosed receipt.*

High Hunt is here, after a voyage of eight months, during which he has, I presume, made the tour of Hanno the Carthaginian, and with much speed. He is setting up a Journal, to which I promised to contribute; and in the first number of *Judgment*, by Quevedo Redivivus, I shall appear, with other articles.

Do you give us any thing? He seems sanguine about the matter, but (*entre nous*) I am not. I do never, like to put him out of spirits by saying he is bilious and unwell. Do, pray, answer me immediately.

High Hunt any thing, in prose or verse, of which I start him handsomely—any lyrical, *irical*, or any please.

Has not your Potatoe Committee been blundering? An advertisement says, that Mr. L. Callaghan (a name for a banker) hath been disposing of more land "sans authority of the Committee." I shall end in Callaghan's calling out the Committee chairman of which carries pistols in his belt of course.

Can you spare time from *duetting*, *coquetting*, or *claretting* with your Hibernians of both sexes, to send me a line from you. I doubt whether Paris is a place for the composition of your new poetry."

LETTER DII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Pisa, August 8th, 1822.

You will have heard by this time that Shelley, another gentleman (Capitan Williams) were about a month ago (a month yesterday), in the off the Gulf of Spezia. There is thus another goose, about whom the world was ill-naturedly and generously, and brutally mistaken. It will, I do him justice *now*, when he can be no better

received from Mr Henry Dunn the sum of two hundred crowns for account of the Right Hon. Lord Noel Byron, for the purpose of assisting your cause. Thomas Hall.

Leghorn, 8th July, 1822. Tuscan crowns, 200.*

Letter to Mr Murray, of an earlier date, which has been added to avoid repetitions, he says on the same

"I have not seen the thing you mention", and only heard of it casually, nor have I any desire. The price is, as I saw in some advertisements, fourteen shillings, which is too much to pay for a libel on oneself. Some one said in a letter, that it was a Doctor Watkins who deals in the life and libel line. It must have diminished your natural pleasure, as a friend (vide Rochefoucault), to see yourself in it.

"With regard to the Blackwood fellows, I never published any thing against them; nor, indeed, have seen their magazine (except in Galignani's extracts) for these three years past. I once wrote, a good while ago, some remarks † on their review of Don Juan, but saying very little about themselves,—and these were not published. If you think that I ought to follow your example ‡ (and I like to be in your company when I can) in contradicting their impudence, you may shape this declaration of mine into a similar paragraph for me. It is possible that you may have seen the little I did write (and never published) at Murray's;—it contained much more about Southey than about the Blacks.

"If you think that I ought to do any thing about Watkins's book, I should not care much about publishing *my* Memoir now, should it be necessary to counteract the fellow. But, in *that* case, I should like to look over the *press* myself. Let me know what you think, or whether I had better *not*;—at least, not the second part, which touches on the actual confines of still existing matters.

"I have written three more Cantos of Don Juan, and am hovering on the brink of another (the ninth). The reason I want the stanzas again which I sent you is that as these cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery, it is a good opportunity of gracing the poem with . . .

With these things and these fellows, it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.

"What do you think of your Irish bishop? Do you remember Swift's line, 'Let me have a *barrack*—a fig for the *clergy*.' This seems to have been his reverence's motto. . . .

"Yours, &c."

subject.—"You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and *least* selfish man I ever knew." There is also another passage in the same letter which, for its perfect truth, I must quote.—"I have received your scrap, with Henry Drury's letter enclosed. It is just like him—always kind and ready to oblige his old friends."

* A book which had just appeared, entitled "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Lord Byron."

† The remarkable pamphlet from which extracts have been already given in this volume.

‡ It had been asserted, in a late Number of Blackwood, that both Lord Byron and myself were employed in writing satire against that Magazine.

LETTER DIII.

TO MR MOORE.

Pisa, August 27th, 1822.

"It is boring to trouble you with such small gear; but it must be owned that I should be glad if you would inquire whether my Irish subscription ever reached the Committee in Paris from Leghorn. My reasons, like Vellum's, 'are threefold.' First, I doubt the accuracy of all almoners, or remitters of benevolent cash; second, I do suspect that the said Committee, having in part served its time to time-serving, may have kept back the acknowledgment of an obnoxious politician's name in their lists; and, third, I feel pretty sure that I shall one day be twitted by the government scribes for having been a professor of love for Ireland, and not coming forward with the others in her distresses.

"It is not, as you may opine, that I am ambitious of having my name in the papers, as I can have that any day in the week gratis. All I want is to know if the Reverend Thomas Hall did or did not remit my subscription (200 scudi of Tuscany, or about a thousand francs, more or less) to the Committee at Paris.

"The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to swim off to my schooner (the Bolivar) in the offing, and thence to shore again—about three miles, or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack, and my whole skin 's coming off, after going through the process of one large continuous blister, raised by the sun and sea together. I have suffered much pain; not being able to lie on my back, or even side; for my shoulders and arms were equally St Bartholomewed. But it is over,—and I have got a new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

"Your old acquaintance Londonderry has quietly died at North Cray! and the virtuous De Witt was torn in pieces by the populace! What a lucky . . . the Irishman has been in his life and end. † In him your Irish Franklin est mort!

"Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in you not to contribute. Will you become one of the *propriétaires*? 'Do, and we go snacks.' I recommend you to think twice before you respond in the negative.

"I have nearly (*quite three*) four new cantos of Don Juan ready. I obtained permission from the female Censor Morum of my morals to continue it,

† The particulars of this event had, it is evident, not yet reached him.

provided it were immaculate; as I am content as need be. There is a deal of and all that, in the style, graphical, and the shipwreck in Canto Second, which, I say, in the Row.

"P.S. That . . . Galimard lies in one paragraph. It was not found in Shelley's pocket, but John . . . However, it would not have been sent a great admirer of Scripture as a card not send my bust to the academy of . . . I sat for my picture to young West . . . tist, at the request of some members . . . to him that he would take my portrait . . . deny, I believe.

"I had, and still have, thoughts of but am fluctuating between it and Genoa have gone, long ago, to one of the liaisons with the Countess G.; for love is little compatible with glory. She lighted to go too; but I do not choose to a long voyage, and a residence in country, where I shall probably take sort."

Soon after the above letters were Byron removed to Genoa, having called the Villa Saluzzo, at Albaro, one of that city. From the time of the war with the serjeant-major at Pisa, his health had been considerably broken in upon, and judicial inquiries consequent upon that many sinister rumours and suspicious rise. Though the wounded man had friends all vowed vengeance with the sensation which the affair and its consequences had produced was,—to Mac more particularly, from the situation family stood, in regard to politics,— alarming. While the impression, however, was still recent, another circumstance, though comparatively unimportant, had the effect of again drawing the attention to their new visitors. During Lord's visit to Leghorn, a Swiss servant, having quarrelled, on some occasion, with Madame Guiccioli, drew his knife, and wounded him slightly on the affray, happening so soon after the deductive also of so much notice and on the Tuscan government, in its border-like disturbance, thought itself called fere; and orders were accordingly within four days, the two Counts (Gordon, should depart from Tuscany. This decision was, in the highest degree and disconcerting; it being one of the Guiccioli's separation from her husband should thenceforward reside under her father. After balancing in his various projects,—sometimes thinking, sometimes, as we have seen, of South at length decided, for the present, to reside to Genoa.

His habits of life, while at Pisa, had

—except in the new line of society into which introduction to Shelley's friends led him,—from that monotonous routine in which, so singularly one of his desultory disposition, the daily course of existence had now, for some years, flowed. At the usual breakfast, and at three, or, as the advanced, four o'clock, those persons who were in the habit of accompanying him in his rides, called on him. After, occasionally, a game of billiards, he proceeded,—purposely to avoid starers, in his carriage,—as far as the gates of the town, where his usual meeting place was. At first the route he chose for these rides was in the direction of the Cascine and of the forest that reaches towards the sea; but having found a spot more convenient for his pistol exercise, the road leading from the Porta alla Spina to the remainder of his stay. When arrived at the house or farm, in the garden of which they were used to erect their target, his friends and he hunted, and, after devoting about half an hour to trial of skill at the pistol, returned, a little before dusk, into the city.

Lord Byron," says a friend who was sometimes present at their practising, "was the best marksman. Mr. and Williams, and Trelawney, often made as good shots as he—but they were not so certain; and though his hand trembled violently, never missed, he calculated on this vibration, and depended on his eye. Once after demolishing his mark, he took up a slender cane, whose colour, nearly the same as the gravel in which it was fixed, might well deceive him, and at twenty paces he divided it with his bullet. His joy at a good shot, and his vexation at a failure, was great—and when we met him on his return, his cold salutation, or joyous laugh, told of the day's success."

At the first time since his arrival in Italy, he now himself tempted to give dinner parties, his guests besides Count Gamba and Shelley, Mr. Wilkes, Captain Medwin, Mr. Taaffe, and Mr. Trelawney, and "never," as his friend Shelley used to say, he displayed himself to more advantage than on these occasions; being at once polite and cordial, full of hilarity and the most perfect good humour; never diverging into ungraceful merriment, and yet keeping up the spirit of liveliness throughout the evening. About midnight his guests generally left, with the exception of Captain Medwin, who used to remain, as I understand, talking and drinking with him till far into the morning; and to the half mystifying confidences of these nocturnal conversations, implicitly listened to and confusedly recollected, we owe the volume with which Captain Medwin, after the death of the noble poet, favoured the world.

The subject of this and other such intimacies of Lord Byron, not only at the period of which I am speaking, but throughout his whole life, it is difficult to advance any thing more judiciously or more demonstrative of a true knowledge of his character, than is to be found in the following recollection of one who had studied him with her whole heart—who had learned to regard him with the eyes of sense, as well as of affection, and whose strong impression, in short, was founded upon a basis the most

creditable both to him and herself,—the being able to understand him. *

"We continued in Pisa even more rigorously to absent ourselves from society. However, as there were a good many English in Pisa, he could not avoid becoming acquainted with various friends of Shelley, among which number was Mr Medwin. They followed him in his rides, dined with him, and felt themselves happy, of course, in the apparent intimacy in which they lived with so renowned a man; but not one of them was admitted to any part of his friendship, which, indeed, he did not easily accord. He had a great affection for Shelley, and a great esteem for his character and talents; but he was not his friend in the most extensive sense of that word. Sometimes, when speaking of his friends and of friendship, as also of love, and of every other noble emotion of the soul, his expressions might inspire doubts concerning his sentiments and the goodness of his heart. The feeling of the moment regulated his speech, and, besides, he liked to play the part of singularity,—and sometimes worse,—more especially with those whom he suspected of endeavouring to make discoveries as to his real character; but it was only mean minds and superficial observers that could be deceived in him. It was necessary to consider his actions to perceive the contradiction they bore to his words: it was necessary to be witness of certain moments, during which unforeseen and involuntary emotion forced him to give himself entirely up to his feelings; and whoever beheld him then, became aware of the stores of sensibility and goodness of which his noble heart was full.

"Among the many occasions I had of seeing him thus overpowered, I shall mention one relative to his feelings of friendship. A few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. A soft melancholy was spread over his countenance;—he recalled to mind the events of his life; compared them with his present situation and with that which it might have been if his affection for me had not caused him to remain in Italy, saying things which would have made earth a paradise for me, but that even then a presentiment that I should lose all this happiness tormented me. At this moment a servant announced Mr Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend. His emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down.

"Lord Clare's visit also occasioned him extreme delight. He had a great affection for Lord Clare, and was very happy during the short visit that he paid him at Leghorn. The day on which they separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron. 'I have a presentiment that I shall never see him more,' he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy

* * My poor Zimmerman, who now will understand thee"—such was the touching speech addressed to Zimmerman by his wife, on her deathbed, and there is implied in these few words all that a man of moral sensibility must be dependant for upon the tender and self forgetting tolerance of the woman with whom he is united.

came over him during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare's departure, whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend." *

Of his feelings on the death of his daughter Allegra, this lady gives the following account:—"On the occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his grief the excess of paternal tenderness. His conduct towards this child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have guessed from his expressions that he felt this affection for her. He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; and when afterwards that of her death arrived, I was obliged to fulfil the melancholy task of communicating it to him. The memory of that frightful moment is stamped indelibly on my mind. For several evenings he had not left his house, I therefore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every caution whi-

my own sorrow suggest
of the child's recovery

'it is enough, say
spread itself over him
and he sunk into a
expression such
he did not shed
so hopeless, as
at the moment
terior to his
same atti
endeavo
far he
on w
me

* "In Pisa abbiamo continuato anche più rigorosa-
a vivero lontano della società. Essendovi però
molti Inglesi egli non poté scusarsi dal fare la corte
di vari amici di Shelley, fra i quali uno da Me-
East lo seguivano al passeggio, pranzavano co-
lamente si tenevano felici della apparente intelli-
accordava un uomo così superiore. Ma non
sinneano mai a parte della sua amicizia, e
facile a accordare. Per Shelley egli era
a molta stima pel suo carattere e pel suo
era suo amico nell'estensione del senso
alla parola amicizia. Talvolta parlando
e dell'amicizia come pure dell'amicizia di Franklin's) of
nobile sentimento dell'anima, potè essere stricken) by
nascono dei dubbi sul vero suo stato
del suo cuore. Una ingrazione
suoi discorsi; e di più egli amava
personaggio bizzarro, e qualche
specialmente con quelli che
e fare delle scoperte sul
non poteva cadere che uno
superficiale. Bisognava
tutta la contraddizione
bisognava vederlo in
zione improvvisa e
si abbandonava inter-
derlo allora per lo
che erano in quel

"Fra le tante
tante ne ho
amicizia. P
verso sera
franchi.
gli rian
faceva
che ave
l'ave
braz
il p
for
Me
d

"I have ordered, as a regale, a
bottle of ale. She is seven years
old. Did I ever tell you that the day I came
I found on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale?
I have not met Mr Hunt a dozen
times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER DVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Genoa, 10bre 29, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly without per-

and by, for what
degrees of the present
an eulogy of vice. It may be
uous:—I can't help that. I
Mallet (see Lord Strathmore is not at
Random) ten times worse; and Fidler
No girl will ever be seduced by reading the
an:—no, no; she will go to Little's poem
Rousseau's *Romans* for that, or even to the
culate De Staël. They will encourage her, and
the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—and
things. But never mind—go on!

"Now, do you see what you and your friends
by your injudicious rudeness?—actually connection
of connexion which you strove to prevent, and which
had the Hunts prospered, would not in all probability
have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in
their adversity, though it should cost me
fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

"My original motives I already explained in the
letter which you thought proper to show: they are
the true ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, I
told Leigh Hunt when he questioned me on the
subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, but
never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help that.
I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he had
to question me, I could only answer the plain truth
and I confess I did not see any thing in the matter
hurt him, unless I said he was 'a bore,' which
don't remember. Had their Journal gone on as
and I could have aided to make it better for them,
should then have left them, after my safe passage
a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage by them-
selves. As it is, I can't, and would not, if I could
leave them among the breakers.

"As to any community of feeling, thought, or
opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or
none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think I
a good-principled and able man, and want to do
would be done by. I do not know what world he
lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but not
them like his Kenia and kangaroo terra incognita.
Alas! poor Shelley! how we would have laughed at
he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then at
various things which are grave in the suburbs!

"You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not
know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was

I have fully and freely acknowledged that the drama is entirely taken from the story.

"I return you the Quarterly Review, uncut and unopened, not from disrespect, or disregard, or pique, but it is a kind of reading which I have some time disused, as I think the periodical style of writing hurtful to the habits of the mind by presenting the superficialities of too many things at once. I do not know that it contains any thing disagreeable to me—it may or it may not; nor do I return it on account that there may be an article which you hinted at in one of your late letters, but because I have left off reading these kind of works, and should equally have returned you any other number.

"I am obliged to take in one or two abroad because solicited to do so. The Edinburgh came before me by mere chance in Galignani's picnic sort of gazette, where he had inserted a part of it.

"You will have received various letters from me lately, in a style which I used with reluctance; but you left me no other choice by your absolute refusal to communicate with a man you did not like upon the mere simple matter of transfer of a few papers of little consequence (except to their author), and which could be of no moment to yourself.

"I hope that Mr Kinnaird is better. It is strange that you never alluded to his accident, if it be true, as stated in the papers.

"I am yours, &c. &c.

"I hope that you have a milder winter than we have had here. We have had inundations worthy of the Trent or Po, and the conductor (Franklin's) of my house was struck (or supposed to be stricken) by a thunderbolt. I was so near the window that I was dazzled and my eyes hurt for several minutes, and every body in the house felt an electric shock at the moment. Madame Guiccioli was frightened, as you may suppose.

"I have thought since that your bigots would have 'saddled me with a judgment,' (as Thwackum did Square when he bit his tongue in talking metaphysics), if any thing had happened of consequence. These fellows always forget Christ in their Christianity, and what he said when 'the tower of Siloam fell.'

"To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving daughter's birthday. I have ordered, as a regale, a mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale? For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable, but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years or so.

"I see somebody represents the Hunts and Mrs Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood. They reside at some distance, and I do not see them twice in a month. I have not met Mr Hunt a dozen times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER DVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Genoa, 16bre 25^o, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly without peru-

sal, having resolved to read no more so bad, or indifferent: but 'who can count Galignani, to whom my English studies has forwarded a copy of at least one half indefatigable catch-penny weekly copy, as, 'like honour, it came unlooked for,' I through it. I must say that, upon the is, the whole of the half which I have other half is to be the segment of Galignani's circular), it is extremely handsome thing but unkind or unfair. As I take good part, I must not, nor will not, quarrel. What the writer says of Don Juan but it is inevitable. He must follow, or directly oppose, the opinion of a prevalent not very firmly seated party. A Review will direct and 'turn awry' the current, but it must not directly oppose. Don Juan will be known, by and by, for what intended, a *Satire on abuses of the press*, society, and not an eulogy of vice. It is and then voluptuous:—I can't help that worse; Smollett (see Lord Struttwell's Roderick Random) ten times worse; and better. No girl will ever be seduced by Don Juan:—no, no; she will go to Little's Rousseau's *Romans* for that, or even to calculate De Stael. They will encourage the Don, who laughs at that, and—*and*—things. But never mind—*ça ira!*

"Now, do you see what you and your by your injudicious rudeness?—actually of connexion which you strove to prevent. Had the Hunts prospered, would not in have continued. As it is, I will not their adversity, though it should cost me fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

"My original motives I already explained in the letter which you thought proper to show the true ones, and I abide by them, as I told Leigh Hunt when he questioned the subject of that letter. He was violent never will forgive me at bottom; but I never meant to make a parade of it; to question me, I could only answer the and I confess I did not see any thing hurt him, unless I said he was 'a fool'—don't remember. Had their Journal and I could have aided to make it better should then have left them, after my and a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage selves. As it is, I can't, and would leave them among the breakers.

"As to any community of feeling, the opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, the none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but a good-principled and able man, and would be done by. I do not know what lived in, but I have lived in three or four them like his Keats and kangaroo to Alas! poor Shelley! how we would have he lived, and how we used to laugh at various things which are grave in the

"You are all mistaken about Shelley know how mild, how tolerant, how gentle

perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a when he liked, and where liked.

thoughts of taking a run down to at, at most, *cum sola* this spring, and have studied the country, a Fifth and Childe Harold: but this is merely an went, and I have other excursions my mind. The busts* are finished: of them!

"Yours, &c.

"N. B.

Shelley is residing with the Hunts at me. I see them very seldom, and out of their business. Mrs Shelley, to England in the spring.

ha's family, the father and mother are residing with me by Mr Hill (the amendment, as a safer asylum from executions than they could have in me; but they occupy one part of a I the other, and our establishments are.

I read the Quarterly, I shall erase two in the latter six or seven cantos, in fully stroked over two or three of your will not return evil for good. I liked the article much.

is most likely the publisher of the new hat prospects of success I know not, y much matter, as far as I am con- spective that it may be of use to him, for ily, conscientious man, and I like him: as Prynne or Pym might be. I bear he declining the Don Juans.

aided Madame de Yossy, as I re- it her three hundred francs. Recom- you, to the Literary Fund, or to some thin your circles."

LETTER DVII.

TO LADY —

"Albano, November 10th, 1822.

llar persisted in declaring himself an an, and describing you as a kind of who lead astray people of an amatory not giving them any sort of compensa- yourself, it seems, with only making of two, which is the more approved feeding on such occasions. For my you are quite right; and be assured a woman (as society is constituted in gives any advantage to a man may ex- but will sooner or later find a tyrant; the man's fault either, perhaps, but is and natural result of the circumstances ish, in fact, tyrannise over the man

of himself by Bartolini he says, in one of as to Mr Murray — "The bust does not turn, though it may be like for aught I know, ambles a superannuated Jesuit." Again, Bartolini's is dreadful, though my mind it is ludicrously like. If it is, I cannot be id, for it overlooks seventy."

equally with the woman, that is to say, if either of them have any feeling or honour.

"You can write to me at your leisure and inclination. I have always laid it down as a maxim, and found it justified by experience, that a man and a woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex; but *these* with this condition, that they never have made, or are to make, love with each other. Lovers may, and, indeed, generally *are* enemies, but they never can be friends; because there must always be a spice of jealousy and a something of self in all their speculations.

"Indeed, I rather look upon love altogether as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break matches, and keep the world going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

"Now, as my love perils are, I believe, pretty well over, and yours, by all accounts, are never to begin, we shall be the best friends imaginable, as far as both are concerned, and with this advantage, that we may both fall to loving right and left through all our acquaintance, without either sullenness or sorrow from that amiable passion which are its inseparable attendants.

"Believe me, &c."

LETTER DVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Genoa, February 29th, 1823.

"MY DEAR TOM,

"I must again refer you to those two letters addressed to you at Passy before I read your speech in Galigiani, &c., and which you do not seem to have received."

"Of Hunt I see little—once a month or so, and then on his own business, generally. You may easily suppose that I know too little of Hampstead and his satellites to have much communion or community with him. My whole present relation to him arose from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you? and as to the other plan you mention, you forget how it would *humiliate* him—that his writings should be supposed to be dead weight.† Think a moment—he is perhaps the vainest man on earth, at least his own friends say so pretty loudly; and if he were in other circumstances, I might be tempted to take him down a peg; but not now,—it would be cruel. It is a cursed business; but neither the motive nor the means rest upon my conscience, and it happens that he and his brother *have* been so far benefited by the publication in a pecuniary point of view. His brother is a steady, bold fellow, such as Prynne, for example, and full of moral, and, I hear, physical courage.

"And you are *really* recruiting, or softening to the clergy! It will do little good for you—it is *you*, not the poem, they are at. They will say they frightened you—forbid it, Ireland!

"Yours ever,

"N. B."

* I was never lucky enough to recover these two letters, though frequent inquiries were made about them at the French post office.

† The passage in one of my letters to which he here refers shall be given presently.

Lord Byron had now, for some time, as may be collected from his letters, begun to fancy that his reputation in England was on the wane. The same thirst after fame, with the same sensitiveness to every passing chance of popular favour, which led Tasso at last to look upon himself as the most despised of writers,* had more than once disposed Lord Byron, in the midst of all his triumphs, if not to doubt their reality, at least to distrust their continuance; and sometimes even, with that painful skill which sensibility supplies, to extract out of the brightest tributes of success some omen of future failure, or symptom of decline. New successes, however, still came to dissipate these bodings of diffidence, nor was it till after his unlucky coalition with Mr Hunt in the Liberal, that any grounds for such a suspicion of his having declined in public favour showed themselves.

The chief inducements, on the part of Lord Byron, to this unworthy alliance were, in the first place, a wish to second the kind views of his friend Shelley in inviting Mr Hunt to join him in Italy; and, in the next, a desire to avail himself of the aid of one so experienced, as an editor, in the favourite project he had now so long contemplated, of a periodical work, in which all the various offspring of his genius might be received fast as they sprung to light. With such opinions, however, as he had long entertained of Mr Hunt's character and talents,† it must be owned that the facility with which he now admitted him—not certainly to any degree of confidence or intimacy, but to a declared fellowship of fame and interest in the eyes of the world, is an inconsistency not easily to be accounted for, and argued, at all events, a strong confidence in the antidotal power of his own name to resist the ridicule of such an association.

As long as Shelley lived, the regard which Lord Byron entertained for him extended its influence also over his relations with his friend; the suavity and good-breeding of Shelley interposing a sort of softening medium in the way of those unpleasant collisions which afterwards took place, and which, from what is known of both parties, may be easily conceived to have been alike trying to the patience of the patron and the vanity of the dependent. That even, however, during the lifetime of their common friend, there had occurred some of those humiliating misunderstandings which money engenders,—humiliating on both sides, as if from the very nature of the dross that gives rise to them,—will appear from the following letter of Shelley's, which I find among the papers in my hands.

TO LORD BYRON.

"February 15th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

"I enclose you a letter from Hunt, which annoys me on more than one account. You will observe the

* In one of his Letters this poet says:—"Non posso negare che io mi doglio oltramisura di esser stato tanto disprezzato dal mondo quanto non è altro scrittore di questo secolo." In another letter, however, after complaining of being "perseguitato da molti più che non era convenevole," he adds, with a proud prescience of his future fame, "Laonde stimo di potermene ragionevolmente richiamare alla posterità."

† See Letter CCCXVII, page 267.

postscript, and you know me well enough to know how painful a task is set me in commenting had urged me more than once to ask for this money. My answer consisted in: I could spare, which I have now taken as a kindness in fitting up a part of your own accommodation I sensibly felt, and would not have been from you on his part, but, believing the slightest intention of imposing, or, it, allowing to be imposed, any heavy purse. As it has come to this in spite of me I will not conceal from you the low estimate I make of money affairs in the present moment of absolute incapacity of assisting Hunt.

"I do not think poor Hunt's promise given time is worth very much; but mind me to uncertainty, and I should be happy to for any engagement he may have promised. I am so much annoyed by this subject that I know what to write, and much less what I have need of all your indulgence in my feelings and expressions.

I shall see you by and by. Believe

"Yours most faithfully and

"P. B.

Of the book in which Mr. Hunt has attempted to revenge upon the dead the obligations he had, in his hour of life, from the living, I am luckily saved from speaking at any length, by the undesired oblivion into which his volume has fallen. Never, indeed, was the right feeling upon such subjects more creditably displayed than in the reception given universally to this book;—even those the least disposed to censure Lord Byron having shrunk from a corroboration of their own opinion afforded by one who did not blush to assume authority, as an accuser, to the observation he had enjoyed, by having been fed under the very roof of the maligning.

With respect to the hostile feeling Mr. Hunt's work towards myself, the only thing I shall take up, to lay before my readers, is one of my letters which provoked it; and I claim, at least, the merit of not being as throughout the whole of my reply to Lord Byron on the subject of his new work, not a line did I ever write respecting Shelley or Mr. Hunt which I was not warranted by long knowledge of my correspondent that he had instantly, and as a matter of course, communicated to them. That this was a fault in my noble friend, I am ready to deny; but, being undisguised, it was against, and, when guarded against, was a fault. Besides, such is the penalty generally of frankness of character; and they who are flattered themselves that one so open in their affairs as Lord Byron would be much more where the confidences of others would have had their own imprudence blame for any injury that their dependence had brought on them.

ing in the passage, which Lord Byron, granted, showed to Mr. Hunt, and to his letters to myself (February 20) refers: not anxious to know that you mean to f the Liberal. It grieves me to urge any ch against Hunt's interest; but I should to use the same language to himself, him. I would, if I were you, serve him nible way but this—I would give him (if cept of it) the profits of the same works, parately—but I would, *not* mix myself ay with others. I would *not* become a his sort of miscellaneous '*pot au feu*,' ad flavour of one ingredient is sure to taint I would be, if I were you, alone, single, as such, invincible."

the subject of Mr. Hunt, I shall avail e opportunity it affords me of introducing us of a letter addressed to a friend of that y Lord Byron, in consequence of an s to the feelings of the latter on the score med "friendship" for Mr. Hunt. The here makes are, I own, startling, and en with more than the usual allowance, the particular mood of temper or spirits : letter was written, but for the influence slight, casual piques and resentments as een, just then, in their darkening transit mind,—indisposing him, for the moment, ing his friends whom, in a sunnier mood, ave proclaimed as his most chosen and

LETTER DIX.

TO MRS —.

* * * * *

ne that you, at least, know enough of me that I could have no intention to insult erty. On the contrary, I honour him for ow what it is, having been as much em- ever he was, without perceiving aught ish an honourable man's self-respect. If o say that, had he been a wealthy man, I oined in this Journal, I answer in the * * I engaged in the Journal from good- him, added to respect for his character, personal; and no less for his political well as regret for his present circum- fid this in the hope that he might, with id from literary friends of literary contri- hich is requisite for all Journals of a re), render himself independent.

* * * * *

always treated him, in our personal inter- h such scrupulous delicacy, that I have ruding advice, which I thought might be , lest he should impute it to what is ng advantage of a man's situation.' rendship, it is a propensity in which my ry limited. I do not know the *male* hu- except Lord Clare, the friend of my in- whom I feel any thing that deserves the my others are men of the world friend-

ships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents,—and, perhaps, of my disposition.

"I will do my duty by my intimates, upon the principle of doing as you would be done by. I have done so, I trust, in most instances. I may be pleased with their conversation—rejoice in their success—he glad to do them service, or to receive their counsel and assistance in return. But, as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel any thing of the kind, excepting, perhaps, Thomas Moore. I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in *life*, who are like one's partners in the waltz of this world, not much remembered when the ball is over, though very pleasant for the time. Habit, business, and companionship in pleasure or in pain, are links of a similar kind, and the same faith in politics is another."

LETTER DX.

TO LADY * * *.

Genoa, March 28th, 1822.

* * * * *

"Mr Hill is here: I dined with him on Saturday before last; and on leaving his house at S. P. d'Arena, my carriage broke down. I walked home, about three miles, no very great feat of pedestrianism; but either the coming out of hot rooms into a bleak wind chilled me, or the walking up-hill to Albaro heated me, or something or other set me wrong, and next day I had an inflammatory attack in the face, to which I have been subject this winter for the first time, and I suffered a good deal of pain, but no peril. My health is now much as usual. Mr Hill is, I believe, occupied with his diplomacy. I shall give him your message when I see him again.

"My name, I see in the papers, has been dragged into the unhappy Portsmouth business, of which all that I know is very succinct. Mr H—— is my solicitor. I found him so when I was ten years old—at my uncle's death—and he was continued in the management of my legal business. He asked me, by a civil epistle, as an old acquaintance of his family, to be present at the marriage of Miss H——. I went very reluctantly, one misty morning (for I had been up at two balls all night), to witness the ceremony, which I could not very well refuse without affronting a man who had never offended me. I saw nothing particular in the marriage. Of course I could not know the preliminaries, except from what he said, not having been present at the wooing, nor after it, for I walked home, and they went into the country as soon as they had promised and vowed. Out of this simple fact I hear the *Débats de Paris* has quoted Miss H. as '*autrefois très liée avec le célèbre*,' &c. &c. I am obliged to him for the celebrity, but beg leave to decline the *liaison*, which is quite untrue; my *liaison* was with her father, in the unsentimental shape of long lawyers' bills, through the medium of which I have had to pay him ten or twelve thousand

pounds within these few years. She was not pretty, and I suspect that the indefatigable Mr A—— was (like all her people) more attracted by her title than her charms. I regret very much that I was present at the prologue to the happy state of horsewhipping and black jobs, &c. &c. but I could not foresee that a man was to turn out mad, who had gone about the world for fifty years, as competent to vote, and walk at large; nor did he seem to me more insane than any other person going to be married.

"I have no objection to be acquainted with the Marquis Palavicini, if he wishes it. Lately I have gone little into society, English or foreign, for I had seen all that was worth seeing in the former before I left England, and at the time of life when I was more disposed to like it; and of the latter I had a sufficiency in the few first years of my residence in Switzerland, chiefly at Madame de Staël's, where I went sometimes, till I grew tired of conversazioni and carnivals, with their appendages; and the bore is, that if you go once, you are expected to be there daily, or rather nightly. I went the round of the most noted soirées at Venice or elsewhere (where I remained not any time) to the Benzons, and the Albrizzi, and the Michelli, &c. &c., and to the Cardinals and the various potentates of the Legation in Romagna (that is, Ravenna), and only receded for the sake of quiet when I came into Tuscany. Besides, if I go into society, I generally get, in the long run, into some scrape of some kind or other, which don't occur in my solitude. However, I am pretty well settled now, by time and temper, which is so far lucky, as it prevents restlessness; but, as I said before, as an acquaintance of yours, I will be ready and willing to know your friends. He may be a sort of connexion for aught I know; for a Palavicini, of Bologna, I believe, married a distant relative of mine half a century ago. I happen to know the fact, as he and his spouse had an annuity of five hundred pounds on my uncle's property, which ceased at his demise, though I recollect hearing they attempted, naturally enough, to make it survive him. If I can do any thing for you here, or elsewhere, pray order, and be obeyed."

LETTER DXI.

TO MR MOORE.

* Genoa, April 24, 1823.

"I have just seen some friends of yours, who paid me a visit yesterday, which, in honour of them and of you, I returned to-day;—as I reserve my bear-skin and teeth, and paws and claws, for our enemies.

"I have also seen Henry F * *, Lord H * *'s son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years ago, at the period of mine eclipse—the third, I believe, as I have generally one every two or three years. I think that he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent. If to those he can add hereditary talents, he will keep the name of F * * in all its freshness for half a century more, I hope. I speak from a transient glimpse—but I love still to yield to such impressions; for I have ever found that those I liked longest and best,

I took to at first sight; and I always—perhaps, in part, from some less fortunate part of our destinies—mistakes, his lameness. But there that *he* appears a halting angel, against a star; whilst I am *Le Dis-soubriquet*, which I marvel that, serious *nominis umbra*, the Orthodox upon.

"Your other allies, whom I have able personages, are Milor B * * an ling with a very handsome companion of a 'French Count,' (to use Farquhar the *Beaux Stratagem*) who has all *pidon déchainé*, and is one of the have seen of our ideal of a French Revolution—an old friend with a whose like I never thought that we: Miladi seems highly literary,—to honour's acquaintance with the fit the pleasure of having seen them. pretty, even in a morning,—a sp which the sun of Italy does not set as the chandelier. Certainly, En better than their continental neighbour. M * * seems very good-natured, since I recollect him in all and snuff-boxes, and uniforms, as speeches in our house.—'I mean, I refer you to Pope—whom you don appreciate—for that quotation, which to be poetical) and sitting to Stre (do you remember our visit, with German?) to be depicted as one Agincourt, 'with his long sword Whack fal de, &c. &c.'

"I have been unwell—caught in a mation, which menaced a conflagration with our ambassador, Monsieur H the dinner, but my carriage broke home, and I had to walk some miles after hot rooms, in a very bleak, w over-hotted, or over-colded myself. so robustious as formerly, ever since when I fell ill after a long swim in t and have never been quite right writing. I am thin,—perhaps this me, when I was nearly transparent am obliged to be moderate of my m theless, won't prevent me (the dining with your friends the day af

"They give me a very good account of your nearly 'Emprisoned Angela.' change your title?—you will regret. The bigots are not to be conciliated—are they worth it? I am more orthodox Christian than you. I see a real Christian, either in pre (for I never yet found the man either, when put to the proof.) But, till then, I cannot truckle to t can I imagine what has made yo Seraphs.

"I have been far more persecuted may judge by my present decade that I am as low in popularity as

writer can be. At least so my friends assure me—blessings on their benevolence! This they attribute to Hunt; but they are wrong—it must be, partly at least, owing to myself;—be it so. As to Hunt, I prefer not having turned him to starve in the streets to any personal honour which might have accrued from such genuine philanthropy. I really act upon principle in this matter, for we have nothing much in common; and I cannot describe to you the despairing sensation of trying to do something for a man who seems incapable or unwilling to do any thing further for himself,—at least, to the purpose. It is like pulling a man out of a river who directly throws himself in again. For the last three or four years Shelley assisted, and had once actually extricated him. I have, since his demise,—and even before,—done what I could: but it is not in my power to make this permanent. I want Hunt to return to England, for which I would furnish him with the means in comfort; and his situation *there*, on the whole, is bettered, by the payment of a portion of his debts, &c.; and he would be on the spot to continue his *Journal*, or *Journals*, with his brother, who seems a sensible, plain, sturdy, and enduring person.” * * *

The new intimacy of which he here announces the commencement, and which it was gratifying to me, as the common friend of all, to find that he had formed, was a source of much pleasure to him during the stay of his noble acquaintances at Genoa. So long, indeed, had he persuaded himself that his countrymen abroad all regarded him in no other light than as an outlaw or a show, that every new instance he met of friendly reception from them was as much a surprise as pleasure to him; and it was evident that to his mind the revival of English associations and habitudes always brought with it a sense of refreshment, like that of inhaling his native air.

With the view of inducing these friends to prolong their stay at Genoa, he suggested their taking a pretty villa called “*Il Paradiso*,” in the neighbourhood of his own, and accompanied them to look at it. Upon that occasion it was that, on the lady expressing some intentions of residing there, he produced the following impromptu, which—but for the purpose of showing that he was not so “chary of his fame” as to fear failing in such trifles—I should have thought hardly worth transcribing.

“Beneath * * *’s eyes
The reclaim’d Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But, if the new Eve
For an apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the devil?” *

Another copy of verses addressed by him to the same lady, whose beauty and talent might well have claimed a warmer tribute from such a pen, is yet too interesting as descriptive of the feeling of age now stealing so prematurely over him, to be omitted in these pages.

* The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa (which was also, I believe, a *Cam Saluzzo*) had been the one fixed on for his own residence, they said “*Il Diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso*.”

“TO THE COUNTESS OF B * * * *

1.

“You have ask’d for a verse:—the request
In a rhymist ’twere strange to deny,
But my Hippocrene was wet my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.

“Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.

“I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as gray as my head.

4.

“My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.

“Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

“B.”

The following letters written during the stay of this party at Genoa will be found,—some of them at least,—not a little curious,

LETTER DXII

TO THE EARL OF B * * *

“April 5th, 1838.

“MY DEAR LORD,

“How is your gout? or rather, how are you? I return the Count * * *’s *Journal*, which is a very extraordinary production,† and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew, personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes; and after reading his remarks have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would however plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by and by. The most singular thing is, *how* he should have penetrated *not the fact*, but the *mystery* of the English ennui, at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles—(for there is scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them)—but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français* to effect this.

“But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season, with ‘a select party of distinguished guests,’ as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the soirée ensuing thereupon—and

† In another letter to Lord B * * he says of this gentleman, “he seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law’s ancestor’s *Mémoires*.”

the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord C* *—small, but select, and composed of the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly on the table, when, out of twelve, I counted *five asleep*; of that five, there were *Tierney*, Lord * *, and Lord * *.—I forget the other two, but they were either wits or orators—perhaps poets.

"My residence in the East and in Italy has made me somewhat indulgent of the siesta—but then they set regularly about it in warm countries, and perform it in solitude (or at most in a tête-à-tête with a proper companion), and retire quietly to their rooms to get out of the sun's way for an hour or two.

"Altogether, your friend's Journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*—at least I won't say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence), to a young Italian lady of rank, *très instruite* also; and who passes, or passed, for being one of the three most celebrated belles in the district of Italy, where her family and connexions resided in less troublesome times as to politics (which is not Genoa, by the way), and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Staël's metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B. and her sister.

"Believe me your very obliged and faithful

"N. B.

"P. S. There is a rumour in letters of some disturbance or complot in the French Pyrenean army—generals suspected or dismissed, and ministers of war travelling to see what 's the matter. 'Marry (as David says), this hath an angry favour."

"Tell Count * * that some of the names are not quite intelligible, especially of the clubs; he speaks of *Watts*—perhaps he is right, but in my time *Watiers* was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest glory, when Brummell and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepont, gave the Dandy balls; and we (the club, that is,) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden, for Wellington. He does not speak of the *Alfred*, which was the most *recherché* and most tiresome of any, as I know by being a member of that too."

LETTER DXIII.

TO THE EARL OF B* *.

"April 6th, 1823.

"It *would* be worse than idle, knowing, as I do, the utter worthlessness of words on such occasions, in me to attempt to express what I ought to feel and

do feel for the loss you have sustained;* and I must thus dismiss the subject, for I dare not trust myself further with it for your sake, or for my own. I do endeavour to see you as soon as it may not appear intrusive. Pray excuse the levity of my yamish scrawl—I little thought under what circumstances I would find you.

"I have received a very handsome and interesting note from Count * *. He must excuse my ignorance and real ignorance in replying to it in English, through the medium of your kind interpretation. I would not on any account deprive him of a publication, of which I really think more than I have said, though you are good enough not to be satisfied even with that; but whenever it is complete it would give me the greatest pleasure to hear of it—but how to keep it secret? literary secrets are not others. By changing the names, or at least several, and altering the circumstances indicating the writer's real station or situation, the work would render it a most amusing publication. My countrymen have not been treated either in a literary or personal point of view with such deference in English recent works, as to lay him under any national obligation of forbearance; and really the marks are so true and so piquante that I cannot myself to wish their suppression: though, as he says, 'He is my friend,' many of these persons were my friends,* but much such friends are and his allies.

"I return you Dr. Parr's letter—I have read it at Payne Knight's and elsewhere, and he did me the honour once to be a patron of mine, although a friend of the other branch of the House of Lords and the Greek teacher (I believe), of my master-temple—I say *moral*, because it is true, and useful to the virtuous, that it enables them to do nothing without the aid of an *Ægisthus*.

"I beg my compliments to Lady B., Mrs. P., and to your *Alfred*. I think, since his Majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned veyor of our Saxon society.

"Ever yours most truly,

"N. B.

"April 6th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"P. S. I salute Miledi, Mademoiselle Mama, and illustrious Chevalier Count * *; who, I hope, will continue his history of 'his own times.' There are some strange coincidences between a part of his marks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England (I do not mean the hermetically sealed memoirs, but a continuation of certain Cantos of a poem), especially in *what a man may do in London with impunity while he is 'à la mode,'* which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of the advantage of his confidence. The observation is very general."

* The death of Lord B* *'s son, which had been expected, but of which the account had just then arrived.

LETTER DXIV.

TO THE EARL OF B * *.

* April 14th, 1823.

I am truly sorry that I cannot accompany you in this morning, owing to a violent pain in my face, arising from a wart which I by medical aid applied a caustic. Whether I put too much, or not, but the consequence is, that not only has it put me to some pain, but the peccant part of my immediate environ are as black as if the printer had marked me for an author. As I do not tighten your horses, or their riders, I shall now wait upon you until six o'clock, when I hope to be subsided into a more christianlike resemblance to my fellow-creatures. My indignation has extended even to my fingers, for on trying to rub black from off my upper lip at least, I have refused a portion thereof to my right hand, neither lemon juice nor eau de Cologne, nor any other, have been able as yet to redeem it also more ugly appearance than is either proper or safe. But 'cut, damn'd spot!'—you may have seen something of the kind yesterday, for on my leaving that during my visit it had increased, was red, and ought to be diminished; and I could be laughing at the figure I must have cut before this rate, I shall be with you at six, with the advantage of twilight.

"Ever most truly, &c."

* 11 o'clock.

I wrote the above at three this morning. I say that the whole of the skin of about an inch above my upper lip has come off, so cannot even shave or masticate, and I am unfit to appear at your table, and to partake of equality. Will you therefore pardon me, and take this rueful excuse for a 'make-believe,' and will soon recognise whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you again, and I will call the moment the nursery phrase, 'fit to be seen.' Tell me with my compliments, that I am rummaging for a MS. worthy of her acceptance. I have seen the younger Count Gamba, and as I prevail on his infinite modesty to take the field once, I must take this piece of diffidence on his part, and beg your indulgence for both."

LETTER DXV.

TO THE COUNT * *.

* April 23d, 1823.

Dear Count * * (if you will permit me to address you familiarly), you should be content with writing your language, like Grammont, and succeeding as no nobody has succeeded since the days of the Second and the records of Antonio Hamlet without deviating into our barbarous language, you understand and write, however, much as it deserves. 'Approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, is sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for, I love my country, I do not love my countrymen, such as they now are. And besides, in view of talent and wit in your work, I fear

that to me there was the attraction of vengeance. I have seen and felt much of what you have described so well. I have known the persons, and the re-unions so described,—(many of them, that is to say,)—and the portraits are so like that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance.

"But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated? But never mind—*en avant!*—live while you can; and that you may have the full enjoyment of the many advantages of youth, talent, and figure, which you possess, is the wish of an Englishman,—I suppose, but it is no treason; for my mother was Scotch, and my name and my family are both Norman; and as for myself, I am of no country. As for my 'Works,' which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the Devil, from whence (if you believe many persons) they came.

"I have the honour to be your obliged, &c. &c."

During this period a circumstance occurred which shows, most favourably for the better tendencies of his nature, how much allayed and softened down his once angry feeling, upon the subject of his matrimonial differences, had now grown. It has been seen that his daughter Ada,—more especially since his late loss of the only tie of blood which he could have a hope of attaching to himself,—had become the fond and constant object of his thoughts; and it was but natural, in a heart kindly as his was, that dwelling thus with tenderness upon the child, he should find himself insensibly subdued into a gentler tone of feeling towards the mother. A gentleman, whose sister was known to be the confidential friend of Lady Byron, happening at this time to be at Genoa, and in the habit of visiting at the house of the poet's new intimates, Lord Byron took one day an opportunity, in conversing with Lady * *, to say, that she would render him an essential kindness, if, through the mediation of this gentleman and his sister, she could procure for him from Lady Byron, what he had long been most anxious to possess, a copy of her picture. It having been represented to him, in the course of the same, or a similar conversation, that Lady Byron was said by her friends to be in a state of constant alarm lest he should come to England to claim his daughter, or, in some other way, interfere with her, he professed his readiness to give every assurance that might have the effect of calming such apprehensions; and the following letter, in reference to both these subjects, was soon after sent by him.

LETTER DXVI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B * *.

* May 3d, 1823.

"DEAR LADY * *."

"My request would be for a copy of the miniature of Lady B. which I have seen in possession of the late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed memorial of any kind of Lady B., as all her letters were in her own possession before I left England, and we have had no correspondence since—at least on her part.

"My message, with regard to the infant, is simply to this effect—that in the event of any accident occurring to the mother and my remaining the sur-

vivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried into effect, both with regard to the education of the child, and the person or persons under whose care Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed. It is not my intention to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and I presume that it would be some consolation to her to know (if she is in ill health, as I am given to understand), that in no case would any thing be done, as far as I am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady B.'s own wishes and intentions—left in what manner she thought proper.

"Believe me, dear Lady B., your obliged, &c."

This negotiation, of which I know not the result, nor whether, indeed, it ever ended in any, led naturally and frequently to conversations on the subject of his marriage,—a topic he was himself always the first to turn to,—and the account which he then gave, as well of the circumstances of the separation, as of his own entire unconsciousness of the immediate causes that provoked it, was, I find, exactly such as, upon every occasion when the subject presented itself, he, with an air of sincerity in which it was impossible not to confide, promulgated. "Of what really led to the separation (said he, in the course of one of these conversations) I declare to you that, even at this moment, I am wholly ignorant, as Lady Byron would never assign her motives, and has refused to answer my letters. I have written to her repeatedly, and am still in the habit of doing so. Some of these letters I have sent, and others I did not, simply because I despaired of their doing any good. You may, however, see some of them if you like;—they may serve to throw some light upon my feelings."

In a day or two after, accordingly, one of these withheld letters was sent by him, enclosed in the following, to Lady * * *.

LETTER DXVII.

TO THE COUNTESS OF * * *.

* Albano, May 6th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LADY * * *.

"I send you the letter which I had forgotten, and the book,* which I ought to have remembered. It contains (the book, I mean) some melancholy truths; though I believe that it is too triste a work ever to have been popular. The first time I ever read it (not the edition I send you,—for I got it since) was at the desire of Madame de Stael, who was supposed by the good-natured world to be the heroine;—which she was not, however, and was furious at the supposition. This occurred in Switzerland, in the summer of 1816, and the last season in which I ever saw that celebrated person.

"I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz. that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket,—it would complete his costume,—and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!

* Adolphe, by M. Benjamin Constant.

"I did well to avoid the water mystery, which is not less to be won than my other mysteries. Tell Milor that I will do him justice by a day."

"The letter which I enclose I was sending by my despair of its doing any perfectly sincere when I wrote it and it is difficult for me to withstand the cations on that subject, which both have for seven years been throwing man, whose feelings were once quick, per was never patient. But 'retardious as go o'er.' I feel this as no beth did; and it is a dreary sensation avenges the real or imaginary wrong two unfortunate persons whom it cost."

"But I am going to be gloomy;— Good night,—or rather morning. Why I wish to avoid society is, that after it, and the pleasanter it has been."

"Ever most truly"

I shall now produce the enclosure above, and there are few, I should think, who will not agree with me in thinking the author of the following letter, his side, he had at least most of the which are found in general to account

LETTER DXVI.

TO LADY BYRON.

(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. L.)

* Pisa, Nov.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt which is very soft and pretty, and already as mine was at twelve you judge from what I recollect of some session, taken at that age. But it happens from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inclosure and name, and I will tell you why they are the only two or three worth writing in my possession. For yours and except the two words, or rather 'Household,' written twice in an ink I have no other. I burnt your reasons:—lastly, it was written in agreeable; and, 2dly, I wasted it without documents, which are the of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will remind you about Ada's birthday—the 10th, believe. She will then be six, and twelve more I shall have some chance—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged by business or otherwise. Recollecting, either in distance or nearness, which keeps us asunder about a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, always have one rallying-point as it exists, which I presume we both exist after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since has been considerably more than

union, and the not much longer one of acquaintance. We both made a bitter vow it is over and irrevocably so. For, on my part, and a few years less on his, it is no very extended period of life, when the habits and thought are general as to admit of no modification; and as we agree when younger, we should with us now.

And this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our reunion as for more than a year after the separation I gave up the hope entirely and for a very impossibility of reunion seems to a reason why, on all the few points of which can arise between us, we should courtesies of life, and as much of its people who are never to meet may pre-fer more easily than nearer connexions. I am violent, but not malignant; provocations can awaken my resentment, who are colder and more conciliatory, just hint, that you may sometimes speak of a cold anger for dignity, and a for duty. I assure you that I bear you (er I may have done) no resentment. I remember, that *if you have injured* this forgiveness is something; and that, *red you*, it is something more still, if it is moralists say, that the most offending forgiving.

the offence has been solely on my side, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to my but two things,—viz. that you are my child, and that we shall never meet if you also consider the two correspondences with reference to myself, it will be three.

"Yours ever,
"NOEL BYRON."

my plan, as must have been observed, materials have furnished me with the subject of my Memoir to relate; and this object, during the two or three years of his life just elapsed, I have been enriching resources in my hands, with but one, to attain. Having now, however, point of his career from which a new start is to be taken by his excursive spirit, so glorious as it was brief and fatal, a moment of pause may be permitted to look back through the last few years, and rely upon the spectacle, at once grand and rich in his life during that most unbridled career exhibited.

of unceasing excitement, both of heart and ever warring with the world's will, in the world's breath,—with a genius itself all shapes, from Jove down to disposition veering with equal facility the moral compass,—not even the antithesis of existence of two souls within one seem at all adequately to account for both of power and character, which the conduct and writings during these few

feverish years displayed. Without going back so far as the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, which one of his bitterest and ablest assailants has pronounced to be, "in point of execution, the sublimest poetical achievement of mortal pen," we have, in a similar strain of strength and splendour, the Prophecy of Dante, Cain, the Mystery of Heaven and Earth, Sardanapalus,—all produced during this wonderful period of his genius. To these also are to be added four other dramatic pieces, which, though the least successful of his compositions, have yet, as Poems, few equals in our literature; while, in a more especial degree, they illustrate the versatility of taste and power so remarkable in him, as being founded, and to this very circumstance, perhaps, owing their failure, on a severe classic model, the most uncongenial to his own habits and temperament, and the most remote from that bold, unshackled licence which it had been the great mission of his genius, throughout the whole realms of Mind, to assert.

In contrast to all these high-toned strains, and struck off during the same fertile period, we find his Don Juan—in itself an epitome of all the marvellous contrarieties of his character—the Vision of Judgment, the Translation from Pulci, the Pamphlets on Pope, on the British Review, on Blackwood,—together with a swarm of other light, humorous trifles, all flashing forth carelessly from the same mind that was, almost at the same moment, personating, with a port worthy of such a presence, the mighty spirit of Dante, or following the dark footsteps of Scepticism over the ruins of past worlds, with Cain.

All this time, too, while occupied with these ideal creations, the demands upon his active sympathies, in real life, were such as almost any mind but his own would have found sufficient to engross its every thought and feeling. An amour, not of that light, transient kind which "goes without a burden," but, on the contrary, deep-rooted enough to endure to the close of his days, employed as restlessly with its first hopes and fears a portion of this period as with the entanglements to which it led, political and domestic, it embarrassed the remainder. Scarcely, indeed, had this disturbing passion begun to calm, when a new source of excitement presented itself in that conspiracy into which he flung himself so fearlessly, and which ended, as we have seen, but in multiplying the objects of his sympathy and protection, and driving him to a new change of home and scene.

When we consider all these distractions that beset him, taking into account also the frequent derangement of his health, and the time and temper he must have thrown away on the minute drudgery of watching over every item of his household expenditure, the mind is left in almost incredulous astonishment at the wonders he was able to achieve under such circumstances—at the variety and prodigality of power with which, in the midst of such interruptions and hindrances, his "bright soul broke out on every side," and not only held on its course, undimmed, through all these difficulties, but even extracted out of the very struggles and annoyances it encountered new nerve for its strength, and new fuel for its fire.

While thus at this period, more remarkably than at any other during his life, the unparalleled versatility

Swift boasted of, as the end of all his own labours, "to vex the world rather than divert it."

How totally all this differed from the Byron of the social hour, they who lived in familiar intercourse with him may be safely left to tell. The sort of ferine reputation which he had acquired for himself abroad prevented numbers, of course, of his countrymen, whom he would have most cordially welcomed, from seeking his acquaintance. But, as it was, no English gentleman ever approached him, with the common forms of introduction, that did not come away at once surprised and charmed by the kind courtesy and facility of his manners, the unpretending play of his conversation, and, on a nearer intercourse, the frank, youthful spirits, to the flow of which he gave way with such a zest, as even to deceive some of those who best knew him into the impression, that gaiety was after all the true bent of his disposition.

To these contrasts which he presented, as viewed publicly and privately, is to be added also the fact, that, while braving the world's ban so boldly, and asserting man's right to think for himself with a freedom and even daringness unequalled, the original shyness of his nature never ceased to hang about him; and while at a distance he was regarded as a sort of autocrat in intellect, revelling in all the confidence of his own great powers, a somewhat nearer observation enabled a common acquaintance at Venice * to detect, under all this, traces of that self-distrust and bashfulness which had marked him as a boy, and which never entirely forsook him through the whole of his career.

Still more singular, however, than this contradiction between the public and private man—a contradiction not unfrequent, and, in some cases, more apparent than real, as depending upon the relative position of the observer—were those contrarieties and changes not less startling, which his character so often exhibited, as compared with itself. He who, at one moment, was seen intrenched in the most absolute self-will, would, at the very next, be found all that was

connected more intimately with life now before us. Notwithstanding marked prejudices in favour we have seen with what art and theory, but practically, a Lian Carbonari,—he embarked servedly on the current of e towards freedom. Though of for liberty the seal set upon it leaves us no room to doubt arise whether that general flow from whatever source it or less, every pursuit of his was not predominant among; verved him in this; and, agreeable that, like Alfieri and of freedom, he would not ultin the result of his own equalizing zealous enough in lowering th rather recoil from the task were below it.

With regard to the first part without deducting much from cause, that the gratification above all, perhaps, that necessary to him, to whet, as self-wearing spirit, were not and incitements which a str of Freedom presented to him certain that, destined as he was, from that singular a existed in his nature of the calls up illusions, and the that, at once, detects their long have gone on, even in a without finding the hopes strewn it withering away be

In politics, as in every other was to be among the first; from the want of a due and noblest and most disinterested

r, his impatience of injustice, would constantly into such collisions as must excite and disgust; while the composure beneath him, a tax all demagogues had, as soon as it had ceased to amuse new and the ridiculous, have shocked mortified his pride. The distaste with art from more than one of his letters, led to view the personal, if not the political of what is commonly called the *Rasselas*, shows how unsuited he was to that kind of popular fellowship those far less aristocratic in their notions, must be sufficiently trying.

It is interesting to see that all these consequences predicted as almost certain to result from such a career, it by no means follows that, once engaged, he would waver in it consistently and devotedly. That, even if reduced to say, with *in præter causam*, he could not have abandoned the principle of the cause from its own merits, at the same time, to uphold the other. Looking back, in an advanced point where we are now, the whole of his past career, we cannot, pervading all its apparent changes, see an adherence to the original bias, a general consistency in the main, how contradictory the details, which had been serving, from first to last, all his views upon the great subjects that interested him, essentially unchanged.

It is, therefore, though allowing that, in the end, he might have been in all personal participation in such a cause would have shown himself a renegade; and though too proud to have been like Egalité, into the ranks of the *Id* have been far too consistent to pass as those of their enemies.

It is of those hopes with which he had looked forward to the issue of the late war in Italy and her rulers, it may be well to say, that it was to him to turn his eyes to a spirit was now rising such as he had never dreamed that he should live to see. His early travels in that country had left an impression on his mind: and when he before remarked, his fancy for a moment, it was to the regions about the *Id* he always foundy joined, were of Italy as a home, this propensity never abandoned. In addition to the of the new movement in the land, as it were, had a degree of enthusiasm, or a change of sentiment, which, in the departure from *Id*, was not unaccounted for.

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those with whom he had connected himself, conspired with one or two other causes to revive within him all his former love of change and adventure; nor is it wonderful that to Greece, as offering both in their most exciting form, he should turn eagerly his eyes, and at once kindle with a desire not only to witness, but perhaps share in, the present triumphs of Liberty on those very fields where he had already gathered for immortality such memorials of her day long past.

Among the causes that concurred with this sentiment to determine him to the enterprise he now meditated, not the least powerful, undoubtedly, was the supposition in his own mind that the high tide of his poetical popularity had been for some time on the ebb. The utter failure of the *Liberal*,—in which, splendid as were some of his own contributions to it, there were yet others from his pen hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding dross,—confirmed him fully in the notion that he had at last wearied out his welcome with the world; and, as the voice of fame had become almost as necessary to him as the air he breathed, it was with a proud consciousness of the yet untouched reserves of power within him he now saw that, if arrived at the end of one path of fame, there were yet others for him to strike into, still more glorious.

That some such vent for the resources of his mind had long been contemplated by him appears from a letter of his to myself, in which it will be recollected he says:—"If I live ten years longer, you will see that it is not over with me. I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and—it may seem odd enough to say—I do not think it was my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something,—the time and Fortune permitting,—that 'like the cosmogony of the world will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.'" He then adds this but too true and sad prophecy:—"But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out."

His zeal in the cause of Italy, whose past history and literature seemed to call aloud for redress of her present wrongs and wrongs, would have, no doubt, led him to the same chair as he did in her service, as he displayed afterwards in that of Greece. The disappointing issue, however, of that brief struggle is but too well known; and this sudden wreck of a cause so promising joined him the more deeply from his knowledge of some of the true and true hearts embarked in it. The disgust, indeed, which that abortive effort left behind, coupled with the opinion he had early formed of the "hereditary bondsmen" of Greece, had kept him for some time in a state of considerable doubt and misgiving as to their chances of ever shaking out their own chains, or not was it all the spring of the year, when, rather by the continuation of the struggle than by its actual success, some confidence that began to be awakened in the true worthiness of the cause, that he had nearly made up his mind to devote himself to it. The only difficulty that still remained to prevent or embarrass the resolution was the necessity of a passport, a temporary suspension from *Id*, which was not to be obtained, as he was not to be permitted to participate in the politics of the country, he could have no objection to the character of a *Id*, even for such a time.

At the beginning of the month of April he received a visit from Mr Blaquiere, who was then proceeding on a special mission to Greece, for the purpose of procuring for the Committee lately formed in London correct information as to the state and prospects of that country. It was among the instructions of this gentleman that he should touch at Genoa and communicate with Lord Byron; and the following note will show how cordially the noble poet was disposed to enter into all the objects of the Committee.

LETTER DXIX.

TO MR. BLAQUIERE.

* Albaro, April 5th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better. I have been expecting you for some time,—you will find me at home. I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could, as an individual, in that land which it is an honour even to have visited.

"Ever yours, truly,
"NOEL BYRON."

Soon after this interview with their agent, a more direct communication on the subject was opened between his lordship and the Committee itself.

LETTER DXX.

TO MR. BOWRING.

Genoa, 12th May, 1823.

"SIR,

"I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done me;—I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity with the Italian language (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the continent), and my *not* total ignorance of the Romain, would afford me some advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will be always a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.

"Our last information of Captain Blaquiere is from Ancona, where he embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, on the 15th ult.; he is now probably at his destination. My last letter from him personally was dated Rome; he had been refused a passport through the Neapolitan territory, and returned to

strike up through Romagna for Ancona; however, appears to have been lost by

"The principal material wanted appears to be, first, a park of field and fit for mountain-service; secondly, hospital or medical stores. mode of transmission is, I hear, by 1 to Mr Negri, the minister. I meant certain quantity of the two latter—but but enough for an individual to show 1 for the Greek success,—but am put in case I should go myself, I can t me. I do not want to limit my ow to this merely, but more especially, Greece myself, I should devote wha I can muster of my own, to advan object. I am in correspondence with Karrellas (well known to Mr Hobhouse at Pisa; but his latest advice men the Greeks are at present employe their *internal* government, and the d ministration; this would seem to inc but the war is however far from be

"The Turks are an obstinate race wars have proved them, and will retu for years to come, even if beaten, hoped they will be. But in no case of the Committee be said to be in event even of the Greeks being sub persed, the funds which could be e couring and gathering together the to alleviate in part their distresses, as to find or make a country (as so ma other nations have been compelled 'bless both those who gave and th as the bounty both of justice and of

"With regard to the formation of a Mr Hobhouse hints at in his short let receipt, enclosing the one to which I t to reply), I would presume to suggest—as an opinion, resulting rather from 1 experience of the brigades embarked in service than from any experiment ye GREECE—that the attention of the better perhaps be directed to the emp ficers of experience than the enrolme tish soldiers, which latter are apt to not very serviceable, in irregular warf of foreigners. A small body of good cially artillery; an engineer, with qua the Committee might deem requisite) nature which Captain Blaquiere ind wanted, would, I should conceive, be accession. Officers, also, who had pr in the Mediterranean would be pref knowledge of Italian is nearly indispen

"It would also be as well that they sh that they are not going 'to rough it o and bottle of port,'—but that Greece-years, very plentifully stocked for a as sent the country of all kinds of pri remark may seem superfluous; but I to it, by observing that many *foreign* lian, French, and even Germans (bu latter), have returned in disgust, in that they were going up to make a pa

full pay, speedy promotion, and a very good salary. They complain, too, of all received by the Government or inhabitants of these complainants were mere attracted by a hope of command and disappointed of both. Those Greeks I personally deny the charge of inhospitality, that they shared their pittance to the last with their foreign volunteers.

I suggest to the Committee the very great which must accrue to Great Britain from the Greeks, and their probable relations with England in consequence; be I persuaded that the first object of the is their EMANCIPATION, without any in- But the consideration might weigh with people in general, in their present very kind of speculation,—they need not American sons, for one much better worth and nearer home. The resources even the population, in the Greek islands alone, be paralleled; and the cheapness of every only necessary but luxury, (that is to of produce), fruits, wine, oil, &c. in a, are far beyond those of the Cape, and it's land, and the other places of refuge, English population are searching for over

at the Committee will command me in any way. If I am favoured with any I shall endeavour to obey them to the or conformable to my own private opi- I beg leave to add, personally, my re- gentleman whom I have the honour of

"And am, sir, your obliged, &c.

The best refutation of Gell will be the one of the Committee;—I am too warm about it; and I suspect that if Mr Hobhouse is in hand, there will be little occasion to cumber him with help. If I go up into I will endeavour to transmit as accurate an account as circumstances will per-

mits to M. Karrellas. I expect intelligence from Captain Blaquiere, who has promised me information from the seat of the Provisional

I gave him a letter of introduction to Osborne, at Corfu; but as Lord S. is in the service, of course his reception could not be a pleasant one."

LETTER DXXI.

TO MR BOWRING.

Genoa, May 21st, 1822.

I yesterday the letter of the Committee, of March. What has occasioned the not. It was forwarded by Mr Galigaris, who stated that he had only had it four days, and that it was delivered by Grattan. I need hardly say that I

gladly accede to the proposition of the Committee, and hold myself highly honoured by being deemed worthy to be a member. I have also to return my thanks, particularly to yourself, for the accompanying letter, which is extremely flattering.

"Since I last wrote to you, through the medium of Mr Hobhouse, I have received and forwarded a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me, from Corfu, which will show how he gets on. Yesterday I fell in with two young Germans, survivors of General Normann's band. They arrived at Genoa in the most deplorable state—without food—without a sou—without shoes. The Austrians had sent them out of their territory on their landing at Trieste; and they had been forced to come down to Florence, and had travelled from Leghorn here, with four Tuscan livres (about three francs) in their pockets. I have given them twenty Genoese scudi (about a hundred and thirty-three livres, French money), and new shoes, which will enable them to get to Switzerland, where they say that they have friends. All that they could raise in Genoa, besides, was thirty sous. They do not complain of the Greeks, but say that they have suffered more since their landing in Italy.

"I tried their veracity, 1stly, by their passports and papers; 2dly, by topography, cross-questioning them about Arta, Argos, Athens, Missolonghi, Corinth, &c.; and 3dly, in Romanic, of which I found (one of them at least) knew more than I do. One of them (they are both of good families) is a fine handsome young fellow of three and twenty—a Wirtemberger, and has a look of Sandt about him—the other a Bavarian, older and flat-faced, and less ideal, but a great, sturdy, soldier-like personage. The Wirtemberger was in the action at Arta, where the Philhellenists were cut to pieces after killing six hundred Turks, they themselves being only a hundred and fifty in number, opposed to about six or seven thousand; only eight escaped, and of them about three only survived; so that General Normann posted his ragamuffins where they were well peppered—not three of the hundred and fifty left alive—and they are for the town's end for life."

"These two left Greece by the direction of the Greeks. When Churchid Pacha overran the Morea, the Greeks seem to have behaved well, in wishing to save their allies, when they thought that the game was up with themselves. This was in September last (1822); they wandered from island to island, and got from Milo to Smyrna, where the French consul gave them a passport, and a charitable captain a passage to Ancona, whence they got to Trieste, and were turned back by the Austrians. They complain only of the minister 'who has always been an indifferent character; say that the Greeks fight very well in their own way, but were at first afraid to fire their own cannon—but needed well practice."

"Adolphe the younger, commander at Navarino for a short time; the other, a more maternal person, the bold Bavarian in a luckless hour, seems chiefly to lament a fast of three days at Argos, and the loss of twenty-five paras a day of pay in arrears, and some baggage at Tripolizza; but takes his women and marches, and battles in very good part. Both are very simple, full of native sense, and are unimpressed; they say the foreigners quarrel among themselves."

particularly the French with the Germans, which produced duels.

"The Greeks accept muskets, but throw away bayonets, and will not be disciplined. When these lads saw two Piedmontese regiments yesterday, they said, 'Ah, if we had had but *these* two, we should have cleared the Morea;' in that case the Piedmontese must have behaved better than they did against the Austrians. They seem to lay great stress upon a few regular troops—say that the Greeks have arms and powder in plenty, but want victuals, hospital stores, and lint and linen, &c. and money, very much. Altogether, it would be difficult to show more practical philosophy than this remnant of our 'puir hill folk' have done; they do not seem the least cast down, and their way of presenting themselves was a simple and natural as could be. They said, a Dane here had told them that an Englishman, friendly to the Greek cause, was here, and that, as they were reduced to beg their way home, they thought they might as well begin with me. I write in haste to smutch the post. —Believe me, and truly.

"Your obliged, &c.

"P.S. I have, since I wrote this, seen them again. Count P. Gamba asked them to breakfast. One of them means to publish his Journal of the campaign. The Bavarian wonders a little that the Greeks are not quite the same with them of the time of Themistocles (they were not then very tractable, by the by), and at the difficulty of disciplining them; but he is a 'bon homme' and a tactician, and a little like Dugald Dalgetty, who would insist upon the erection of 'a scone on the hill of Drumnah,' or whatever it was; —the other seems to wonder at nothing."

LETTER DXXII.

TO LADY * * * *

"May 17th, 1823.

"My voyage to Greece will depend upon the Greek Committee (in England) partly, and partly on the instructions which some persons now in Greece on a private mission may be pleased to send me. I am a member, lately elected, of the said Committee; and my object in going up would be to do any little good in my power;—but as there are some *pros* and *cons* on the subject, with regard to how far the intervention of strangers may be advisable, I know no more than I tell you: but we shall probably hear something soon from England and Greece, which may be more decisive.

"With regard to the late person (Lord Londonderry), whom you hear that I have attacked, I can only say that a bad minister's memory is as much an object of investigation as his conduct while alive,—for his measures do not die with him like a private individual's notions. He is matter of *history*; and, wherever I find a tyrant or a villain, I will mark him. I attacked him no more than I had been wont to do. As to the Liberal,—it was a publication set up for the advantage of a persecuted author and a very witty man. But it was foolish in me to engage in it; and so it has turned out—for I have hurt myself without doing much good to those for whose benefit it was intended.

"Do not defend me—it will never only make *yourself* enemies.

"Mine are neither to be diminished, but they may be overthrown; and that which may occur, less improbable than have happened in our time, that may present state of things—*nona veritas*.

"I send you this gossip that you may which is all it is good for, if it is very much. I shall be delighted to see you, will be melancholy, should it be only for

"Ever yours

It being now decided that Lord Byron proceed forthwith to Greece, all the preparations for his departure were hastened. The first step was to write to Mr. Trevelyan then at Rome, to request that he would visit him. "You must have heard," he said, "of my going to Greece—why do you not come? I do nothing without you, and am anxious to see you. Pray, come, for I am at home to go to Greece;—it is the only place I intended in. I am serious; and did not wish I might have given you a journey for nothing. I all say I can be of use to Greece; I know—nor do they; but, at all events, I am a physician, acquainted with surgery, and considered a necessary part of his suite, by his own medical attendant at Genoa. Under, to provide him with such a personal recommendation of this gentleman. The young man who had just left the university, a considerable reputation was engaged. Preparations for his expedition, he had splendid helmets to be made,—with his gotten crest engraved upon them,—for the two friends who were to accompany him. This little circumstance which, in English, ridiculous is so much better understood (heroic), excited some sneers at the time. One of the many instances that come through his life, to confirm the quantity to him, true observation, that "the child the man;"—the characteristics of these of life being in him so anomalously true, while the passions and ripened views developed themselves in his boyhood, his pleased fancies and vanities of the boy breaking out among the most serious of manhood. The same schoolboy whom we begin of the first volume, boasting of to raise, at some future time, a troop in black armour, to be called Byron's, is now seen trying on with delight his helmet, and anticipating the deeds of to achieve under its plumes.

At the end of May a letter arrived from Blaquiere, communicating to him very intelligence, and requesting that he would, as possible, hasten his departure, as he anxiously looked for, and would be of service. However encouraging this was, though Lord Byron, thus called upon, had now determined to give freely the

so essential, it is plain from his letters that, and sagacious view which he himself took of this subject, so far from agreeing with these men in their high estimate of his personal worth, he had not yet even been able to perceive the way in which those services could, with respect of permanent utility, be applied.

He might into the true state of his mind at this time, the following observations of one who, with eyes quickened by anxiety will be perhaps, to afford the clearest and most faithful picture. "At this time," says the Countess of Byron, "Lord Byron again turned his thoughts to the East, and, excited on every side by a thousand circumstances, found himself, almost without time to form a decision, or well know what he was doing, obliged to set out for that country."

Notwithstanding his affection for those regions—his consciousness of his own moral worth, which made him say always that 'a man should do something more for society than write poetry'—notwithstanding the attraction which the prospect of this voyage must necessarily have for him, and that, moreover, he was resolved to return home within a few months,—notwithstanding every person who was near him at the time bore witness to the struggle which his mind underwent (however much he endeavoured to hide it), a period fixed for his departure approached."

Notwithstanding the vagueness which this want of a fixed object so unsatisfactorily threw round the prospect before him, he had also a sort of presentiment—natural, perhaps, to one who was so much under such circumstances—that he was fulfilling his own doom in this expedition, and that he would die in Greece. On the evening before his departure, he called upon them for the purpose of saying adieu, and sat conversing for some time with his friends, Lord and Lady B. . .

He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing regret that they should leave Genoa before his departure, proceeded to speak of his intended journey in a tone full of despondence. "Here," said he, "we are all now together—but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of feeling that each other for the last time; as something that I shall never again return from Greece." He continued a little longer in this manner, and then he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa, and, burying his face in his hands, he wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling.

He had been talking only with Lady B. . . were present in the room, and he was affected by his emotion, when he turned.

allora che Lord Byron, che era stato per un momento in un'emozione di gioia, si sentì di nuovo oppresso da una sensazione di dolore. Egli si chinò sulla scrivania, e si mise a piangere. La contessa di Byron, che era presente, si avvicinò a lui, e lo abbracciò. Egli si alzò, e disse: "Addio, addio. Io non tornerò più." E si allontanò.

apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of "nervousness."

He had, previous to this conversation, presented to each of the party some little farewell gift—a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady B. . . a copy of his *Armenian Grammar*, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion, and presented it to her ladyship.

The next day Lady B. . . received from him the following note:

TO THE COUNTESS OF B. . .

"Albano, June 24, 1822.

MY DEAR LADY B. . .

"I am superstitious, and have recollected that memorials with a point are of less fortunate augury; I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the pin, the enclosed chain, which is of no slight value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something worn, I can only say, that it has been worn oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture; and the only peculiarity about it is, that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind. I also enclose a ring, which I would wish Alfred to keep; it is too large to wear; but is formed of lava, and is far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin for good luck's sake, which I shall value much more for having been a night in your country."

"Ever and faithfully your obliged, son,

"P. S. I hope your nerves are well today and will continue to be such."

In the month of June the preparations for the summer expedition were in progress. With the aid of his father and very intimate friend, Mr. Henry, of Genoa, he was enabled to raise the large sum of money necessary for the voyage—£1000, which he placed in the hands of Mr. Henry, and who was to be the agent for the purchase of the ship, the outfit, and the passage of the party. Mr. Henry, who was a man of great energy and business, was to be the agent for the purchase of the ship, the outfit, and the passage of the party. Mr. Henry, who was a man of great energy and business, was to be the agent for the purchase of the ship, the outfit, and the passage of the party.

The first of the party was Mr. Henry, who was to be the agent for the purchase of the ship, the outfit, and the passage of the party.

knowledge the merits of his literary productions and the value of his name, because he has a more accurate idea of the nature of his talents, and the means of exhibiting his own powers. But here he advanced a step further, and he said, "I have seen the great works which were immediately recognized as his own, and I have seen the great works which were immediately recognized as his own, and I have seen the great works which were immediately recognized as his own." These endeavours of the German did not remain unknown to the Englishman, of which happiness was a very important proof, and he also availed himself of the means afforded by various travellers, to forward some friendly salutation to his unknown admirer. At length a manuscript Dedication of *Sardanapalus*, in the most complimentary terms, was forwarded to him, with an obliging inquiry whether it might be prefixed to the tragedy. The German, who, at his advanced age, was conscious of his own powers and of their effects, could only gratefully and modestly consider this Dedication as the expression of an inexhaustible intellect, deeply feeling and creating its own object. He was by no means dissatisfied when, after a long delay, *Sardanapalus* appeared without the Dedication; and was made happy by the possession of a fac-simile of it, engraved on stone, which he considered a precious memorial.

"The noble lord, however, did not abandon his purpose of proclaiming to the world his valued kindness towards his German contemporary and brother poet, a precious evidence of which was placed in front of the tragedy of Werner. It will be readily believed, when so unlooked for an honour was conferred upon the German poet, one seldom experienced in life, and that too from one himself so highly distinguished—he was by no means reluctant to express the high esteem and sympathizing sentiment with which his unsurpassed contemporary had inspired him. The task was difficult, and was found the more so, the more it was contemplated, for what can be said of one, whose unfathomable qualities are not to be reached by words? But when a young gentleman, Mr Sterling, of pleasing person and excellent character, in the spring of 1823, on a journey from Genoa to Weimar, delivered a few lines under the hand of the great man as an introduction; and when the report was soon after spread that the same peer was about to direct his great mind and various power to deeds of valour during his journey, there appeared to be no time left for further delay, and the following lines were hastily written."

AND BYRON.

who, down to the latest period, was always anxious to ac-

* I insert the verses in the original language, as an English version gives but a very imperfect notion of their meaning.

LETTER DXXIII.

TO MR BOWRING.

*July 7th, 1823.

"We sail on the 12th for Greece.—I have had a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present transcription, but very satisfactory. The Greek Government expects me without delay.

"In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of even 'ten thousand pounds only' (Mr. B.'s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempt of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the mean time, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

"For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause—having of course some guarantee or assurance, that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

"If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object—that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once bear—abstinence I am accustomed to—and, as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell—but I will try.

"I await the commands of the Committee.—Address to Genoa—the letters will be forwarded to me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more defined instructions before I went, but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee.

"I have the honour to be

"Your obedient, &c.

"P. S. Great anxiety is expressed for a printing press and types, &c. I have not the time to provide them, but recommend this to the notice of the Committee. I presume the types must, partly at least, be Greek: they wish to publish papers, and perhaps a Journal, probably in Romain, with Italian translations."

Ali was now ready; and on the 13th of July himself and his whole party slept on board the *Hercules*. About sunrise the next morning they succeeded in clearing the port; but there was little wind, and they remained in sight of Genoa the whole day. The night was a bright moonlight, but the wind had become stormy and adverse, and they were, for a short time, in serious danger. Lord Byron, who remained on

deck during the storm, was employed to the aid of such of his suite as were afflicted with sea-sickness from helping him, in preventing mischief to the horses, which, having been cured, had broken loose and injured each other making head against the wind for hours, the captain was at last obliged to leave Genoa, and re-entered the port at six in the evening. On landing again, after this unpromising termination of his voyage, Lord Byron (says C.) "appeared thoughtful, and remarked that it had been a bad beginning a favourable one."

It has been already, I believe, mentioned among the superstitions in which he believed the supposed unluckiness of Friday, at the commencement of any work, was considered almost always, allowed himself to be influenced after his arrival at Pisa, a lady of his acquaintance happening to meet him, on the road for Genoa, as she was herself returning thither, that he had been to make her a visit, and that he would go back with her. "I have just left your house," he answered; "for, just before I closed the door, I remembered that it was Friday, and I was going to make my first visit on a Friday back." It is even related of him that he had away a Genoese tailor who brought him a new coat on the same ominous day.

With all this, strange to say, he set out on a Friday:—and though, by those who were leaning to this superstitious fancy, the day was thought but too sadly confirmatory of the influence of the evil, his own mind was slight, or, in the event, his devotion under which he now acted. In truth, notwithstanding his encouragement of Count Gamba, the forewarning he had of an approaching doom seems to have been a serious and serious to need the aid of any one. Having expressed a wish, on returning to his own palace, which he had left to the care of during his absence, and from which Count Cencioli had early that morning departed, he proceeded thither, accompanied by Count Cencioli. "His conversation," says this gentleman, "was what melancholy on our way to Athens, and much of his past life, and of the times to come. 'Where,' said he, 'shall we go?'—It looked (adds his friend) like a prophecy; for, on the same day, of the 14th of the next year, he was carried to the grave by his ancestors."

It took nearly the whole of the day to repair the damages of their vessel; and the great interval was passed by Lord Byron, in the company of Mr. Barry, at some gardens near the city, in conversation, as this gentleman informs us, of a gloomy turn. That he had not been in England, in preference, seemed one of the regrets; and so hopeless were the views of the whole enterprise before him, that he appeared to Mr. Barry, nothing but a duty and honour could have determined him to assist in it.

In the evening of that day they set out fairly launched in the cause, and did

• Ein freudlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden:
Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,
Nicht Its der Geist, doch ist der Fuß gebunden.

• Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang begleitet,
Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?
Ihm der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,
Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen.

• Wohl sey ihm doch, wenn er sich selbst empfindet!
Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,
Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,
Und wie ich ihn erkannt mög' er sich kennen.

"The verses reached Genoa, but the excellent friend to whom they were addressed was already gone, and to a distance, as it appeared, inaccessible. Driven back, however, by storms, he landed at Leghorn, where these cordial lines reached him just as he was about to embark, on the 24th of July, 1823. He had barely time to answer by a well filled page, which the possessor has preserved among his most precious papers, as the worthiest evidence of the connexion that had been formed. Affecting and delightful as was such a document, and justifying the most lively hopes, it has acquired now the greatest, though most painful, value, from the untimely death of the lofty writer, which adds a peculiar edge to the grief felt generally throughout the whole moral and poetical world at his loss: for we were warranted in hoping, that when his great deeds should have been achieved, we might personally have greeted in him the pre-eminent intellect, the happily acquired friend, and the most humane of conquerors. At present we can only console ourselves with the conviction that his country will at last recover from that violence of invective and reproach which has been so long raised against him, and will learn to understand that the dross and lees of the age and the individual, out of which even the best have to elevate themselves, are but perishable and transient, while the wonderful glory to which he, in the present and through all future ages, has elevated his country, will be as boundless in its splendour, as it is incalculable in its consequences. Nor can there be any doubt that the nation, which can boast of so many great names, will class him among the first of those through whom she has acquired such glory."

The following is Lord Byron's answer to the communication above-mentioned from Goëthe.

LETTER DXXIV.

TO GOËTHE.

• Leghorn, July 26th, 1823.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

"I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked for the lines which my young friend, Mr Sterling, sent me of yours; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must therefore accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose too; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which

hardly allow a moment even to gratification to express themselves.

"I sailed from Genoa some days ago back by a gale of wind, and have since and arrived here, 'Leghorn,' this morning on board some Greek passengers for the country.

"Here also I found your lines and letter, and I could not have had a more omen, a more agreeable surprise, than the the, written by his own hand.

"I am returning to Greece, to see if I little use there: if ever I come back, I to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage many millions of your admirers. I have to be, ever and most,

"Your obliged

"NOEL

From Leghorn, where his lordship Mr Hamilton Browne, he set sail on the and after about ten days of most favourable cast anchor at Argostoli, the chief port of

It had been thought expedient that should with the view of informing himself respecting Greece, direct his course, in this to one of the Ionian islands, from whence post of observation, he might be able to exact position of affairs before he landed. For this purpose it had been that either Zante or Cephalonia should, and his choice was chiefly determined latter island by his knowledge of the taler feelings of the Resident, Colonel Nap however, that in the yet doubtful as foreign policy of England, his arrival expedition so declaredly in aid of insurrection the effect of embarrassing the existing as resolved to adopt such a line of conduct the least calculated either to compromise them. It was with this view he now decided not to land at Argostoli, but to as his vessel such information from the as Greece as should enable him to decide upon

The arrival of a person so celebrated excited naturally a lively sensation, as with Greeks as the English of that place; approaches towards intercourse between and their noble visitor were followed in sides, by that sort of agreeable surprise the false notions they had preconceived was to be expected. His countrymen, the exaggerated stories they had so often misanthropy and especial horror of the expected their courtesies to be received with if not insulting, coldness, found, on the all his demeanour, a degree of open and ability which, calculated, as it was, to any circumstances, was to them, exactly the reverse, peculiarly fascinating;—wide, even still more sensitively prepared course of brooding over his own fancied and reluctant reception from his country himself greeted at once with a welcome respectful, as not only surprised and

not, sensibly touched him. Among other is accepted by him was a dinner with the garrison, at which, on his health being reported to have said, in returning at "he was doubtful whether he could excuse of the obligation as he ought, having up in the practice of speaking a foreign language it was with some difficulty he could convey force of what he felt in his own."

Inspar had messengers to Corfu and Missolonghi of information, he resolved, while waiting, to employ his time in a journey to such island is separated from that of Cephalonia by a narrow strait. On his way to Vathi, one of the island, to which place he had left, and his journey hospitably facilitated, about, Captain Knox, he paid a visit to the man in which, according to tradition, Ulysses the presents of the Phœnicians. "Lord's Count Gamba" ascended to the grotto, upon and height prevented him from the remains of the Castle. I myself experienced difficulty in gaining it. Lord standing in the grotto, but fell asleep. I on my return, and he said that I had in-remains more pleasant than ever he had be-fore."

unchanged, since he first visited these re-ference of the wild charms of Nature and associations of Art and History, he yet much interest in any pilgrimage to those a tradition had succeeded. At the For-then, one of the spots of this kind which a report had been prepared for himself and the Resident; and at the school of Homer, scenes beyond Chios are called,—he met refugee bishop, whom he had known there before in Livadia, and with whom he now of those times with a rapidity and frankness on which the memory of the old bishop I keep pace. Neither did the traditional rescue escape his research, and "how-nd" says a lady who, soon after, followed he might have been as to those supposed e never offended the natives by any in-qualify of their fancies. On the contrary, as and kindness was the respect and ad-all those Greek gentlemen who saw him: he spoke of him with enthusiasm."

evolutionary virtue by which, even now, per-by any ambition of renown, he proved he attracted in his present course, and short stay at Ithaca, opportunities of in-selves. On arriving that a number of as had fled thither from Itea, Patras, and of Greece, he not only presented to the at three thousand painters for their relief, necessary to one family in particular, whom as in a state of distress at Patras, enabled air their circumstances, and again five in The oldest ge- says the lady whom I have and, because afterwards the mistress of the at at Ithaca; and another one, her sister could ever speak of Lord Byron without feeling of gratitude, and of regret for us no death."

After occupying in this excursion about eight days, he had again established himself on board the Herculean, when one of the messengers whom he had dispatched returned, bringing a letter to him from the brave Marco Botzari, whom he had left among the mountains of Agrafa, preparing for that attack in which he so gloriously fell. The following are the terms in which this heroic chief wrote to Lord Byron:—

"Your letter, and that of the venerable Ignazio, have filled me with joy. Your Excellency is exactly the person of whom we stand in need. Let nothing prevent you from coming into this part of Greece. The enemy threatens us in great number; but, by the help of God and your Excellency, they shall meet a suitable resistance. I shall have something to do to-night against a corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this place. The day after to-morrow I will set out, with a few chosen companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay. I thank you for the good opinion you have of my fellow-citizens, which God grant you will not find ill-founded; and I thank you still more for the care you have so kindly taken of them.

"Believe me, Sir."

In the expectation that Lord Byron would proceed forthwith to Missolonghi, it had been the intention of Botzari, as the above letter announces, to leave the army, and hasten, with a few of his brother warriors, to receive their noble ally in his landing in a manner worthy of the generous mission on which he came. The above letter, however, preceded but by a few hours his death. That very night he penetrated, with but a handful of followers, into the midst of the enemy's camp, whose force was eight thousand strong, and after leading his heroic band over boards of dead, fell, at last, close to the tent of the Patriarch himself.

The mention made in this very illustrious letter of Lord Byron's care of his fellow-citizens refers to a popular act done recently by the noble lord at Cephalonia, in taking into his pay, as a voluntary party, forty of the now homeless tribe. On finding, however, that for want of employment they were becoming restless and turbulent, he dispatched them off soon after, armed and equipped, to join in the defence of Missolonghi, which was at that time besieged on one side by a considerable force, and mortally on the other by a Turkish squadron. Botzari met me with a view to the success of this cause, made a generous offer to the Government, which he thus states himself in one of his letters:—"I offered to advance a thousand to take a month or the success of Missolonghi, and the Greeks under Botzari were called, but the Government have acknowledged me, but they were in order with me previously which is a act saying they were me to extend my power to some other direction. I will also say that I will be ready to do, otherwise I will not advance a word. The Government say they want to take me, and the next a word as the others want to extend me, I received the two, and a difficult part is at present, I will not say nothing to with the action which is required for it to be done."

In June and July continued a warlike ready for

position in which Lord Byron was now placed, and in which the coolness, foresight, and self-possession he displayed sufficiently refute the notion that even the highest powers of imagination, whatever effect they may sometimes produce on the moral temperament, are at all incompatible with the sound practical good sense, the steadily balanced views which the business of active life requires.

The great difficulty, to an observer of the state of Greece at this crisis, was to be able clearly to distinguish between what was real and what was merely apparent in those tests by which the probability of her future success or failure was to be judged. With a Government little more than nominal, having neither authority nor resources, its executive and legislative branches being openly at variance, and the supplies that ought to fill its exchequer being intercepted by the military Chiefs who, being, in most places, collectors of the revenue, were able to rob by authority;—with that curse of all popular enterprises, a multiplicity of leaders, each selfishly pursuing his own objects, and ready to make the sword the umpire of their claims;—with a fleet furnished by private adventure, and, therefore, precarious; and an army belonging rather to its Chiefs than to the Government, and accordingly, trusting more to plunder than to pay;—with all these principles of mischief, and, as it would seem, ruin at the very heart of the struggle, it had yet persevered, which was in itself victory, through three trying campaigns; and at this moment presented, in the midst of all its apparent weakness and distraction, some elements of success which both accounted for what had hitherto been effected, and gave a hope, with more favouring circumstances, of something nobler yet to come.

Besides the never-failing encouragement which the impetuosity of their enemies afforded them, the Greeks derived also from the geographical conformation of their country those same advantages with which nature had blessed their great ancestors, and which had contributed mainly perhaps to the formation, as well as maintenance, of their high national character. Islanders and mountaineers, they were, by their very position, heirs to the blessings of freedom and commerce, and never, throughout their long slavery and sufferings, had the spirit of either died away within them. They had also, luckily, in a political as well as religious point of view, preserved that sacred line of distinction between themselves and their conquerors which a fond fidelity to an ancient church alone could have maintained for them; and thus kept holy in reserve, against the hour of struggle, that most stirring of all the excitements to which Freedom can appeal when she points to her flame rising out of the censor of Religion. In addition to these, and all the other moral advantages included in them, for which the Greeks were indebted to their own nature and position, is to be taken into account also the aid and sympathy they had every right to expect from others, as soon as their exertions in their own cause should justify the confidence that it would not be the mere chivalry of generosity to assist them.*

* For a clear and concise sketch of the state of Greece at this crisis, executed with all that command of the subject which a long residence in the country alone could

Such seem to have been the chief elements of which the state of Greece, at this moment, was composed. But though promising, perhaps, a successful issue to the struggle, they, in that very prospect, indefinitely the period of its success;—counteracted as such auspicious appearances were by the manifold and inherent evils attending the struggle,—by a consideration, too, of the resources of the still powerful Turk, and of the power with which it was at all probable that Europe would, now or ever, regard any people, under any circumstances, as their own emancipators,—none but a sanguine imagination could indulge in the dream that Greece would work out her own liberation, or that but a fortuitous concurrence of political events could ever accomplish it. Like the contests between right and might, it was destined, all felt, to be successful, only at the ripe hour;—a cause which individuals could not live, but which events, wholly independent of any one, alone could accomplish, and which, in the hopes, and lives of all its brave warriors, had been wasted upon it, would at last, and to means least contemplated, find its champions, owe its completion.

That Lord Byron, on a nearer view of the state of Greece, saw it much in the light I have here indicated, his letters leave no room to doubt. It was the impression he had early formed of the Greeks themselves at all improved, and the renewal of his acquaintance with them, making full allowance for the causes which produced their degeneracy, he still saw them grossly degenerate, and must be accounted upon accordingly. "I am in a dilemma," said he, "that there is no difference between Jews and Greeks,—the character of each is equally vile." With such means and no work of regeneration, he knew, must be the hopelessness he therefore felt as to ever connecting his name with any permanent benefit to Greece, gives to us now made of himself a far more than he had the consciousness of dying, an object born at once his incitement, but looked upon himself,—to use a fiction of his own,—as one of the many who break and die upon the shore, before help to advance can reach its full significance. "Self," was his generous thought, spark of that which would be worthy to be bequeathed unquenched to the future;—it was the devoted feeling with which he loved the cause of Italy; and these words, which remained only words, the unjust was pronounced but an idle boast, have from his whole course in Greece a power which gives them all the right of truth solemnly on his tomb.

give, see Colonel Leake's "Historical Guide to the Revolution."

* *Diary* of 1821.—The same distrustful view of the chances of success was also on that occasion—"I shall not be disappointed," though I don't think them in force or make much of it."

Though with so little hope of being able to serve, signally, the cause, the task of at least lightening, by his interposition, some of the manifold mischief that pressed upon it was yet, he thought, within his reach. To convince the Government and the Chiefs of the paralyzing effect of their dissensions;—to inculcate that spirit of union among themselves which alone could give strength against their enemies;—to endeavour to humanize the feelings of the belligerents on both sides, so as take from the war that character of barbarism which deterred the more civilized friends of freedom through Europe from joining in it;—such were, in addition to the now essential aid of his money, the great objects which he proposed to effect by his interference; and to these he accordingly, with all the candour, clear-sightedness, and courage which so pre-eminently distinguished his great mind, applied himself.

Aware that, to judge deliberately of the state of parties, he must keep out of their vortex, and warned, by the very impatience and rivalry with which the different Chiefs courted his presence, of the risk he should run by connecting himself with any, he resolved to remain, for some time longer, in his station at Cephalonia, and there avail himself of the facilities afforded by the position for collecting information as to the real state of affairs, and ascertaining in what quarter his own presence and money would be most available. During the six weeks that had elapsed since his arrival at Cephalonia, he had been living in the most comfortless manner, pent up with pigs and poultry, on board the vessel which brought him. Having now come, however, to the determination of prolonging his stay, he decided also upon fixing his abode on shore; and, for the sake of privacy, retired to a small village, called Metaxata, about seven miles from Argostoli, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his stay on the island.

Before this change of residence, he had despatched Mr. Hamilton Browne and Mr. Trelawney with a letter to the existing Government of Greece, explanatory of his own views and those of the Committee whom he represented; and it was not till a month after his removal to Metaxata that intelligence from these gentlemen reached him. The picture they gave of the state of the country was, in most respects, confirmatory of what has already been described as his own view of it;—incapacity and selfishness at the head of affairs, disorganization throughout the whole body politic, but still, with all this, the heart of the nation sound, and bent on resistance. Nor could he have failed to be struck with the close family resemblance to the ancient race of the country which this picture exhibited;—that great people, in the very midst of their own endless dissensions, having been ever ready to face round in concert against the foe.

His lordship's agents had been received with all due welcome by the Government, who were most desirous that he should set out for the Morea without delay; and pressing letters to the same purport, both from the Legislative and Executive bodies, accompanied those which reached him from Messrs. Browne and Trelawney. He was, however, determined not to move till his own selected time, having seen reason, the farther insight he obtained into their

intrigues, to congratulate himself but the more on his prudence in not plunging into the maze without being first furnished with those guards against deception which the information he was now acquiring supplied him.

To give an idea, as briefly as possible, of the sort of conflicting calls that were, from various scenes of action, reaching him in his retirement, it may be sufficient to mention that, while by Metaxa, the present governor of Misolonghi, he was entreated earnestly to hasten to the relief of that place, which the Turks were now blockading both by land and by sea, the head of the military chiefs, Colocotroni, was no less earnestly urging that he should present himself at the approaching congress of Salamis, where, under the dictation of these rude warriors, the affairs of the country were to be settled,—while, at the same time, from another quarter, the great opponent of these Chieftains, Mavrocordato, was, with more urgency, as well as more ability than any, endeavouring to impress upon him his own views, and imploring his presence at Hydra, whither he himself had just been forced to retire.

The mere knowledge, indeed, that a noble Englishman had arrived in those regions, so unprepossessed by any party as to inspire a hope of his alliance in all, and with money, by common rumour, as abundant as the imaginations of the needy chose to make it, was, in itself, fully sufficient, without any of the more elevated claims of his name, to attract towards him all thoughts. "It is easier to conceive," says Count Gamba, "than to relate the various means employed to engage him in one faction or the other: letters, messengers, intrigues, and recriminations,—nay, each faction had its agents exerting every art to degrade its opponent." He then adds a circumstance strongly illustrative of a peculiar feature in the noble poet's character:—"He occupied himself in discovering the truth, hidden as it was under these intrigues, and amused himself in confronting the agents of the different factions."

During all these occupations he went on pursuing his usual simple and uniform course of life,—rising, however, for the despatch of business, at an early hour, which showed how capable he was of conquering even long habit when necessary. Though so much occupied, too, he was, at all hours, accessible to visitors; and the facility with which he allowed even the dullest people to break in upon him was exemplified, I am told, strongly in the case of one of the officers of the garrison, who, without being able to understand any thing of the poet but his good-nature, used to say, whenever he found his time hang heavily on his hands,—“I think I shall ride out, and have a little talk with Lord Byron.”

The person, however, whose visits appeared to give him most pleasure, as well from the interest he took in the subject on which they chiefly conversed, as from the opportunities, sometimes, of pleasantry which the peculiarities of his visitor afforded him, was a medical gentleman, named Kennedy, who, from a strong sense of the value of religion to himself, had taken up the benevolent task of communicating his own light to others. The first origin of their intercourse was an undertaking, on the part of this gentleman, to convert to a firm belief in Christianity some

rather sceptical friends of his, then at Argostoli. Happening to hear of the meeting appointed for this purpose, Lord Byron begged that he might be allowed to attend, saying to the person through whom he conveyed his request, "You know I am reckoned a black sheep,—yet, after all, not so black as the world believes me." He had promised to convince Doctor Kennedy that, "though wanting, perhaps, in faith, he at least had patience;" but the process of so many hours of lecture,—no less than twelve, without interruption, being stipulated for,—was a trial beyond his strength; and, very early in the operation, as the Doctor informs us, he began to show evident signs of a wish to exchange the part of hearer for that of speaker. Notwithstanding this, however, there was in all his deportment, both as listener and talker, such a degree of courtesy, candour, and sincere readiness to be taught, as excited interest, if not hope, for his future welfare in the good Doctor; and though he never after attended the more numerous meetings, his conferences, on the same subject, with Dr Kennedy alone, were not infrequent during the remainder of his stay at Cephalonia.

These curious Conversations have just been published, and to the value which they possess as a simple and popular exposition of the chief evidences of Christianity, is added the charm that must ever dwell round the character of one of the interlocutors, and the almost fearful interest attached to every word that, on such a subject, he utters. In the course of the first conversation, it will be seen that Lord Byron expressly disclaimed being one of those infidels "who deny the Scriptures and wish to remain in unbelief." On the contrary, he professed himself "desirous to believe; as he experienced no happiness in having his religious opinions so unfixed." He was unable, however, he added, "to understand the Scriptures. Those who conscientiously believed them he could always respect, and was always disposed to trust in them more than in others; but he had met with so many whose conduct differed from the principles which they professed, and who seemed to profess those principles either because they were paid to do so, or from some other motive which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable one to detect, that altogether he had seen few, if any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures."

We may take for granted that these conversations,—more especially the first, from the number of persons present who would report the proceedings,—excited considerable interest among the society of Argostoli. It was said that Lord Byron had displayed such a profound knowledge of the Scriptures as astonished, and even puzzled, the polemic Doctor; while in all the eminent writers on theological subjects he had shown himself far better versed than his more pretending opponent. All this Doctor Kennedy strongly denies; and the truth seems to be, that on neither side were there much stores of theological learning. The confession of the lecturer himself, that he had not read the works of Stillingfleet or Barrow, shows that, in his researches after orthodoxy, he had not allowed himself any very extensive range; while the alleged familiarity of Lord Byron with the same authorities must be taken with a similar abatement of

credence and wonder to that which his of his youthful studies requires;—a retentive memory having enabled him, on most other subjects, to catch, as it were, points on the surface of knowledge, and notions he thus gathered being, perhaps, from his not having encumbered himself. To any regular train of reasoning, on his most favourite topic, it was not possible. He would start objections to the arguments and detect their fallacies; but of any subtlety on his own side he seemed incapable, impatient. In this, indeed, as in his peculiarities belonging to him,—his weeping, sudden affections and displays of observed striking traces of a feminine character;—it being observable that the faculty is rarely exercised by women; but, nevertheless, by the mere instinct of truth (as with Lord Byron), they are often enabled to light upon the very conclusion to which all the forms of reasoning, is, in the mean time, and, perhaps, losing his way:—

"And strikes each point with native fire
While puzzled logic blunders far and wide."

Of the Scriptures, it is certain that was a frequent and almost daily reader of a pocket-bible which, on his leaving England, given him by his sister, being almost new. How much, in addition to his natural taste for the subject of religion, the taste of the poet in this line of study, may be seen in his expressed admiration of "the ghost seen in the tomb," in Samuel, and his comparison of his appearance with the Mephistopheles of the same manner, his imagination appears much struck by the notion of his late circumstance mentioned in Job of the moving Satan into his presence was to be not, as he thought, allegorically and literally. More than once we find him Doctor Kennedy "how much this late appearance of Satan to hear and obey of God added to his views of the grandeur of the Creator."

On the whole, the interest of them, as far as regards Lord Byron, arises from any new or certain lights they throw on the subject of his religious opinions; evidence they afford of his amiable character, the total absence of bigotry or even his most favourite notions, and, accounted, perhaps, the next step to belief itself—his disposition to believe, as a frank submission to the right, wrong may be supposed to imply a road to being right, few persons, it is acknowledged, under a process of proselytism more of this desired symptom of the Byron. "I own," says a witness to his conversations, "I felt astonished to see him submit to lectures on his life, his weakness of his talents, which made me

As most persons will be tempted to refer to the work itself, there are but one or two other opinions of his lordship recorded in it which I shall think necessary to notice here. A frequent question of his to Doctor Kennedy was—"What, then, you think me in a very bad way?"—the usual answer to which being in the affirmative, he, on one occasion, replied,—“I am now, however, in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you believe, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular:—thus, you see, there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by and by; but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.” On the subject of Dr Southwood’s amiable and, it is to be hoped for the sake of Christianity and the human race, *orthodox* work on “the Divine Government,” he thus spoke: “I cannot decide the point; but to my present apprehension it would be a most desirable thing could it be proved, that ultimately all created beings were to be happy. This would appear to be most consistent with God, whose power is omnipotent, and whose chief attribute is Love. I cannot yield to your doctrine of the eternal duration of punishment. This author’s opinion is more humane, and I think he supports it very strongly from Scripture.”

I shall now insert, with such explanatory remarks as they may seem to require, some of the letters, official as well as private, which his lordship wrote while at Cephalonia; and from which the reader may collect, in a manner far more interesting than through the medium of any narrative, a knowledge both of the events now passing in Greece, and of the views and feelings with which they were regarded by Lord Byron.

To Madame Guiccioli he wrote frequently, but briefly, and, for the first time, in English; adding always a few lines in her brother Pietro’s letters to her. The following are extracts.

“October, 7th.

“Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island,—our earthquakes, our politics, and present abode in a pretty village. As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done.”

“October —

“We are still in Cephalonia, waiting for news of a more accurate description; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. [I shall fulfil] the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy. For it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them;—at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will at present.

“Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can; and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite any thing but a wish to be with you again,—though we are very kindly treated by the English here of all descriptions. Of the Greeks, I can’t say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another.”

“October 29th.

“You may be sure that the moment I can join you again will be as welcome to me as any period of our recollection. There is nothing very attractive here to divide my attention; but I must attend to the Greek cause, both from honour and inclination. Messrs B. and T. are both in the Morea, where they have been very well received, and both of them write in good spirits and hopes. I am anxious to hear how the Spanish cause will be arranged, as I think it may have an influence on the Greek contest. I wish that both were fairly and favourably settled, that I might return to Italy, and talk over with you *our*, or rather Pietro’s adventures, some of which are rather amusing, as also some of the incidents of our voyage and travels. But I reserve them, in the hope that we may laugh over them together at no very distant period.”

LETTER DXXV.

TO MR BOWRING.

“9th 29th, 1823.

“This letter will be presented to you by Mr Hamilton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek deputies. He is both capable and desirous of rendering any service to the cause, and information to the Committee. He has already been of considerable advantage to both, of my own knowledge. Lord Archibald Hamilton, to whom he is related, will add a weightier recommendation than mine.

“Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr Parry’s detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, which I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they would have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money, and no great credit, and are, besides, *politically shy* on this occasion; for, although I had letters of Messrs Webb (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean), and also of Messrs Ransom, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through English merchants. These, however, have proved both able and willing,—and upright, as usual.”

“Colonel Stanhope has arrived, and will proceed immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his endeavours; but from every thing that I can learn, the formation of a brigade at present will be extremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard to the reception of foreigners,—at least of foreign of-

* The English merchants whom he thus so justly describes are Messrs. Barff and Hancock, of Zante, whose conduct, not only in the instance of Lord Byron, but throughout the whole Greek struggle, has been uniformly most zealous and disinterested.

fiere,—I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavrocordato's recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I have arranged this business for the Greeks themselves—I mean the advance of two hundred thousand piastres for their fleet.

"My time here has not been entirely lost,—as you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last moved the Deputies, and I have made a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordato, which, I understand, was forwarded by the Legislative to the Prince. With a loan they *may* do much, which is all that I, for particular reasons, can say on the subject.

"I regret to hear from Colonel Stanhope that the Committee have exhausted their funds. Is it supposed that a brigade can be formed without them? or that three thousand pounds would be sufficient? It is true that money will go farther in Greece than in most countries; but the regular force must be rendered a *national concern*, and paid from a national fund; and neither individuals nor committees, at least with the usual means of such as now exist, will find the experiment practicable.

"I beg once more to recommend my friend, Mr Hamilton Browne, to whom I have also personal obligations for his exertions in the common cause, and have the honour to be

"Yours very truly."

His remonstrance to Prince Mavrocordato, here mentioned, was accompanied by another, addressed to the existing Government; and Colonel Stanhope, who was about to proceed to Napoli and Argos, was made the bearer of both. The wise and noble spirit that pervades these two papers must, of itself, without any further comment, be appreciated by all readers.*

LETTER DXXVI.

TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

* Cephalonia, November 30th, 1823.

"The affair of the Loan, the expectation so long and vainly indulged of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the danger to which Missolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea, not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart, I pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated; for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess, that unless union and order are established, all hopes of a Loan will be vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—an assistance neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to favour her

* The originals of both are in Italian.

establishment of an independent power, suaded that the Greeks are unable to settle your disorders in such a way as to secure it; but I cannot consent, I am sent, that the English public, or English should be deceived as to the real state of affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on your fellow-citizens and the world, and no more be said, as has been repeated a thousand years with the Roman historians, that men was the last of the Grecians. Let it itself (and it is difficult. I own, to guard so arduous a struggle) compare the man when resting from his labours, to the man whom his victories have exterminated.

"Allow me to add, once for all,—I am being of Greece, and nothing else; I want to secure it; but I cannot consent, I am sent, that the English public, or English should be deceived as to the real state of affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on your fellow-citizens and the world, and no more be said, as has been repeated a thousand years with the Roman historians, that men was the last of the Grecians. Let it itself (and it is difficult. I own, to guard so arduous a struggle) compare the man when resting from his labours, to the man whom his victories have exterminated.

"I pray you to accept these my sincere proof of my attachment to your country and to believe that I am, and always shall be, your friend."

LETTER DXXVII.

TO PRINCE MAVROCORDATO.

* Cephalonia.

"PRINCE,

"The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General Harrington, &c. &c. He has arrived here fifty days, after having visited all the courts of Germany. He is charged by our Committee in concert with me for the liberation of Greece to conceive that his name and his mission are a sufficient recommendation, without the need of other from a foreigner, although one who with all Europe, respects and admires the talents, and, above all, the probity of Mavrocordato.

"I am very uneasy at hearing that the war of Greece still continues, and at a moment when she might triumph over every thing in general, she has already triumphed in part. Greece is placed between three measures: either to remain in her liberty, to become a dependence of some power of Europe, or to return to a Turkish yoke. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. War is but a road which leads to the truth; she is desirous of the fate of Wallachia and Moldavia; she may obtain it to-morrow; if of that day after; but if she wishes to become free and independent, she must resolve to be so, and will never again have the opportunity.

"I am, with all respect,

"Your Highness's obedient servant."

"P. S. Your Highness will already know that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek government, as much as it lay in my power; but I should wish that the fleet so long expected were arrived, or, at least, that

especially that your Highness should parts, either on board the fleet, with us, or in some other manner."

LETTER DXXVIII.

TO MR BOWRING.

* 10th 7th, 1823.

is above; * it is certainly my opinion you are entitled to the same salary with his service is likely to be harder. I then to you (as to Mr Hobhouse for various opportunities, mostly private; duties, and by Mr Hamilton Browne. success of the Greeks has been con- fident taken, Missolonghi nearly safe, in the Archipelago taken from the re is not only dissection in the Morea, by the latest accounts; † to what ex- pect know, but hope trifling.

As I have been expecting the fleet, arrived, though I have, at the re- mark Government, advanced—that is, have in hand two hundred thousand riving the commission and banker's own monies to forward their projects. now in Arcadia) are very anxious like them under my directions, and go things to rights in the Morea, which, as seems impracticable; and really, instant (as my letters will have shown in a measure, there seems hardly any

However, I will not do any thing re only continued here so long in the things recoupled, and have done all hereto. Had I gone sooner, they forced me into one party or other, much now; but we will do our best.

"Yours &c."

des to a letter, forwarded with his own, in, who was about to join, in his medical notes, near Patras, and requested of the increase of pay. This gentleman, having letter * that the retreat of the Turks from hi had rendered unnecessary the appear- ing fleet," Lord Byron, in a note on this pas- the special providence of the Deity, the seized with a panic, and fled; but no t, which ought to have been here months grace to the contrary, lately—at least money ready to pay."

age, in which Mr Millingen complains any remuneration from the Greeks has butly chimerical," Lord Byron remarks, will do so, till they obtain a Loan. They put credit (in the islands) to raise one, may succeed better than others, but all officers had better have staid at home. not be required, but some must."

re and Executive bodies having been for since, the latter had at length resorted to no skirmishes had already taken place

LETTER DXXIX.

TO MR BOWRING.

* October 10th, 1823.

"Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous to speak; of his personal, I can say, from my own know- ledge, as well as from all public rumour, or private report, that it is as excellent as his military: in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. He is our man to lead a regular force, or to organize a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask any one. He is besides a personal friend of both Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself, and in such concord with all three that we should all pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present.

"To enable a regular force to be properly organ- ized, it will be requisite for the loan holders to set apart at least £50,000 sterling for that particular purpose—perhaps more—but by so doing they will guarantee their own monies, * and make assurance doubly sure." They can appoint commissioners to see that part properly expended—and I recommend a similar precaution for the whole.

"I hope that the Deputies have arrived, as well as some of my various despatches (chiefly addressed to Mr Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Na- pier will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods in behalf of the Greeks—who seem to have no enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves. But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, in- stead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of de- fending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the Spartans—(though not one tenth of what is told)—but have not yet in- herited *their* style.

"Believe me yours, &c."

LETTER DXXX.

TO MR BOWRING.

* October 13th, 1823.

"Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Missolonghi, and intercepted two Turkish corvettes—ditto transports—destroying or taking all four—except some of the crews escaped on shore in Ithaca—and an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks four—but the odds don't matter—the victory will make a very good puff, and be of some advantage besides. I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron (for which I have pre-

pared, and am preparing), I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.

"I add the above communication to my letter by Col. Napier, who will inform the Committee of every thing in detail much better than I can do.

"The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived, and in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing—I ought not to have omitted the press—but forgot it a moment—excuse the same—they are excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we have chirurgeons already) mere 'pearls to swine,' as the Greeks are quite ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music. The maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee—but I refer you to Colonel Napier, who will tell you, that much of your really valuable supplies should be removed till proper persons arrive to adapt them to actual service.

"Believe me, my dear sir, to be, &c.

"P. S. *Private*.—I have written to our friend Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits I can command, —and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me,—for till the Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have to stand partly paymaster—as far as I am 'good upon *Change*,' that is to say. I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs Ransom most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it, now the fellows have begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on. But they have had, or are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one 'swoop'; and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it if they *will* fight?—and especially if I should happen ever to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase-money of Rochdale manor and mine income for the year ensuing, A. D. 1824, to answer, or anticipate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is 999 longer than the Spanish Cortes Constitution."

LETTER DXXXI.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

"Cephalonia, December 23d, 1823.

"I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend, but you know that it is as well to be in readiness with one or both, in the event of either being required.

"I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr Murray about 'Werner.' Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred pounds, I can maintain in Greece,

at more than the fullest pay of the Government, rations included, one man for *three months*. You may judge I tell you, that the four thousand pounds by me to the Greeks is likely to set an army in motion for some months.

"A Greek vessel has arrived from *the*, convey me to Missolonghi, where *Mavrocordato* is, and has assumed the command, so that I can embark immediately. Still address, *for* Cephalonia, through Messrs Welch and *Ben* non, as usual; and get together all the credit of mine you can, to face the war, for it is 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' so do all that I can for the ancients.

"I have been labouring to reconcile them and there is now some hope of succeeding; public affairs go on well. The Turks have from Acarnania without a battle, after a few attempts on Anatolika. Corinth is taken. Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipel squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish ship with some money and a cargo. In short, obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that I can assume and preserve a steady and favour for their independence.

"In the mean time I stand paymaster, and lucky it is that, from the nature of the country, the resources even of a man can be of a partial and temporary service.

"Colonel Stanhope is at Missolonghi. we shall attempt Patras next. The Sultan's friends of mine, seem anxious to have me and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in conciling the two parties (and I have been unsuccessful) it will be something; and if not, over to the Morea with the Western Greeks are the bravest, and at present the strongest beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of *physical* advice, should they persist in *verbal* persuasion.

"Once more recommending to you the management of my strong-box and credit from sources and resources of mine to their extent—for, after all, it is better playing than gaming at Almack's or Newmarket; requesting you to write to me as often as you can.

"I remain ever,

The squadron, so long looked for, having appeared at last in the waters of the Gulf of Lepanto, the only leader of the fleet is the name of statesman, having been appointed full powers, to organize Western Greece, and for Lord Byron's presence on the spot seemed to have arrived. The anxiety, in which he was expected at Missolonghi was and can be best judged from the impatience of the letters written to hasten him. "In you, my lord," says Mavrocordato, "how soon for your arrival, to what a pitch your presence is desired by every body, or what a prosperous it will give to all our affairs. Your counsels listened to like oracles." Colonel Stanhope, same urgency, writes from Missolonghi,—"A ship sent for your lordship has returned; y

bad, and the disappointment has been

"The prince is in a state of anxiety, the gloomy, and the sailor grumble aloud." As a cud, "I walked along the streets this the people asked me after Lord Byron!!!" The London Committee of the same date, hope says, "All are looking forward to arrival, as they would to the coming of

ity, no inconsiderable part is doubtless ad to their great impatience for the pos- loan which he had promised them, and ey wholly depended for the payment of Prince Mavrocordato and the Admiral (a gentleman) are in a state of extreme hey, it seems, relied on your loan for the he fleet; that loan not having been re- dars will depart immediately. This will at indeed, as it will place Missolonghi blockade; and will prevent the Greek eting against the fortresses of Nepacto

a time Lord Byron was preparing busily are, the postponement of which latterly a great measure, owing to that repug- new change of place which had lately on upon him, and which neither love, as a, nor ambition could entirely conquer. en also considerable pains taken by some at Argostoli to prevent his fixing upon edence so unhealthy as Missolonghi; and very able medical officer, on whose ta- much dependance, endeavoured most Mosuade him from such an imprudent od, however, was made up,—the proxi- art, in some degree, tempting him,—and for himself and suite, a light, fast-sailing a Misticio, with a boat for part of him a larger vessel for the remainder, the so was, on the 26th of December, ready wind, however, being contrary, he was days longer, and in this interval the ra were written.

LETTER DXXXII.

TO MR DOWRING.

* 10bre 26th, 1823.

nd be added to the enclosed, which ar- y, except that I embark to-morrow for The intended operations are detailed d documents. I have only to request mitter will use every exertion to forward all its influence and credit.

to request you *personally* from myself end and trustee, Douglas Kinnaird (from not heard these four months nearly), to e all the resources of my own we can be ensuing year, since it is no time to se, or, perhaps, *person*. I have ad- am advancing, all that I have in hand, quire all that can be got together—and as completed the sale of Rochdale, that e income for next year ought to form a

good round sum)—as you may perceive that there will be little cash of their own amongst the Greeks (unless they get the Loan), it is the more necessary that those of their friends who have any should risk it.

"The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful, and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away—none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets too may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them.

"We will do our best—and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more *general* exertion; for my part, I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be *honourably* clung to. If I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans—but let us hope better things.

"Ever yours,

"N. B.

"P. S. I am happy to say that Colonel Leicester Stanhope and myself are acting in perfect harmony together—he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the 6th form at Harrow or Eton, &c.; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return; but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the wheel, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally.

"I can assure you that Col. Napier and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all; but like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties,—more especially as success will remove the former *gradually*.

"N. B.

"P. S. As much of this letter as you please is for the Committee; the rest may be '*entre nous*.'"

LETTER DXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Cephalonia, December 27th, 1823.

"I received a letter from you some time ago. I have been too much employed latterly to write as I could wish, and even now must write in haste.

"I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it were a long story) has kept me here till now; but now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their Konciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe conscience*. I carry money to pay the squadron, &c., and I have influence with the Sulistes, *supposed* sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the dissentients;—for there are plenty of differences, but trifling.

"It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras, or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most accounts, that the Greeks,—at any rate, the Subjotes, who are in affinity with me of 'bread and salt,'—expect that I should march with them, and—be it even so! If any thing in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler,—like Garcilasso de la Vega, Kleist, Körner, Kutofski (a Russian nightingale—see Bowring's Anthology), or Thersander, or,—or, somebody else—but never mind—I pray you to remember me in your 'smiles and wive.'"

"I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but, whether it does or no, still 'Honour must be minded as strictly as a milk diet.' I trust to observe both.

"Ever, &c."

It is hardly necessary to direct the attention of the reader to the sad, and but too true anticipation expressed in this letter—the last but one I was ever to receive from my friend. Before we accompany him to the closing scene of all his toils, I shall here, as briefly as possible, give a selection from the many characteristic anecdotes told of him, while at Cephallonia, where (to use the words of Colonel Stanhope, in a letter from thence to the Greek Committee) he was "beloved by Cephallonians, by English, and by Greeks;" and where, approached as he was familiarly by persons of all classes and countries, not an action, not a word is recorded of him that does not bear honourable testimony to the benevolence and soundness of his views, his ever ready but discriminating generosity, and the clear insight, at once minute and comprehensive, which he had acquired into the character and wants of the people and the cause he came to serve. "Of all those who came to help the Greeks," says Colonel Napier in person himself the most qualified to judge, as well from long local knowledge, as from the acute, straightforward cast of his own mind, "I never knew one, except Lord Byron and Mr Gordon, that seemed to have justly estimated their character. All came expecting to find the Peloponnesus filled with Plutarch's men, and all returned thinking the inhabitants of Newgate more moral. Lord Byron judged them fairly; he knew that half-civilized men are full of vices, and that great allowance must be made for emancipated slaves. He, therefore, proceeded, bridle in hand, not thinking them good, but hoping to make them better."*

In speaking of the foolish charge of avarice brought against Lord Byron by some who resented thus his not suffering them to impose on his generosity, Colonel Napier says, "I never knew a single instance of it while he was here. I saw only a judicious generosity in all that he did. He would not allow himself to be *robbed*, but he gave profusely where he thought he was doing good. It was, indeed, because he

* A similar tribute was paid to him by Count Delladecima, a gentleman of some literary acquirements, of whom he saw a good deal at Cephallonia, and to whom he was attracted by that sympathy which never failed to incline him towards those who laboured, like himself, under any personal defects. "Of all the men," said this gentleman, "whom I have had an opportunity of conversing with, on the means of establishing the independence of Greece, and regenerating the character of the natives, Lord Byron appears to entertain the most enlightened and correct views."

would not allow himself to be *fleece*d, called stingy by those who are always giving money from any purses but their own. Byron had no idea of this; and would not have been surprised or offended by it, and unexpectedly on those who thought him so sure. He gave a vast deal of money in various ways."

Among the objects of his bounty in the many poor refugee Greeks from the Ionian Isles. He not only relieved their distresses, but allotted a certain sum monthly to each family, and made them comfortable and destitute. A list of these poor people Dr Kennedy, "was given me by the professor Bambas."

One of the instances mentioned of the while at Cephallonia will show how powerful the call of that feeling, and how unworthy were the objects of it. A party of workmen upon one of those fine roads projected by Lord Napier having imprudently excavated, the earth fell in and overwhelmed many persons, the news of which accident in the Metaxata, Lord Byron despatched Bruno to the spot, and followed, with him, as soon as their horses could be saddled, a crowd of women and children with them; while the workmen, who had three or four of their maimed companions, were lying themselves unconcernedly, as if not required of them; and to Lord Byron's other there were not still some other persons on earth, answered coolly that "they did not believe that there were." Enraged by indifference, he sprung from his horse, and with a spade himself began to dig with all his might. It was not till after being threatened with a whip that any of the peasants could be made to follow his example. "I was not present myself," says Colonel Napier, in the letter which he has favoured me, "but was so much absorbed in the attention of the faces and gesticulations of those who were missing. The sorrow of the appearance, very frantic, and they shrieked in Ireland."

It was in alluding to the above noble poet is stated to have said, that he had out to the Islands prejudiced against the government of the Greeks: "but," he said, "I have now changed my opinion. They are now that if I had the government of them, I would have these very roads with them."

While residing at Metaxata, he recovered of the illness of his daughter Ada, who was anxious and melancholy (says Count Delladecima) "several days." Her indisposition he understood to have been caused by a determination of blood to the head, and on his remarking to Dr Kennedy, that it was a complaint to which he himself was subject, the physician replied, that he should be inclined to infer so, not only from his habit of irregular study, but from the pressure of the right eye appearing to be inflamed. He had mentioned this latter circumstance justifying the inference that there was in his state of health at this moment a predisposition

complaint of which he afterwards died. To Doctor Kennedy he spoke frequently of his wife and daughter, expressing the strongest affection for the latter and respect towards the former, and while declaring as usual his perfect ignorance of the causes of the separation, professing himself fully disposed to welcome any prospect of reconciliation.

The anxiety with which, at all periods of his life, but particularly at the present, he sought to repel the notion that, except when under the actual inspiration of writing, he was at all influenced by poetical associations, very frequently displayed itself. "You must have been highly gratified (said a gentleman to him) by the classical remains and recollections which you met with in your visit to Ithaca." "You quite mistake me," answered Lord Byron. "I have no poetical humbug about me; I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme."

For the two days during which he was delayed by contrary winds, he took up his abode at the house of Mr Hancock, his banker, and passed the greater part of the time in company with the English authorities of the island. At length the wind becoming fair, he prepared to embark. "I called upon him to take leave," says Dr Kennedy, "and found him alone reading *Quentin Durward*. He was, as usual, in good spirits." In a few hours after the party set sail,—Lord Byron himself on board the *Mistico*, and Count Gamba, with the horses and heavy baggage, in the larger vessel, or *Bombarda*. After touching at Zante for the purpose of some pecuniary arrangements with Mr Barff, and taking on board a considerable sum of money in specie, they on the evening of the 29th proceeded towards Missolonghi. Their last accounts from that place having represented the Turkish fleet as still in the Gulf of Lepanto, there appeared not the slightest grounds for apprehending any interruption in their passage. Besides, knowing that the Greek squadron was now at anchorage near the entrance of the Gulf, they had little doubt of soon falling in with some friendly vessel, either in search, or waiting for them.

"We sailed together," says Count Gamba, in a highly picturesque and affecting passage, "till after ten at night; the wind favourable—a clear sky, the air fresh but not sharp. Our sailors sang alternately patriotic songs, monotonous indeed, but to persons in our situation extremely touching, and we took part in them. We were all, but Lord Byron particularly, in excellent spirits. The *Mistico* sailed the fastest. When the waves divided us, and our voices could no longer reach each other, we made signals by firing pistols and carabines—'To-morrow we meet at Missolonghi—to-morrow.' Thus, full of confidence and spirits, we sailed along. At twelve we were out of sight of each other."

In waiting for the other vessel, having more than once shortened sail for that purpose, the party on board the *Mistico* were upon the point of being surprised into an encounter which might, in a moment, have changed the future fortunes of Lord Byron. Two or three hours before daybreak, while steering towards Missolonghi, they found themselves close under the stern of a large vessel which they at first took to be Greek, but which, when within pistol-shot, they discovered to be a Turkish frigate. By good

fortune, they were themselves, as it appears, mistaken for a Greek briliot by the Turks, who therefore feared to fire, but with loud shouts frequently hailed them, while those on board Lord Byron's vessel maintained the most profound silence; and even the dogs (as I have heard his lordship's valet mention), though they had never ceased to bark during the whole of the night, did not utter, while within reach of the Turkish frigate, a sound;—a no less lucky than curious accident, as, from the information the Turks had received of all the particulars of his lordship's departure from Zante, the barking of the dogs, at that moment, would have been almost certain to betray him. Under the favour of these circumstances, and the darkness, they were enabled to bear away without further molestation, and took shelter among the *Scrofes*, a cluster of rocks but a few hours' sail from Missolonghi. From this place the following letter, remarkable, considering his situation at the moment, for the light, careless tone that pervades it, was despatched to Colonel Stanhope.

LETTER DXXXIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL STANHOPE.

^a Scrofer (or some such name), on board a *Cephaloniot* *Mistico*, December 31st, 1823.

"MY DEAR STANHOPE,

"We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, &c. and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps);—but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left, do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer, and bore away), as well as this morning. Here we are, with sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols, and, I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board) is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance.

"You had better send my friend George Drake (Draco), and a body of Suliotas, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our *Bombard* are taken into Patras, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out; but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again.

"Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say, that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here; not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself too than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well.

"N. B.

"The Bombard was twelve miles out when taken; at least, so it appeared to us (if taken she actually be, for it is not certain); and we had to escape from another vessel that stood right between us and the port."

Finding that his position among the rocks of the Scrofos would be untenable in the event of an attack by armed boats, he thought it right to venture out again, and, making all sail, got safe to Dragomestri, a small sea-port town on the coast of Acarnania; from whence the annexed letters to two of the most valued of his Cephelonian friends were written.

LETTER DXXXV.

TO MR. MUIR.

"Dragomestri, January 24, 1864.

"MY DEAR MUIR,

"I wish you many returns of the season and happiness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at dawn on the 31st; we had been close under the stern in the night, believing her a Greek till within pistol shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for we should never have got away of ourselves. They were signalizing their consort with lights, and had illuminated the ship between decks, and were shouting like a mob;—but then why did they not fire? Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were afraid of kindling us—they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after.

"At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the wind unfavourable for the port;—a large vessel with the wind in her favour standing between us and the Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about 12 miles off or so. Soon after they stood (i. e. the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras, and a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away. Away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Scrofos, I believe, where I landed Luke* and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Missolonghi, where they would be in safety, as the place where we were could be assailed by armed boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms except two carbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

"In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us, and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our boat sails very well) got in before night to Dragomestri, where we now are. But where is the Greek fleet? I don't know—do you? I told our master of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But he answered 'they are too large—why don't they show their colours?' and his account was confirmed, be it true or false, by several boats which we met or passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with that wind without beating about for a long time; and as

* A Greek youth whom he had brought with him, in his suit, from Cephalonia.

there was much property, and some lives to risk (the boy's especially) without any means of defence, it was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

"I despatched yesterday another messenger to Missolonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer. We are here (those of my boat) for the 13th day without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on a deck in all weathers, but are all very well, and of good spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government will send, for their own sakes, an escort; I have 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part in their service. I had (besides personal property to the amount of about 5000 more) 8000 dollars more of my own, without reckoning the Committee's sum so that the Turks will have a good thing of it, if prize be good.

"I regret the detention of Gamba, but must rest we can make up again, so tell Harpagon to set my bills into cash as soon as possible, and to galego to prepare the remainder of my orders. Messrs Webb to be turned into money. I did remain here, unless something extraordinary sent till Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, according to circumstances. My respects to the colonels, and remembrances to all friends. 'Ultima Analiss' that his friend Rand should make his appearance with the brig, though I did that he might as well have spoken with us at Zante, to give us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

"Yours ever affectionately,

-A. C.

"P. S. Excuse my scrawl on account of the wet and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write a line a boat starting for Kalamou. I do not know where the detention of the Bombard (if she be detained) I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from appearances, and what all these fellows say to the effect of the Government, and neutrality, and, &c.—but she was stopped at least 12 miles distant from the port, and had all her papers regular from Zante for Kalamou, and was also. I did not land at Zante being anxious to lose as little time as possible, but Sir F. S. came off to invite me, &c., and every one was as kind as could be, even in Cephalonia."

LETTER DXXXVI.

TO MR. C. MANCOCK.

"Dragomestri, January 24, 1864.

"DEAR SIR 'ANCOCK,'†

"Remember me to Dr Muir and every body else. I have still the 16,000 dollars with me, the rest was on board the Bombarda. Here we are—the Bombarda taken, or at least missing, with all the Committee's goods, my friend Gamba, the horses, &c.

* Count Delladecima, to whom he gives this name in consequence of a habit which that gentleman had of using the phrase "in ultima analiss" frequently in conversation.

† This letter is more properly a postscript to one which Dr Bruno had, by his orders, written to Mr Hancock, and some particulars of their voyage, and the letter which began his letter, "Pregiat, Sir—Ancock," Lord Byron thus parodies his mode of address.

bull-dog, steward, and domestics, with all our implements of peace and war, also 8000 dollars; but whether she will be lawful prize or no, is for the decision of the Governor of the Seven Islands. I have written to Dr Muir, by way of Kalamo, with all particulars. We are in good condition; and what with wind and weather, and being hunted or so, little sleeping on deck, &c. are in tolerable seasoning for the country and circumstances. But I foresee that we shall have occasion for all the cash I can muster at Zante and elsewhere. Mr Barff gave us 8000 and odd dollars; so there is still a balance in my favour. We are not quite certain that the vessels were Turkish which chased; but there is strong presumption that they were, and no news to the contrary. At Zante every body, from the Resident downwards, were as kind as could be, especially your worthy and courteous partner.

"Tell our friends to keep up their spirits, and we may yet do well. I disembarked the boy and another Greek, who were in most terrible alarm—the boy, at least, from the Morea—on shore near Anatoliko, I believe, which put them in safety; and, as for me and mine, we must stick by our goods.

"I hope that Gamba's detention will only be temporary. As for the effects and monies, if we have them,—well; if otherwise, patience. I wish you a happy new year, and all our friends the same.

"Yours, &c."

During these adventures of Lord Byron, Count Gamba, having been brought to by the Turkish frigate, had been carried, with his valuable charge, into Patras, where the Commander of the Turkish fleet was stationed. Here, after an interview with the Pacha, by whom he was treated, during his detention, most courteously, he had the good fortune to procure the release of his vessel and freight, and, on the 4th of January, reached Missolonghi. To his surprise, however, he found that Lord Byron had not yet arrived; for,—as if every thing connected with this short voyage were doomed to deepen whatever ill bodings there were already in his mind,—on his lordship's departure from Dragomestri, a violent gale of wind had come on; his vessel was twice driven on the rocks in the passage of the Scrofos, and, from the force of the wind, and the captain's ignorance of those shoals, the danger was by all on board considered to be most serious. "On the second time of striking," says Count Gamba, "the sailors, losing all hope of saving the vessel, began to think of their own safety. But Lord Byron persuaded them to remain; and by his firmness, and no small share of nautical skill, got them out of danger, and thus saved the vessel and several lives, with 25,000 dollars, the greater part in specie."

The wind still blowing right against their course to Missolonghi, they again anchored between two of the numerous islets by which this part of the coast is lined; and here Lord Byron, as well for refreshment as abatement, found himself tempted into an indulgence which it is not improbable may have had some share in producing the fatal illness that followed. Having put off in a boat to a small rock at some distance, he sent back a messenger for the nankeen trousers which he usually wore in bathing, and, though the sea was rough and the night cold, it being then the 3d of

January, swam back to the vessel. "I am fully persuaded," says his valet, in relating this imprudent freak, "that it injured my lord's health. He certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days his lordship complained of a pain in all his bones, which continued, more or less, to the time of his death."

Setting sail again next morning with the hope of reaching Missolonghi before sunset, they were still baffled by adverse winds, and, arriving late at night in the port, did not land till the morning of the 5th.

The solicitude, in the mean time, of all at Missolonghi, knowing that the Turkish fleet was out, and Lord Byron on his way, may without difficulty be conceived, and is most lively depicted in a letter written, during the suspense of that moment, by an eye-witness. "The Turkish fleet," says Colonel Stanhope, "has ventured out, and is at this moment blockading the port. Beyond these again are seen the Greek ships, and among the rest the one that was sent for Lord Byron. Whether he is on board or not is a question. You will allow that this is an eventful day." Towards the end of the letter, he adds, "Lord Byron's servants have just arrived; he himself will be here to-morrow. If he had not come, we had need have prayed for fair weather; for both fleet and army are hungry and inactive. Parry has not appeared. Should he also arrive to-morrow, all Missolonghi will go mad with pleasure."

The reception their noble visitor experienced on his arrival was such as from the ardent eagerness with which he had been looked for might be expected. The whole population of the place crowded to the shore to welcome him; the ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed, and all the troops and dignitaries of the place, civil and military, with the Prince Mavrocordato at their head, met him on his landing, and accompanied him, amidst the mingled din of shouts, wild music, and discharges of artillery, to the house that had been prepared for him. "I cannot easily describe," says Count Gamba, "the emotions which such a scene excited. I could scarcely refrain from tears."

After eight days of fatigue such as Lord Byron had endured, some short interval of rest might fairly have been desired by him. But the scene on which he had now entered was one that precluded all thoughts of repose. He on whom the eyes and hopes of all others were centred, could but little dream of indulging any care for himself. There were, at this particular moment, too, collected within the precincts of that town as great an abundance of the materials of unquiet and misrule as had been ever brought together in so small a space. In every quarter, both public and private, disorganization and dissatisfaction presented themselves. Of the fourteen brigades of war which had come to the succour of Missolonghi, and which had for some time actually protected it against a Turkish fleet double its number, nine had already, hopeless of pay, returned to Hydra, while the sailors of the remaining five, from the same cause of complaint, had just quitted their ships, and were murmuring idly on shore. The inhabitants, seeing themselves thus deserted, or preyed upon by their defenders, with a scarcity of provisions threatening them, and the Turkish fleet before their eyes, were

no less ready to break forth into riot and revolt; while, at the same moment, to complete the confusion, a General Assembly was on the point of being held in the town, for the purpose of organising the forces of Western Greece, and to this meeting all the wild mountain-chiefs of the province, ripe, of course, for dissension, were now flocking with their followers. Mavrocordato himself, the President of the intended Congress, had brought in his train no less than 5000 armed men, who were at this moment in the town. Ill provided, too, with either pay or food by the Government, this large military mob were but little less discontented and destitute than the sailors; and in short, in every direction, the entire population seems to have presented such a fermenting mass of insubordination and discord, as was far more likely to produce warfare among themselves than with the enemy.

Such was the state of affairs when Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi;—such the evils he had now to encounter, with the formidable consciousness that to him, and him alone, all looked for the removal of them.

Of his proceedings during the first weeks after his arrival, the following letters to Mr Hancock (which by the great kindness of that gentleman I am enabled to give) will, assisted by a few explanatory notes, supply a sufficiently ample account.

LETTER DXXXVII.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

Missolonghi, January 13th, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for yours of the 5th; ditto to Muir for his. You will have heard that Gamba and my vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and intact; nobody knows well how or why, for there's a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic. Captain Valsamachi has, I take it, upon a long yara by this time in Argostoli. I attribute their release entirely to Saint Dionisio of Zante, and the Madonna of the Rock, near Cephalonia.

"The adventures of my separate luck were also not finished at Dragomestri; we were conveyed out by some Greek gunboats, and found the Leonidas brig-of-war at sea to look after us. But blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks twice in the passage of the Scrophes, and the dollars had another narrow escape. Two thirds of the crew got ashore over the bowsprit: the rocks were rugged enough, but water very deep close in shore, so that she was, after much sweating and some exertion, got off again, and away we went with a third of our crew, leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they might have been now, had not one of the gunboats taken them off, for we were in no condition to take them off again.

"Tell Muir that Dr Bruno did not show much fight on the occasion, for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the brother of the Greek girls in Argostoli), and telling him of the fact that there was no danger for the passen-

gers, whatever there might be for the assuring him that I could save both without difficulty* (though he can't swim, though deep, was not very rough not blowing right on shore (it was a 14 Greeks who missed stays),—the Doctor 'Save him, indeed! by G—d! save me be first if I can'—a piece of egotism pronounced with such emphatic simplicity who had leisure to hear him laughing a minute after the vessel drove off again a twice. She sprung a small leak, but no happened, except that the captain was yours afterwards.

"To be brief, we had bad weather (though not contrary; slept on deck in the rally for seven or eight nights, but never health (I speak personally)—so most actually bathed for a quarter of an hour of the fourth instant in the sea (to and other &c.) and was all the better for it.

"We were received at Missolonghi with of kindness and honours; and the night saluting, &c. and the crowds and diffusions was really picturesque. We think of an expedition soon, and I expect to be the Suliot's to join the army.

"All well at present. We found Gamba arrived, and every thing in good condition. I'll be to all friends.

"Yours

"P. S. You will, I hope, use every means to realise the assets. For besides what I advanced, I have undertaken to maintain for a year (and will accompany them as Chief, or whichever is most agreeable to me), besides sundries. I do not understand 'letters of credit.' I neither gave a letter of credit that I know of; and then if you have done it, I will be responsible for it, except that I would his bills, which you said was unnecessary orders—I ordered nothing but some oil cloths, both of which I am ready to

* He meant to have taken the boy on his swim with him to shore. This feat would be a repetition of one of his early sports at the was a frequent practice of his thus to smaller boys on his shoulders and, much to the urchin, dive with him into the water.

† In the Doctor's own account this scene as might be expected, somewhat different. Lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca a nave, obbligandolo di ricoverarsi dentro le fa l'impeto dei venti fu gettata sopra gli scogli e dell'equipaggio saltarono a terra per andare Milord solo col di lui Medico Dottor Brando nave che ognuno vedeva colare a fondo: ma tempo non essendosi visto che ciò avesse fuggite a terra respinsero la nave nell'ampio pestoso mare la ribastò una seconda volta ed allora si aveva per certo che la nave coll'equipaggio, una grande quantità di denaro, e effetti per i Greci anderebbero a fondo. Byron non si perturbò per nulla, anzi disse che voleva gettarsi a nuoto onde raggiungere: non abbandonate la nave finché non dirigerla: allorché saremo capiti dalli gettatemi pure, che io vi salvo.*

if Gamba has exceeded my commission, the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit any thing of the kind, nor will. The servants' journey will of course be paid for, though that is exorbitant. As for Brown's letter, I do not know any thing more than I have said, and I really cannot defray the charges of half Greece and the Frank adventurers besides. Mr Barff must send us some dollars soon, for the expenses fall on me for the present.

^a January 14th, 1824.

"P. S. Will you tell Saint (Jew) Geronimo Corgialeagno that I mean to draw for the balance of my credit with Messrs Webb and Co. I shall draw for two thousand dollars (that being about the amount, more or less); but to facilitate the business, I shall make the draft payable also at Messrs Ransom and Co.'s, Pall-Mall East, London. I believe I already showed you my letters (but if not, I have them to show), by which, besides the credits now realising, you will have perceived that I am not limited to any particular amount of credit with my bankers. The Honourable Douglas, my friend and trustee, is a principal partner in that house, and having the direction of my affairs, is aware to what extent my present resources may go, and the letters in question were from him. I can merely say, that within the current year, 1824, besides the money already advanced to the Greek Government, and the credits now in your hands and your partner's (Mr Barff), which are all from the income of 1823, I have anticipated nothing from that of the present year hitherto. I shall or ought to have at my disposition upwards of one hundred thousand dollars (including my income, and the purchase-moneys of a manor lately sold), and perhaps more, without infringing on my income for 1825, and not including the remaining balance of 1823.

"Yours ever,
"N. B."

LETTER DXXXVIII.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

^a Missolonghi, January 17th, 1824.

"I have answered, at some length, your obliging letter, and trust that you have received my reply by means of Mr. Tindal. I will also thank you to remind Mr. Tindal that I would thank him to furnish you, on my account, with an order of the Committee for one hundred dollars, which I advanced to him on their account through Signor Corgialeagno's agency at Zante on his arrival in October, as it is but fair that the said Committee should pay their own expenses. An order will be sufficient, as the money might be inconvenient for Mr. T. at present to disburse.

"I have also advanced to Mr. Blackett the sum of fifty dollars, which I will thank Mr. Stevens to pay to you, on my account, from monies of Mr. Blackett, now in his hands. I have Mr. B.'s acknowledgment in writing.

"As the wants of the State here are still pressing, and there seems very little specie stirring except mine, I still stand paymaster, and must again request you and Mr. Barff to forward by a safe channel (if possible) all the dollars you can collect on the bills

now negotiating. I have also written to Corgialeagno for two thousand dollars, being about the balance of my separate letter from Messrs. Webb and Co., making the bills also payable at Ransom's, in London.

"Things are going on better, if not well; there is some order, and considerable preparation. I expect to accompany the troops on an expedition shortly, which makes me particularly anxious for the remaining remittance, as 'money is the sinew of war,' and of peace, too, as far as I can see, for I am sure there would be no peace here without it. However, a little does go a good way, which is a comfort. The Government of the Morea and of Candia have written to me for a further advance from my own peculium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for the present (having undertaken to pay the Suliotes as a free gift and other things already, besides the loan which I have already advanced), till I receive letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

"When the expected credits arrive, I hope that you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have recourse to Malta, which will be losing time and taking trouble; but I do not wish you to do more than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to yourself. I am very well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with my personal treatment, or with the posture of public affairs—others must speak for themselves.

"Yours, ever and truly, &c."

"P. S. Respects to Colonel Wright and Duffie, and the officers civil and military; also to my friends Muir and Stevens particularly, and to Deludecima."

LETTER DXXXIX.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

^a Missolonghi, January 19th, 1824.

"Since I wrote on the 17th, I have received a letter from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu, which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba's folly or the merchant's knavery. All that I requested Gamba to order was red cloth, enough to make a jacket, and some oil-skin for trowsers, &c.—the latter has not been sent—the whole could not have amounted to 50 dollars. The account is 645!! I will guarantee Mr. Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not disposed to take the articles (which I never ordered), nor to pay the amount. I will take 100 dollars' worth; the rest may be sent back, and I will make the merchant an allowance of so much per cent; or if that is not to be done, you must sell the whole by auction at what price the things may fetch, for I would rather incur the dead loss of part, than be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have maintained 300 men for a month for the sum in Western Greece!

"When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro, and the horses, fell into the hands of the Turks, I acquiesced with patience, as you may have perceived, because it was the work of the elements of war, or of Providence; but this is a piece of mere human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can nor will submit to

it.* I have occasion for every dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and I do not grudge any expense for the cause; but to throw away as much as would equip, or at least maintain, a corps of excellent ragamuffins with arms in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the doctor with blank bills (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots, and horse-whips (the latter I own that they have richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance, though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help me out of this damnable commercial speculation of Gamba's, for it is one of those pieces of impudence or folly which I don't forgive him in a hurry. I will of course see Stevens free of expense out of the transaction;—by the way, the Greek of a Corfiote has thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted at 24 dollars; if I had been there, it should have been *protested* also.

"Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I gave him some reserved for particular friends, and which I never knew any body recover from under several months; but he is no better, and, what is odd, no worse; and as the doctors have had no better success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

"I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a standstill here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotas for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, &c. &c. &c.; so what with these, and the expenses of my suite, which, though not extravagant, is expensive with Gamba's d—d nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster, and I have credits wherewithal to face the undertakings, if realized, and expect to have more soon.

"Believe me ever and truly yours, &c."

On the morning of the 22d of January, his birthday,—the last my poor friend was ever fated to see,—he came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled,

* We have here as striking an instance as could be adduced of that peculiar feature of his character which shallow or malicious observers have misrepresented as avarice, but which in reality was the result of a strong sense of justice and fairness, and an indignant impatience of being stultified or overreached. Colonel Stanhope, in referring to the circumstance mentioned above, has put Lord Byron's angry feeling respecting it in the true light.

"He was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollar's worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a denunciation, he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his lordship's esteem. As to Lord Byron's generosity, it is before the world; he promised to devote his large income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his pledge."

and said with a smile, "You were coming another day that I never write any poetry is my birthday, and I have just finished which, I think, is better than what I wrote." He then produced to them those beautiful verses, which, though already known to most readers, too affectingly associated with this closing his life to be omitted among its details. In consideration, indeed, every thing comes to these verses,—the last tender aspirations of spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion cause which they so nobly express, and the nearness of a near grave glimmering sadly in the whole,—there is perhaps no production of mere human composition, read in such circumstances and feelings under which is cast so touching an interest.

"JANUARY 22d.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-THIRD YEAR.

I.

"Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!"

II.

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!"

III.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is none as some volcanic tale;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

IV.

"The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the joys
And power of love, I cannot share;
But wear the chain."

V.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul,
Where glory decks the hero's brow,
Or hinds his brow."

VI.

"The sword, the banner, and the *Edo*
Glory and Greece, around me *are*!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free."

VII.

"Awake (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!"

VIII.

"Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy mentious unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be."

IX.

"If thou regret'st thy youth, *why see'st*
The land of *beauteous youth*
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!"

X.

"Seek out—less often sought than *found*
A soldier's grave, for there the heart
Then look around, and choose thy grave
And take thy rest."

"We perceived," says Count Gamba, "from these lines, as well as from his daily conversations, that his ambition and his hope were irrevocably fixed upon the glorious objects of his expedition to Greece, and that he had made up his mind to 'return victorious, or return no more.' Indeed, he often said to me, 'Others may do as they please—they may go—but I stay here, *that is certain*.' The same determination was expressed in his letters to his friends; and this resolution was not unaccompanied with the very natural presentiment—that he should never leave Greece alive. He one day asked his faithful servant, Tita, whether he thought of returning to Italy? 'Yes,' said Tita: 'if your lordship goes, I go.' Lord Byron smiled, and said, 'No, Tita, I shall never go back from Greece—either the Turks, or the Greeks, or the climate, will prevent that.'"

LETTER DXL.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

* Missolonghi, February 24th, 1824.

"Dr Muir's letter and yours of the 23d reached me some days ago. Tell Muir that I am glad of his promotion for his sake, and of his remaining near us for all our sakes; though I cannot but regret Dr Kennedy's departure, which accounts for the previous earthquakes and the present English weather in this climate. With all respect to my medical pastor, I have to announce to him, that amongst other firebrands, our firemaster Parry (just landed) has disembarked an elect blacksmith, intrusted with three hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments. I have given him all facilities in my power for his works spiritual and temporal, and if he can settle matters as easily with the Greek Archbishop and hierarchy, I trust that neither the heretic nor the supposed sceptic will be accused of intolerance.

"By the way, I met with the said Archbishop at Anatolico (where I went by invitation of the Primates a few days ago, and was received with a heavier canonade than the Turks, probably) for the second time (I had known him here before); and he and P. Mavrocordato, and the Chiefs and Primates and I, all dined together, and I thought the metropolitan the merriest of the party, and a very good christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet through in our way back) has been ill with a fever and cholera; and Luke has been out of sorts too, and so have some others of the people, and I have been very well,—except that I caught cold yesterday with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who would not bear a hand in landing the Committee stores, and nearly spoiled our combustibles; but I turned out in person, and made such a row as set them in motion, blaspheming at them from the Government downwards, till they actually did some part of what they ought to have done several days before, and this is esteemed, as it deserves to be, a wonder.

"Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops; for if we do not do something soon, we shall only have a third year of defensive operations and another siege, and all that.

We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual; and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go,—*firstly*, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies; *secondly*, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek; and, *thirdly*, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as *asoremaid*) inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor any thing else they may wish me to attempt; and as for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud basket; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially*, than *marsh-ally*;—the situation of Missolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dryness, in comparison.

"And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and Mr Barff for your ready answers, which, next to ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the assets, and balance, and the relics of the Corgialeigno correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa (I sold the dog flour, tell him, but not at *his* price), I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months, *i. e.* about twenty-five thousand within the current year, at regular intervals, independent of the sums now negotiating. I can show you documents to prove that these are considerably *within* my supplies for the year in more ways than one; but I do not like to tell the Greeks exactly what I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because, otherwise, they will double and triple their demands (a disposition that they have already sufficiently shown); and though I am willing to do all I can *when necessary*, yet I do not see why they should not help a little, for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be by some accounts.

* February 7th, 1824.

"I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry, and afterwards by the return of Hesketh, who has not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather surprises me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks; he and I will (I think) be able to draw together,—at least I will not interfere with or contradict him in his own department. He complains grievously of the mercantile and *enthymury* part of the Committee, but greatly praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon would have given three or four thousand pounds and come out *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted him, and thus they have spoiled part of their subscription and cramped their operations. Parry says H. * * * is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He sorely laments the printing and civilizing expenses, and wishes that there

was not a Sunday-school in the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and except always an academy for artilleryship.

"He complained also of the cold, a little to my surprise; firstly, because there being no chimneys, I have used myself to do without other warmth than the animal heat and one's cloak, in these parts; and, secondly, because I should as soon have expected to hear a volcano sneeze, as a fire-master (who is to burn a whole fleet) exclaim against the atmosphere. I fully expected that his very approach would have scorched up the town like the burning-glasses of Archimedes.

"Well, it seems that I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for we are not what Major Sturgeon calls 'a set of the most amicable officers.' Whether we shall have 'a boxing bout between Captain Sheers and the Colonel,' I cannot tell; but between Suliote chiefs, German barons, English volunteers, and adventurers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the same banner."

"February 8th, 1824.

"Interrupted again by business yesterday, and it is time to conclude my letter. I drew some time since on Mr Barff for a thousand dollars, to complete some money wanted by the Government. The said Government got cash on that bill *here* and at a profit; but the very same fellow who gave it to them, after proposing to give me money for other bills on Barff to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, either could not, or thought better of it. I had written to Barff advising him, but had afterwards to write to tell him of the fellow's having not come up to time. You must really send me the balance soon. I have the artilleryists and my Suliotes to pay, and Heaven knows what besides, and as every thing depends upon punctuality, all our operations will be at a standstill unless you use despatch. I shall send to Mr Barff or to you further bills on England for three thousand pounds, to be negotiated as speedily as you can. I have already stated here and formerly the sums I can command at home within the year,—without including my credits, or the bills already negotiated or negotiating, as Corgialeagno's balance of Mr Webb's letter,—and my letters from my friends (received by Mr Parry's vessel), confirm what I have already stated. How much I may require in the course of the year, I can't tell, but I will take care that it shall not exceed the means to supply it.

"Yours ever,

"N. B.

"P. S. I have had, by desire of a Mr *Jerostati*, to draw on Demetrius Delladecima (is it our friend in ultima analyse?) to pay the Committee expenses. I really do not understand what the Committee mean by some of their freedoms. Parry and I get on very well *hitherto*; how long this may last, Heaven knows, but I hope it will, for a good deal for the Greek service depends upon it, but he has already had some *miffs* with Col. S., and I do all I can to keep the peace amongst them. However, Parry is a fine fellow, extremely active, and of strong, sound, practical talents, by all accounts. Enclosed are bills for three thousand pounds, drawn in the mode directed (i. e.

parcelled out in smaller bills). A good occurring for Cephalonia to send letters myself of it. Remember me to Sever's friends. Also my compliments and ever, to the colonels and officers.

"Febrew

"P. S. 2d or 3d. I have reason to expect from England directed with papers (on me to sign, somewhere in the Islands, by such should arrive, would you forward a safe conveyance, as the papers regard with regard to the adjustment of a law suit of several thousand pounds, which I, or and trustees for me, may have to receive in consequence. The time of the proba cannot state, but the date of my letters is; and I suppose that he ought to arrive so

How strong were the hopes which ever watched him most observingly conceiv whole tenor of his conduct since his arrival longhi, will appear from the following v nel Stanhope, in one of his letters to the mittee:—

"Lord Byron possesses all the means great part in the glorious revolution of has talent; he professes liberal princip money; and is inspired with fervent as feelings. He has commenced his career measures: 1st, by recommending union, s himself of no party; and, 2dly, by taking into pay, and acting as their chief. These fail to render his lordship universally p proportionally powerful. Thus advanta cumstanced, his lordship will have an of realizing all his professions."

That the inspirer, however, of the boy self far from participating in them is a f from all he said and wrote on the subj adds painfully to the interest which his p moment excites. Too well, indeed, did derstand and feel the difficulties into w plunged to deceive himself into any such lusions. In one only of the objects to w looked forward with any hope,—that of e to humanize, by his example, the system on both sides,—had he yet been able to self. Not many days after his arrival nity, as we have seen, had been afforded cuing an unfortunate Turk out of the ha Greek sailors; and, towards the end of having learned that there were a few Turk in confinement at Missolonghi, he request verment to place them at his disposal, t send them to Yussuff Pacha. In perfori of humane policy, he transmitted with captives the following letter.

LETTER DXLI.

TO HIS HIGHNESS YUSSUFF PACHA

"Missolonghi 23d Jan

"HIGHNESS!

"A vessel, in which a friend and son:

minuted, was discussed a few days ago.
I am not of your opinion. I have now
not for illustrating the cause, which is
not long, and being under great pres-
sure a topic is common; but for having
into with a much kindness while they
live.

Therefore, that I may not be disappointed
your Highness, I have requested the
same to remain here. I have pro-
posed a temporary committee to do so. I have
been, in sending them here, it seems to
me, as I trust for your country as
well. These persons are liberal and
wise; but, above all, they are
patriotic. I venture to say, that your
most own friends as my immediate
aids with humanity: more especially
as of war are sufficiently great; and
more especially as your country
is more important to your country.

• **Small Business**

made said, as it appeared for some time, just as when he had most ardently and the strongest attacks upon Lepanto—a "which, from its command of the sword of Cortes, is a possession of the first "Lord Byron," says Colonel Sandhu, on January 14, "born with military ardor, and will accompany the expedition." The army of Perry, the greatest force for some months necessary for the campaign necessary for the formation of military, had neither prepared the or the important enterprise, thought it, whatever little could be effected, it had been put in progress with the "a brigade of Indians to act under Lord the formation, at the point of view of it. Colonel Sandhu, of a small party

into the latter end of January, as we
: Lord Byron received his request con-
: Government, as Commander of the
: is conferring upon him full powers, both
: ry. they appeared, at the same time,
: such to accompany him, composed of
: eminent Chiefs of the army, with
: the name of the famous warrior, as

expected that among the scores sent
there would be a majority of Congress
members of various of which such
was sent to the Congress on that they
the most important of its members
members, therefore, on finding that the
same Congress will the members was
either hope the that of being considered
arbitrary ways to the necessity of those
that have sent for all the Marry—
not equally important, that two of them
be found or necessary of those who

originally composed it, nearly drowned away; and the few efforts that now come to us, being, from their fragmentary nature, of little and changing, in our view, however that model. It is evident, in these discouraging circumstances, the few fragments that we have had for some time formed the sole production of Miss Hemmings, were now submitted to their name, and had left their names to be that in the course of a century.

Prejudicing as were all these difficulties is the way of the expedition, a still more formidable enhancement present itself in the turbulent and almost untamable disposition of these Salote troops on whom is mainly depended for success is no understating. Presuming to rely upon his wealth and generosity to upon their own military importance, these native warriors had never learnt to rise at the appearance of their demands upon him:—the wretched multitude and human state of their families in the nearest abiding hut are well known a potent hind to their courage and discipline. Nor were their leaders much more amenable to management than themselves. "These were," says Capt. Gordon, "on heads of families among them, all of whom had equal pretensions both by their birth and their exploits; and none of whom were they are not to be considered."

A lecture was given in which, about the middle of January, these failures and great loss, and a which some lives were lost, had been a source of much sorrow and anxiety to Lord Byron, as well from the ill-health it was likely to excite between his troops and the climate, as from the little dependence it gave him encouragement to place upon success or instant aid. Notwithstanding all this, however, neither his experience nor his efforts for the accomplishment of the one personal object of his mission ever reached a single instant. If whatever little duty was it he was to the attack upon Lepanto, he pushed forward as his only reward for all the sacrifices he was making. In his conversations with Count Camille on the subject, "though he put a great deal," says the gentleman, "about his post of Astrakhanopolis, or Chios, whether it Chief, it was plain that the remainder of the part of the undertaking was given almost entirely to him." When we continue, indeed, his conversation it seems, at all intervals, by the canal, with the very faint hopes he expressed that would at last enable as to his power of moving it. I have little doubt that the "sinner's grave" which, in his own beautiful version, he uttered out for himself, was to the dream of poetry; but that, at the contrary, his "was was father in the thought," and that it is reasonable doubt, it was such a circumstance as that of storming Lepanto, he pushed forward, not only as the one means of redeeming within the given period he had now given, but as the most equal and lasting service that a man like him—placed, as it would then be, among the wealth-words of Liberty, from age to age—could render in the cause.

In the month of March 1940 he was short-handed by the removal of a sister from the staff of the London, where he had been appointed with a two-year contract in 1938 and was at the time a full member. Under the terms of the contract

DESCRIPTION OF THE TYPES OF THE MATERIALS

* The above figures are based on the latest available data and are subject to change.

This patriotic Greek was one of the foremost to raise the standard of the Cross, and at the present moment stood distinguished among the supporters of the Legislative Body and of the new national Government. The following is a translation of Lord Byron's answer to his letter.

LETTER DXLII.

TO LONDON.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"The sight of your handwriting gave me the greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as it must be for all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, of the arts, and of liberty; nor did the time I passed in my youth in travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection for the birth-place of heroes. In addition to this, I am bound to yourself by ties of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality which I experienced from you during my stay in that country, of which you are now become one of the first defenders and ornaments. To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the cause of Greece will be to me one of the happiest events of my life. In the mean time, with the hope of our again meeting,

"I am, as ever, &c."

Among the less serious embarrassments of his position at this period may be mentioned the struggle maintained against him by his colleague, Colonel Stanhope,—with a degree of conscientious perseverance which even while thwarted by it, he could not but respect,—on the subject of a Free Press, which it was one of the favourite objects of his fellow-agent to bring instantly into operation in all parts of Greece. On this important point their opinions differed considerably; and the following report, by Colonel Stanhope, of one of their many conversations on the subject, may be taken as a fair and concise statement of their respective views.

"Lord Byron said that he was an ardent friend of publicity and the press; but that he feared it was not applicable to this society in its present combustible state. I answered that I thought it applicable to all countries, and essential here, in order to put an end to the state of anarchy which at present prevailed. Lord B. feared libels and licentiousness. I said that the object of a free press was to check public licentiousness, and to expose libellers to odium. Lord B. had mentioned his conversation with Mavrocordato* to show that the Prince was not hostile to the

cherished, under this exterior, a mature spirit of patriotism which occasionally broke forth, and the noble poet used to relate that, one day, while they were playing at draughts together, on the name of Hyla being pronounced, Lord Byron leaped from the table, and clapping violently his hands, began singing the famous song of that ill-fated patriot:

"Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour is gone forth."

* Lord Byron had, it seems, acknowledged, on the preceding evening, his having remarked to Prince Mavrocordato, that "if he were in his situation, he would have

placed the press under a censor," to which he replied, "No: the liberty of the press is a great Constitution."

That between two men, both eager in of one common cause, there should arise of opinion as to the means of achieving a natural result of the varieties of human and detracts nothing from the zeal of either. But by those who do not suffer to be carried away by a theory, it will be I think, that the scruples professed by with respect to the expedience or introducing what is called a Free Press into a little advanced in civilization as Greece on just views of human nature and common sense. To endeavour to force upon a so unprepared for them, such full-grown to think of engrafting, at once, on an the fruits of long knowledge and importing among them, ready made, these and blessings which no nation ever attained own working out, nor ever was fitted to having first struggled for them,—to have dream of the success of such an experiment sanguineous almost incredible, and in the present instance, indulged by economist and soldier, was, as we have the poet.

The enthusiastic and, in many founded confidence with which Colonel appealed to the authority of Mr Bentham the points at issue between himself and was, from that natural antipathy which political economists and poets, but little in by the latter;—such appeals being him with those sallies of ridicule, which best-humoured vent for his impatience, ment, and to which, notwithstanding the name and services of Mr Bentham quackery of much that is promulgated by era presented, it must be owned, ample mantic, indeed, as was Lord Byron's himself to the cause of Greece, there was he took of the means of serving her not unsubstantial or speculative. The great task of freeing her from her tyrants was main object. He knew that slavery was to Knowledge, and must be broken that her light could come; that the work must therefore precede that of the people be the first schools of Freedom.

With such sound and manly views exigencies of the crisis, it is not wonder should view with impatience, and something of contempt, all that premature apparatus ing-presses, pedagogues, &c., with which lenes of the London Committee were, for "utilitarianism," encumbering him some of the correspondents of this body solid in their speculations than those

placed the press under a censor," to which he replied, "No: the liberty of the press is a great Constitution."

not persons having suggested, as a means of gaining equal advantages on the cause, an admission of the Greek advantages.

though being, as strategy, perhaps, as Lord Byron's importance of the great object of their mission, not of timing and, what was the most difficult, they against the common foe the energies of the army. Colonel Stanhope was not one of those who thought that the ignominy of their great number, and the operations of a joint invincibility, was a less essential instrument towards the success of the struggle; and in this opinion, as persons, the poet and man of literature differed from the soldier. But it was such a difference as, in the end of frank and fair minds, may arise without reproach to themselves, or danger to their cause—a mode of opinion which, though maintained long, may be remembered without bitterness. Still, in the present instance, neither government, at the close of one of their warmest observations exclaiming generously in his opponent, "one that honest right hand," nor without the line passing forth, at the grave of his colleague, is of eulogy; not the less cordial, for being constantly shaded with censure, nor less hostile to the illustrious dead for being the tribute who had once so usefully differed with him.

At the middle of February, the modifications of Mr. Perry having brought the artillery into such a state of forwardness as to be ready for service, an inspection of the Sulistat took place, preparatory to the expedition; and such of the usual deception and mismanagement on their part, every obstacle appeared to be surmounted. It was agreed that they should receive a month's pay in advance.—Count Gamba, 50 of their corps, as a vanguard, was to march by and take up a position under Lepanto, and Byron with the main body and the artillery was to follow.

Difficulties, however, were soon started by insupportable necessities; and under the instigation, as was discovered afterwards, of the great of Misrocordato, Colocotroni, who had sent him into Missolonghi for the purpose of seducing, they now put forward their exactions in a hope by requiring of the Government to appoint of their number, two generals, two colonels, two majors, and inferior officers in the same proportion.—"In short," says Count Gamba, "that, out of four hundred actual Sulistat, there should be one hundred and fifty above the rank of a soldier." The audacious dishonesty of this demand, beyond what he could have expected even from a Greek, roused all Lord Byron's rage, and he indignified to the whole body, through Count, that all negotiation between them and him was at an end; that he could no longer have any use in persons so little true to their engagements; and that though the relief which he had to their families should still be continued, agreements with them, as a body, must be regarded void.

On the 14th of February that this rupture of Lord Byron.—See Colonel Stanhope's "Greece on Fire, &c."

will the Sulistat took place, and through, in the following day, in consequence of the total exhaustion of their funds, they were again received into the army, a service in his own terms, the whole affair, however, with the various other difficulties that now beset him, appeared no small embarrassment. His eye will pass that he should not think it just to hold the cause of Greece and his own character, in all of which, in such an emergency, more than when any other could thus reduce from their duty, and that, all were more regular force could be organized, the expedition against Lepanto must be abandoned.

While these vexatious events were occurring, the interruption of his accustomed exercise in the theatre increased the probability that such events were calculated to excite, and the whole together, in doubt, connected with whatever predisposing tendencies were already in his constitution, to bring on that consumptive fit—the forerunner of his death—which, on the evening of the 13th of February, seized him. He was sitting, at about eight o'clock, with only Mr. Perry and Mr. Hamilton, in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope,—talking philosophy upon one of his favourite topics, the differences between himself and the other gentlemen, and saying that "he believed, after all, the author's tragedy would be ready before the soldier's printing-press." There was an unusual flush in his face, and from the rapid changes of his countenance it was manifest that he was suffering under some nervous agitation. He then continued, of being thirsty, and, calling for some drink, drank of it; upon which, a still greater change being observable over his features, he rose from his seat, but was unable to walk, and, after staggering forward a step or two, fell into Mr. Perry's arms. In another minute, his teeth were clenched, his speech and senses gone, and he was in strong convulsions. The violent motions, were his struggles, that it required all the strength both of Mr. Perry and his servant Tim to hold him during the fit. His face, too, was much distorted, and, as he died, Count Gamba afterwards "at moments were his sufferings during the convulsion, that had it lasted but a minute longer, he believed he must have died." The fit was, however, as short as it was violent: in a few minutes he ceased his agonies, and turned; his features, though still pale and convulsed, resumed their natural shape, and in other respects from the attack his characteristic features. "He died as he would speak," says Count Gamba, "as if he were himself protesting free from all earthly ties, and possibly asking whether his attack was just a mortal sickness." "Let me know," he said, "in the end, as I shall die—I am sure."

This painful event had not, however, been long and as brief, when a report was brought that the Sulistat were up in arms, and about to attack the fortress, for the purpose of seeking the evacuation. According to Lord Byron's friends this is the story: the Sulistat men were ordered under arms, the soldiers' barracks, and the cannon pointed and pointed in the direction to the gates. Through the ranks of the army, the very likelihood of such an attack, and how precarious was the state of the fortress, at the moment, and in what a state of mind, the soldiers and the now nearly numberless Greek fugitives, were so close.

On the following morning he was found to be better, but still pale and weak, and complained much of a sensation of weight in his head. The doctors, therefore, thought it right to apply leeches to his temples; but found it difficult, on their removal, to stop the blood, which continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted. It must have been on this day that the scene thus described by Colonel Stanhope occurred:—

"Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when, faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes raged the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

Another eye-witness, Count Gamba, bears similar testimony to the presence of mind with which he fronted this and all other such dangers. "It is impossible," says this gentleman, "to do justice to the coolness and magnanimity which he displayed upon every trying occasion. Upon trifling occasions he was certainly irritable; but the aspect of danger calmed him in an instant, and restored to him the free exercise of all the powers of his noble nature. A more undaunted man in the hour of peril never breathed."

The letters written by him during the few following weeks form, as usual, the best record of his proceedings, and besides the sad interest they possess as being among the latest from his hand, are also precious, as affording proof that neither illness nor disappointment, neither a worn-out frame nor even a hopeless spirit, could lead him for a moment to think of abandoning the great cause he had espoused; while to the last, too, he preserved unbroken the cheerful spring of his mind, his manly endurance of all ills that afflicted but himself, and his ever-wakeful consideration for the wants of others.

LETTER DXLIIL

TO MR DARFF.

February 21.

"I am a good deal better, though of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback. To day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, and without animal food.

"Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them at my own expense to Prevesa, that the English Consul-General may consign them to their relations. I did this by their own desire. Matters here are a little embroiled with the Suliotes and foreigners, &c., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful."

• In a letter to the same gentleman, dated January 27,

"I am obliged to support the Government of the present."

The prisoners mentioned in this letter have been released by him and sent to Prevesa, held in captivity at Missolonghi since the Revolution. The following was the list he forwarded with them to the English Consul-General:—

LETTER DXLIV.

TO MR MAYER.

"SIR,

"Coming to Greece, one of my primary objects was to alleviate as much as possible the pressure of a warfare so cruel as the present, and the dictates of humanity are in question. The difference between Turks and Greeks is, that those who want assistance are weak, and claim the pity and protection of the more humane feelings. I have found here many Turks, including women and children, long pined in distress, far from the means and the consolations of their home. I thought I might have consigned them to me: I trust Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent, will not object to take care that they may be sent to a place of safety, and that the Government may accept of my present. The only hope I can hope for would be to find that the Ottoman commanders who have inspired the Ottoman commanders with sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks hereafter fall into their hands.

"I beg you to believe

LETTER DXLV.

TO THE HONOURABLE DOUGLAS CLARKE

Missolonghi, February 21.

"I have received yours of the 2d of Feb. It is essential that the money should be paid, drawn for it all, and more too, to help the Party is here, and he and I agree very much. It is going on hopefully for the present, under the circumstances.

"We shall have work this year, for the coming down in force; and, as for me, I shall be by the cause. I shall shortly march (in orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some success from the Turks, and also from being in the We were twice upon the rocks, but this I have heard, truly or falsely, through other channels. I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

"So far I have succeeded in supporting the Government of Western Greece, which would have been dissolved. If you have received a thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year,

he had already said, "I hope that things will well some time or other. I will stick by them as a cause exists—first or second."

nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the 'sinews of war' properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the £4000 as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don't care for myself.

"I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score.

"It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could* or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal son'; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER DXLVI.

TO MR BARFF.

"February 23d.

"My health seems improving, especially from riding and the warm bath. Six Englishmen will be soon in quarantine at Zante; they are artificers,* and have had enough of Greece in fourteen days. If you could recommend them to a passage home, I would thank you; they are good men enough, but do not quite understand the little discrepancies in these countries, and are not used to see shooting and slashing in a domestic quiet way, or (as it forms here) a part of housekeeping.

"If they should want any thing during their quarantine, you can advance them not more than a dollar a day (amongst them) for that period, to purchase them some little extras as comforts (as they are quite out of their element). I cannot afford them more at present."

The following letter to Mr Murray,—which it is most gratifying to have to produce, as the last completing link of a long friendship and correspondence which had been but for a short time, and through the fault only of others, interrupted,—contains such a summary of the chief events now passing round Lord Byron, as, with the assistance of a few notes, will render any more detailed narrative unnecessary.

LETTER DXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Missolonghi, February 25th, 1824.

"I have heard from Mr Douglas Kinnaird that you state 'a report of a satire on Mr Gifford having arrived from Italy, said to be written by me!' but that you do not believe it.' I dare say you do not, nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind on

* The workmen who came out with Parry, and who, alarmed by the scene of confusion and danger they found at Missolonghi, had resolved to return home.

Gifford lies in his throat. If any such composition exists, it is none of mine. You know as well as any body upon whom I have or have not written; and you also know whether they do or did not deserve that same. And so much for such matters.

"You will perhaps be anxious to hear some news from this part of Greece (which is the most liable to invasion); but you will hear enough through public and private channels. I will, however, give you the events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar with the public, for we are here a little jumbled together at present.

"On Sunday (the 15th, I believe), I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *ery* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, &c.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leeches to my temples, no difficult matter, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts.

"On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts,* the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal: a Swedish officer † was killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer was buried; and Captain Parry's English artificers mutinied, under pretence that their lives are in danger, and are for quitting the country—they may.‡

"On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember (and I have felt thirty, slight or smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean), and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it

* "Early in the morning we prepared for our attack on the brig. Lord Byron, notwithstanding his weakness, and an inflammation that threatened his eyes, was most anxious to be of our party; but the physician would not suffer him to go."—COUNT GAMBA'S *Narrative*.

His lordship had promised a reward for every Turk taken alive in the proposed attack on this vessel.

† Captain Sasse, an officer esteemed as one of the best and bravest of the foreigners in the Greek service. "This," says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter, February 18th, to the Committee, "is a serious affair. The Suliotes have no country, no home for their families; arrears of pay are owing to them; the people of Missolonghi hate and pay them exorbitantly. Lord Byron, who was to have led them to Lepanto, is much shaken by his fit, and will probably be obliged to retire from Greece. In short, all our hopes in this quarter are damped for the present. I am not a little fearful, too, that these wild warriors will not forget the blood that has been spilt. I this morning told Prince Maurocordato and Lord Byron that they must come to some resolution about compelling the Suliotes to quit the place."

‡ This was a fresh, and, as may be conceived, serious disappointment to Lord Byron. "The departure of these men," says Count Gamba, "made us fear that our laboratory would come to nothing: for, if we tried to supply the place of the artificers with native Greeks, we should make but little progress."

was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again, if they can help it—and on Sunday, we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men.

"In coming here, I had two escapes, one from the Turks (one of my vessels was taken, but afterwards released), and the other from shipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks near the Scopos (islands near the coast).

"I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own charges. One little girl of nine years old, who prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I live) send, with her mother, probably, to Italy, or to England. Her name is Hato, or Hatagée. She is a very pretty lively child. All her brothers were killed by the Greeks, and she herself and her mother merely spared by special favour and owing to her extreme youth, she being then but five or six years old.

"My health is now better, and I ride about again. My office here is no sinecure, so many parties and difficulties of every kind; but I will do what I can. Prince Mavrocordato is an excellent person, and does all in his power, but his situation is perplexing in the extreme. Still we have great hopes of the success of the contest. You will hear, however, more of public news from plenty of quarters, for I have little time to write.

"Believe me yours, &c. &c.

"N. B.Y."

The fierce lawlessness of the Suliotes had now risen to such a height that it became necessary for the safety of the European population to get rid of them altogether; and by some sacrifices on the part of Lord Byron, this object was at length effected. The advance of a month's pay by him, and the discharge of their arrears by the Government, (the latter, too, with money lent for that purpose by the same universal paymaster,) at length induced these rude warriors to depart from the town, and with them vanished all hopes of the expedition against Lepanto.

LETTER DXLVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

* Missolonghi, Western Greece, March 4th, 1824.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"Your reproach is unfounded—I have received two letters from you, and answered both previous to leaving Cephalonia. I have not been 'quiet' in an Ionian island, but much occupied with business,—as the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither have I continued 'Don Juan,' nor any other poem. You go, as usual, I presume, by some newspaper report or other."

* Proceeding, as he here rightly supposes, upon newspaper authority, I had in my letter made some allusion to his imputed occupations which, in his present sensitiveness on the subject of authorship, did not at all please him. To this circumstance Count Gamba alludes in a passage of his

"When the proper moment to be of use arrived, I came here; and am told that my arrival, under some other circumstances) has been of temporary advantage to the cause. I had escape from the Turks, and another from the Greeks on my passage. On the 15th (or 16th) of Feb. I had an attack of apoplexy, or epilepsy, and the physicians have not exactly decided which, but the native is agreeable. My constitution, the mains between the two opinions, like a sarcophagus between the magnets. All I say is, that they nearly bled me to death, and the leeches too near the temporal artery, so that blood could with difficulty be stopped, and caustic. I am supposed to be getting better, however. But my homilies will, I presume, be like the Archbishop of Granada case, 'I order you a hundred ducats from my purse and wish you a little more taste.'

"For public matters I refer you to Col. Parry and Capt. Parry's reports,—and to all of whatsoever. There is plenty to do—war and tumult within—they 'kill a man a week' Acres in the country. Parry's artificers away in alarm, on account of a dispute in the middle of the natives and foreigners were engaged. Swede was killed, and a Suliote wound in the middle of their fright there was a strong earthquake; so, between that and the boom of off in a hurry, in despite of all the contrary. A Turkish brig ran ashore, &c.

"You, I presume, are either publishing or talking that same. Let me hear from and believe me, in all events,

"Ever and affectionately yo

"P.S. Tell Mr Murray that I wrote other day, and hope that he has received the letter."

Narrative, where, after mentioning a remark that "Poetry should only occupy the idle, and serious affairs it would be ridiculous," he at this time writing to him, said that he had been instead of pursuing heroic and warlike adventures residing in a delightful villa continuing Don Juan, which offended him for the moment, and he was soon mistaken judgment had been formed of him."

It is amusing to observe that, while thus a from a highly noble motive, to throw his author shade while engaged in so much more serious was yet an author's mode of revenge that alienated him, when under the influence of any of the resentments. Thus, when a little angry with Count Gamba one day, he exclaimed "I will libel you in the Chronicle;" and in this brief burst of humour the means of provoking in him, I have been the authority of Count Gamba, that he swore to "tire" upon me.

Though the above letter shows how momentary little spleen he may have felt, there not unknown, comes over me a short pang of regret to feeling of displeasure, however slight, shewn among the latest I awakened in him.

† What I have omitted here is but a repetition of various particulars, respecting all that had happened since his arrival, which have already been given in all his other correspondents.

LETTER DXLIX.

TO DR KENNEDY.

"Missolonghi, March 4, 1824.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"I have to thank you for your two very kind letters, both received at the same time, and one long after its date. I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, nor am, nor have been, deceived on that subject. But it is proper that I should remain in Greece; and it were better to die doing something than nothing. My presence here has been supposed so far useful as to have prevented confusion from becoming worse confounded, at least for the present. Should I become, or be deemed useless or superfluous, I am ready to retire; but in the interim I am not to consider personal consequences; the rest is in the hands of Providence,—as indeed are all things. I shall, however, observe your instructions, and indeed did so, as far as regards abstinence, for some time past.

"Besides the tracts, &c. which you have sent for distribution, one of the English artificers (high Brownbill, a tinman) left to my charge a number of Greek Testaments, which I will endeavour to distribute properly. The Greeks complain that the translation is not correct, nor in good Romanic: Bamba can decide on that point. I am trying to reconcile the clergy to the distribution, which (without due regard to their hierarchy) they might contrive to impede or neutralise in the effect, from their power over their people. Mr Brownbill has gone to the Islands, having some apprehension for his life (not from the priests, however), and apparently preferring rather to be a saint than a martyr, although his apprehensions of becoming the latter were probably unfounded. All the English artificers accompanied him, thinking themselves in danger, on account of some troubles here, which have apparently subsided.

"I have been interrupted by a visit from Prince Mavrocordato and others since I began this letter, and must close it hastily, for the boat is announced as ready to sail. Your future convert, Hato, or Hatagée, appears to me lively, and intelligent, and promising, and possesses an interesting countenance. With regard to her disposition, I can say little, but Millingen, who has the mother (who is a middle-aged woman of good character) in his house as a domestic (although their family was in good worldly circumstances previous to the Revolution), speaks well of both, and he is to be relied on. As far as I know, I have only seen the child a few times with her mother, and what I have seen is favourable, or I should not take so much interest in her behalf. If she turns out well, my idea would be to send her to my daughter in England (if not to respectable persons in Italy), and so to provide for her as to enable her to live with reputation either singly or in marriage, if she arrive at maturity. I will make proper arrangements about her expenses through Messrs Barff and Hancock, and the rest I leave to your discretion and to Mrs K.'s, with a great sense of obligation for your kindness in undertaking her temporary superintendence.

"Of public matters here, I have little to add to what you will already have heard. We are going on as well as we can, and with the hope and the endeavour to do better. Believe me,

"Ever and truly, &c."

LETTER DL.

TO MR BARFF.

"March 5th, 1824.

"If Sisseni* is sincere, he will be treated with, and well treated; if he is not, the sin and the shame may lie at his own door. One great object is to heal those internal dissensions for the future, without exacting too rigorous an account of the past. Prince Mavrocordato is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with. I have heard a good deal of Sisseni, but not a deal of good; however, I never judge from report, particularly in a Revolution. Personally, I am rather obliged to him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may therefore assure him that any overture for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met *here*. I hardly think that he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to me through you, because he must be sure that in such a case it would eventually be exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it."

LETTER DLI.

TO MR BARFF.

"March 10th.

"Enclosed is an answer to Mr Parruca's letter, and I hope that you will assure him from me, that I have done and am doing all I can to reunite the Greeks with the Greeks.

"I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country house (as for all other kindness) in case that my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of any (even supposed) utility:—there is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. When I say this, I am at the same time aware of the difficulties and dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people.

"My chief, indeed *minus-tenths* of my expenses here are solely in advances to or on behalf of the Greeks,† and objects connected with their independence."

* This Sisseni, who was the *Captain* of the rich district about Gostouni, and had for some time held out against the general Government, was now, as appears by the above letter, making overtures, through Mr Barff, of adhesion. As a proof of his sincerity, it was required by Lord Byron that he should surrender into the hands of the Government the fortress of Chiarenza.

† "At this time (February 14th)," says Mr Parry, who kept the accounts of his lordship's disbursements, "the

The letter of Parruca, to which the foregoing alludes, contained a pressing invitation to Lord Byron to present himself in the Peloponnesus, where, it was added, his influence would be sure to bring about the union of all parties. So general, indeed, was the confidence placed in their noble ally, that, by every Chief of every faction, he seems to have been regarded as the only rallying point round which there was the slightest chance of their now split and jarring interests being united. A far more flattering, as well as more authorized, invitation soon after reached him, through an express envoy, from the Chieftain Colocotroni, recommending a National Council, where his lordship, it was proposed, should act as mediator, and pledging this Chief himself and his followers to abide by the result. To this application an answer was returned, similar to that which he sent to Parruca, and which was in terms as follows :—

LETTER DLII.

TO SR PARRUCA.

" March 10th, 1824.

" SIR,

" I have the honour of answering your letter. My first wish has always been to bring the Greeks to agree amongst themselves. I came here by the invitation of the Greek government, and I do not think that I ought to abandon Roumelia for the Peloponnesus until that Government shall desire it; and the more so, as this part is exposed in a greater degree to the enemy. Nevertheless, if my presence can really be of any assistance in uniting two or more parties, I am ready to go any where, either as a mediator, or, if necessary, as a hostage. In these affairs I have neither private views, nor private dislike of any individual, but the sincere wish of deserving the name of the friend of your country, and of her patriots.

" I have the honour, &c."

LETTER DLIII.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

" Missolonghi, 10th March, 1824.

" SIR,

" I sent by Mr J. M. Hodges a bill drawn on Signor C. Jerostatti for three hundred and eighty-six pounds, on account of the Hon. the Greek Committee, for carrying on the service at this place. But Count Delladecima sent no more than two hundred dollars until he should receive instructions from C. Jerostatti. Therefore I am obliged to advance that sum to pre-

expenses of Lord Byron in the cause of the Greeks did not amount to less than two thousand dollars per week in rations alone." In another place this writer says, " The Greeks seemed to think he was a mine from which they could extract gold at their pleasure. One person represented that a supply of 20,000 dollars would save the island of Candia from falling into the hands of the Pacha of Egypt; and there not being that sum in hand, Lord Byron gave him authority to raise it if he could in the Islands, and he would guarantee its repayment. I believe this person did not succeed."

vent a positive stop being put to the Lab vice at this place, &c. &c.

" I beg you will mention this business Delladecima, who has the draft and ere and that Mr Barff, in conjunction with y endeavour to arrange this money account, received, forward the same to Missolonghi

" I am, sir, yours v

" So far is written by Captain Parry; that I must continue the letter myself. I little or nothing of the business, saving that, like most of the present affairs her at a stand-still if monies be not advanced are few here so disposed; so that I m chance, as usual.

" You will see what can be done with and Jerostatti, and remit the sum, that v some quiet; for the Committee have n broiled their matters, or chosen Greek co more Grecian than ever the Greeks are :

" You

" P. S. A thousand thanks to Muir flower, the finest I ever saw or tasted, as the largest that ever grew out of Parad land. I have written to quiet Dr Kenne newspaper (with which I have nothing writer, please to recollect and say). I t of conductors that their motto would ph but, like all mountebanks, they persuade who is any thing but *lucky*, had som with it; and as usual, the moment he went wrong." It will be better, perha But I write in haste, and have only time fore the boat sails, that I am ever

" Y

" P. S. Mr Findlay is here, and has money."

LETTER DLIV.

TO DR KENNEDY.

" Missolonghi, Ma

" DEAR SIR,

" You could not disapprove of the Telegraph more than I did, and do; b land of liberty, where most people do as and few as they ought.

" I have not written, nor am inclined that or for any other paper, but have them, over and over, a change of the mo However, I do not think that it will tu an irreligious or a levelling publication, a mise due respect to both churches and the editors do.

" If Bambas would write for the Gree he might have his own price for articles

" He had a notion that Count Gamba was unfortunate,—that he was one of those ill-st with whom every thing goes wrong. In s newspaper to Parry, he said, " I have subse get rid of importunity, and, it may be, keep mischief. At any rate, he can mar nothing t importance."

a slight demur about Hato's voyage, her going to go with her, which is quite natural, not the heart to refuse it; for even Mahomet-law, that in the division of captives, the never be separated from the mother. But make a difference in the arrangement, a poor woman (who has lost half her family in, as I said, of good character, and of so as to render her respectability not in question. She has heard, it seems, from her husband is no longer there. I have my Bibles to Dr. Meyer; and I hope that may justify your confidence; nevertheless keep an eye upon him. You may depend upon the society as fair play as Mr Wilberforce would; and any other commission for Greece will meet with the same attention

ing, with some hope of eventual success, the Greeks, especially as the Turks are in force, and that shortly. We must meet them, and fight it out as we can.

To hear that your school prospers, and I as your good wishes are reciprocal. The is much finer, that I get a good deal of praise in boats and on horseback, and am so that my health is not worse than when you were to me. Dr. Bruno can tell you that our regimen, and more, for I do not eat on fish.

"Believe me ever, &c.

The mechanics (six in number) were all of the same mind. Brownbill was but as they are less to blame than is im Colonel Stanhope is said to have told them, did not positively say their lives were and like to know where our life is safe, or any where else? With regard to a y, at least such hermetically-sealed safety has appeared to desiderate, it is not to Greece, at any rate; but Missolonghi I to be the place where they would be their risk was no greater than that of

LETTER DLV.

TO COLONEL STANHOPE.

"Missolonghi, 19th March, 1824.

MY STANHOPE,

Macrocordato and myself will go to Saloon us, and you may be very sure that P. is any proposition for the advantage of my is to answer for himself on his own I were to interfere with him, it would whole progress of his exertion, and he is

Stanhope had, at the instance of the Chief am to request that some stores from the Missolonghi might be sent to Athens. Neither ed into, however, nor Lord Byron considered the time, to weaken their means for defend- ing, and accordingly sent back by the mes- sengers barrels of powder.

really doing all that can be done without more aid from the Government.

"What can be spared will be sent; but I refer you to Captain Humphries's report, and to Count Gamba's letter for details upon all subjects.

"In the hope of seeing you soon, and deferring much that will be to be said till then,

"Believe me ever, &c.

"P. S. Your two letters (to me) are sent to Mr Barff, as you desire. Pray remember me particularly to Trelawney, whom I shall be very much pleased to see again."

LETTER DLVI.

TO MR BARFF.

"March 19th.

"As Count Mercati is under some apprehensions of a direct answer to him personally on Greek affairs, I reply (as you authorised me) to you, who will have the goodness to communicate to him the enclosed. It is the joint answer of Prince Macrocordato and of myself, to Signor Georgio Simeni's propositions. You may also add, both to him and to Parron, that I am perfectly sincere in desiring the most amicable termination of their internal dissensions, and that I believe P. Macrocordato to be so also; otherwise I would not act with him, or any other, whether native or foreigner.

"If Lord Guilford is at Zante, or, if he is not, if Signor Tricupi is there, you would oblige me by presenting my respects to one or both, and by telling them, that from the very first I foretold to Col. Stanhope and to P. Macrocordato that a Greek newspaper (or indeed any other) in the present state of Greece might and probably would tend to much mischief and misconception, unless under some restrictions, nor have I ever had any thing to do with either, as a writer or otherwise, except as a pecuniary contributor to their support on the outset, which I could not refuse to the earnest request of the projectors. Col. Stanhope and myself had considerable differences of opinion on this subject, and (what will appear laughable enough) to such a degree, that he charged me with despotic principles, and I him with ultra radicalism.

"Dr. * *, the editor, with his unrestrained freedom of the press, and who has the freedom to exercise an unlimited discretion,—not allowing any article but his own and those like them to appear,—and in declaiming against restrictions, cuts, carves, and restricts (as they tell me) at his own will and pleasure. He is the author of an article against Monarchy, of which he may have the advantage and fame—but they (the editors) will get themselves into a scrape, if they do not take care.

"Of all petty tyrants, he is one of the pettiest, as are most demagogues, that ever I knew. He is a Swiss by birth, and a Greek by assumption, having married a wife and changed his religion.

"I shall be very glad, and am extremely anxious for some favourable result to the recent pacific overtures of the contending parties in the Peloponnesus."

LETTER DLVII.

TO MR. BARFF.

* March 22.

"If the Greek deputies (as seems probable) have obtained the Loan, the sums I have advanced may perhaps be repaid; but it would make no great difference, as I should still spend that in the cause, and more to boot—though I should hope to better purpose than paying off arrears of fleets that sail away, and Suliotes that won't march, which, they say, what has hitherto been advanced has been employed in. But that was not my affair, but of those who had the disposal of affairs, and I could not decently say to them, 'You shall do so and so, because, &c. &c. &c.'"

"In a few days P. Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona, at the request of Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece, and take measures offensive and defensive for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordato is *almost* recalled by the new Government to the Morea (to take the lead, I rather think), and they have written to propose to me, to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter—with General Londo, and any other I may choose, to form a council. A. Londo is my old friend and acquaintance since we were lads in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is over,* but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded—it is much the same to me, as long as I can be of any presumed use to them.

"Excuse haste; it is late, and I have been several hours on horseback in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens."

LETTER DLVIII.

TO MR. BARFF.

* March 26th.

"Since your intelligence with regard to the Greek loan, P. Mavrocordato has shown to me an extract from some correspondence of his, by which it would appear that three commissioners are to be named to see that the amount is placed in proper hands for the service of the country, and that my name is amongst the number. Of this, however, we have as yet only the report.

"This commission is apparently named by the Committee or the contracting parties in England. I am of

* To this offer of the Government to appoint him Governor General of Greece (that is, of the enfranchised part of the Continent, with the exception of the Morea and the islands), his answer was that "he was first going to Salona, and that afterwards he would be at their commands, that he could have no difficulty in accepting any office, provided he could persuade himself that any good would result from it."

opinion that such a commission will be necessary, the office will be both delicate and difficult, in the weather, which has lately been equinoctial, in the country, and will probably retard our journey to Salona for some days, till the road becomes practicable.

"You were already apprized that P. Mavrocordato and myself had been invited to a conference by the Chiefs of Eastern Greece. I have indeed consulted on the subject (that in case of the first advance of the Loan should be immediately, the Greek General Government try to raise some thousand dollars in the interim, to be repaid from the earliest instalment of their arrival. What prospect of success we have, or on what conditions, you can tell me: I suppose, if the Loan be confirmed, we might be done by them, but subject of course to usual terms. You can let them and me know your opinion. There is an imperious necessity for a national fund, and that speedily, otherwise nothing can be done. The auxiliary corps of about 1000 men paid by me, are, I believe, the sole troops properly furnished with the money, and are paid weekly, and the officers monthly. It is a pity the Greek Government gives their rations; they have had three mutinies, owing to the lack of bread, which neither native nor stranger can procure (nor dogs either), and there is still great difficulty in obtaining them even provisions of any kind.

"There is a dissension among the Germans as to the conduct of the agents of their Committee of examination amongst themselves instituted; the result may be cannot be anticipated, but it will end in a row, of course, as usual.

"The English are all very amicable as yet; we get on too with the Greeks very well; always making allowance for circumstances, we have no quarrels with the foreigners."

During the month of March there occurred besides what is mentioned in these letters, nothing that requires to be dwelt upon at any length, except the failure of his design against Lepanto. After the failure of his design against Lepanto, two great objects of his daily thoughts were the pairs of the fortifications of Missolonghi, and the formation of a brigade;—the one, with a view to defensive measures as were alone likely to be successful for during the present campaign; and the preparation for those more active enterprises. He still fondly flattered himself he should accomplish the next. "He looked forward (says Mr. Barff) to the recovery of his health and spirits, to the fine weather, and the commencement of the campaign, when he proposed to take the field with his own brigade, and the troops which the Government of Greece were to place under his command."

* The generous zeal with which he applied himself to this important object will be understood from the statement. "On reporting to Lord Byron the state of the fortifications, he ordered me to draw up a plan for their thorough repair, and to give with an estimate of the expense. It was agreed that I should make the estimate only one third of what would be the actual expense, and if that third was secured from the magistrates, Lord Byron undertook to pay the remainder."

blewiness which too often waits on us, it has been sometimes tauntingly quarters from whence a more general might be expected," that, after all, it did but little for Greece:—as if much by a single individual, and in so cause which, fought as it has been through the six years since his nothing less than the intervention powers of Europe to give it a chance in so, has not yet succeeded. That under no delusion as to the import- solitary aid,—that he knew, in a there must be the same prodigality one great end as is observable in perations of nature, where indivi- ing in the tide of events,—that such philosophic and melancholy view of I have, I trust, clearly shown. But hurt period of action, he did not do all that man could achieve in the the circumstances, is an assertion acts here recorded fully and trium-

He knew that, placed as he was, he wise, must be prospective, and the seeds thus sown by him, the to be expected must be judged. ade Chiefs to the Government and y infuse a spirit of humanity, by his y warfare;—to prepare the way for the expected Loan, in a manner call forth the resources of the coun- fortifications of Missolonghi in such y might, and eventually *did*, render y besieger;—to prevent those infrac- y, so tempting to the Greeks, which yment in collision with the Ionian y restrain all such licence of the Press the Courts of Europe to their cause: y important objects which he had pro- y accomplish, and towards which, al, and in the midst of such dissen- yces, he had already made consi- ypromising progress. But it would y even here the bright catalogue of y, after all, *not* with the span of y good achieved by a name immortal y acts into the future,—it is an auxi- yme; and the inspiring example of y of liberty, is for ever freshly em- y as a poet.

of his attack in February, he had y time, indisposed; and, more than yned of vertigo, which made him feel, y excited. He was also frequently yse sensations, with shiverings and

Times newspaper, Foreign Quarterly

be addressed to Lord Sidney Osborne, the subject of these infractions from to Sir T. Martland, Lord Byron says y persuaded how difficult it is, under yces, for the Greeks to keep up disci- y may be all disposed to do so. I am y convince them of the necessity of the y of the regulations of the Islands, and y fact."

tremors, which, though apparently the effects of excessive debility, he himself attributed to fulness of habit. Proceeding upon this notion, he had, ever since his arrival in Greece, abstained almost wholly from animal food, and eat of little else but dry toast, vegetables, and cheese. With the same fear of becoming fat, which had in his young days haunted him, he almost every morning measured himself round the wrist and waist, and whenever he found these parts, as he thought, enlarged, took a strong dose of medicine.

Exertions had, as we have seen, been made by his friends at Cephalonia, to induce him, without delay, to return to that island, and take measures, while there was yet time, for the re-establishment of his health. "But these entreaties (says Count Gamba) produced just the contrary effect; for in proportion as Byron thought his position more perilous, he the more resolved upon remaining where he was." In the midst of all this, too, the natural flow of his spirits in society seldom deserted him; and whenever a trick upon any of his attendants, or associates, suggested itself, he was as ready to play the mischief-loving boy as ever. His engineer, Parry, having been much alarmed by the earthquake they had experienced, and still continuing in constant apprehension of its return, Lord Byron contrived, as they were all sitting together one evening, to have some barrels full of cannon-balls trundled through the room above them, and laughed heartily as he would have done, when a Harrow boy, at the ludicrous effect which this deception produced on the poor frightened engineer.

Every day, however, brought new trials both of his health and temper. The constant rains had rendered the swamps of Missolonghi almost impassable:—an alarm of plague, which, about the middle of March, was circulated, made it prudent, for some time, to keep within doors; and he was thus, week after week, deprived of his accustomed air and exercise. The only recreation he had recourse to was that of playing with his favourite dog, Lion; and, in the evening, going through the exercise of drilling with his officers, or practising at single-stick.

At the same time, the demands upon his exertions, personal and pecuniary, poured in from all sides, while the embarrassments of his public position every day increased. The chief obstacle in the way of his plan for the reconciliation of all parties had been the rivalry so long existing between Mavrocordato and the Eastern Chiefs; and this difficulty was now not a little heightened by the part taken by Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Trelawney, who, having allied themselves with Odyseus, the most powerful of these Chieftains, were endeavouring actively to detach Lord Byron from Mavrocordato, and instil him in their own views. This schism was,—to say the least of it,—ill-timed and unfortunate. For, as Prince Mavrocordato and Lord Byron were now acting in complete harmony with the Government, a co-operation of all the other English agents on the same side would have had the effect of assuring a preponderance to this party (which was that of the civil and commercial interests all through Greece) that might, by strengthening the hands of the ruling power, have afforded some hope of vigour and consistency in its movements. By this division, however, the English lost their casting weight; and not only marred what

ever little chance they might have had of extinguishing the dissensions of the Greeks, but exhibited, most unseasonably, an example of dissension among themselves.

The visit to Salona, in which, though distrustful of the intended Military Congress, Mavrocordato had consented to accompany Lord Byron, was, as the foregoing letters have mentioned, delayed by the floods,—the river Fidari having become so swollen as not to be fordable. In the mean time, dangers, both from within and without, threatened Missolonghi. The Turkish fleet had again come forth from the Gulf, while, in concert, it was apprehended, with this resumption of the blockade, insurrectionary movements, instigated, as was afterwards known, by the malcontents of the Morea, manifested themselves formidably both in the town and its neighbourhood. The first cause for alarm was the landing, in canoes, from Anatolico of a party of armed men, the followers of Cariasacchi of that place, who came to demand retribution from the people of Missolonghi for some injury that, in a late affray, had been inflicted on one of their clan. It was also rumoured that 300 Suliotes were marching upon the town; and the following morning, news came that a party of these wild warriors had actually seized upon Basiladi, a fortress that commands the port of Missolonghi, while some of the soldiers of Cariasacchi had, in the course of the night, arrested two of the Primates, and carried them to Anatolico. The tumult and indignation that this intelligence produced was universal. All the shops were shut, and the bazaars deserted. "Lord Byron," says Count Gamba, "ordered his troops to continue under arms; but to preserve the strictest neutrality, without mixing in any quarrel, either by actions or words."

During this crisis, the weather had become sufficiently favourable to admit of his paying the visit to Salona, which he had purposed. But, as his departure at such a juncture might have the appearance of abandoning Missolonghi, he resolved to wait the danger out. At this time the following letters were written.

LETTER DLIX.

TO MR BARFF.

* April 3d.

"There is a quarrel, not yet settled, between the citizens and some of Cariasacchi's people, which has already produced some blows. I keep my people quite neutral; but have ordered them to be on their guard.

"Some days ago we had an Italian private soldier drummed out for thieving. The German officers wanted to flog him; but I flatly refused to permit the use of the stick or whip, and delivered him over to the police." Since then a Prussian officer rioted in

* * Lord Byron declared that, as far as he was concerned, no barbarous usages, however adopted even by some civilised people, should be introduced into Greece; especially as such a mode of punishment would disgust rather than reform. We hit upon an expedient which favoured our military discipline: but it required not only all Lord Byron's

his lodgings; and I put him under arrest, in the order. This, it appears, did not please the man confederation: but I stuck by my ten given them plainly to understand, that if they did not choose to be amenable to the laws of the land and service, they may retire; but that in all things, I will see them obeyed by foreigners.

"I wish something was heard of the affairs of the Loan, for there is a plentiful deal of business at present."

LETTER DLX.

TO MR BARFF.

"Since I wrote, we have had some business with the citizens and Cariasacchi's people, who are under arms, our boys and all. There were on me and fifty of my lads,* by mistake taking our usual excursion into the country, the matters are settled or subsiding; but a day ago, the father-in-law of the landlord where I am lodged (one of the Primates of the town) was arrested for high treason.

"They are in conclave still with him, and we have a number of new faces come to assist, they say. Gunboats are ready, &c.

"The row has had one good effect upon the alert. What is to become of the father-in-law, I do not know; nor what he has done but

'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tail'd

eloquence, but his authority, to prevail upon him to accede to it. The culprit had his uniform on his back, in presence of his comrades, and he marched through the town with a label on his back, both in Greek and Italian, the nature of which he was given up to the regular example of severity, tempered by a humane consideration of the best effect upon our soldiers, as well as citizens of the town. But it was very near a disagreeable circumstance; for, in the court, some very high words passed on the part of three Englishmen, two of them officers of consequence of which cards were exchanged; and were to have been fought the next morning did not hear of this till late at night: but I ordered me to arrest both parties, which I did; and, after some difficulty, prevailed on them to stop."—COUNT GAMBA'S *Narrative*.

* "A corps of fifty Suliotes which he had, at his arrival at Missolonghi, kept about him at a large outer room of his house was appropriated to his troops; and their carbines were suspended at the door." In this room (says Mr Parry), and among the soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk particularly in wet weather, accompanied by his dog, Lion."

When he rode out, these fifty Suliotes followed at foot; and though they carried their carbines, they were always,* says the same authority, *able to ride the horses at full speed. The captain, and his brother, preceded his lordship, who rode accompanied by Count Gamba, and on the other by the interpreter. Behind him, also on horseback, came his servants.—generally his black groom, and followed like the chasseurs usually seen behind the ambassadors, and another division of his guard followed."—PARRY'S *Last Days of Lord Byron*.

† This man had, it seems, on his way to

man in Blackbeard says and sings. I wrote to my sisters at length, some days ago; the letters, you will receive with this. We are to hear more of the Loan; and it is some time I have had my letters (at least of an interesting description) from England, excepting one of mine, from Bowring (of no great importance); it dates are of 9th, or of the 6th 10bre., four exactly. I hope you get on well in the islands: most of us are, or have been, more or less indisposed as well as foreigners.*

LETTER DLXI.

TO MR BARFF.

* April 7th.

Greeks here of the Government have been so far more money.† As I have the brigade men, and the campaign is apparently now to end as I have already spent 30,000 dollars in nothing upon them in one way or another, and specially as their public loan has succeeded, so I ought not to draw from individuals at that time given them a refusal, and—as they would say: *that*,—another refusal in terms of comiseration.

I wish now to try in the Islands for a few dollars on the ensuing loan. If you can see, perhaps you will in the way of information take, and I will see that you have fair trial still I do not advise you, except to act as me. Almost every thing depends upon the speed arrival, of a portion of the keep peace among themselves. If they can manage to do this, I think that they will be a deal better for any force that can be brought them for the present. We are all doing as we can.‡

be perceived from these letters, that besides the general interests of the cause, which themselves sufficient to absorb all his thoughts, also met, on every side, in the details of his every possible variety of obstruction and in that rapacity, turbulence, and treachery row in his way. Such vexations, too, as we have been trying to the most robust health, upon a frame already marked out for death; we help feeling, while we contemplate this; of his life, that, much as there is in it to wonder at, and glory in, there is also much less and most distressful thoughts. In

Anastasio, and held several conferences with it. He had long been suspected of being a spy; there found upon him confirmed the suspicion. consequence of the mysterious proceedings of Carinsople, most of the neighbouring christians instigated by the Government, and had already few marched to Anastasio near 2000 men. But, upon the arrival of such a force, they were fresh emboldened, as there was a total want of their daily maintenance. It was in this that the Governor, Primates, and Christians one, as here stated, to their usual source of

a situation more than any other calling for sympathy and care, we see him cast among strangers and mercenaries, without either name or friend;—the self-collectedness of women being, as we shall find, wanting for the former office, and the youth and inexperience of Count Gamba unfitting him wholly for the other. The very firmness with which a position so lone and disheartening was sustained, serves, by interesting us more deeply in the man, to increase our sympathy, till we almost forget admiration in pity, and half regret that he should have been great at such a cost.

The only circumstances that had for some time occurred to give him pleasure were, as regarded public affairs, the news of the successful progress of the Loan, and, in his personal relations, some favourable intelligence which he had received, after a long interruption of communication, respecting his sister and daughter. The former, he learned, had been seriously indisposed at the very time of his own fit, but had now entirely recovered. While delighted at this news, he could not help, at the same time, remarking, with his usual tendency to such superstitious feelings, how strange and striking was the coincidence.

To those who have, from his childhood, traced him through these pages, it must be manifest, I think, that Lord Byron was not formed to be long-lived. Whether from any hereditary defect in his organization,—as he himself, from the circumstance of both his parents having died young, concluded,—or from those violent means he so early took to counteract the natural tendency of his habit, and reduce himself to thinness, he was, almost every year, as we have seen subject to attacks of indisposition, by more than one of which his life was seriously endangered. The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet,—his long fastings, his expedients for the allayment of hunger, his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food, and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages,—all this could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health; while his constant recourse to medicine—daily, as it appears, and in large quantities—both evinced and, no doubt, increased the derangement of his digestion. When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—“an old feel.” To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame, of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed:—to present that grand and costly conflagration to the world’s eyes, in which,

* Glittering like a palace set on fire.
His glory, while it shone, but rained him down.

It was on the very day when, as I have mentioned, the intelligence of his sister’s recovery reached him, that, having been for the last three or four days prevented from taking exercise by the rain, he rambled, though the weather still looked threatening, to ven-

† Beaumont and Fletcher

ture out on horseback. Three miles from Missolonghi Count Gamba and himself were overtaken by a heavy shower, and returned to the town walls wet through and in a state of violent perspiration. It had been their usual practice to dismount at the walls and return to their house in a boat; but, on this day, Count Gamba, representing to Lord Byron how dangerous it would be, warm as he then was, to sit exposed so long to the rain in a boat, entreated of him to go back the whole way on horseback. To this, however, Lord Byron would not consent; but said, laughingly, "I should make a pretty soldier indeed, if I were to care for such a trifle." They accordingly dismounted and got into the boat as usual.

About two hours after his return home he was seized with a shuddering, and complained of fever and rheumatic pains. "At eight that evening," says Count Gamba, "I entered his room. He was lying on a sofa restless and melancholy. He said to me, 'I suffer a great deal of pain. I do not care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear.'"

The following day he rose at his accustomed hour, transacted business, and was even able to take his ride in the olive woods, accompanied, as usual, by his long train of Suliotcs. He complained, however, of perpetual shudders, and had no appetite. On his return home, he remarked to Fletcher that his saddle, he thought, had not been perfectly dried since yesterday's wetting, and that he felt himself the worse for it. This was the last time he ever crossed the threshold alive. In the evening Mr Finlay and Mr Millingen called upon him. "He was at first (says the latter gentleman) gayer than usual; but on a sudden became pensive."

On the evening of the 11th his fever, which was pronounced to be rheumatic, increased; and on the 12th he kept his bed all day, complaining that he could not sleep, and taking no nourishment whatever. The two following days, though the fever had apparently diminished, he became still more weak, and suffered much from pains in the head.

It was not till the 14th that his physician, Doctor Bruno, finding the sudorifics which he had hitherto employed to be unavailing, began to urge upon his patient the necessity of being bled. Of this, however, Lord Byron would not hear. He had evidently but little reliance on his medical attendant, and from the specimens this young man has since given of his intellect to the world, it is, indeed, lamentable, supposing skill to have been, at this moment, of any avail,—that a life so precious should have been intrusted to such ordinary hands. "It was on this day, I think," says Count Gamba, "that, as I was sitting near him on his sofa, he said to me, 'I was afraid I was losing my memory, and, in order to try, I attempted to repeat some Latin verses with the English translation, which I have not endeavoured to recollect since I was at school. I remembered them all except the last word of one of the hexameters.'"

To the faithful Fletcher, the idea of his master's life being in danger seems to have occurred some days before it struck either Count Gamba or the physician. So little, according to his friend's narrative, had such a suspicion crossed Lord Byron's own

mind, that he even expressed himself "rather than his fever, as it might cure him of his tendency to leprosy." To Fletcher, however, it appeared, as he professed, more than once, strong doubts of the nature of his complaint being so slight as the physician seemed to suppose it, and on his serving him with his entreaties that he would send for Thomas to Zante, made no further opposition. Still, out of consideration for those gentlemen referred him on the subject to Doctor Bruno and Mr Millingen. Whatever might have been the advantage or satisfaction of this step, it was now wholly impossible by the weather, such a breeze blowing into the port that not a ship could enter. The rain, too, descended in torrents, and being the floods on the land-side and the sirocco from the sea, Missolonghi was, for the moment, a perfect prison.

It was at this juncture that Mr Millingen was, for the first time, according to his own account, called to attend Lord Byron in his medical capacity, his visit on the 10th being so little, as he states, occasional, that he did not even, on that occasion, feel Lord Byron's pulse. The great object for which he was now called in, and rather, it would seem, by the representations and remonstrances of the physicians, than Doctor Bruno, was for the purpose of performing an operation now become absolutely essential, from the increase of the fever, and which Doctor Bruno had, for the last two days, urged in vain.

Holding gentleness to be, with a disposition such as that of Byron, the most effectual means of cure, Mr Millingen tried, as he himself tells us, all reasoning and persuasion could suggest towards attaining his object. But his efforts were fruitless. Lord Byron, who had now become morbidly irascible, replied angrily, but still with all his accustomed gentleness and spirit, to the physician's observations. "All his prejudices," he declared, "the strongest were against bleeding. His mother had on her death-bed obtained from him a promise never to consent to being bled; and whatever argument might be produced, his aversion, he said, was stronger than his reason. "Besides, is it not," he asked, "as asserted by Doctor Reid, in his Essays, that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet—that music is a more powerful instrument of mighty mischief?" On Mr Millingen serving that this remark related to the treatment of nervous, but not of inflammatory complaints, he joined, in an angry tone, "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his apply to my case, where he says that drawing blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the strings of a musical instrument, whose tones already lack want of sufficient tension? Even before this you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become;—and bleeding, by increasing this state, inevitably kill me. Do with me whatever you like, but bleed me you shall not. I have had no inflammatory fevers in my life, and at an age more robust and plethoric; yet I got through without bleeding. This time, alas, will I not have a chance?"

* It was during the same, or some similar convulsion

morning and repeated entreaties, Mr. Gamba succeeded in obtaining from him should he feel his fever increase at allow Doctor Bruno to bleed him. He had transacted business and letters; particularly one that much to the Turkish Governor, to whom he owed prisoners, and who, in this context, asked him for his humane interference, repetition of it.

He conversed a good deal with Parry, some hours by his bedside. "He sat says this officer, and was then calm. He talked with me on a variety of things with himself and his family; he was anxious as to Greece, his plans for the what he should ultimately do for that sake to me about my own adventures. He sat also with great composure, and not believe his end was so very near, nothing about him so serious and so calm and composed, so different from any I before seen in him, that my mind at times foreboded his speedy dis-

his patient early next morning, Mr. Gamba told him, that having passed, as the whole, a better night, he had not necessary to ask Dr Bruno to bleed him. I shall, in justice to Mr. Mil-lingen's own words, "I thought it my duty to make all consideration of his feelings. I solemnly to him, how deeply I in him trifle thus with his life, and show him. His pertinacious refusal had almost cost precious time to be lost; and of hope now remained, and, unless immediately to be bled, we could not avoid consequences. It was true, he cared it who could assure him that, unless resolution, the uncontrolled disease would such disorganization in his system for ever to deprive him of reason:—I it last on the sensible chord; and, I by our importunities, partly per- at us both the fiercest glance of throwing out his arm, said, in the as- here—you are, I see, a d—d set of away as much blood as you like, but it."

the moment (adds Mr. Millingen, and twenty ounces. On coagulating, the blood a strong buffy coat; yet the relief not correspond to the hopes we had during the night the fever became it had been hitherto. The restlessness increased, and the patient spoke several incoherent manner."

Next morning, the 17th, the bleeding for, although the rheumatic symptoms completely removed, the appearances of inflammation in the brain were now hourly increasing.

Mr. Gamba reports him to have said, "If my hour comes, whether I lose my blood or keep it," and then to have said, "I understand, about to publish an account which the above extract is taken from."

Count Gamba, who had not for the last two days seen him, being confined to his own apartment by a sprained ankle, now contrived to reach his room. "His countenance," says this gentleman, "at once awakened in me the most dreadful suspicions. He was very calm; he talked to me in the kindest manner about my accident, but in a hollow, sepulchral tone. 'Take care of your feet,' said he; 'I know by experience how painful it must be.' I could not stay near his bed: a flood of tears rushed into my eyes, and I was obliged to withdraw." Neither Count Gamba, indeed, nor Fletcher, appear to have been sufficiently masters of themselves to do much else than weep during the remainder of this afflicting scene.

In addition to the bleeding, which was repeated twice on the 17th, it was thought right also to apply blisters to the soles of his feet. "When on the point of putting them on," says Mr. Millingen, "Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing immediately the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him that I would place them above the knees. 'Do so,' he replied."

It is painful to dwell on such details,—but we are now approaching the close. In addition to most of those sad varieties of wretchedness which surround alike the grandest and humblest destinies, there was also in the scene now passing around the dying Byron such a degree of confusion and discomfort as renders it doubly dreary to contemplate. There having been no person invested, since his illness, with authority over the household, neither order nor quiet was maintained in his apartment. Most of the comforts necessary in such an illness were wanting; and those around him, either unprepared for the danger, were, like Bruno, when it came, bewildered by it; or, like the kind-hearted Fletcher and Count Gamba, were by their feelings rendered no less helpless.

"In all the attendants," says Parry, "there was the officiousness of zeal; but owing to their ignorance of each other's language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessities, made Lord Byron's apartment such a picture of distress and even anguish during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness."

The 18th being Easter day,—a holiday which the Greeks celebrate by firing off muskets and artillery.—it was apprehended that this noise might be injurious to Lord Byron; and, as a means of attracting away the crowd from the neighbourhood, the artillery brigade were marched out by Parry, to exercise their guns at some distance from the town; while, at the same time, the town-guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their benefactor, entreated them to preserve all possible quiet.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Lord Byron rose and went into the adjoining room. He was able to walk across the chamber, leaning on his servant Tita; and, when seated, asked for a book, which the servant brought him. After reading, however, for a few minutes, he found himself faint; and, again taking Tita's arm, tottered into the next room and returned to bed.

At this time the physicians, becoming still more alarmed, expressed a wish for a consultation; and proposed calling in, without delay, Dr. Freiberg, the medical assistant of Mr. Millingen, and Luca Vaya, a Greek, the physician of Mavrocordato. On hearing this, Lord Byron at first refused to see them; but being informed that Mavrocordato advised it, he said,—"Very well, let them come; but let them look at me and say nothing." This they promised, and were admitted; but when one of them, on feeling his pulse, showed a wish to speak—"Recollect," he said, "your promise, and go away."

"It was after this consultation of the physicians" that, as it appeared to Count Gamba, Lord Byron was, for the first time, aware of his approaching end. Mr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita, had been standing round his bed; but the two first, unable to restrain their tears, left the room. Tita also wept; but, as Byron held his hand, could not retire. He, however, turned away his face; while Byron, looking at him steadily, said, half smiling, "*Oh questa è una bella scena.*" He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, "Call Parry." Almost immediately afterwards, a fit of delirium ensued; and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault,—calling out, half in English, half in Italian, "Forwards—forwards—courage—follow my example," &c. &c.

On coming again to himself, he asked Fletcher, who had then returned into the room, "whether he had sent for Doctor Thomas, as he desired?" and the servant answering in the affirmative, he replied, "You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me." He had, a short time before, with that kind consideration for those about him which was one of the great sources of their lasting attachment to him, said to Fletcher, "I am afraid you and Tita will be ill with sitting up night and day." It was now evident that he knew he was dying; and between his anxiety to make his servant understand his last wishes, and the rapid failure of his powers of utterance, a most painful scene ensued. On Fletcher asking whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words—"Oh no," he replied—"there is no time—it is now nearly over. Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her, and say—" Here his voice faltered, and became gradually indistinct; notwithstanding which he continued still to mutter to himself, for nearly twenty minutes, with much earnestness of manner, but in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These, too, were only names,—"*Augusta*"—"Ada"—"*Hobhouse*"—"Kinnaid." He then said, "Now, I have told you all." "My lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying." "Not understand me?" exclaimed Lord Byron, with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity!—then it is too late, all is over." "I hope not," answered Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done." "Yes, not mine," said Byron. He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible, except "my sister—my child."

The decision adopted at the consultation had been,

* For Mr. Millingen's account of this consultation, see Appendix, p. 519.

contrary to the opinion of Mr. Millingen and Dr. Freiberg, to administer to the patient a strong emetic potion, which, while it produced sleep, but perhaps, death. In order to persuade him to this draught, Mr. Parry was sent for,* and any difficulty, induced him to swallow a few drops. "When he took my hand (says Parry) his hands were deadly cold. With the aid of Tita I endeavoured gently to create a list in them; and also loosened the bandages tied round his head. Till this was done I was in great pain, clenched his hands at times with my teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation 'Christi!' He bore the loosening of the bandages bravely, and, after it was loosened, shed tears; and, with my hand again, uttered a faint good night into a slumber."

In about half an hour he again swallowed a second dose of the strong infusion was sent for to him. "From those about him (says Count Gamba) who was not able to bear this scene he collected that, either at this time, or in his moment of reason, he could be understood to say 'Greece!—poor town!—my poor servas!—Why was I not aware of this sooner?—the hour is come!—I do not care for death!—I do not go home before I came here?' At a late hour he said, 'There are things which make this to me [*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro a me*] for the rest, I am content to die.' He then said to Greece, saying, 'I have given her my time my health—and now I give her my life!—I do more?' †

It was about six o'clock on the evening when he said, "Now I shall go to sleep; turning round fell into that slumber from which he never awoke. For the next twenty-four hours he was incapable of either sense or motion,—without the slightest symptoms of waking; during which his servant raised his head, after past six o'clock on the following day he was seen to open his eyes and immerse them again. The physicians felt his pulse no more!

To attempt to describe how the intelligent and sad event struck upon all hearts would be as it is superfluous. He, whom the whole world mourned, had on the tears of Greece peccated—as it was at her feet he now laid down of such a life of fame. To the people of England who first felt the shock that was soon to spread all Europe, the event seemed almost incredible; but the other day that he had come so radiant with renown,—inspiring faith, in those miracles of success that were springing forth at the touch of his ever-powerful hand, all this had now vanished, like a short

* From this circumstance, as well as from the account which he is mentioned by Lord Byron, it is probable that he had, by his blunt, practical good sense, more influence over his lordship's mind than was any of the other persons about him.

† It is but right to remind the reader, that so far as the account here attributed to Lord Byron, however probable they may appear, there is not exactly the same authority of credible witnesses by which all the events of his last hours are supported.

wonder that the poor Greeks, to whom had been such a glory, and who, on the day of his life, thronged the streets, inquiring to, should regard the thunder-storm, which, sent he died, broke over the town, as the is doom, and, in their superstitious grief, other, "The great man is gone!" *
favrecondato, who of all best knew and felt of his country's loss, and who had to mourn friend of Greece and of himself, on the the 19th issued this melancholy Proclama-

IONAL GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN GREECE.

"ART. 1185.

resent day of festivity and rejoicing has e of sorrow and of mourning. The Lord a departed this life at six o'clock in the after an illness of ten days; his death ed by an inflammatory fever. Such was f his lordship's illness on the public mind, es had forgotten their usual recreations even before the afflicting event was appre-

as of this illustrious individual is undoubt- deplored by all Greece; but it must be ally a subject of lamentation at Missolon- his generosity has been so conspicuously and of which he had even become a citizen, arther determination of participating in all s of the war.

body is acquainted with the beneficent acts hip, and none can cease to hail his name as al benefactor.

therefore, the final determination of the overment be known, and by virtue of the h which it has been pleased to invest me. decree,

-morrow morning, at daylight, thirty-seven ns will be fired from the Grand Battery, umber which corresponds with the age of us deceased.

All the public offices, even the tribunals, are dosed for three successive days.

All the shops, except those in which pro- medicines are sold, will also be shut; and it njoined that every species of public amuse- other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, pended.

A general mourning will be observed for days.

ayers and a funeral service are to be offered e churches.

ed) "A. MAVROCORDATO.

"GEORGE PRAIDIS, Secretary.

* Given at Missolonghi.
s 19th day of April, 1824."

honours were paid to his memory at many s through Greece. At Salona, where the

Parry's "Last Days of Lord Byron."

Congress had assembled, his soul was prayed for in the church; after which the whole garrison and the citizens went out into the plain, where another religious ceremony took place, under the shade of the olive tree. This being concluded, the troops fired; and an oration, full of the warmest praise and gratitude, was pronounced by the High Priest.

When such was the veneration shown towards him by strangers, what must have been the feelings of his near associates and attendants! Let one speak for all:—"He died (says Count Gamba) in a strange land, and amongst strangers; but more loved, more sincerely wept he never could have been, wherever he had breathed his last. Such was the attachment, mingled with a sort of reverence and enthusiasm, with which he inspired those around him, that there was not one of us who would not, for his sake, have willingly encountered any danger in the world."

Colonel Stanhope, whom the sad intelligence reached at Salona, thus writes to the Committee:—"A courier has just arrived from the Chief Scalas. Alas! all our fears are realized. The soul of Byron has taken its last flight. England has lost her brightest genius, Greece her noblest friend. To console them for the loss, he has left behind the emanations of his splendid mind. If Byron had faults, he had redeeming virtues too—he sacrificed his comfort, fortune, health, and life, to the cause of an oppressed nation. Honoured be his memory!"

Mr Trelawney, who was on his way to Missolonghi at the time, described as follows the manner in which he first heard of his friend's death:—"With all my anxiety I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news from Missolonghi. I then rode back, and demanded of a straggler the news. I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead,—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence." The writer adds, after detailing the particulars of the poet's illness and death, "Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have thus turned aside from the great cause in which I am embarked. But this is no private grief. The world has lost its greatest man; I my best friend."

Among his servants the same feeling of sincere grief prevailed:—"I have in my possession (says Mr Hoppen, in the Notices with which he has favoured me) a letter written by his gondolier Tita, who had accompanied him from Venice, giving an account to his parents of his master's decease. Of this event the poor fellow speaks in the most affecting manner, telling them that in Lord Byron he had lost a father rather than a master; and expatiating upon the indulgence with which he had always treated his domestics, and the care he expressed for their comfort and welfare."

His valet Fletcher, too, in a letter to Mr Murray, announcing the event, says, "Please to excuse all defects, for I scarcely know what I either say or do; for, after twenty years service with my lord, he was more to me than a father, and I am too much distressed to now give a correct account of every particular."

In speaking of the effect produced on the friends of Greece by this event, Mr Trelawney says:—"I think

a anecdote told of the poet Hafiz, in Jones's Life, which, in reporting this liberality, recurs naturally to the death of the great Persian bard, dignified among his countrymen protested at allowing to him the right of sepulture, as their objection, the licentiousness.

After much controversy, it was agreed to cession of the question to a made of disunion among the Persians, which penning the poet's book at random, and a version that occurred. They happened

not coldly from the poet's hair,
with the sacred drops by Fity given;
in his body slumbered here,
it slumbered, already wrapt to heaven."

ways the legend, were looked upon as
the religious no longer colored
in, and the remains of the heart were
or just sleep by that "sweet house of
not be just as often mentioned in his

Byron's right of sepulture is to be limited
number, how few are there of his poems,
remains, that would not, by some general
entry with virtue, some glowing tribute
words of God, or some great of natural
a reflecting from my tomb, give him a
man into the parent temple of which
my ever rest the purification.

man, however, if these Reverend author-
ity, finally what I might, I was the wish,
not, of "Lord Byron's nearest relative in
and as the family went to Fifehead,
it, On being informed from the "Parson," the
of the directions to the nearest "Parson,"
and Mr. Hume, who remained in the
nearest "Parson," in "Glenfiddich,"
where I am in some future Friday and
left next 10th of July, and the following
internal provisions took place. Leaving
at Fifehead, I took in the morning, at
of an evening, several friends met
of several persons of rank, I was
at various points of the "Parson's"
North Road, in "Parson's" Church he
the "Parson's" being it is not, he was
not and he was mentioned in the
in a "Parson's".

being the fact of July last, as he said
of "Parson's", he and others were said
of Byron, in "Parson's" last, there is
another, as he said last, "Parson's"
of the same month as he "Parson's"
and, I will be "Parson's", "Parson's"
not "Parson's". "Parson's" said to be a
The "Parson's" a "Parson's" the "Parson's"
it was "Parson's" and a "Parson's", "Parson's"
he "Parson's", a "Parson's", and was "Parson's"
was "Parson's", a "Parson's", "Parson's"

being the "Parson's" of "Parson's" in the
"Parson's", a "Parson's" a "Parson's" the
"Parson's" a "Parson's", "Parson's"

by the strong likeness it seemed to him to bear to his
lost friend's melancholy deathplace, Minsterbriht.

On a tablet of white marble in the chancel of the
Church of Hucklewell is the following inscription:—

IN THE FACILE MORTALITY,
WHERE MANY OF HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS MOTHER
ARE BURIED,
LIES THE REMAINS OF
GEORGE GORDON NOVEL BYRON,
LORD OF STONE, OF NEWCASTLE,
IN THE COUNTY OF LEICESTER.
THE ANTHONY OF "CHLOE NICHOLAS PHARMACEUTIC"
HE WAS BORN IN LONDON, ON THE
22ND OF JANUARY, 1800
HE DIED AT NEWCASTLE ON WEDNESDAY MORNING,
ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1824
BURIED IN THE CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY
ACCORDING TO HIS ANCESTRAL PRECEPTS AND DESIRES
—
AND AFTER THE CHURCH WAS
CLOSED, HIS BODY WAS
PLACED THIS TABLE TO HIS MEMORY

From among the relatives that have been offered,
in verse and prose, and in almost every language
of Europe, to the memory of George Gordon Byron, I shall select none which
appear to me worthy of serious notice, as being, one
of them, as far as my limited acquaintance will allow
me to judge, a couple and variety of lines of some
ordinary inscription with which the "Parson's" of other
times honored the memory of my father, and the
other as being the production of a man who regarded
contemporaneously against Byron, and not for his sake,
as these efforts were given to the "Parson's" of a
ready notice and admiration in his grave.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY, NEWCASTLE

BY THE REV. W. J. HARRIS

"The "Parson's" of "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" of "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" and "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" and "Parson's" in the "Parson's"

"The "Parson's" of "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" of "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" and "Parson's" in the "Parson's"

"The "Parson's" of "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" of "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" and "Parson's" in the "Parson's"
"Parson's" and "Parson's" in the "Parson's"

'Liberty!' But a Spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking,—and its dart, uplifting high,
Smote him;—he sank to earth in life's fair pride;
SPARTA! thy rocks then heard another cry
And old Illusus sigh'd—'Die, generous exile, die!'

'I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died
Still less, CHILTON HAROLD, now thou art no more,
Will I say ought of genius misapplied,
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

"So HAROLD ENDS, IN GREECE, HIS PILGRIMAGE!—
There fitly ending,—in that land renown'd,
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,—
He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
With their unfading wreath!—To bands of wirth,
No more in TEMPE let the pipe resound!
HAROLD, I follow to thy place of birth
The slow hearse—and thy LAST sad PILGRIMAGE on earth.

"Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train,—
I mark the sad procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village lane,
Where, HAROLD, thy forefathers mouldering lie;—
There sleeps THAT MOTHER, who, with tearful eye
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy: }
Her Son released from mortal labour's load,
Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

"Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak—
(Speak when the earth was heap'd upon his head)—
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead:—
'Here rest, my son, with me;—the dream is fled;—
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er:
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.'

By his Lordship's Will, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, he bequeathed to his executors, in trust for the benefit of his sister, Mrs Leigh, the monies arising from the sale of all his real estates at Rochdale and elsewhere, together with such part of his other property as was not settled upon Lady Byron and his daughter Ada, to be by Mrs Leigh enjoyed, free from her husband's control, during her life, and, after her decease, to be inherited by her children.

We have now followed to its close a life which, brief as was its span, may be said, perhaps, to have comprised within itself a greater variety of those excitements and interests which spring out of the deep workings of passion and of intellect than any that the pen of biography has ever before commemorated. As there still remain among the papers of my friend some curious gleanings which, though in the abundance of our materials I have not hitherto found a place for them, are too valuable towards the illustration of his character to be lost, I shall here, in selecting them for the reader, avail myself of the opportunity of trespassing, for the last time, on his patience with a few general remarks.

It must have been observed, throughout these pages, and by some, perhaps, with disappointment, that into the character of Lord Byron, as a poet, there has been little, if any, critical examination; but that, content with expressing generally the delight which, in

common with all, I derive from his poetry, the task of analysing the sources from which delight springs to others.* In thus evading be so considered, one of my duties as a critic. I have been influenced no less by a sense of inaptitude for the office of critic, than by, with what assiduity, throughout the whole of his poet's career, every new rising of his genius was watched from the great observatories of Criticism, the ever changing varieties of its course being tracked out and recorded, with a detail and minuteness which has left but little for observers to discover. It is, moreover, the character and conduct of Lord Byron, as a man, distinct from, but forming, on the contrary, the illustration of his character, as a writer, that the more immediate purpose of these notices is to inquire; and if, in the course of them, any satisfactory clue has been afforded to those who are moral and intellectual, which his life exhibits more, should it have been the effect of his labours to clear away some of those mist-clouds round my friend, and show him, in most respects worthy of love as he was, in all, of admiration, will the chief and sole aim of this work have been accomplished.

Having devoted to this object so large a portion of my own share of these pages, and, yet enabled the world to form a judgment for itself, placing the man, in his own person, and on his own ground, before all eyes, there would seem to me but an easy duty in summing up the various features of his character, and, out of the features, already described, combining one complete portrait. The task, however, is by no means so easy as it appears. There are few characters in which acquaintance does not enable us to discover a leading principle or passion, consistent operations to be taken confidently into account, and an estimate of the disposition in which they are formed. Like those points in the human face, or in the human form, which all its other proportions are referable to, in most minds some one governing influence which chiefly,—though, of course, biased on various occasions by others,—all its various impulses, passions, and feelings will be found to radiate. In Lord Byron, however, this sort of pivot of character was wholly wanting. Governed as he was at different moments by totally different passions, and

* It may be making too light of criticism to say that "even a bad verser is as good a thing or better than a bad observation that ever was made upon it." There are surely few tasks that appear more thankless and perfunctory than that of following, as Criticism does, in the rear of victorious genius, like the tailors on a field of Blenheim or of Waterloo, or labouring to point out to us why it has remained more unprofitably contenting that it could be. The well known passage of La Bruyère which Voltaire's adulatory application of it to some weak king of Prussia had not spoiled for use, this perhaps is a point of view the very subordinate rank which I must be content to occupy in the train of criticism.—"Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et vous inspire des sentimens nobles, ne chanceliez point, réglez pour juger de l'ouvrage, il est bon et utile de l'ouvrage. La Critique, après ça, peut se contenter de petites choses, relever quelques expressions, quelques phrases, parler de syntaxe," &c., &c.

sometimes, as during his short access of parcimony in Italy, by springs of action never before developed in his nature, in him this simple mode of tracing character to its sources must be often wholly at fault; and if, as is not impossible, in trying to solve the strange variances of his mind, I should myself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, the extreme difficulty of analysing, without dazzle or bewilderment, such an unexampled complication of qualities must be admitted as my excuse.

So various, indeed, and contradictory were his attributes, both moral and intellectual, that he may be pronounced to have been not one, but many; nor would it be any great exaggeration of the truth to say, that out of the mere partition of the properties of his single mind a plurality of characters, all different and all vigorous, might have been furnished. It was this multifarious aspect exhibited by him that led the world, during his short wondrous career, to compare him with that medley host of personages, not all differing from each other, which he himself fully enumerates in one of his Journals:

"I have been thinking over, the other day, on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals, English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately,—for I have made it a rule latterly never to search for any thing of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal, if presented by chance.

"To begin, then: I have seen myself compared personally or poetically, in English, French, *German* (as interpreted to me), Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Arctine, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, 'an alabaster vase, lighted up within,' Satan, Shakspeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, the Clown, Sternhold and Hopkins, to the phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chénier, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas (the schoolboy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a petit-maitre, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the Count in Beppo, to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to 'oft have I heard of thee, my Lord Byron, in Shakspeare,' to Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, &c. &c. &c.

"The likeness to Alfieri was asserted very seriously by an Italian who had known him in his younger days. It of course related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. He did not assert it to me (for we were not then good friends), but in society.

"The object of so many contradictory comparisons must probably be like something different from them all; but what *that is*, is more than I know, or any body else."

It would not be uninteresting, were there either space or time for such a task, to take a review of the names of note in the preceding list, and show in how many points, though differing so materially among themselves, it might be found that each presented a striking resemblance to Lord Byron. We have seen, for instance, that wrongs and sufferings were, through life, the main sources of Byron's inspiration. Where the hoof of the critic struck, the fountain was first disclosed; and all the trappings of the world afterwards but forced out the stream stronger and brighter.

The same obligations to misfortune, the same debt to the "oppressor's wrong," for having wrung out from bitter thoughts the pure essence of his genius, was due no less deeply by Dante:—"quum illam sub amarâ cogitatione excitatam, occulti divini ingenii vim exacuerit et inflammavit."⁴

In that contempt for the world's opinion, which led Dante to exclaim, "*Lascia dir le genti*," Lord Byron also bore a strong resemblance to that poet,—though far more, it must be confessed, in profession than reality. For, while scorn for the public voice was on his lips, the keenest sensitiveness to its every breath was in his heart; and, as if every feeling of his nature was to have some painful mixture in it, together with the pride of Dante which led him to disdain public opinion, he combined the susceptibility of Petrarch which placed him shrinkingly at its mercy.

His agreement, in some other features of character, with Petrarch, I have already had occasion to remark;† and if it be true, as is often surmised, that Byron's want of a due reverence for Shakspeare arose from some latent and hardly conscious jealousy of that poet's fame, a similar feeling is known to have existed in Petrarch towards Dante, and the same reason assigned for it,—that from the living he had nothing to fear, while before the shade of Dante he might have reason to feel humbled,—is also not a little applicable ‡ in the case of Lord Byron.

Between the dispositions and habits of Alfieri and those of the noble poet of England, no less remarkable coincidences might be traced; and the sonnet in which the Italian dramatist professes to paint his own character contains, in one comprehensive line, a portrait of the versatile genius of Don Juan,—

"O che mi sia di Chille ed o Tersite."

By the example given from his Journal, it will be perceived that, in Byron's own opinion, a character which, like his, admitted of so many contradictory comparisons, could not be otherwise than wholly undefinable itself. It will be found, however, on reflection, that this very versatility, which renders it so difficult to fix, "ere it change," the fairy fabric of his character is, in itself, the true clue through all that fabric's mazes,—is in itself the solution of whatever

* Paulus Jovius.—Bayle, too, says of him, "il fit entrer plus de feu et plus de force dans ses livres qu'il n'y en eût mis s'il avait joui d'une condition plus tranquille."

† Some passages in Foscolo's Essay on Petrarch may be applied, with equal truth, to Lord Byron.—For instance, "It was hardly possible with Petrarch to write a sentence without portraying himself."—"Petrarch, allured by the idea that his celebrity would magnify into importance all the ordinary occurrences of his life, satisfied the curiosity of the world," &c. &c.—and again, with still more striking applicability,—"In Petrarch's letters, as well as in his Poems and Treatises, we always identify the author with the man, who felt himself irresistibly impelled to develop his own intense feelings. Being endowed with almost all the noble, and with some of the paltry passions of our nature, and having never attempted to conceal them, he awakens us to reflection upon ourselves, while we contemplate in him a being of our own species, yet different from any other, and whose originality excites even more sympathy than admiration."

‡ "Il Petrarca poteva credere candidamente ch'el non pativa d'invidia solamente, perché fra tutti i viventi non v'era chi non s'arretasse per cedergli il passo alla prima gloria, ch'el non poteva sentirsi umiliato, fuorché dall'ombra di Dante."

was most dazzling in his might or startling in his levity, of all that most attracted and repelled, whether in his life or his genius. A variety of powers almost boundless, and a pride no less vast in displaying them,—a susceptibility of new impressions and impulses, even beyond the usual allotment of genius, and an uncontrolled impetuosity, as well from habit as temperament, in yielding to them,—such were the two great and leading sources of all that varied spectacle which his life exhibited; of that succession of victories achieved by his genius, in almost every field of mind that genius ever trod, and of all those sallies of character in every shape and direction that unchecked feeling and dominant self-will could dictate.

It must be perceived by all endowed with quick powers of association how constantly, when any particular thought or sentiment presents itself to their minds, its very opposite, at the same moment, springs up there also:—if any thing sublime occurs, its neighbour, the ridiculous, is by its side;—with a bright view of the present or the future, a dark one mixes also its shadow;—and, even in questions respecting morals and conduct, all the reasonings and consequences that may suggest themselves on the side of one of two opposite courses will, in such minds, be instantly confronted by an array just as cogent on the other. A mind of this structure,—and such, more or less, are all those in which the reasoning is made subservient to the imaginative faculty,—though enabled, by such rapid powers of association to multiply its resources without end, has need of the constant exercise of a controlling judgment to keep its perceptions pure and undisturbed between the contrasts it thus simultaneously calls up; the obvious danger is, that, where matters of taste are concerned, the facility of forming such incongruous juxtapositions, for example, between the burlesque and the sublime, should at last vitiate the mind's relish for the nobler and higher quality; and that, on the yet more important subject of morals, a facility in finding reasons for every side of a question may end, if not in the choice of the worst, at least in a sceptical indifference to all.

In picturing to oneself so awful an event as a shipwreck, its many horrors and perils are what alone offer themselves to ordinary fancies. But the keen, versatile imagination of Byron could detect in it far other details, and, at the same moment with all that is fearful and appalling in such a scene, could bring together all that is most ludicrous and low. That in this painful mixture he was but too true to human nature, the testimony of De Retz (himself an eye witness of such an event) attests:—"Vous ne pouvez vous imaginer (says the Cardinal) l'horreur d'une grande tempête;—vous en pouvez imaginer aussi peu le ridicule." But, assuredly, a poet less wantoning in the variety of his power, and less proud of displaying it, would have paused ere he mixed up, thus mockingly, the degradation of humanity with its sufferings, and, content to probe us to the core with the miseries of our fellow-men, would have forborne to wring from us, the next moment, a bitter smile at their baseness.

To the moral sense so dangerous are the effects of this quality, that it would hardly, perhaps, be generalizing too widely to assert, that wheresoever great versatility of power exists, there will also be found a tendency to versatility of principle. The

poet Chatterton, in whose soul the seeds of good and bad in genius so prematurely ripe in the consciousness of this multiple faculty, "held that man in contempt who could no both sides of a question;" and it was by accordance with this principle himself that I one of the few stains upon his name which short afforded time to incur. Mirabeau, in the legal warfare between his father as he helped to draw up for each the pleading the other, was influenced less, no doubt pleasure of mischief than by this pride of the lost sight of the unnatural perfidy of the adroitness with which he executed it.

The quality which I have here designated by the French word *versatilité*, as applied to power, Lord I himself designated by the French word *faiblesse*, as applied to feeling and conduct; and, in Canto of *Don Juan*, has described happily its lighter features, when telling us that had begun to doubt, "how much of Adeline" he says,—

"So well she acted, all and every part,
By turns,—with that vivacious versatility
Which many people take for want of heart
They err—'tis merely what is call'd *faiblesse*
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed *faiblesse*
And false—though true: for surely they're
Who are strongly acted on by what is *faiblesse*

That he was fully aware not only of the ab of this quality in his own nature, but of the in which it placed consistency and single character, did not require the note on this where he calls it "an unhappy attribute." us. The consciousness, indeed, of his own tendency to yield thus to every chance impulse and change with every passing impulse, was for ever present in his mind, but,—aware as of the suspicion of weakness attached by it to any retraction or abandonment of long opinions,—had the effect of keeping him a general line of consistency, on certain great which, notwithstanding occasional fluctuation contradictions as to the details of these very he continued to preserve throughout life. A from one of his manuscripts will show how he saw the necessity of guarding himself against his own instability in this respect. "The word change of politics or change of religion with severe censure than a mere difference of would appear to me to deserve. But there is some reason for this feeling;—and I think it these departures from the earliest instilled in our childhood, and from the line of conduct by us when we first enter into public life, have seen to have more mischievous results for society to prove more weakness of mind than other in themselves, more immoral."

The same distrust in his own steadiness keeping alive in him a conscientious self-watch concurred not a little, I have no doubt, with the innate kindness of his nature, to preserve so constant and unbroken the greater number of his attachments through life;—some of them, as in the instance

mother, owing evidently more to a sense of duty than to real affection, the consistency with which, so creditably to the strength of his character, they were maintained.

But while in these respects, as well as in the sort of task-like perseverance with which the habits and amusements of his youth were held fast by him, he succeeded in conquering the variableness and love of novelty so natural to him, in all else that could engage his mind, in all the excursions, whether of his reason or his fancy, he gave way to this versatile humour without scruple or check,—taking every shape in which genius could manifest its power, and transferring himself to every region of thought where new conquests were to be achieved.

It was impossible but that such a range of will and power should be abused. It was impossible that, among the spirits he invoked from all quarters, those of darkness should not appear, at his bidding, with those of light. And here the dangers of an energy so multifold, and thus luxuriating in its own transformations, show themselves. To this one great object of displaying power,—various, splendid, and all-adorned power,—every other consideration and duty were but too likely to be sacrificed. Let the advocate but display his eloquence and art, no matter what the cause;—let the stamp of energy be but left behind, no matter with what seal. Could it have been expected that from such a career no mischief would ensue, or that among these cross lights of imagination the moral vision could remain undisturbed? Is it to be at all wondered at that in the works of one thus gifted and carried away, we should find,—wholly, too, without any prepossession design of corrupting on his side,—a false splendour given to Vice to make it look like Virtue, and Evil too often invested with a grandeur which belongs intrinsically but to Good?

Among the less serious ills flowing from this abuse of his great versatile powers,—more especially as exhibited in his most characteristic work, *Don Juan*,—it will be found that even the strength and impressiveness of his poetry is sometimes not a little injured by the capricious and desultory flights into which this pliancy of wing allures him. It must be felt, indeed, by all readers of that work, and particularly by those who, being gifted with but a small portion of such ductility themselves, are unable to keep pace with his changes, that the suddenness with which he passes from one strain of sentiment to another,—from the frolic to the sad, from the cynical to the tender,—begets a distrust in the sincerity of one or both moods of mind which interferes with, if not chills, the sympathy that a more natural transition would inspire. In general such a suspicion would do him injustice; as, among the singular combinations which his mind presented, that of uniting at once versatility and depth of feeling was not the least remarkable. But, on the whole, favourable as was all this quickness and variety of association to the extension of the range and resources of his poetry, it may be questioned whether a more select concentration of his powers would not have afforded a still more grand and precious result. Had the minds of Milton and Tasso been thus thrown open to the incursions of light, ludicrous fancies, who can doubt that those solemn sanctuaries of genius would have been as much injured

as profaned by the intrusion?—and it is at least a question whether, if Lord Byron had not been so actively versatile, so totally under the dominion of

"A fancy, like the air, most free,
And full of mutability,"

he would not have been less wonderful, perhaps, but more great.

Nor was it only in his poetical creations that this love and power of variety showed itself;—one of the most pervading weaknesses of his life may be traced to the same fertile source. The pride of personating every description of character, evil as well as good, influenced but too much, as we have seen, his ambition, and, not a little, his conduct; and as, in poetry, his own experience of the ill effects of passion was made to minister materials to the workings of his imagination, so, in return, his imagination supplied that dark colouring under which he so often disguised his true aspect from the world. To such a perverse length, indeed, did he carry this fancy for self-defamation, that if (as sometimes, in his moments of gloom, he persuaded himself) there was any tendency to derangement in his mental conformation,* on this point alone could it be pronounced to have manifested itself. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, when he most gave way to this humour,—for it was observable afterwards, when the world joined in his own opinion of himself, he rather shrunk from the echo,—I have known him more than once, as we have sat together after dinner, and he was, at the time, perhaps, a little under the influence of wine, to fall seriously into this sort of dark and self-accusing mood, and throw out hints of his past life with an air of gloom and mystery, designed evidently to awaken curiosity and interest. He was, however, too promptly alive to the least approaches of ridicule not to perceive, on these occasions, that the gravity of his hearer was only prevented from being disturbed by an effort of politeness, and he accordingly never again tried this romantic mystification upon me.

* We have seen how often, in his *Journals* and *Letters*, this suspicion of his own mental soundness is intimated. A similar notion, with respect to himself, seems to have taken hold also of the strong mind of Johnson, who, like Byron, too, was disposed to attribute to an hereditary tinge that melancholy which, as he said, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober." This peculiar feature of Johnson's mind has, in the forth coming edition of Boswell's *Life* of him, given rise to some remarks, pregnant with all the editor's well known acuteness, which, as bearing on a point so important in the history of the human intellect, will be found worthy of all attention.

In one of the many letters of Lord Byron to myself, which I have thought right to omit, I find him tracing this supposed disturbance of his own faculties to the marriage of Miss Chaworth—"a marriage," he says, "for which she sacrificed the prospects of two very ancient families, and a heart which was hers from ten years old, and a head which has never been quite right since."

† In his *Diary* of 1814 there is a passage (part. i. page 153.) which I had preserved solely for the purpose of illustrating this obliquity of his mind, intending, at the same time, to accompany it with an explanatory note. From some inadvertence, however, the note was omitted; and, thus left to itself, this piece of mystification has, with the French readers of the work, I see, succeeded most perfectly; there being no imaginable variety of murder which the votaries of the new romantic school have not been busily extracting out of the mystery of that passage.

it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.

In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot,* though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trousers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest.

In looking again into the Journal from which it was my intention to give extracts, the following unconnected opinions, or rather reveries, most of them on points connected with his religious opinions, are all that I feel tempted to select. To an assertion in the early part of this work that "at no time of his life was Lord Byron a confirmed unbeliever," it has been objected, that many passages of his writings prove the direct contrary. This assumption, however, as well as the interpretation of most of the passages referred to in its support, proceed, as it appears to me, upon the mistake, not uncommon in conversation, of confounding together the meanings of the words unbeliever and sceptic, the former implying decision of opinion, and the latter only doubt. I have myself, I find, not always kept the significations of the two words distinct, and in one instance have so far fallen into the notion of these objectors as to speak of Byron in his youth as "an unbelieving schoolboy," when the word "doubting" would have more truly expressed my meaning. With this necessary explanation, I shall here repeat my assertion, or rather—to clothe its substance in a different form—shall say that Lord Byron was, to the last, a sceptic, which, in itself, implies that he was, at no time, a confirmed unbeliever.

"If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were for—not to

* In speaking of this lameness at the commencement of my work, I forbore, both from my own doubts on the subject and the great variance I found in the recollections of others, from stating in which of his feet this lameness existed. It will, indeed, with difficulty be believed what uncertainty I found upon this point, even among those most intimate with him. Mr Hunt in his book states it to have been the left foot that was deformed, and this, though contrary to my own impression, and, as it appears also, to the fact, was the opinion I found also of others who had been much in the habit of living with him. On applying to his early friends at Southwell, and to the shoemaker of that town who worked for him, no little prepared were they to answer with any certainty on the subject, that it was only by recollecting that the lame foot "was the off one in going up the street," they at last came to the conclusion that his right limb was the one affected, and Mr Jackson, his preceptor in poeicism, was, in like manner, obliged to call to mind whether his noble pupil was a right or left hand biter before he could arrive at the same decision.

have lived at all.* All history, and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an easy passage out of it. What can it give us but years? and those have little of good but their ending.

"Of the immortality of the soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body—in dreams, for instance;—incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now that this should not act separately, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,'—a heavy chain, to be sure, but all chains being material may be shaken off. How far our future life will be individual, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course, I here venture upon the question without recurring to revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other. A material resurrection seems strange and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; but all punishment which is to revenge rather than correct must be morally wrong; and when the world is at an end, what moral or warning purpose can eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here;—but the whole thing is inscrutable.

"It is useless to tell me not to reason, but to believe. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but sleep. And then to bully with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the menace of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains.

"Man is born passionate of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. But, God help us all! it is at present a mad jar of atoms.

"Matter is eternal, always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend eternity, eternal; and why not mind? Why should not the mind act with and upon the universe, as portions of it act upon, and with, the congregated dust called mankind? See how one man acts upon himself and others, or upon multitudes! The same agency, in a higher

* Swift early adopted (says Sir Walter Scott) the custom of observing his birthday, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture, in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house "that a man child was born."—Life of Swift.

and purer degree, may act upon the stars, &c. and infinitum.

"I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into *Christianity*, which appears to me essentially founded upon the *soul*. For this reason, Priestley's Christian Materialism always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the *body*, if you will, but *not without* a *soul*. The deuce is in it, if after having had a *soul* (as surely the *mind*, or whatever you call it is), in this world, we must part with it in the *next*, even for an immortal materiality! I own my partiality for *spirit*.

"I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day, as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence.

"The night is also a religious concern, and even more so when I viewed the moon and stars through Herschell's telescope, and saw that they were worlds.

"If, according to some speculations, you could prove the world many thousand years older than the Mosaic chronology, or if you could get rid of Adam and Eve, and the apple, and serpent, still, what is to be put up in their stead? or how is the difficulty removed? Things must have had a beginning, and what matters it *when* or *how*?

"I sometimes think that *man* may be the relic of some higher material being wrecked in a former world, and degenerated in the hardship and struggle through chaos into conformity, or something like it.—as we see Laplanders, Esquimaux, &c. inferior in the present state, as the elements become more inexorable. But even then this higher pre-Adamite supposititious creation must have had an origin and a *Creator*—for a *creation* is a more natural imagination than a fortuitous concourse of atoms: all things remount to a fountain, though they may flow to an ocean.

"Plutarch says, in his Life of Lysander, that Aristotle observes 'that in general great geniuses are of a melancholy turn, and instances Socrates, Plato, and Hercules (or Heraclitus), as examples, and Lysander, though not while young, yet as inclined to it when approaching towards age.' Whether I am a genius or not, I have been called such by my friends as well as enemies, and in more countries and languages than one, and also within a no very long period of existence. Of my genius, I can say nothing, but of my melancholy, that it is 'increasing and ought to be diminished.' But how?

"I take it that most men are so at bottom, but that

it is only remarked in the remarkable. T. de Broglie, in reply to a remark of mine of clever people, said that 'they were not others, only, being more in view, more especially in all that could reduce them to raise the rest to them.' In 1816, this was

"In fact (I suppose that) if the follies all set down like those of the wise, the wise at present only a better sort of fools) was almost intelligent.

"It is singular how soon we lose the what ceases to be *constantly* before us pairs; a lustre obliterates. There is little without an effort of memory. *Then*, indeed are rekindled for a moment; but who can imagination is not the torch-bearer? I try at the end of *ten* years to bring before features, or the mind, or the sayings, or his best friend, or his *greatest* man (I yourite, his Buonaparte, his this, that, and he will be surprised at the extreme his ideas. I speak confidently on this always passed for one who had a good,cellent memory. I except, indeed, our womenkind; there is no forgetting *them* (to them) any more than any other rem such as 'the revolution,' or 'the plague,' vasion,' or 'the comet,' or the war' of an epoch,—being the favourite dates of have so many *blessings* in their lot that make their calendars from them, being: For instance, you see 'the great drought,' frozen over,' 'the seven years war broke English, or French, or Spanish revolution: the Lisbon earthquake,' 'the Lima earthquake of Calabria,' 'the plague ditto 'of Constantinople,' 'the sweat of the yellow fever of Philadelphia,' &c. & you don't see 'the abundant harvest summer,' 'the long peace,' 'the wealthy 'the wreckless voyage,' recorded so c By the way, there has been a *thirty* year a *seventy* years' war; was there ever a *thirty* years' peace? or was there a *universal* peace? except perhaps in C they have found out the miserable happy stationary and unwarlike mediocrity. A because nature is niggard or savage? or grateful? Let philosophers decide. I

"In general, I do not draw well with! not that I dislike them, but I never know to them after I have praised their last There are several exceptions, to be sure they have either been men of the world, and Moore, &c. or visionaries out of it, such &c.: but your literary every day man went well in company, especially your fore I never could abide; except Giordani, and —(I really can't name any other)—I do a man amongst them whom I ever write twice, except perhaps Mezzophanti, who

guages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walk-lyglost and more, who ought to have existed at me of the Tower of Babel, as universal inter-

He is indeed a marvel—unassuming, also. I him in all the tongues of which I knew a single (or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, m, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, pers, camel-drivers, vetturini, post-masters, post, post-houses, post-everything), and egad! he ruled me—even to my English.

No man would live his life over again,* is an old me saying which all can resolve for themselves. e same time, there are probably *moments* in men's lives which they would live over the rest to regain? Else why do we live at all? be- Hope recurs to Memory, both false—but—but—and this *but* drags on till—what? I do ew; and who does? 'He that died o' Wednes-

aying before the reader these last extracts from apers in my possession, it may be expected, pa, that I should say something,—in addition to has been already stated on this subject,—re- ing those Memoranda, or Memoirs, which, in the e of the discretionary power given to me by ale friend, I placed, shortly after his death, at eposal of his sister and executor, and which from a sense of what they thought due to his ry, consigned to the flames. As the circum- e, however, connected with the surrender of manuscript, besides requiring much more detail y present limits allow, do not, in any respect, n the character of Lord Byron, but affect solely n, it is not here, at least, that I feel myself upon to enter into an explanation of them. The will, of course, continue to think of that step as es; but it is, after all, on a man's *own* opinion easons that his happiness chiefly depends, and nly say that, were I again placed in the same ances, I would—even at ten times the pecu- nifice which my conduct then cost me—again esely in the same manner.

the satisfaction of those whose regret at the loss d manuscript arises from some better motive e more disappointment of a prurient curiosity, here add, that on the mysterious cause of the ion, it afforded no light whatever;—that, while f its details could never have been published at d little, if any, of what it contained personal d others could have appeared till long after the als concerned had left the scene, all that ally related to Lord Byron himself was (as I ew when I made that sacrifice) to be found d in the various Journals and Memorandum- hich, though not all to be made use of, were, eader has seen from the preceding pages, all d.

* A description applies only to the Second Part of e Memoranda: these having been but little used for ion in the First Part, which was, indeed, read, e known, by many of the noble author's friends.

As far as suppression, indeed, is blamable, I have had, in the course of this task, abundantly to answer for it; having, as the reader must have perceived, withheld a large portion of my materials, to which Lord Byron, no doubt, in his fearlessness of consequences, would have wished to give publicity, but which, it is now more than probable, will never meet the light.

There remains little more to add. It has been remarked by Lord Orford, * as "strange, that the writing a man's life should in general make the biographer become enamoured of his subject, whereas one should think that the nicer disquisition one makes into the life of any man, the less reason one should find to love or admire him." On the contrary, may we not rather say that, as knowledge is ever the parent of tolerance, the more insight we gain into the springs and motives of a man's actions, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and the influences and temptations under which he acted, the more allowance we may be inclined to make for his errors, and the more approbation his virtues may extort from us?

The arduous task of being the biographer of Byron is one, at least, on which I have not obtruded myself: the wish of my friend that I should undertake that office having been more than once expressed, at a time when none but a boding imagination like his could have foreseen much chance of the sad honour devolving to me. If in some instances I have consulted rather the spirit than the exact letter of his injunctions, it was with the view solely of doing him more justice than he would have done himself; there being no hands in which his character could have been less safe than his own, nor any greater wrong offered to his memory than the substitution of what he affected to be for what he was. Of any partiality, however, beyond what our mutual friendship accounts for and justifies, I am by no means conscious; nor would it be in the power, indeed, of even the most partial friend to allege any thing more convincingly favourable of his character than is contained in the few simple facts with which I shall here conclude,—that, through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend;—that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last;—that the woman, to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolizes his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory.

I have now done with the subject, nor shall be easily tempted into a recurrence to it. Any mistakes or misstatements I may be proved to have made shall be corrected;—any new facts which it is in the power of others to produce will speak for themselves. To mere opinions I am not called upon to pay attention—and, still less, to insinuations or mysteries. I have here told what I myself know and think concerning my friend; and now leave his character, moral as well as literary, to the judgment of the world.

* In speaking of Lord Herbert of Chesham's Life of Henry VIII.

APPENDIX.

TWO EPISTLES FROM THE ARMENIAN VERSION.

THE EPISTLE OF THE CORINTHIANS TO ST PAUL THE APOSTLE.*

1 STEPHEN,† and the elders with him, Dabaus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Xinon, to Paul, our father and evangelist, and faithful master in Jesus Christ, health.‡

2 Two men have come to Corinth, Simon by name, and Cleobus,§ who vehemently disturb the faith of some with deceitful and corrupt words;

3 Of which words thou shouldst inform thyself:

4 For neither have we heard such words from thee, nor from the other apostles:

5 But we know only that what we have heard from thee and from them, that we have kept firmly.

6 But in this chiefly has our Lord had compassion, that, whilst thou art yet with us in the flesh, we are again about to hear from thee.

7 Therefore do thou write to us, or come thyself amongst us quickly.

8 We believe in the Lord, that, as it was revealed to Theonas, he hath delivered thee from the hands of the unrighteous.**

9 But these are the sinful words of these impure men, for thus do they say and teach:

10 That it behoves not to admit the Prophets.††

11 Neither do they affirm the omnipotence of God:

12 Neither do they affirm the resurrection of the flesh:

13 Neither do they affirm that man was altogether created by God:

14 Neither do they affirm that Jesus Christ was born in the flesh from the Virgin Mary:

15 Neither do they affirm that the world was the work of God, but of some one of the angels.

16 Therefore do thou make haste‡‡ to come amongst us,

17 That this city of the Corinthians may remain without scandal,

18 And that the folly of these men may be made manifest by an open refutation. Fare thee well.§§

The deacons Thereptus and Tichus*** received

* Some MSS. have the title thus: *Epistle of Stephen the Elder to Paul the Apostle, from the Corinthians.*

† In the MSS., the marginal verses published by the Whistons are wanting.

‡ In some MSS. we find, *The elders Numerus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Nomeson, to Paul their brother, health.*

§ Others read, *There came certain men, . . . and Cleobus, who vehemently shake.*

** Some MSS. have, *We believe in the Lord, that his presence was made manifest; and by this hath the Lord delivered us from the hands of the unrighteous.*

†† Others read, *To rend the Prophets.*

‡‡ Some MSS. have, *Therefore, brother, do thou make haste.*

§§ Others read, *Fare thee well in the Lord.*

*** Some MSS. have, *The deacons Thereptus and Tichus.*

and conveyed this Epistle to the city of the Philippians.*

When Paul received the Epistle, although he was then in chains on account of Stratonice,† the wife of Apofolanus,‡ yet, as it were forgetting his bonds, he mourned over these words, and said weeping: "It were better for me to be dead, and with the Lord. For while I am in this body, and hear the wretched words of such false doctrine, behold, grief arise upon grief, and my trouble adds a weight to my chains; when I behold this calamity, and perceive the machinations of Satan, who searcheth to do wrong."

And thus with deep affliction Paul composed his reply to the Epistle.§

EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS.**

1 Paul, in bonds for Jesus Christ, disturbed by many errors,†† to his Corinthian brethren, health.

2 I nothing marvel that the preachers of evil have made this progress.

3 For because the Lord Jesus is about to fall in coming, verily on this account do certain men pervert and despise his words.

4 But I, verily, from the beginning, have taught you that only which I myself received from the former apostles, who always remained with the Lord Jesus Christ.

5 And I now say unto you, that the Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, who was descended of David,

6 According to the annunciation of the Holy Ghost sent to her by our Father from heaven;

7 That Jesus might be introduced into the world: and deliver our flesh by his flesh, and that he might raise us up from the dead;

8 As in this also he himself became the example

9 That it might be made manifest that man was created by the Father,

10 He has not remained in perdition unsought.††

11 But he is sought for, that he might be saved by adoption.

12 For God, who is the Lord of all, the Father: our Lord Jesus Christ, who made heaven and earth: sent, firstly, the Prophets to the Jews:

The Whistons have, *To the city of Phenice* in all the MSS. we find, *To the city of the Philippians*

† Others read, *On account of Onatice.*

‡ The Whistons have, *Of Apofolanus*: but in all MSS. we read, *Apofolanus.*

§ In the text of this Epistle there are some other variations in the words, but the sense is the same.

** Some MSS. have, *Paul's Epistle from prison* the instruction of the Corinthians.

†† Others read, *Disturbed by various complaints.*

‡‡ Some MSS. have, *That Jesus might comfort the*

§§ Others read, *He has not remained indifferent*

13 That he would absolve them from their sins, and bring them to his judgment.

14 Because he wished to save, firstly, the house of Israel, he bestowed and poured forth his Spirit upon the Prophets;

15 That they should for a long time preach the worship of God, and the nativity of Christ.

16 But he who was the prince of evil, when he wished to make himself God, laid his hand upon them,

17 And bound all men in sin.*

18 Because the judgment of the world was approaching.

19 But Almighty God, when he willed to justify, was unwilling to abandon his creature;

20 But when he saw his affliction, he had compassion upon him:

21 And at the end of a time he sent the Holy Ghost into the Virgin foretold by the Prophets.

22 Who, believing readily, † was made worthy to conceive, and bring forth our Lord Jesus Christ.

23 That from this perishable body, in which the evil spirit was glorified, he should be cast out, and it should be made manifest

24 That he was not God: For Jesus Christ, in his flesh, had recalled and saved this perishable flesh, and drawn it into eternal life by faith.

25 Because in his body he would prepare a pure temple of justice for all ages;

26 In whom we also, when we believe, are saved.

27 Therefore know ye that these men are not the children of justice, but the children of wrath;

28 Who turn away from themselves the compassion of God;

29 Who say that neither the heavens nor the earth were altogether works made by the hand of the Father of all things. ‡

30 But these cursed men § have the doctrine of the serpent.

31 But do ye, by the power of God, withdraw yourselves far from these, and expel from amongst you the doctrine of the wicked.

32 Because you are not the children of rebellion,** but the sons of the beloved church.

33 And on this account the time of the resurrection is preached to all men.

34 Therefore they who affirm that there is no resurrection of the flesh, they indeed shall not be raised up to eternal life;

35 But to judgment and condemnation shall the unbeliever arise in the flesh:

36 For to that body which denies the resurrection of the body, shall be denied the resurrection: because such are found to refuse the resurrection.

37 But you also, Corinthians! have known, from the seeds of wheat, and from other seeds,

38 That one grain falls †† dry into the earth, and within it first dies,

* Some MSS. have, *Laid his hand, and them and all body bound in sin.*

† Others read, *Believing with a pure heart.*

‡ Some MSS. have, *Of God the Father of all things.*

§ Others read, *They curse themselves in this thing.*

** Others read, *Children of the disobedient.*

†† Some MSS. have, *That one grain falls not dry into the earth.*

39 And afterwards rises again, by the will of the Lord, endued with the same body:

40 Neither indeed does it arise with the same simple body, but manifold, and filled with blessing.

41 But we produce the example not only from seeds, but from the honourable bodies of men.*

42 Ye also have known Jonas, the son of Amittai. †

43 Because he delayed to preach to the Ninevites, he was swallowed up in the belly of a fish for three days and three nights:

44 And after three days God heard his supplication, and brought him out from the deep abyss;

45 Neither was any part of his body corrupted; neither was his eyebrow bent down. ‡

46 And how much more for you, oh men of little faith!

47 If you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, will he raise you up, even as he himself hath arisen.

48 If the bones of Elisha the prophet, falling upon the dead, revived the dead,

49 By how much more shall ye, who are supported by the flesh and the blood and the Spirit of Christ, arise again on that day with a perfect body?

50 Elias the prophet, embracing the widow's son, raised him from the dead:

51 By how much more shall Jesus Christ revive you, on that day, with a perfect body, even as he himself hath arisen?

52 But if ye receive other things vainly, §

53 Henceforth no one shall cause me to travail; for I bear on my body these fetters,**

54 To obtain Christ; and I suffer with patience these afflictions to become worthy of the resurrection of the dead.

55 And do each of you, having received the law from the hands of the blessed Prophets and the holy gospel, †† firmly maintain it;

56 To the end that you may be rewarded in the resurrection of the dead, and the possession of the life eternal.

57 But if any of ye, not believing, shall trespass, he shall be judged with the misdoers, and punished with those who have false belief.

58 Because such are the generations of vipers, and the children of dragons and basilisks.

59 Drive far from amongst ye, and fly from such, with the aid of our Lord Jesus Christ.

60 And the peace and grace of the beloved Son be upon you. †† Amen.

Done into English by me, January-February, 1817, at the Convent of San Lasaro, with the aid

* Others read, *But we have not only produced from seeds, but from the honourable body of man.*

† Others read, *The son of Amattius.*

‡ Others add, *Nor did a hair of his body fall therefrom.*

§ Some MSS. have, *Ye shall not receive other things in vain.*

** Others finished here thus, *Henceforth no one can trouble me farther, for I bear in my body the sufferings of Christ. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, my brethren. Amen.*

†† Some MSS. have, *Of the holy evangelist.*

‡‡ Others add, *Our Lord be with ye all. Amen.*

and exposition of the Armenian text by the Father
Paschal Aucher, Armenian Friar.

BYRON.

Venice, April 10th, 1817.

*I had also the Latin text, but it is in many
places very corrupt, and with great omissions.*

REMARKS ON MR MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD
BYRON, BY LADY BYRON.

"I HAVE disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention: if, however, they are so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vidiation is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion on my mother's character, page 220:—'My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the constancy of its grandmother's society.' The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, page 219. 'A Mrs C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.' The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 219, with the words immediately following it,—'Her nearest relatives are a ——;' where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies' employed by them. * From the following part of the narrative, p. 218, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. 'It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in the shortest time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately

on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.' In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matter relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 16th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previous to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his own relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of deserting himself. With the concurrence of his friends, I had consulted Dr Baillie as a friend (Jan. 5th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an expedient assuming the fact of mental derangement; but Dr Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's condition from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was an offence, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a proof for the charge of my having been subsequently influenced to 'desert' my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings, incompatible with any sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, as I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any cause intended to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by all means in their power. They assured those relatives who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to return to them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory.

* * The officious spies of his privacy,* p. 220.

* * The deserted husband,* p. 221.

She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant, were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient both to them and myself to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 24 of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron.

MY DEAR LADY BYRON.

"I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I expressed my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either protect

sionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"STEPH. LUBINGTON.

* Great George-street, Jan. 31, 1839.

"I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised, that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

"A. I. NOEL BYRON."

^a Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830."

LETTER OF MR. TURNER.

referred to in page 382.

"EIGHT months after the publication of my 'Tour in the Levant,' there appeared in the London Magazine, and subsequently in most of the newspapers, a letter from the late Lord Byron to Mr. Murray

"I naturally felt anxious at the time to meet a charge of error brought against me in so direct a manner : but I thought, and friends whom I consulted at the time thought with me, that I had better wait for a more favourable opportunity than that afforded by the newspapers of vindicating my opinion, which even so distinguished an authority as the letter of Lord Byron left unshaken, and which, I will venture to add, remains unshaken still.

* I must ever deplore that I resisted my first impulse to reply immediately. The hand of Death has snatched Lord Byron from his kingdom of literature and poetry, and I can only guard myself from the illiberal imputation of attacking the mighty dead, whose living talent I should have trembled to encounter, by scrupulously confining myself to such facts and illustrations as are strictly necessary to save me from the charges of varied misrepresentation, and presumptuousness, of which every writer must wish to prove himself unworthy.

"Lord Byron began by stating, 'The tide was in our favour,' and added, 'neither I lost any persons on board the frigate had any notion of a difference in the current on the Asiatic side; I never heard of till this moment.' The probability had probably forgotten that Strabo distinctly describes the difference in the following words.

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Idcirco non evadentes deli obsequi non potuerunt. Idcirco
Idcirco non evadentes deli obsequi non potuerunt. Idcirco
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Idcirco non evadentes deli obsequi non potuerunt. Idcirco
Idcirco non evadentes deli obsequi non potuerunt. Idcirco

"Here it is clearly asserted that the current assists the crowing from Scythos, and the words 'navigia dimittentes,'—*letting the vessels go of themselves,*—prove how considerable the assistance of the current was; while the words 'oblique,' and 'prorsus,' show distinctly that those who crossed from Abydos were obliged to do so in an oblique direction, or they would have the current entirely against them.

"From this ancient authority, which, I own, appears to me unanswerable, let us turn to the moderns. Baron de Tott, who, having been for some time resident on the spot, employed as an engineer in the construction of batteries, must be supposed well cognisant of the subject, has expressed himself as follows:—

"La surabondance des eaux que la Mer Noire reçoit, et qu'elle ne peut évaporer, versée dans la Méditerranée par le Bosphore de Thrace et La Propontide, forme aux Dardanelles des courans si violens, que souvent les bâtimens, toutes voiles dehors, ont peine à les vaincre. Les pilotes doivent encore observer, lorsque le vent suffit, de diriger leur route de manière à présenter le moins de résistance possible à l'effort des eaux. On sent que cette étude a pour base la direction des courans, qui, renvoyés d'une pointe à l'autre, forment des obstacles à la navigation, et feraient courir les plus grands risques si l'on négligeait ces connaissances hydrographiques."—*Mémoires de TOTT, 3me Partie.*

"To the above citations, I will add the opinion of Tournefort, who, in his description of the strait, expresses with ridicule his disbelief of the truth of Leander's exploit; and to show that the latest travellers agree with the earlier, I will conclude my quotation with a statement of Mr. Madden, who is just returned from the spot. 'It was from the European side Lord Byron swam with the current, which runs about four miles an hour. But I believe he would have found it totally impracticable to have crossed from Abydos to Europe.'—*MADDEN'S Travels, vol. I.*

"There are two other observations in Lord Byron's letter on which I feel it necessary to remark.

"Mr. Turner says, 'whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank, must arrive at the Asiatic shore.' This is so far from being the case, that it must arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current; although a strong wind from the Asiatic side might have such an effect occasionally.

"Here Lord Byron is right, and I have no hesitation in confessing that I was wrong. But I was wrong only in the letter of my remark, not in the spirit of it.

* * Strabo, Book XIII. Oxford Edition.

† * This is evidently a mistake of the writer or printer. His lordship must here have meant a strong wind from the European side, as no wind from the Asiatic side could

Any thing thrown into the stream on the European bank would be swept into the Archipelago, because, after arriving so near the Asiatic shore as to be almost, if not quite, within a man's depth, it would be again floated off from the coast by the current that a distance from the Asiatic promontory. But this would not affect a swimmer, who, being so near the land, would, of course, if he could not actually walk to it, reach it by a slight effort.

"Lord Byron adds, in his P. S., 'The strait is, however, not extraordinarily wide, even when it broadens above and below the forts.' From this statement I must venture to express my dissent, with diffidence indeed, but with diffidence diminished by the ease with which the fact may be established. The strait is widened so considerably above the forts, the Bay of Maytos, and the bay opposite to it on the Asiatic coast, that the distance to be passed by a swimmer in crossing higher up would be, in my judgment, too great for any one to accomplish the Asia to Europe, having such a current to stem.

"I conclude by expressing it as my humble opinion that no one is bound to believe in the possibility of Leander's exploit, till the passage has been performed by a swimmer, at least from Asia to Europe. The sceptic is even entitled to exact, as the condition of his belief, that the strait be crossed, as Leander crossed it, both ways within at most fourteen days.

"W. TURNER."

MR MILLINGENS ACCOUNT OF THE CONSULTATION,

referred to in page 492.

As the account given by Mr. Millingen of his consultation differs totally from that of Mr. Brown, it is fit that the reader should have it in Mr. Millingen's own words:—

"In the morning (18th) a consultation was proposed, to which Dr. Lucea Vega and Dr. Freiber, my assistants, were invited. Dr. Brown and I proposed having recourse to antispasmodics and other remedies employed in the last stage of typhus. Freiber and I maintained that they could only cause the fatal termination; that nothing could be more empirical than flying from one extreme to the other; that if, as we all thought, the complaint was due to the metastasis of rheumatic inflammation, the existing symptoms only depended on the rapid and extensive progress it had made in an organ previously so weakened and irritable. Antispasmodics could never prove hurtful in this case; they would become useless only if disorganization were deeply operated; but then, since all hopes were gone, no means would not prove superfluous? We proposed

have the effect of driving an object to the Asiatic shore."

"I think it right to remark that it is Mr. Turner, and not I, who has here originated the inaccuracy of which he accuses others; the words used by Lord Byron, as Mr. Turner states, 'from the Asiatic side, and to the Asiatic direction.'—T. M.

mended the application of numerous leeches to the temples, behind the ears, and along the course of the jugular vein, a large blister between the shoulders, and sinapiams to the feet, as affording, though feeble, yet the last hopes of success. Dr B., being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and prepared the antispasmodic potion which Dr Lucca and he had agreed upon; it was a strong infusion of valerian and ether, &c. After its administration, the convulsive movement, the delirium increased; but, notwithstanding my representations, a second dose was given half an hour after. After articulating confusedly a few broken phrases, the patient sunk shortly after into a comatose sleep, which the next day terminated in death. He expired on the 19th April, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

THE WILL OF LORD BYRON.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

THIS is the last will and testament of me, George Gordon, Lord Byron, Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, as follows:—I give and devise all that my manor or lordship of Rochdale, in the said county of Lancaster, with all its rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, and all my lands, tenements, hereditaments, and premises situate, lying, and being within the parish, manor, or lordship of Rochdale aforesaid, and all other my estates, lands, hereditaments, and premises whatsoever and where-soever, unto my friends John Cam Hobhouse, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esquire, and John Hanson, of Chancery-lane, London, Esquire, to the use and behoof of them, their heirs and assigns, upon trust that they the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, do and shall, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, sell and dispose of all my said manor and estates for the most money that can or may be had or gotten for the same, either by private contract or public sale by auction, and, either together or in lots, as my said trustees shall think proper; and for the facilitating such sale and sales, I do direct that the receipt and receipts of my said trustees, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, shall be a good and sufficient discharge, and good and sufficient discharges to the purchaser or purchasers of my said estates, or any part or parts thereof, for so much money as in such receipt or receipts shall be expressed or acknowledged to be received; and that such purchaser or purchasers, his, her, or their heirs and assigns, shall not afterwards be in any manner answerable or accountable for such purchase monies, or be obliged to see to the application thereof: And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall stand possessed of the monies to arise by the sale of my said estates upon such trusts and for such intents and purposes as I have herein-after directed of and concerning the same: And whereas I have by certain deeds of conveyance made on my marriage with my present wife conveyed all my manor and estate of Newstead, in the parishes of Newstead and Linley, in the county of Nottingham,

unto trustees, upon trust to sell the same, and apply the sum of sixty thousand pounds, part of the money to arise by such sale, upon the trusts of my marriage settlement: Now I do hereby give and bequeath all the remainder of the purchase money to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead, and all the whole of the said sixty thousand pounds, or such part thereof as shall not become vested and payable under the trusts of my said marriage settlement, unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon such trusts and for such ends, intents, and purposes as hereinafter directed of and concerning the residue of my personal estate. I give and bequeath unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson the sum of one thousand pounds each. I give and bequeath all the rest, residue, and remainder of my personal estate whatsoever and where-soever unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon trust that they, my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall stand possessed of all such rest and residue of my said personal estate and the money to arise by sale of my real estates hereinbefore devised to them for sale, and such of the monies to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead as I have power to dispose of, after payment of my debts and legacies hereby given, upon the trusts and for the ends, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned and directed of and concerning the same, that is to say, upon trust, that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall lay out and invest the same in the public stocks or funds, or upon government or real security at interest, with power from time to time to change, vary, and transpose such securities, and from time to time during the life of my sister Augusta Mary Leigh, the wife of George Leigh, Esquire, pay, receive, apply, and dispose of the interest, dividends, and annual produce thereof when and as the same shall become due and payable into the proper hands of the said Augusta Mary Leigh, to and for her sole and separate use and benefit, free from the control, debts, or engagements of her present or any future husband, or unto such person or persons as she my said sister shall from time to time, by any writing under her hand, notwithstanding her present or any future coverture, and whether covert or sole, direct or appoint; and from and immediately after the decease of my said sister, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, do and shall assign and transfer all my said personal estate and other the trust property hereinbefore mentioned, or the stocks, funds, or securities wherein or upon which the same shall or may be placed out or invested unto and among all and every the child and children of my said sister, if more than one, in such parts, shares, and proportions, and to become a vested interest, and to be paid and transferred at such time and times, and in such manner, and with, under, and subject to such provisions, conditions, and restrictions, as my said sister at any time during her life, whether covert or sole, by any deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, in writing, with or without power of revocation, to be sealed

and delivered in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, or by her last will and testament in writing, or any writing of appointment in the nature of a will, shall direct or appoint, and in default of any such appointment, or in case of the death of my said sister in my life-time, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors, administrators, and assigns, do and shall assign and transfer all the trust, property, and funds unto and among the children of my said sister, if more than one, equally to be divided between them, share and share alike, and if only one such child, then to such only child the share and shares of such of them as shall be a son or sons, to be paid and transferred unto him and them when and as he or they shall respectively attain his or their age or ages of twenty-one years; and the share and shares of such of them as shall be a daughter or daughters, to be paid and transferred unto her or them when and as she or they shall respectively attain his or their age or ages of twenty-one years, or be married, which shall first happen, and in case any of such children shall happen to die, being a son or sons, before he or they shall attain the age of twenty-one years, or being a daughter or daughters, before she or they shall attain the said age of twenty-one, or be married; then it is my will and I do direct that the share or shares of such of the said children as shall so die shall go to the survivor or survivors of such children, with the benefit of further accretion in case of the death of any such surviving children before their shares shall become vested. And I do direct that my said trustees shall pay and apply the interest and dividends of each of the said children's shares in the said trust funds for his, her, or their maintenance and education during their minorities, notwithstanding their shares may not become vested interests, but that such interest and dividends as shall not have been so applied shall accumulate, and follow, and go over with the principal. And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson executors of this my will. And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall not be answerable the one of them for the other of them, or for the acts, deeds, receipts, or defaults of the other of them, but each of them for his own acts, deeds, receipts, and wilful defaults only, and that they my said trustees shall be entitled to retain and deduct out of the monies which shall come to their hands under the trusts aforesaid all such costs, charges, damages, and expenses which they or any of them shall bear, pay, sustain, or be put unto, in the execution and performance of the trusts herein reposed in them. I make the above provision for my sister and her children, in consequence of my dear wife Lady Byron and any children I may have being otherwise amply provided for; and, lastly, I do revoke all former wills by me at any time heretofore made, and do declare this only to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last will, contained in three sheets of paper, set my hand to the first two sheets thereof,

and to this third and last sheet my hand and seal this 29th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1815.

BYRON (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Lord Byron, the testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

THOMAS JONES MAWAT,
EDMUND GRIFFIN,
FREDERICK JERVIS,

Clerks to Mr Hanson, Chancery-lane.

CODICIL.—This is a Codicil to the last will and testament of me, the Right Honourable George Gordon, Lord Byron. I give and bequeath unto Allegra Byron, an infant of about twenty months old, by me brought up, and now residing at Venice, the sum of five thousand pounds, which I direct the executors of my said will to pay to her on her attaining the age of twenty-one years, or on the day of her marriage, on condition that she does not marry with a native of Great Britain, which shall first happen. And I direct my said executors, as and as conveniently may be after my decease, to invest the said sum of five thousand pounds upon government or real security, and to pay and apply the annual income thereof in or towards the maintenance and education of the said Allegra Byron, until she attains her said age of twenty-one years, or shall be married as aforesaid; but in case she shall die before attaining the said age and without having been married, then I direct the said sum of five thousand pounds to become part of the residue of my personal estate, and in all other respects I do confirm my said will, and declare this to be a codicil thereto. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Venice, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1818.

BYRON (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Lord Byron, as and for a codicil to his will, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.

NEWTON HANSON,
WILLIAM FLETCHER

Proved at London (with a codicil), 6th of July, 1824, before the Worshipful Stephen Leachman, Doctor of Laws, and surrogate, by the oaths of John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, Esquires, the executors to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

NATHANIEL GRISHAM,
GEORGE JENNER,
CHARLES LYNLEY,
Deputy Registrar

THE END.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.





